

Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.
One Dollar Per Year.

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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.

WANTED

**MEN TO WORK
ON RAILROAD**

At Owendale, Mich.
\$15 to \$20 a Month and Board.
JNO. G. OWEN.

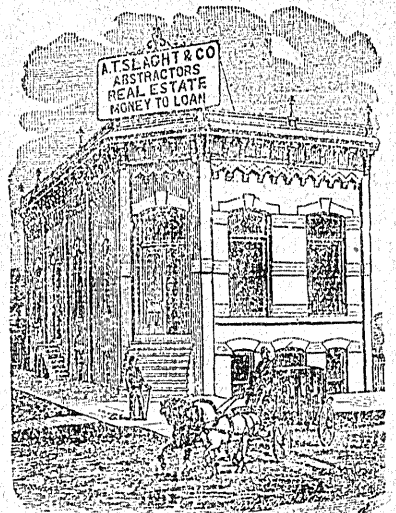
EXCHANGE-BANK

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-
stantly on hand at the works.

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by

W. L. PARKER.

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.
J. A. FRITZ, Secretary.

G. A. R.
MILBURN POST, No. 232, 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. SCHOOLEY, 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, O. K. JAMES,
Proprietor. Cashier.

CITY NEWS.

Articles, sales are very plentiful these
days.

Bring your auction bills to the ENTER-
PRISE office.

Roller skating at the rink to-morrow
(Saturday) night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Marr visited friends
in Freiburgers Sunday.

Elmer and Annie Wright are reported
as being on the sick list.

The P. O. & P. A. is doing a large
freight business now days.

Don't forget the dance at the Tennant
House rink on Friday evening.

A large amount of wheat has been
marketed at the elevator this week.

Wm. Butler, of Attica, Mich., was the
guest of his brother Henry this week.

E. R. Coothingham, of Caro, passed
through here on his way to Bad Axe last
Saturday.

MMr. and Mrs. McPhail, of Caro, visited
friends and relatives in this place on
Sunday last.

The employees of the special excursion
train passed Thursday evening at the
Tennant House.

Ab Higgins has returned from his visit
with friends and relatives in different
parts of the state.

S. D. Edwards has purchased the Pe-
terson residence on Segar street and will
occupy the same at an early date.

W. I. Frost has been improving the ex-
terior of his residence by having it paint-
ed. It now presents a very fine appear-
ance.

Bears are reported as being very thick
in this vicinity this year, although only
once in a great while is one of them
killed.

The haunts of the partridge are being
engly sought after by our local hunters
now. They are not as plentiful as usual
this fall.

Homer Weydemeyer, who has been in
the employ of the F. & P. M. Ry for
some time past, is at present visiting
his parents in this place.

Our streets were thronged with teams
on Saturday last, displaying to good
advantage the benefits which are derived
from trading in Cass City.

Rev. W. O. Tompkins, of Waterford,
Mich., will preach in the Baptist church
at this place on Sunday next, Oct. 7th,
both morning and evening.

Elders Hugh McColl of Canada, and A.
N. Johnson of Minden City, will preach
at the Presbyterian church in this place
on Monday evening next, Oct. 7th.

Miss Lizzie Ale has recovered suffi-
ciently from her recent illness as to be
able to take charge of her department in
the school again. Miss Kate McClinton
filled Miss Ale's position very creditably
during the absence of the latter.

A large amount of hay is being shipped
from this point this year. A. A. McKen-
zie is the principal buyer and fully un-
derstands the business of buying hay.

Wm. Fairweather will ship tomorrow
to the Buffalo market 100 head of cat-
tle. This is the largest shipment of
stock that has been made this season.

Perhaps no undertaker in the county
has the conducting of more funerals than
A. A. McKenzie. His goods are of the
best and he always tries to please his
customers.

With the approach of cold weather
comes the want for fuel, and as the EN-
TERPRISE wood-pile is somewhat on the
low order a few loads of wood would not
come amiss.

On this page will be found a communi-
cation from the state board of health in
relation to the protection of typhoid
fever which becomes prevalent at this
time of the year.

During his last trip to Buffalo Wm.
Fairweather rode in a car with eleven
other cattle men, among whom was the
famous Jud Crouch, who was shipping
some cattle to Buffalo.

Cass City was the first town in the
county to start a fund for the purchas-
ing of a national flag for its school. The
scholars can take upon themselves no
little pride for their movement in this
line.

Services in the different churches on
Sunday evenings will commence at 7
o'clock hereafter instead of 7:30 as form-
erly. So please bear this in mind if you
do not wish to be late for church here-
after.

Misdames P. R. Weydemeyer, J. L.
Hitchcock, J. H. Winegar and R. E.
Gamble, members of the W. C. T. U.
of this place, attended the lecture given
by Mrs. Moots at Gageton on Monday
evening.

Our stores are all receiving their fall
and winter stock, and if you wish to see
what the merchants of our bustling
little town are offering to the public just
make them a visit at their several places
of business.

If you want highway orders, school
orders or any other kind of job printing
come to the ENTERPRISE office, where it
will be done with accuracy and neatness.
Our prices are cheaper than any office in
the county.

We were in error in our issue of two
weeks ago, when we stated that the
threshing machine was that of Wm.
Martin. The article should have read
Geo. Martin.

An auction sale will be held at the
farm of Ben. Loranger, five and one-
half miles west of Gageton, on Thurs-
day, Oct. 10, at 10 o'clock a. m. A large
amount of stock, farming utensils and
household goods will be sold.

Mrs. David Tyo of this place, and
Mrs. Carolan of Gageton, are competi-
tors for a \$25 silver tea set which will
be awarded at Gageton on Oct. 29th. The
proceeds are for the benefit of St.
Agatha's parochial school of that place.

Frost & Hebblewhite call the atten-
tion of the public this week to their new
fall and winter stock which has just ar-
rived. This firm has secured for them-
selves a reputation through honesty and
fair dealing, which insures success every
time.

The law mill was grinding in Justice
Wade's court on Saturday last, there be-
ing a trespass case on the docket. There
were six defendants and about as many
plaintiffs. Jas. Brooker and H. Butler
were the gentlemen who discussed the
legal points.

Archie Mark, one mile east and one
mile north of Cass City, will have an
auction sale on Friday next, Oct. 11th,
including stock and other farming im-
plements. Give him a call if you are need-
ing anything in this line. J. F. Striffler
will swing the hammer.

Homer E. Edwards left on Saturday
last for Ann Arbor to take a course in
the medical department. Homer is an
exemplary young man and will undoubt-
edly make a success of the profession he
has selected. The best wishes of his
many friends go with him.

The "high tax liquor law" so called
went into effect at noon, Tuesday, but
inasmuch as it cannot affect liquor deal-
ers who have paid their licenses under
the old law its present operation will be
only nominal. Next May all liquor
dealers will come under its provisions,
which says that any retail dealer shall
pay a tax of \$500.

John A. Matheson, of Detroit, a large
wholesale lumber dealer was in the city
the latter part of last week, looking over
the country in company with his agent
W. P. Bloom. They purchased about
1,000,000 feet of hardwood lumber
along the line of the P., O. & P. A. Ry.
W. P. Bloom has his headquarters in
this city and will always be pleased to
quote prices on all kinds of lumber,
shingles, posts etc. If you have any-
thing in the above line, give him a call.

The Tuscola County Pioneer issued a
daily during the fair there this week.
The paper comes out with a heading dif-
ferent from that of the regular weekly
edition and is a highly creditable sheet.
Brother Trotter's enterprise in this re-
spect deserves commendation.

Paul Freiburger and A. C. Graham
will have a great joint auction sale at
Freiburgers on Saturday, Oct. 12, at
10:30 o'clock a. m. A large amount of
stock will be sold as well as other im-
plements used on the farm. They also
advertise a large amount of land for
sale. For full particulars see their post-
ers.

Among other laws of public interest
which went into effect on Tuesday is the
law forbidding the sale of tobacco to
miners, and the law reducing the rates
of railroad fare to two cents a mile on
the Grand Trunk and other lines, whose
charters do not protect them from the
change.

The four new states which have recent-
ly been admitted into the union all gave
republican majorities at their state
election which was held on Tuesday. It
is no surprise to the Republicans
throughout the country. As it was ex-
pected, the result was in favor of the G.
O. P.

The board of directors of the Tuscola
County Mutual Fire Insurance company
has appointed S. Ale of this place as one
of the directors of said company. The
choice is a good one and the interests of
the company will be well looked after in
this part of the county. Mr. Ale will
also act as an agent for the company in
this section.

Jno. W. Murphy, who recently return-
ed from the Provincial exhibition at
London, Ont., brought with him four
thoroughbred Oxford Down ewes and
one thoroughbred Leicester ram, just
imported from England, which he pur-
chased at the above fair. Mr. Murphy
is proprietor of the Maple Grove stock
farm near here.

Rev. Mr. Tompkins, of Waterford,
Mich., occupied the pulpit in the Presby-
terian church on Sunday evening last,
and delivered a very able discourse. Mr.
Tompkins is a minister of the Baptist de-
nomination and we believe it is the in-
tention of the Baptist society of this
place to endeavor to secure his services
for their church here.

A distinguished party of railroad of-
ficers of the P. O. & P. A. were in the
city on Thursday evening last. The
party comprised the following gentle-
men: Geo. W. Debevoise and Hugh Port-
er, of New York, and Superintendent
Houston, F. H. Carroll and Gene Dewell
of Pontiac. They were making an in-
spection tour of the road.

There will be roller skating at the Ten-
nant House rink to-morrow (Saturday)
evening. All lovers of this pastime are
invited to attend, as Mr. Gordon has
given the assurance that everything will
be kept orderly. Come and spend a few
hours in this pleasant exercise. The ad-
mission, including use of skates, has
been placed at the low price of 10 cents.

We would suggest to the management
of the school that appropriate exercises,
consisting of patriotic songs, recitations
etc., by pupils of the school be had when
the flag arrives and is placed on the
school building. Such observances, we
think, would be very appropriate, and
an hour or two could be spent to no
better advantage than commemorating
this event.

The large number who attended the
Detroit exposition were disappointed in
the show to some extent. Of course the
fair was grand, but as it had been ad-
vertised so extensively and boomed so
much, most people expected something
just a little grander than that which
they saw. Most of the exhibits were
from our own state which tended to les-
sen the interest somewhat.

The breeding of thoroughbred horses is
fast gaining ascendancy in this part of
the county. A. Randall exhibited three
horses at the Sebawaing fair last week
and secured first prize on each one of
them. He took first prize on Forest
King, Jr., 1st on a two-year-old mare,
the get of Forest King, Jr., and 1st on a
two-year-old gelding roadster. Mr. Ran-
dall may well feel proud of his stock.

A musical and literary entertainment
and ice-cream festival will be given in
the Methodist church next Tuesday eve,
Oct. 8th. A fire time is anticipated,
and a rich treat in store for all who will
grace the occasion with their presence.
Proceeds in aid of the parsonage im-
provement fund. Admission to concert,
10 cents, ice-cream 10 cents extra. A
glance at the following program must be
convincing: Recitation, Miss Jennie
Walmsley; duet, Mrs. Eno and Miss
Winegar; recitation, Mrs. S. Gilchriese;
instrumental, Miss Florence Howe; recita-
tion, Mrs. W. Withey; music, Miss
Hattie Wood; recitation, Mrs. I. A. Fritz;
duet, Miss Seidler and Mr. P. Fritz;
recitation, S. M. Gilchriese. Entertain-
ment to begin at 7:30 promptly.

The law requires that when a railroad
is sold to another company or individ-
ual that the name of such road must be
changed, accordingly the P. O. & P. A.
Ry., will be known hereafter as the Pon-
tiac, Oxford & Northern railroad, the
road having received its new title on
Monday. The new company has certain-
ly improved the name of the road, and
we hope to see it extend the line to some
northern point before many years.

G. W. Gordon will give a dance at the
Tennant House rink on Friday evening
next, Oct. 11th. Everybody is invited
to attend and have a good time. Good
music will be in attendance, and every-
thing will be done to make it pleasant
for the dancers. Roller skating will be
indulged in until 10 o'clock. All lovers
of the art are invited as nothing will be
allowed to mar the enjoyment of the
evening and a good time may be spent.

The P. & P. M. railroad between Yale
and East Saginaw can now be deemed
one of the best lines in the state, and
is adding improvements every day. The
genial and accommodating conductors
on this road make it a point to care
for their passengers in the best possible
manner, which is one of the most essen-
tial qualities in the line of traveling.
The F. & P. M. company propose to
wield undue influences in developing this
part of Michigan.

Jno. Marshall of the Hill Side stock
farm was successful in carrying away
eighteen prizes at the Caro district fair
held recently. He took thirteen on his
cattle and sheep and five on grain and
roots. At the Sebawaing fair held last
week he was successful in getting fifteen
prizes on sheep and grain. At both
of the above fairs he made quite a number
of sales from his noted flock of Shrop-
shire sheep. Mr. Marshall believes in
raising thoroughbred stock, as the
above will show.

Monday a voluminous document was
filed with Register of Deeds Sly, in which
Hugh Porter, Chas. H. Stone and Geo.
W. Debevoise deeded the Pontiac, Ox-
ford and Port Austin Railroad to a cor-
poration known as the Pontiac, Oxford
and Northern Railroad Company. The
deed doesn't state who the members of
the new company are, but the probabili-
ties are that while the road has been
changed in name the owners are practi-
cally the same and the present manage-
ment will be continued.—[Pontiac Bill
Poster.

A large audience assembled at the
Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening
to listen to a temperance address by
Mrs. E. L. Motts, the state W. C. T. U.
evangelist and general organizer. The
speaker evinced a strong desire that
women should be allowed to vote, and
thought that would be the only means
by which the great evil of intemperance
could be overthrown. Mrs. Moots is a
woman of great ability, she having trav-
eled a large portion of the old country.
The choir rendered some very good
music during the evening. As was evi-
denced by the large congregation present
the temperance cause is not without in-
terest in Cass City as yet.

We were the grateful recipients of a pri-
vate letter from Prof. W. F. Boskelman
this week from his new home in Grayling
and take the liberty to make a few ex-
tracts from this interesting correspond-
ence: "I assure you that your paper is
a very interesting visitor at our home. I
was very much interested in your flag
project, and when you unfurl it to the
breeze just give three cheers for me.
When I saw the names of the contribu-
tors I wished my name was among them.
It is natural that I should be interested
in the schools there, and every time a
reference is made to them my heart
beats faster. * * * Mrs. Benkelman
and I both like Grayling very much. The
people here have been kind to us and
have given us many novel treats since
we came. We sent for our flag last week
and will hoist it in a few days."

Merchants and business men in the
smaller towns should patronize their
local newspapers in preference to "city
journals" or advertising schemes with
high sounding names that swoop down
upon the country towns with persistent
regularity. The local paper is the one
that prints gratuitously a thousand and
one good and true items of interest and
value to the town, and whose columns
are always open to those persons who
can do good for the community. When
we see a glaring advertisement in a city
paper of a grocery house, or any other
place that is dependent upon the patron-
age of the community surrounding a
small town where there is an established
local newspaper, in the columns of which
no line of type mentioned the existence
of the advertiser, we are again most for-
cibly reminded of the fact that fools and
ingrates are not all dead. Of course
there are some establishments, like
heavy manufacturers, hotels, land com-
panies, or other lines of business that
expect to derive their principal benefits
from a broader field than their local
paper covers, who can justly place their
patronage with the larger papers, but

on general principal it is safe to say that
no business, no matter how large or
small, can well afford to ignore the local
newspaper.

Attempts at highway robbery will do
for the Gogebic region, but when it comes
to this part of Michigan, it has the effect
to excite more interest. Last Friday
night while Richard Fancher was wend-
ing his way home-ward and when near
an isolated spot by the river bridge, he
was held up by footpads, one of whom
attempted to relieve him of a consider-
able sum of money, which he was the
possessor of at the time. He succeeded
in freeing himself from the grasp of his
assailants, however, and rapidly fled,
but not before he had received some se-
vere bruises at the hands of the ruffians.
We have not learned who Mr. Fancher's
assaulters were, but they must have
been pretty well acquainted with the
man with whom they had to deal, as
they were aware of the large sum of
money he had on his person.

From The Far West.

The following from one of our sub-
scribers, who was once a former resident
here, shows how the ENTERPRISE is ap-
preciated, when compared with the price
of other weeklies.

SEBOWAING, W. T., Sept. 18, 1889.
MESSRS. BROWNE BROS., EDITORS.
Dear Sirs:—Enclose find draft for
\$1.00 which will renew my subscription
from June. Your paper has been greatly
improved during the past year, and I
don't see how you can get it out for
\$1.00. Our local weeklies here cost us
\$2.00, and our dailies, two bits (25cts.)
per week.

Yours Very Truly,
W. C. INSH.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a general term of the circuit court
for the county of Tuscola, convened and
held at the court house in the village of
Caro, in said county, on Monday, the
2d day of September, in the year one
thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present Hon. Watson Beach, circuit
judge, 24th judicial circuit.

In memory of the late ex-Judge Levi
L. Wixson.

On motion of B. W. Huston, seconded
by other members of the bar, it is
ordered that in respect to the memory
of the late ex-Judge Levi L. Wixson,
this court stand adjourned until to-mor-
row morning at nine o'clock.

And it is further ordered, that B. W.
Huston, E. H. Taylor, Frank L. Fales,
T. W. Atwood and T. C. Quinn act as a
committee to draft "resolutions of re-
spect" to the memory of the deceased.

Thereupon court adjourned until to-
morrow morning at nine o'clock.

WATSON BEACH,
Circuit Judge.

At a general term of the circuit court
for the county of Tuscola, continued
and held at the court house in the vil-
lage of Caro in said county on Thursday,
the 19th day of September, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and eighty-
nine.

Present, Hon. Watson Beach circuit
judge, 24th judicial circuit.

In memory of the late ex-Judge Lev
L. Wixson.

Resolved, By the bar of Tuscola
county, That so great a loss to the
judiciary as the death of ex-Judge Levi
L. Wixson, deserves and should receive
of the court of Tuscola county, a befit-
ting and appropriate recognition.

Resolved, That we mourn and sym-
pathize with his family and relatives.

Resolved, That his devotion to the
principles of justice, equality and man-
liness, his unwavering fidelity to the
trusts of the people imposed upon him
have left an honorable and ineffaceable
impression, ever to be copied and ex-
emplified.

Resolved, That these resolutions be
spread in full upon the journal of this
court, and a copy transmitted to the
family of the deceased by the clerk.

Thereupon court adjourned without
day.

WATSON BEACH,
Circuit Judge.

Attest a true copy.
PETER P. DAWSON,
Clerk.

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-
ting 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.

These Pulah 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
pleas'd to have you call and examine my
stock of cloaks. Yours Respectfully,
E. F. MARR



Joseph G. Hutchison.

Joseph G. Hutchison, who is the republican nominee for governor of Iowa, was born Sept. 11th, 1840, on his father's farm near Watsontown, Northumberland county, Pa. He served in the One Hundred and Thirty-first Pennsylvania volunteer infantry. He fought in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and left the military service as a captain. On his return to civil life he became a lawyer at Ottumwa, Iowa. About six years ago he became president of the Ottumwa national bank, which position he resigned last fall. Mr. Hutchison has long been intimately connected with Iowa politics, having first been elected representative of the eighteenth general assembly and then state senator.

John L. Sullivan is tired of the slugging business, and announces that he will try to secure the nomination for congress in one of the Boston districts. The Hon. (P) J. L. S. says that in the pursuit of this worthy object he hopes to be able to put aside less worthy ambitions. It is possible that a term in congress would have a very salutary effect upon Sullivan's manners and morals, but if he cannot be reformed without sending him to congress, it were better to serve out his sentence in a Mississippi pen. Congress already has enough to answer for, without being held responsible for failure to instill a little manliness into the big brute.

The working people of Canada passed strong resolutions in their convention at Toronto condemning the policy of the dominion and provincial governments in granting subsidies of any kind to railroads, steamships or any other corporation. This is but the muttering that heralds the approach of the storm. With lavish largesses, Canada has created a number of powerful monopolies, working hand in glove with the party in power, and corrupting the political morals of the country. A great debt has been piled up in consequence, and obligations have been assumed which are sapping the life blood of the people.

New York is more European than American. Its great newspapers are in the main edited from European resorts. James Gordon Bennett of the Herald has resided in Europe for 15 years, and only makes an occasional visit to the United States. Joseph Pulitzer of the World also finds more congenial surroundings in Europe, and his sojourn there is indefinite. The editor of the Tribune is in France on a four years' mission, and Albert Pulitzer of the Morning Journal controls the editorial policy of that paper from across the Atlantic. It is not strange, that with such surroundings, these journals should be more European than American.

The number of railroad accidents during the summer months has been unusually large and the causes seem to have been as numerous as the accidents themselves. A large proportion have been caused by negligence, resulting from sleepiness after many hours of continuous duty. Precautions and safeguards avail but little when undue economy in labor is practiced. There should be stringent laws to prevent trainmen working over time, except in times of extraordinary emergency.

At the time of Roscoe Conkling's death it was said that he was a poor man, but now that his estate has been probated it is found that he left over two hundred thousand dollars. The most of this money was made in the practice of his profession, after the close of his political career. He was an indefatigable worker, and had lived a few years longer would have been a millionaire.

CLAUDE DAMIEN'S MILLION.

Queen's Gate looked a little aslant at Mr. Ponsonby Walker, though he occupied one of the biggest houses there and dispensed lavish hospitality. He was a tall, stout, red-faced, elderly gentleman, with a familiar manner and a jovial laugh, addicted to spotless white waistcoats, loud-patterned trousers and patent-leather boots. He was very hoarty and genial with every one, and had the reputation of being able and willing to make fortunes in the city for any of his friends who chose to seek his advice and assistance. But, though his wife wore diamonds, and he kept up a considerable establishment, there was a vague feeling of distrust regarding his alleged wealth. Business men shook their heads at the mention of his name, and hinted that, though he described himself as a financier, he dealt with other people's money rather than his own, and was chiefly engaged in the mysterious occupation of promoting public companies.

These rumors, however, did not prevent the Ponsonby Walkers from having a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who assisted at their social functions and returned their hospitality by similar entertainments. In fact, the Ponsonby Walkers were rather fashionable people, and it was, perhaps, envy as much as anything else which caused some of their neighbors to speak disparagingly of them. The prevailing impression among honest, unsophisticated folk was that Mr. Ponsonby Walker was a personage in the city of scarcely less importance and standing than a Rothschild or a Baring; and no one was more deeply imbued with this idea than young Claude Damien. But three and twenty is a credulous age, and a passionate admiration for a man's daughter is apt to shed a golden halo around the young lady's parents. Claude Damien would never have thought of suspecting Mrs. Ponsonby Walker of being dull and commonplace, nor did he ever doubt that Mr. Ponsonby Walker was a merchant prince of almost untold wealth. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the young gentlemen felt serious misgivings on the subject of his attachment to Mr. Ponsonby Walker's only daughter, Miriam, for he guessed instinctively that the financier would discourage his pretensions.

But Miriam Walker was an impulsive, warm-hearted girl, and having lured Claude Damien to his fate by receiving his attentions with marked favor, she scorned at the idea that his poverty was an insurmountable bar to their union. She fervently vowed that, whatever her father's decision might be, she would always regard Claude as her affianced husband, and prevailed upon the young man to demand the parental consent and benediction. She succeeded in almost persuading him that Mr. Ponsonby Walker belonged to the benevolent order of fathers who are disposed to overlook such trifling drawbacks as absence of income and expectations in a daughter's suitor. Claude Damien could not quite bring himself to regard Mr. Ponsonby Walker in that amiable and fatuous light, but rendered desperate by the state of his affections, he screwed up his courage and called upon Miriam's father one day at his office in this city.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Damien?" inquired the financier, in a patronizing, condescending tone, as Claude entered with his heart thumping against his ribs like a battering-ram.

"You do not recognize me, sir," said Claude, nervously observing that Mr. Ponsonby Walker read his name from his card with a hesitation which showed that it was unfamiliar. "I had the pleasure of being introduced to you once at the house of a mutual friend, Maj. Stanhope."

"Ah, to be sure. You're a son of the late Gen. Damien. I remember perfectly," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, encouragingly.

"Can I have a few minutes' private conversation with you sir?" murmured the young man.

"Well, I am very much overwhelmed with business just now. I have an important meeting of the board of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining Company at 3 o'clock," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with importance. "We are proceeding to allotment, Mr. Damien," he added, significantly.

"Oh, indeed?" observed Claude.

"Yes, a splendid property, Mr. Damien; a splendid property," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, rubbing his hands. "As a friend of Maj. Stanhope's, I advise you to apply at once for some shares."

"No—no, thank you," interposed Claude, with an ominous sinking at his heart. "The fact is, I have called to ask your permission to become engaged to your daughter Miriam."

"To my daughter Miriam—to Miss Ponsonby Walker!" exclaimed the financier, staring at the young man with undisguised amazement. "Have you spoken to her on the subject?"

"Yes; last night, at Mrs. Anstruther's ball," said Claude eagerly.

"Really, this is very serious," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, solemnly. "I have heard nothing of it. Will you have the goodness, Mr. Damien, to state your position and prospects?"

Poor Claude Damien realized, with painful force, the utter hopelessness—not to say temerity—of his mission, as he proceeded, in faltering accents to describe his unfortunate circumstances, and it is hardly surprising that the brief statement caused Mr. Ponsonby Walker to grow crimson with indignation.

"Do you mean to tell me Mr. Damien, that you have no means, no occupation, and no expectation whatever?" exclaimed the financier, falling back in his chair and gazing at him with contemptuous amazement. "No relatives, even or friends to whom you can look for assistance?"

"I have an uncle—my poor mother's brother—living in America. I have heard that he is rich and a bachelor," said Claude from sheer desperation.

"Well! and what is his name? and what will he do for you?" inquired Mr. Ponsonby Walker, a little more encouragingly.

"There is no such person," interposed the old gentleman, calmly.

"What does it mean, then?" cried Claude, wildly. "I have had letters from him. He told me that my uncle, William Barnes, of Princess Town, was dead."

Mr. Ponsonby Walker was purple in the face with furious indignation, and he even made a step toward Claude as though he meditated violence. The young man had sense enough to perceive that to attempt to prolong the interview would probably lead to a regrettable scene, and he therefore prudently withdrew, feeling more deeply humiliated and crestfallen than he had ever done in his life.

The truth was that Claude Damien was thoroughly ashamed of himself, for he was an honest lad, and he painfully realized that he had acted the part of an impudent adventurer. It was, no doubt, the height of presumption on his part, considering that he was absolutely penniless and friendless, to aspire to marry the daughter of a rich man. To do him justice, nothing had been further from his mind than to profit by the circumstance of the girl he loved being an heiress. He was just at that romantic age when to make a fortune seems only a question of giving the mind to it; and he had vaguely determined that he would set to work with that laudable object without a moment's delay. Mr. Ponsonby Walker's indignation, however, had opened his eyes to the unpleasant fact that his conduct was worse than thoughtless, and he was so remorseful and contrite that he immediately wrote a heart-broken and penitent letter to Miriam Walker, releasing her from her engagement.

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Meanwhile Claude made strenuous efforts to obtain employment, but unfortunately without success. His friends were chiefly retired half-pay brother officers of his late father, who had no influence whatever in the commercial world, and the lad possessed no accomplishments or resources of any kind which he could turn to account. Luckily for himself, his temperament was sanguine, and he found Miriam's sweet encouragement a sufficient antidote against the demoralizing influence of perpetual disappointment. In this manner a month or six weeks passed, and the only result of this lapse of time was that Claude Damien became more infatuated than ever. He was even beginning to feel a little depressed in moments of solitude when one day he was startled by receiving a formidable-looking letter, addressed in an unknown hand and bearing an American stamp. The sight of it caused the young man an anxious thrill of expectation, for he immediately concluded that it was a reply from his maternal uncle, to whom he had written many months previously. When, with a trembling hand, he broke the seal, the following communication met his astonished gaze:

"337 BLOOM A, PRINCESS TOWN, KANSAS COUNTY.—Sir: I beg to acquaint you that, by the will of your late uncle, Mr. William Barnes, of this city (copy of which I inclose), you are entitled, as residuary legatee, to the whole of his property, estimated at about \$3,000,000. The testator died on the 21st of last month. Awaiting the honor of your instructions, I am, sir, yours obediently,

SILAS G. BLOTING, Barrister, etc. To Mr. Claude Damien.

The young man fairly gasped for breath as he read this amazing intelligence, and for several minutes he stared blankly at the letter, unable to realize that he was actually a millionaire. But as he grew calmer, and proceeded to read the will of the deceased relative, he grasped the situation sufficiently to jump into a cab and drive straight to the office of Mr. Ponsonby Walker.

Miriam's father received him with scant courtesy, but when he announced his good fortune and produced the letter of Mr. Silas Blotting, and the copy of his uncle's will, the financier's manner changed completely.

"My dear Damien," exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby Walker, in an almost awe-stricken voice, "this is glorious news! I congratulate you."

"I love your daughter, sir," murmured the young man tremulously.

"A million sterling!" ejaculated Mr. Ponsonby Walker, rising excitedly in his chair. "Belongs to Miriam," cried Claude with emotion.

"My dear Claude, your constancy is touching," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, quite overcome. "God bless you, my boy!"

"Thank you, sir," said Claude, wringing the hand of his future father-in-law.

"Claude, my boy, regardless of your fortune, it would be better that you should have some employment. As a start, therefore, I would suggest that you should join the board of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining Company," cried Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with sudden eagerness.

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Not only was he received with affectionate deference into the bosom of the Ponsonby Walker family, but he was over-

whelmed with congratulations and polite attentions from every one. The fame of his good luck spread abroad like wildfire, and before a week had elapsed every newspaper in England published paragraphs alluding to the event, and also mentioning the happy circumstance of his engagement. Mr. Ponsonby Walker expressed great annoyance and indignation at the introduction of his daughter's name into public prints, but Claude could not help fancying that his father-in-law elect was not so displeased as he affected to be.

"There is no such man as William Barnes, of Princess Town either, I guess," said the old gentleman with another grin. "I'm located at Chicago, and left Princess Town a dozen years ago. Have you any doubt that I'm your uncle, young man, and that I'm alive still?"

Claude looked earnestly at the face before him, but, in truth, his scrutiny was unnecessary. Already the conviction had been borne upon him that he was speaking to his mother's brother, for the family likeness was unmistakable.

"Seems to me, nephew, that you've embarked on a pretty big swindle," said his uncle, with a significant glance round the well-appointed room.

"I am ruined, dishonored!" exclaimed Claude, overwhelmed with shame as he thought of his debts and the difficulty of his position. "What will Mr. Ponsonby Walker—what will Miriam think? I am innocent of any swindle, Uncle William," he added, with force energy.

"Say, how did it all happen, then?" inquired his uncle in a more friendly tone.

Claude Damien, feeling that he was on his defense, pulled himself together, and gave a tolerably lucid and coherent account of the events which have been narrated. His uncle listened with close attention, and occasionally asked questions, which, if the young man had been less agitated, would have given rise to a suspicion that the old gentleman had already made himself acquainted with the circumstances.

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"Mr. Ponsonby Walker!" exclaimed Claude with a start.

"Why, certainly. It was a plan of his to boom his precious company, whose shares, by the by, are now worthless. But that don't matter to him. He floated the concern, and got his promotion money, you bet," said the old gentleman with quiet conviction.

"Impossible!" gasped Claude, horrified at the suggestion.

"That is so, and you've got into an awkward scrape. The best thing you can do is to clear out of it and come along with me," said his uncle, not unkindly. "I've a business over yonder in Princess Town—a dry goods store. I call myself Williams over there because he's in trade and don't want to hurt the family pride," added the old gentleman sarcastically.

"Hang family pride! I'll go with you, uncle, certainly, and, if necessary, sweep out the shop," cried Claude, with heartfelt earnestness. "But what about my debts?"

"Never mind your debts," replied the old gentleman, who seemed pleased at his nephew's evident sincerity. "They are not your debts; they are Mr. Ponsonby Walker's. He shall see to 'em."

"And—and Miriam?" exclaimed the young man with a beating heart.

"Miriam! Oh! That is the girl! You don't suppose that she really cares for you, you young idiot," said his uncle brusquely.

"I'm sure she does. Whatever her father may be, Miriam is true, and—and I love her, Uncle William, better than my life, exclaimed Claude excitedly.

"Well, if that is so," said his uncle, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, "as I've no room for absent minded lovers in my establishment, you had better marry her straight away. You think she would come, eh?"

"Uncle!" ejaculated Claude, completely staggered by the boldness of the proposition. "Why—why, of course she would. But—but, her parents would never consent. Mr. Ponsonby Walker—"

"Leave him to me," said the old gentleman, with a grim smile. "He will be only too anxious to get rid of the ghost he has raised on my terms, you bet! I've got evidence in my pocket which will make him listen to reason. If you can persuade the girl to come back with us in the Etruria at the end of the month, I'll fix matters with her father and get his blessing—for what it's worth—into the bargain."

Claude never quite understood how it all occurred, but he not only received Mr. Ponsonby Walker's blessing, but, what was more to the point, the hand of his daughter and receipts for all the money he owed.

An Arkansas Hermit.

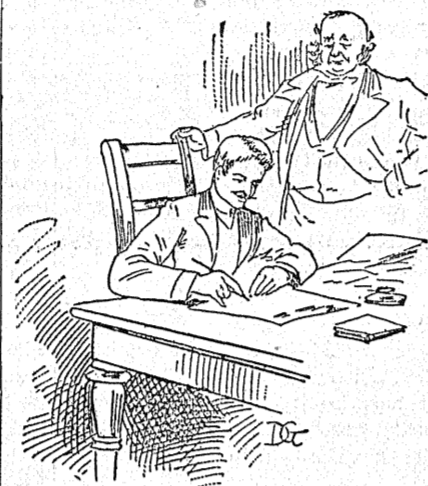
There lives in a wilderness section of Columbia county, says a letter from Magnolia, Ark., a hermit. He has wielded a destructive knife and revolver in a half-score of tragedies, and is constantly on the alert, expecting to be assassinated. This man who has thus forfeited the companionship of mankind is guarded by animals that are well-trained watchmen. He has a majic control over the brute creation, and owns six large goats and an equal number of dogs.

His lonely cabin stands in the middle of a fifteen-acre field. When he goes plowing three of the dogs are placed at each side of the field at his row's end. These dogs are trained to patrol the adjacent forest, and no human being can approach without being exposed by these vigilant sentries. At night the dogs and goats lie about the cabin—the goats without the yard inclosure and the dogs within. When any human being approaches these dogs set up an unearthly series of barking.

The dogs within understand the signal and rush furiously at the intruder. Armed to the teeth the proprietor hails the visitor. If found to be a friend one word from the hermit silences both goats and dogs and the guest is invited in.

Thus guarded this desperate man sleeps more soundly than the czar, because, unlike the imperial cohorts of the latter, his faithful sentinels can not be bribed or otherwise rendered unsafe by collusion with their owner's enemies.

You don't look for notes in the eye of your summer girl; you look for the beams.—Baltimore American



CLAUDE DAMIEN DASHED OFF HIS SIGNATURE.

"What a ridiculous situation," exclaimed the financier, with a hearty laugh, as he snatched his future son-in-law on the back. "Imagine an impetuous millionaire!"

"It's awkward all the same," said Claude, laughing also.

"Pooh! There need be no difficulty," responded Mr. Ponsonby Walker. "I'll write you a check. Stay, though!" he added, thoughtfully. "I think, on consideration, that I had better not. One can't be too careful in these matters, and remarks might be made if it should transpire that the money came from me."

Mr. Ponsonby Walker winked confidentially as he spoke, and looked so knowingly at the young man that the latter, without the least understanding him, felt impressed by the wisdom of the financier's remark.

"I suppose not," acquiesced Claude, doubtfully; "but where shall I get the money from?"

"You can borrow it from your solicitor, or—well, perhaps it is well to be independent, and you can afford the luxury—why not get it from Benlevi?" said Mr. Ponsonby Walker.

"By all means. But who is Benlevi?" inquired Claude.

"Benlevi, of Burlington street," replied Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with another sagacious wink. "He money lender, but honest as they go. He will make you pay for the accommodation, but what will that matter to you?"

So Claude, nothing loath, paid a visit to Mr. Benlevi, who received him very civilly, having evidently read all about him in the newspapers. From this worthy the young man obtained, on somewhat startling terms, a sum of money which enabled him to take up his shares and left something over. Being thus in funds, Claude Damien did not scruple to launch out a little by taking an expensive set of chambers and furnishing them luxuriously. He found no difficulty in obtaining credit from tradespeople, and having once set the ball rolling, he soon raised a very considerable crop of debts, and began to live in a manner worthy of his enviable circumstances.

At the instance of his future father-in-law, who represented that he ought not to neglect his own interests, Claude Damien attended one or two meetings of the directors of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining Company, though the proceedings, and indeed the company itself, rather bored him. It was gratifying, however, to the young man to learn that his connection with the company had had a very good effect, and that its shares were being eagerly applied for, especially as he understood that in some mysterious way the success of the company was an excellent thing for Miriam's father. Claude was a little puzzled at this, because Mr. Ponsonby Walker's name did not appear on the prospectus of the company nor among the list of shareholders. But the young man asked no questions, being completely absorbed with the raptures of love-making and the delights of luxurious living, and as Mr. Ponsonby Walker soon ceased to trouble him any more about the company, Claude was perfectly content not to refer to it.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the young man's peace of mind, that he shirked the Directors' meetings, and never read the financial columns of the newspapers, for he thus remained in happy ignorance of ugly rumors which began to be circulated about the new venture. He did, indeed, hear something of an unfavorable report which had come to hand concerning the company's mines, and which had caused a panic and a great outcry among the shareholders. Still this gave him but little uneasiness.

Early one morning, however, a few days after these rumors first came to his ears, Claude Damien found his sitting room, occupied by a raunt-looking, elderly gentleman, who was seated in his best-easy chair, tranquilly smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper. Claude stared in amazement at the stranger, whose shriveled features seemed oddly familiar, though he was not conscious of ever seeing him before. His unceremonious visitor stared at him in return with an amused, half-contemptuous expression which excited the young man's wrathful indignation.

"Who are you, sir? and what are you doing here?" demanded Claude angrily.

"I'm a corpse," said the old gentleman with a sardonic grin.

"What?" exclaimed Claude, starting.

"I used to be your mother's brother William," said the stranger, with a decided American twang. "But it seems, on this side, I'm only a testator. When I heard the news over yonder, there seemed to me to be something kinder wrong about it, so I've come over to make inquiries."

"Good heavens!" gasped Claude, turning pale. "If—if what you say is true, I have been duped. But Mr. Silas Blotting, of Princess Town—"

"There is no such person," interposed the old gentleman, calmly.

"What does it mean, then?" cried Claude, wildly.

Mr. Ponsonby Walker was purple in the face with furious indignation, and he even made a step toward Claude as though he meditated violence. The young man had sense enough to perceive that to attempt to prolong the interview would probably lead to a regrettable scene, and he therefore prudently withdrew, feeling more deeply humiliated and crestfallen than he had ever done in his life.

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"Never mind your debts," replied

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.

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.

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 in these kegs and boxes.

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 by 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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:

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.

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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.

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 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.

These supervisors cannot be paid less than \$500, their average earnings probably amounting to about \$350, which includes an allowance for clerical services.

Having subdivided his district the supervisor's duty is to nominate suitable persons for enumerators, whose appointment is made by the superintendent.

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

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

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 over-shirts.

The men were thorns 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.

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 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.

Next came the children. The Greys and Grahams had very large families. The pinyune-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 velvety rose-leaf, and so sensitive that all the little flower children had to tread lightly for fear of waking her.

Copy of Original. VAN WERT, O., July 11, 1889. RHEUMATIC STREP CO., Jackson, Mich.

REMEDY FOR PAIN. IT CONQUERS PAIN. Relieves and cures HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, Toothache, Sprains, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, Sciatica, Lumbago, Burns and Scalds.

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. Ely's Cream Balm.

SICK HEADACHE. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Little Liver Pills.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

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.

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.

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

A Few Pointers.

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.

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.

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 Dobbin's Electric Soap next Monday. It won't cost much, and you will then know for yourself just how good it is.

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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!

and 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.

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.

Dollars

AND SENSE IN EDUCATION. is a course in the Business, English, Shorthand, Penmanship, Mechanical Drawing, or German and Diction Departments of the

Detroit Business University, 149 Griswold St. Students received any time. Elegant illustrated catalogue free.

1 prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

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TOWERS' FISH BRAND SLICKER

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

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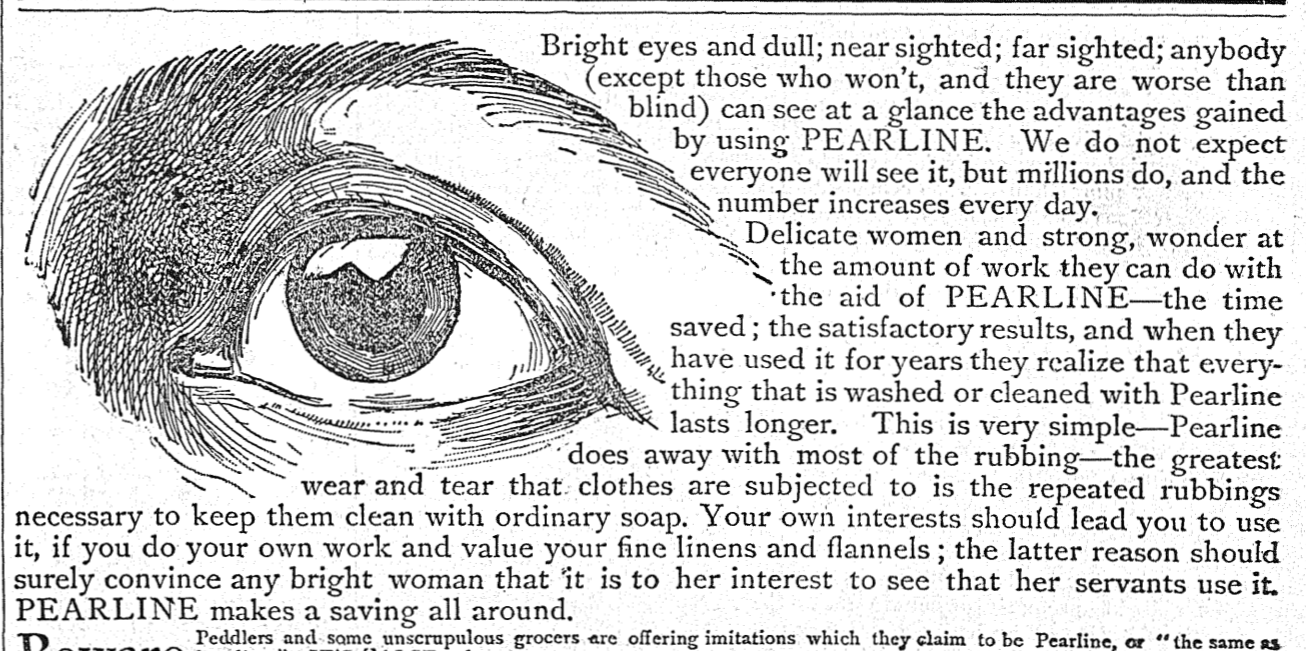
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Beware. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "The same as PEARLINE." IT'S A LIE—they are not.

Beware. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "The same as PEARLINE." IT'S A LIE—they are not.

Far from losing any faith in protection, the woolen manufacturers appear to be more certain than ever over its benefits.

The Tribune has already styled the Democrat campaign in this state a campaign of rum and false pretenses. The further it advances the more accurate appears the characterization.

Nothing is more amusing than to hear some would-be statesman howl about competition between labor and capital. They never stop to think that competition between capital and capital is the fiercest competition of the age.

The annual importation of foreign goods into the United States since 1880 has been from \$600,000,000 to \$925,000,000. The bulk of these goods could have been produced in the United States and this vast wealth would have gone to American laborers and American farmers who would have reaped the advantage of the better home market.

THERE will be more than 2,000 students in attendance at the Michigan university this year—an unprecedented number. The university is sharing, with other colleges, this increased interest in the higher education. The freshmen class at Yale numbers over 200, which was never known before, and the unprecedented number of 300 have enrolled themselves at Harvard. These great accessions show the ever widening desire for higher education, and the increasing prosperity of the country.

The Welsh people are sturdy in their refusal to pay tithes for the support of the established church, for which they have no use. Their resistance to the tax, and their treatment of the collectors are nearly as obstinate and violent, and certainly as unlawful, as the resistance of the Irish to laws that do not suit them. But, although parliament has not yet done anything for the relief of this discontent, the English people do not at least indict a whole people for crimes and misdemeanors, as in the case of Ireland.

The Canadians are wondering why the English syndicates why are buying everything in the United States do not invest some of their spare cash in Canada, which has plenty of material but no capital. Even the Canadian Pacific railway, an immense and splendid enterprise, has not tempted the English to put any money into it. The Canadian people have to bear the chief burden of it, assisted by United States capitalists. Of course, this indisposition to help the colony does not diminish the desire for independence or annexation.

How's This?

The democrat bulldozers, representing the "first families" and the "political purity" of Louisiana, used intimidation, violence, ballot box stuffing and false counting in order to redeem the state from the rule of "thieving carpet baggers" and the ignorant and corrupt "nigger" officials. Their methods, they acknowledged, were a little irregular, but it was necessary to use severe measures to make a sure thing of the election and secure an "honest" government.

Having carried the election the honest government repudiated a portion of the state debt and authorized the issue of consolidated bonds for the remainder, but now it seems that "through the criminality or carelessness of the state's trusted servants" there has been an overissue of these and other bonds to the amount of \$800,000 and nobody knows how much more.

The first families ought to get out and shoot a few more white Republicans, whip a few "niggers" and stuff a few more ballot boxes in order to wipe out the stain of this act. If they don't do this their honest government can be depended upon to repudiate the consolidated bonds. There won't be any trouble about that.—(Detroit Tribune.)

A NEW LAW!

Every Case of Typhoid Fever Should be Reported to The Health Officer.

Typhoid fever is a disease which the state board of health has declared to be dangerous to the public health, and as such it comes under the law requiring physicians to report to the health officials. Any physician who shall neglect to immediately give such notice shall forfeit a sum not less than \$50 and not more \$100. After Oct. 1, any householder who shall refuse or willfully neglect to immediately give such notice shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and is liable to a fine of not more than \$100, or in default thereof may be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding ninety days.

It seems important that the people shall understand this new law which applies to scarlet fever, diphtheria, small pox, and all such dangerous diseases as well as to typhoid fever; but at this time of the year typhoid fever is usually most prevalent, and it is especially dangerous in time of drouth, therefore, the safety of the people may now be greatly promoted by having every case of typhoid fever reported to the health officer, who is by law (section 1, act 137, laws 1883) required to promptly attend to the restriction of every such disease. A new law which takes effect Oct. 1, makes it a

misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or imprisonment, for the health officer to knowingly violate that section of the law, or for any person to knowingly violate the order of the health officer, made in accordance with that section. But the actual penalties which are incurred by the violation of these laws are the death penalties to many of our people; about one thousand being lost in this state in each year by typhoid fever. The saving of a large proportion of these lives is the real reason for this effort, in which it is hoped all our people will join, for the restriction of typhoid fever, and other dangerous diseases.

AROUND THE STATE.

The general store of John York at Belleue was robbed of goods valued at \$50 Friday night.

Bay City commandery of Knights Templar will attend the tricennial convocation at Washington 100 strong.

R. G. Peters had 8,000,000 feet of Canadian pine on Bay City docks a few days ago. It now belongs to Steivart Bros., of Buffalo.

Three footpads held up John Olson of Ludington at Muskegon late Friday night and robbed him of \$5.30. He made an outcry and they choked and pounded him seriously.

J. E. Barnes, aged 33, fell from a scaffolding on the Epworth M. E. Church at East Saginaw, Friday afternoon, while painting the steeple. He was probably fatally injured.

GOOD FARM

—IN— EXCHANGE FOR STOCK!

The south half of southwest quarter of Section 12, Elkland. Price, \$2,000. \$200 Cash; \$600 in Cattle, Horses or sheep. Balance on 7 per cent interest.

J. F. SEELEY,

Agent, Caro, Mich.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of the Lungs, and from the physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made." Jessie Middlewatt, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would of died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Fritz Bros.' Drug store.

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 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 the petitioner 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. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate. [A true copy]

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 Wednesday, the eighteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, James M. VanTassel, judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of Anna A. and Sarah Z. Ale, minors; Bette I. McNeil, formerly Bette I. Ale, guardian of said minors, into court, and represents that she is now prepared to render her final account as such guardian, and tenders her resignation. Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the seventh day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for examining and allowing such account, 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 court then to be held at the Probate office in the village of Caro in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed; And it is further ordered that said guardian give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, 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. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate. [A true copy.]

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the condition and payment of a certain mortgage, (whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative) made and executed by E. W. Gerrish, J. P. Street, J. R. Hooper, A. E. Cooper, N. M. Richardson, Riley Ross and Wm. N. West, comprising the board of trustees of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Michigan for and on behalf of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Tuscola county, state of Michigan, and N. B. Haskell, of Port Crescent, county of Huron and state of Michigan, and dated Nov. 1, A. D. 1880, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Tuscola county, in liber 38 of mortgages, at page 329, on November 8, 1880, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of five hundred and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$598.98), and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that on Monday, December 2, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, there will be sold to the highest bidder at public auction, at the northwesterly door of the court house, in the village of Caro, Michigan, (that being the building wherein the circuit court for the county of Tuscola is held); the premises in said mortgage described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest at ten per cent and all legal costs including an attorney fee fixed by statute, provision in said mortgage having been made for a reasonable attorney fee. The premises hereby made subject to sale are in said mortgage described as follows, viz: Lots one (1) and two (2), block twelve (12) according to plat of village of Canterville (now Caro), recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan. Dated September 2, 1889. N. B. HASKELL, Mortgagee. F. S. WUKAT, Attorney for Mortgagee.

DO NOT LOOK AT THIS!

FOR IF YOU DO

YOU WILL SEE THAT

HOLMES BROS.

* ARE SELLING GOODS *

FOR CASH & READY PAY,

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

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

NEW FALL GOODS.

Our Fall Stock of Cloaks

will arrive this week, and we Invite you to Call and Examine our Line and get our Prices.

2 MACKS 2.

WALL PAPER!

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

SCHOOL BOOKS!

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

BLANK BOOKS!

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

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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

CITY DRUG STORE.

Residence over store.

THE "OLD RELIABLE"

GENERAL STORE

—OF—

J. C. LAING'S -

IS THE PLACE TO GET

GOODS CHEAP.

WORTH!

No one claims to be an expert in every branch of business without reflecting upon his ability in any branch. An artist is not supposed to be a good judge of cordwood, nor would we go to a quarryman for advice as to fine jewels. We must trust somewhat to those with whom we have to deal, and yet we feel the influence of PRICE. We invite the closest scrutiny of our MAMMOTH STOCK OF BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS, MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR OUR OWN TRADE, claiming that no better WORTH for the PRICE can be had.

CROSBY'S BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE.

N. B. Fall Stock Now Arriving.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE

Wish to announce that they have received their Fall and Winter Stock of Notions, Etc., also a Complete Line of

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S CLOAKS, JACKETS AND WRAPS,

Which they offer to the Public at Prices to meet the LOWEST COMPETITION.

A Large Line of LADIES' Underwear GENTS' and CHILDREN'S At Lowest Cash Prices.

It will pay you to Call and get a sample of

ORR NEW TEAS At 25c, 35c, and 50c.

We will guarantee them to please you. Give us a trial.

Butter and Eggs Wanted. Cash FOR Eggs.

ATTENTION. All in want of Lubricating Oils or Paints and Oils will find them cheap at Howe & Bigelow's. We handle the Garland and Peninsular Stoves, which are fully Warranted. Call and see us. HOWE & BIGELOW.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED

—OF—

Seed Drills, Harrows, Plows, Buggies, Etc.,

GO TO

J. H. STRIFFLER,

He can Supply your Wants.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. L. ROBINSON, DENTIST. HENRY C. WALES, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

DR. N. MCCLINTON, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucher.

DR. J. H. MILEAN, PHYSICIAN. HENRY BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

DENTISTRY. L. A. PRITZ, Resident Dentist.

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.

FOR SALE—Four male Shropshire lambs, also four female.

FOR SALE—A coal stove in good order.

STRAYED—From the premises of Dow Bigelow in Cass City, a small spotted pig.

FOR SALE—One four-year-old mare, sound and good driver.

LOST—On Thursday last, in Caro, a pocketbook containing some valuable paper.

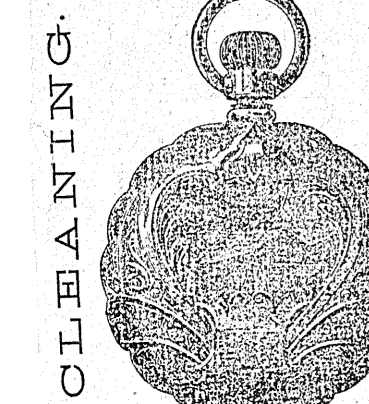
LOST—A pocketbook, between Cass City and Malcom McIntyre's, 1 mile west and 1 mile north of Cass City.

LUMBER FOR SALE—I have 45,000 feet of good green hemlock.

WANTED AT ONCE. To Rent With Privilege Of Purchasing.

THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

Is the Motto of J. F. HENDRICK The Jeweler.



A Large and Choice Stock for the Fall Trade.

An Important Letter to E. F. Marr.

MR. E. F. MARR, Cass City, Michigan. DEAR SIR—We this day ship you bill of Ladies' Cloaks, amounting to nine hundred and seventy eight dollars.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS!

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

GAGETOWN.

R. S. Brown was in Owendale on Tuesday. Considerable sickness in this vicinity now-a-days.

Our grain buyers report grain coming in quite rapidly. J. W. Selden of Sand Beach was in the village on Monday.

Our school teacher is getting along with our school very good. John Chisholm is on the sick list.

Several Gagetown people took in the Detroit exposition last week. Geo. Beach was in Detroit last week taking in the exposition sights.

Will Wyckoff of Owendale was walking around town Saturday evening. Miss Jennie Watson has severed her connections with the Washington house.

Chas. Maynard and wife were in Bay City on Sunday and Monday of this week. Miss Ella Watson will teach the school in the Bearss district the coming school year.

Geo. Cook of Bay City was in town on Saturday last, trying to make the purchase of a horse. Wm. Johnson of Brookfield and Miss Mosock of this place were married by Rev. Krebs on Tuesday.

Charlie, why not water your horses and then they will not be compelled to seek for water in the cistern. The Episcopal society is building a large addition to their church, which adds greatly to its appearance.

Geo. Wilds and Tressa Mall were united in holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. C. Krebs in St. Agatha's church on Monday morning.

B. F. Browne of the Cass City Enterprise has been in the village during the week looking after the financial interests of the paper. He succeeds in making one of the subscribers come down with hat bright silver dollar.

ELLINGTON.

A little cooler. There is quite a bit of sickness. Threshing all around this week.

Clover seed turns out very good. Corn is not all cut in this neighborhood, and is badly frost bitten.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Adams took in Cass City Tuesday on business. Wheat is coming up, but needs rain very much to make it grow now.

Still the plow is kept running and the wheat going into the ground, notwithstanding the lateness of the season.

On Sunday morning last the youngest child of Wm. E. Wolverton died. She was taken to Fair Grove for burial in the Hinson cemetery.

I learn that Pearl Hobart is slowly gaining from her sickness, malarial fever. She has been sick for about three weeks. We hope she will recover.

Rev. Wilbur Ostrander has lost his youngest child, a babe. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon from the M. E. church, and the remains were interred in the Ellington cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, daughter of Daniel Turner, died on Thursday evening last at her home in Elmwood, at 5 p. m., aged about 50 years.

She had been a great sufferer for a number of years from inflammatory rheumatism, and for the last 12 years she has been almost helpless, being so crippled up that she could not get around without help.

She had a bad spell Monday preceding her death, and lost the entire use of her left side, from which she never recovered, but dropped away as above stated. The funeral discourse was preached by Rev. Roblin of the M. P. church on Saturday, at 11:30, a. m., and she was buried in the Ellington cemetery.

CREEL.

John Baillagh drove over to Cass City on Tuesday. Town board met at Owen's hall Saturday afternoon last.

Wm. Torrance is again on the war path in this vicinity. Eph. McCullough visited Caro on Wednesday on business.

Miss Jennie Watson of Elmwood visited in this place last week. Ed. Owens is pushing the work on the kitchen for J. Henderson.

Cool weather, clover cutting and weddings are the order of the day. Wedding invitations are quite numerous amongst our youths at present.

Mr. McPherson of Culross, Ont., is visiting his brother-in-law, Thos. Hughes. N. Sommers made a trip to Sebawaing on Monday, returning Tuesday.

Tony Hughes started for Bruce Co., Ont., on Tuesday, to make his parents a visit. A. Ross filled the pulpit at Gagetown and Owendale for Rev. Hillas of the former place.

Hector McDermott and sister Effie of Grant, visited Johnnie Campbell's folks on Sunday last. Hugh Leonard and wife of Bad attended the funeral of Henry Ke'ley on Monday last.

Sam. Good and August Dressler traded horses on Thursday last. Sam made a good deal this time.

A party from this vicinity went on a butternut excursion one day last week down the Pigeon river.

Commissioner Barress has accepted the job on the quarter line. D. Ferson and S. Taylor, contractors.

J. D. Owen and Sam. Edwards of Cass City exchanged horses on Monday. I wonder who got left on that deal.

A logging bee at A. Davidson's on Wednesday. Adam probably gave the boys something to wet their whistles.

Mrs. McCullough returned home from Ypsilanti on Wednesday, where she has been visiting friends for a fortnight. Gentlemen from Detroit were here on Saturday last, negotiating with John Carrpbell for his large yard of lumber at this place.

Jim. Moore and R. Ballagh and John McLellan Jr., attended the Sebewaing fair on Tuesday. The boys got to the front that day.

The Methodist brethren had a bee on Wednesday, erecting the seats in church. There will be services as usual on Sunday, Oct. 13th.

Walter Goble and Miss Ina Burton of this place were married on Tuesday of last week by Rev. Hillas of Gagetown. The youthful couple visited Detroit on their wedding tour.

Their many friends in this vicinity wish them a long and happy life. (Last week's Correspondence.) Miss Dewar, of Strathroy, Ont., is visiting at H. Crawford's.

Dan. Ferson made a business trip to Killmanagh on Monday. The patrons of Maitland Bank association report a grand time at their last meeting.

David Cutler is at present suffering from a severe attack of typhoid malaria. Dr. Lyman is attending him. Mrs. Brown, of Teeswater, Bruce county, Ont., is the guest of her mother Mrs. A. Chisholme of this place.

James Taylor, Sr., has been for the past fortnight laid up with rheumatism. His friends hope him a speedy recovery. Quite a number from this part took in the Caro fair last week. All reported a good time but say nothing about the fair.

A gentleman by the name of Fitzgerald from near Ubyly, has engaged to teach school in district No. 4, for the coming term.

Mrs. John Robinson is presently suffering from a severe sprained foot, caused by accidentally falling through a cellar.

A Mr. Rourk, from Bad Axe, has secured the teaching in district No. 1, for the full term. Wonder if the boys are ball players.

Jethro Ross has completed his job of brushing on the Ferson property and is now engaged in another from his brother, Albert is a hustler at a brush pile.

A very sudden and unexpected death occurred in our midst on Saturday last. Henry Kelley, a young man just in the prime of life, who was sick only one week with spinal fever. He leaves a host of friends and acquaintances to mourn his departure.

He was buried on Monday by the largest assembly of people this part ever witnessed. Alex. McKenzie of Cass City had charge of the remains. Mr. Kelley's family have the entire sympathy of the community in their sad trouble.

GRANT.

Johnnie Wilson is slowly recovering from an abscess on the abdomen. Lots of horses for sale at R. Cases' up at Grant Center. All sorts and all sizes can be had at all sorts of prices.

Tony did try to have an interview with Mr. Bruin concerning that maize husking, but Bruin was too sharp for him.

The Schwaderer boys* of Cass City were here on Monday buying live pork at \$3.70 per hundred. Last fall they paid \$4.50 per hundred.

Wanted, to know how much of a bonus the school book publishers paid the law makers to force the sale of school books by taxation?

Come, oh come, some threshing machine up into this corner of Grant and save our stuff from the merciless storm that is likely to prevail before long.

Stay at home, Grant folks. The fair at Cass City has turned out foul this year, and if you are all alive next fall you can all attend, if you choose.

Poverty brings strange bed fellows, is an old saying, if true, but we did wake up one morning to find a snake under the bed. What he was after we have not made out, but we made a St. Patrick of ourself and banished him forthwith, you bet.

Two more township officers to be elected next spring, then we will have to have two more to watch these two and of course the township will have to pay them out of the taxes that is levied on the settlers. That is the way they have of bringing you to the limerick.

Jos. Doerr had quite a time trying to find his yearling heifer, but without success. Joe lost one last year, too, but found her dead. Mr. Ward is also on the hunt for his three head of young cattle. Somebody must have bought them the way the nigger bought the coat when the man was out.

One of the ENTERPRISE correspondents says that cutting Canada thistles when they are hollow will kill them, but we can say from experience that it is a failure, for they are growing again most beautifully. In Canada they have tried it for the last forty years and thistles are as numerous as ever.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.

A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.

Will you take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is ten cents per album. I will give you a single day's work.

Others are doing quite as well. I have not time to give exact facts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this business will be a success.

Shall we start YOU in this business? We shall if you will start like your neighbor. You are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country.

Take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. 125-1000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for \$22 each. Bound in Royal Crown Silk Velvet.

Chemistry-devised riches. Handmade albums in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no selling necessary. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidly never failing fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, before known. Great profits await every worker.

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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 Ten 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.

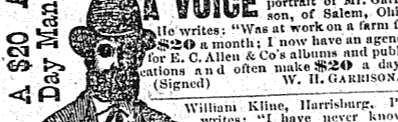
Save Money! Port Huron MARBLE WORKS,

By Buying Your HARDWARE, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, PAINTS, OILS, PUMPS, ANVILS, NAILS, ETC.

PHILO TRUESDELL, Prop. Granite and Marble MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES.

MANTLES, GRATES and CUT BUILDING STONE.

I carry the largest stock of Monuments in eastern Michigan, and I can furnish the best goods for the least money of any dealer in Michigan. Correspondence solicited. J. L. HITCHCOCK. WORKS; 401, 403 & 406 Butler Street,



A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for 20 months; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's album and pictures and often make \$20 a day."

Will you take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is ten cents per album. I will give you a single day's work.

Others are doing quite as well. I have not time to give exact facts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this business will be a success.

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A BABY'S LEAP

Through the Window of a Railroad Car Going at Full Speed.

There is one lucky baby and a happy mother in California tonight, says the Stockton Independent. The mother and babe were passengers on the Southern Pacific north-bound passenger train yesterday afternoon. The child, which was about a year old, was standing in its mother's lap looking out of the open window. It gave one of those sudden springs to which babies are addicted, and, before the mother could clutch it, went out through the open window. The shriek of the mother brought a brakeman to the spot, who pulled the bell-cord, and the train, which was going at full speed, was checked as soon as possible.

The conductor soon made his appearance, and when the case had been explained to him ordered the train to be backed up slowly till the spot was reached where the baby had made its frightful plunge. To the surprise of all the sound of the baby's cries was heard, for it was supposed that it would be instantly killed.

Nearly every man on the train jumped off to search for the little one, which was found sitting by the roadside crying lustily. It was soon placed in its mother's arms, perfectly uninjured, not even showing a scratch as an evidence of its narrow escape from death.

Aid For Mrs. Maybrick.

More than a hundred thousand signatures have been obtained to a petition praying the home office to commute the sentence of the American, Mrs. Maybrick, the date of whose execution for the murder of her husband, the Liverpool cotton merchant, is set for the near future.

The impelling motive in this general interest in the woman's behalf arises in the main from consideration for her sex. Mankind, revolting more and more against the barbarism of capital executions but not yet prepared wholly to abolish it, is unwilling that the hangman shall do his office upon a woman, even though she be a murderer. On this point, too, the public mind is not fully satisfied. In any general view there is no substantial ground for sympathy with the accused. She was guilty of infamous breach of her marital obligations without even a pretext of infatuation for a seductive paramour. A single intrigue did not satisfy her vicious propensity. Maybrick had more ground than the Moor to complain of the "general camp, pioneers and all." While this conduct was gross it is not punishable by death. Though it had no lodgment in the mind of a severe court or a harsh jury the doubt that the woman was guilty of poisoning her husband obtains popularly, and this, with abhorrence of hanging, contributes to the sentiment of sympathy with a woman who is not overdeserving.

In England the course of justice is not easily diverted by popular clamor, but as Mrs. Maybrick is not a political prisoner and as the movement for executive clemency is widespread she may be saved from the gallows.—Chicago Times.

Try It.

Three or four men were sitting on the piazza of a seaside cottage smoking, says the Washington Star. It was evening. The stars were as thick in the sky as freckles on a red-headed girl's face. The waves came in the beach with a swish-swash-swosh just as they have done ever since the second day of creation.

More piercing than the song of the waves were the notes and more multitudinous than the stars of heaven the number of the mosquitoes that haunted the piazza, and every one of them was "looking for blood." The men had ceased smoking for fun. They now puffed their cigars to keep the mosquitoes away.

"Something funny about mosquitoes," said one rather absent-mindedly. "Yes, rather," was the drawing reply. "Funny how much blood it takes to fill one of them up."

"No, but honest, now, do you know that if a mosquito'd get his bill down into your hand he can't pull it out while you hold your breath?"

"Don't believe it."

"It is, true, however, for I have tried it."

"Bet you the cigars a mosquito can take his bill out at any time he wants to do it, and we will try it right here. Is it a go?"

"It is, and I'll let them try."

A lamp was lighted, the cigars put out, and all waited. In less than a minute a mosquito had placed himself on Tom's hand and began operations.

"Now," said Tom, and placed the forefinger of his other hand down close to the mosquito. It did not budge. He placed his nail against the abdomen of the insect and whirled it around. Still it remained fixed.

"You can do it every time," said Tom, a he killed the mosquito and drew a long breath.

It is a fact. Go and try it.

The most unfair thing that happens to women is that engagements are so short and marriages so long.—Binghamton Republican.

Put mosquitoes on duty Sundays and they would beat policemen at the work of finding open bars.—New Orleans Picayune.

An electric spark—Making love by telegraph.—Washington Capital.

Prehistoric America.

The discovery of extensive ruins, apparently not heretofore described by travelers, in Mexico and Central America has just been announced.

They embrace among other interesting works a great stone-paved highway, extending from the ancient city of Palenque, in the state of Chiapas, Mexico, into the territory of Guatemala, and thence across Yucatan to the sea on the east coast, opposite to the Island of Cozumel. This road which stretches across the country in a curve from southwest to northeast, was more than 400 miles long. It is bordered nearly all the way with the ruins of houses, and at frequent intervals were cities of great size, the remains of which are plainly evident, while massive stone buildings, such as temples and palaces, are in an excellent state of preservation.

The systems of construction are of the most enduring nature, the architecture is peculiar with elaborate ornamentation in carving and sculpture. In the sculptured monuments are seen the faces of the red men or Indians, bearded white men and negroes, showing that the artists were familiar with those several types of the human race. The region in which all these interesting remains of an ancient civilization are found is covered by dense tropical forests and seldom traversed even by the native tribes that thinly inhabit the country.

The latest explorers roughly estimate that the ruins represent a population of 30,000,000 people. It is certain that Central America, Peru and Mexico were once seats of powerful civilized nations, whose achievements in building and engineering challenge admiration even at this day. They conducted agricultural and mining industries on a large scale and possessed enormous quantities of gold and silver. That they had communication with the white races of Europe and the negro of Africa is evident from the reproduction of their forms and features in sculpture.

The Greeks possessed traditions of this tropical region with its cities and temples, its palaces and gardens, but the Greeks were poor sailors, and their stories of the gardens of the Hesperides of the West with their groves of trees bearing golden apples, guarded by dragons, were simply the remains of accounts that had come to them from others. The Phoenicians, who were the greatest maritime and colonizing people of antiquity, possibly had crossed the Atlantic or had been driven westward by storms, and might have had irregular intercourse with those ancient Americans, but whatever knowledge of the New World existed in early ages it was wholly lost until re-discovered by Columbus. Norwegian jarls had settled in Iceland and sailed to Greenland five centuries before Columbus, but they had no knowledge of the civilized nations of tropical America.

Geologists have declared that this new world presents the oldest of the continents, so that there was here a grand field for the subsistence of populations, and for the development of civilization from the earliest times, and we may well imagine that nations and cities had grown up here and were destroyed, the one after the other, as had been the case in Europe and Asia. Besides what had been lost, the Spaniards found here four centuries ago extensive and elaborate civilizations possessed by numerous and powerful nationalities.

We would suggest in this connection that the world's fair to be held in commemoration of the discovery of America, should be peculiarly utilized to illustrate the ancient civilization of America. There should be presented not only as many actual relics as possible of the lost nations; but their temples and pyramids and other structures should be carefully copied and reproduced in special constructions. These matters are of vastly more interest to us than are the explorations of Babylon and Troy, that have occupied so much of the world's attention and money.—New Orleans Picayune.

Proof Positive.

There was company for dinner at Dilly's house, and they were enjoying the first course, which consisted of oyster soup. Dilly made away with hers for some time in silence, until she had nearly cleaned the plate, when she suddenly paused, and looking at her mother across the table, said, in a stage-whisper, "Mamma, what you fink?—dere's a hair in my soup."

"Hush, Dilly," said mamma, frowning; "it's nothing but a crack in the plate."

Dilly moved the bowl of her spoon back and forth over he supposed crack, and then exclaimed, triumphantly: "Kin a quack move?"—Harper's Young People.

A Practical Explanation.

Poet's son—"Father, what does 'handicapped' mean?"

Poet—"It means—ahem—in what connection did you hear it used, my son?"

Poet's son—"In connection with you. Mr. Brownson said you'd never achieve any lasting fame as a poet because you were handicapped by nature."—Yankee Blade.

Since cloudbursts have become popular, we hear little or nothing of cyclones. They're unfashionable, and so refrain from appearing in good society.—Troy Press.

A STUDY OF WOMEN'S FEET.

The Collection Made by an Amateur Photographer at a Southern Resort.

An amateur photographer recently exhibited to a Brunswick (Ga.) Times reporter a series of twenty-six photographs taken by him on St. Simon's Island during encampment week in June last. Most of them showed the counterfeit presentations of surf bathers on the beach in front of the Hotel St. Simon's. A peculiarity about them was that in every case except one the upper part of the figure was blurred beyond recognition, while the feet stood out in startling proportions. By way of explanation the photographer said:

"I was a green hand with the camera, and somehow or other I couldn't make the thing work so as to take a perfect picture. But just look at these feet! They are large, but their outlines are perfect. Since the photographs have been in my possession I have been making a study of feet. For instance, look here. You see this is a naked foot. It belongs to a young lady whose home is in Atlanta. These little bumps on the toes are corns. If you'll examine closely you'll observe that there are seventeen of them. Don't you know the young lady preferred sitting down to standing up? These corns were made by tight shoes. The unfortunate owner of the feet belongs to that very large class of women who when they buy shoes fit their heads instead of their feet."

The reporter picked up a photograph which showed a pair of feet clad in slippers. "Whose are these?" he asked.

"They belong to a Madison girl," was the reply. "You never saw feet more perfect. By the way, I want to call your attention to a discovery I've made. These are the feet of a blonde. They may be large, but they will be shapely. There's one small corn down there on that little toe, but it serves the same purpose a piece of black sticking-plaster serves on a white face—it brings out all latent beauties. The owner of these feet was one of the most popular belles at the Hotel St. Simon's. She completely captured the hearts of the Columbus guards, and, I am told, will become the wife of a member of that company in the fall."

Among the photographs was one which displayed an extremely handsome figure and feet just as perfect as Juno's. The reporter was sure that he had in his hand the picture of a charming Atlanta belle, or one of Macon, or one of Brunswick.

"Who is this?" he inquired.

"Well, that, might be Queen Victoria's youngest and handsomest granddaughter," was the reply, "but it isn't. That's a nurse who was at the Hotel St. Simon's with a prominent Atlanta family."

A Wonderful Escape.

"When I first went on the police force," said the fat policeman to a Philadelphia North American man, "I was lucky. One of my assignments was a queer one, and I'm not likely to forget it. I was sent to the house of a man who had just died. He was well known and belonged to a good many lodges. It was a big crowd at the funeral. I was stationed at the foot of the coffin to preserve order. The shutters were closed and the gas burned dimly. The coffin lid was off and the body exposed. No one besides myself and the 'stiff' was in the room. After I'd been there awhile I began to grow uneasy. I kept looking at the dead face. I'd take my eyes off, and the first thing I'd be gazing at the body again. Suddenly the eyes opened. I thought I was dreaming. Then the left eye winked. Holy smoke!"

"'Hist went the corpse'."

"My teeth chattered."

"Say, officer."

"Goodness! the corpse sat up. Ain't you dead?" I gasped.

"Me, me dead?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no."

"What are you doing there?"

"That's only a dodge."

"Dodge?"

"Yes. I'm just now a dodger. A kind of an Artful Dodger. See?"

"I'll call the folks."

"Heavens, no. I'll tell you. You see I wasn't feeling well. I've got a mother-in-law who is a holy terror. Worse than ten parrots and the holyphobia. Well, I've been trying for ten years to get rid of her. Now, I told my wife that I would simulate death, get put in a vault, be taken out again right away and sneak west. She liked the idea. I'll be taken out tonight, go to a hotel, and I'll meet my wife in St. Louis. In that way we'll shake the old girl. Well, here's a dollar. I wish you could send out and get me a little spirits' reviver."

"Pretty soon the folks began to come in. The supposed corpse looked as natural as life everybody said. People always say this at funerals. There is no use saying it at weddings or balls. The mother-in-law sobbed. Then she leaned over and kissed the corpse."

"Why, John smells of whisky," she said. "John was a beautiful drinker," explained the wife."

The note of the prima donna is negotiable only when endorsed by the public.—Life.

The shoe dealer will do work which is beneath other people.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mountains of Salt.

Capt. J. A. Mellon, one of the oldest white settlers of Fort Yuma, Ari., who lived in Yuma two years without seeing a white woman, and who commanded the first steamer, the Gila, that ever went up the Colorado river to the mouth of the Virgin, is at the Lick, says the San Francisco Examiner.

Few pioneers in any land have had the strange experiences of Capt. Mellon. "I have not," said he, "since I was ten years old, been in an American city of 3,000 people the Fourth of July. It is over twenty-five years now since I went to Fort Yuma."

"Have I been running on the Colorado river all this time? Yes, and let me say that there are stretches of hundreds of miles on that river that are less known than the heart of central Africa."

"We go up there to get salt. There are great mountains of salt up on the Virgin, which is a tributary of the Colorado, each of which is larger and higher than Goat Island. The salt is pure and white. It is clearer than glass. You may take a piece of it seven or eight inches thick and read a common newspaper through it."

"The salt mountains cover a stretch of about twenty-five miles on both sides of the Virgin, seven miles up from the Colorado. A single blast of giant powder will blow out tons upon tons of it."

"This salt does not dazzle your eyes, as you might expect, while riding along on the river steamer or clambering over it. It has a layer of sandstone from two to eight feet thick over it. When this is torn away the salt lies in flat light, like a great snowdrift. How deep it is nobody knows. This salt is destined to be a great source of wealth. Hamilton Disston, the big saw manufacturer, and Baldwin of the Baldwin Locomotive works are the only men who have secured any of these salt mountains. When the Utah Southern railroad is pushed on from Frisco, Utah, it will tap the gigantic salt mountains, and then an enormous revenue will be realized from them."

"I brought down from the mines for the Academy of Sciences here some queer things from the salt mines."

"Under the cap rock were found charred wood and charcoal, besides some matting made of cedar bark. The salt had preserved it. It might have lain there thousands of years."

"Evidently there had been a slide that covered up the camp equipage of prehistoric men. Strange to say, a similar discovery has been made in the salt mines in Louisiana."

"The rocks up toward the salt mountains are painted and cut into hieroglyphics which none of the Mojave, Yuma, Piute, or other Indians know the meaning of."

"There are valleys along the great, but as yet unknown, Colorado, singly as much as 120 miles long and twenty wide. That will be the real orange country of the globe. They are as rich as the valley of the Nile. Irrigation will redeem them. Water will be brought on them as sure as destiny."

"El Dorado canyon is grander than the Grand canyon of the Colorado. The tops of the windows in the steamer Gila do not project out more than six inches; yet I may put my head out and look as high as I can and I can't see half-way up the mighty walls of the canyon. The river is 350 feet wide there, too."

"The only way you can see to the top is to get right out on deck and look straight up."

"The walls are so high that there is perpetual shade there. Neither the sun nor the moon can shine in. It takes ten hours going up to go through the canyon and two hours coming down."

"By the Colorado river and the Virgin you can run clear up into Nevada and Utah. Many people have laughed at me for saying I was going up into the mountainous country of Nevada by boat, but that's just what I've been doing right along. Strange as it may seem, and little known as it is, the Colorado has more navigable water without portage than any other river on the Pacific coast. It has 700 miles, while the Columbia has but 350. "The Colorado is the only real field for explorers on the North American continent outside the frigid north. The wonders that could be unearthed there will yet attract the attention of the greatest scientists of the world."

Give Up Her Claim.

"Disapp'nted in Oklahoma? Nary disapp'nt."

"But what are you coming back for, with your family and stuff?"

"Cain't git no claim."

"Then how does it happen you are not disappointed?"

"Wal, Betsey, she's allus preached 't they wa'n't no other fool sech a blamed fool 's I be; but sence I tuk her down to Oklahoma she hain't had nuth'n to say."—Puck.

Araminta—"You put your arm around my waist so gracefully, George." George—"I have had lots of practice. I was a street car conductor five years."—Boston Post.

The cable announces that Emperor William "has just sent a portrait of himself to the Czar in oil." What in the world is a Czar in oil—cardinal?—Hotel Mail.

The chances of being killed while crawling under a circus tent are one in 233,467, but a Cleveland boy has just drawn the unlucky number.—Buffalo Express.

THE WONDER OF CAJAH POND.

It is Full of Floating Islands from Which Fishermen Troll for Pickerel.

A dispatch in a New York paper from a place in Minnesota announcing as a remarkable fact the discovery of a floating island in a small lake in that state inclines the residents of this neighborhood, says a Honesdale (Pa.) letter to the New York Sun, to the belief that if one floating island in a state so famous for natural curiosities as Minnesota is considered as a wonder they have been living all their lives with a still greater wonder close by, without attaching any great importance to it. They have a lake a mile from Honesdale which is filled with floating islands. This lake is known locally as Cajah pond. It is 200 feet above the village. It is dotted with a dozen or more islands. These are covered with trees, some of them twenty feet high, and a dense growth of thick-foliated bushes.

The island bottoms are marshy, but the soil is stiff enough to sustain easily the weight of the fishermen who troll for pickerel from the islands in the summer fishing season. In the summer these little islands are pleasing variations in the beauty of the scene the lake presents to the spectator as he gazes upon it from the hills that encircle it. If the wind happens to be strong and variable, as it generally is on the lake, the visitor who looks upon the lake for the first time can hardly help being startled to see these islands moving about from one point of the compass to another as the wind shifts. On one day these islands may be seen huddled together in one spot, and on another day perhaps they will be seen scattered widely apart. An island from which the fisherman casts his line at one end of the lake to-day will in all probability invite him to it from the other extremity to-morrow.

The largest of these islands was some years ago partial to the lower end of the lake, and hugged the shore there with only slight changes in position day in and day out. During a stiff wind one day this island tacked first to one side and then to the other side of the lake, moving slowly the while to the upper end until it was floated against the shore at that end. It remained there for two years through some of the hardest winds that blew off that shore. One day while three pickerel fishermen were fishing from the island's outer edge it suddenly was seized with a whim, induced or prompted only by a gentle wind, and before the fishermen knew it they found themselves fifty feet from shore. The island floated slowly across the lake until it had almost reached the shore, when a counter-breeze struck it and sent it down the lake. It finally landed near the spot where it started from a year ago, and it has remained in that vicinity ever since, simply taking a short trip now and then to and fro across the lake, but always returning to or near its mooring.

Although these fair islands are constantly shifting their places in the lake they annually add perceptibly to their area. There are six or eight of them and the scientific theory is that in time the roots of the trees that cover them will extend down into the water so far that they will anchor the island in the lake, and that by the slow but certain processes of nature they will be increased in size until the surface of the lake will become solid land.

Curious Cause of Death.

A fortnight ago Aaron Smith left this city for Swanton, O., to superintend his father's estate. Shortly after arriving he became ill, and died a few days later. A post mortem examination was held. The result of the investigation was singular. A large artery had grown between the heart and lungs, and the lungs were as hard as stone, caused, it was supposed by the physicians, from inhaling iron dust at the safe works where he was employed. In the heart was an opening of about half an inch, caused by his severe efforts made to breathe.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Returned the Compliment.

"One of the funniest incidents that happened under my observation during the late war," said Colonel Mosby, "occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah Valley along in 1864. In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men, in a charge near Berryville, there came crushing like a whirlwind into our lines a Yankee soldier on a big black horse. A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up and he went on clean through the lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and I'll be—if that old horse didn't return the compliment by carrying a 'reb' into the Federal lines and never came back."—Washington Post.

Cologne Cathedral Struck by Lightning.

The big stone cross on the south tower of the Cologne cathedral was struck and smashed by lightning recently. Great pieces of it fell to the pavement with such velocity that they were crushed to powder. Two men lost their lives in placing the cross originally. The perilous job of repairing the damage just done will be undertaken within a few weeks.

MONTENEGRO MARRIAGES.

The Union of Prince Nicholas's Daughters with Russian Royalty.

A few days ago the second daughter of the prince of Montenegro was married to a Russian prince, a cousin of Alexander III., and at the same time the engagement was announced of her younger sister, the Princess Anastasia, to Prince George Maximilianovitch of Leuchtenberg, another cousin of the czar. It is evidently, says the Buffalo Courier, the intention of the Russian emperor to secure to the family of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, who has seven daughters and two sons, the full recognition as one of the European dynasties which up to a recent time was denied to them. In this way he doubtless means to reward Montenegro for her fidelity to the Russian alliance, which presents a marked contrast to the attitude of Serbia, Roumania, and Bulgaria toward the power which liberated them from Turkish rule.

Prince George of Leuchtenberg is a widower some 30 years old. On his mother's side he is a grandson of Czar Nicholas I., while his paternal grandfather was Eugene Beauharnais, stepson of Napoleon I. and viceroys of Italy. Eugene was formally adopted as a son by Napoleon without a right of succession to the French crown and married a Bavarian princess. After the emperor's downfall he was made duke of Leuchtenberg and prince of Eichstaedt by his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria. His family retained its semi-royal rank. One of his daughters became queen of Sweden, another empress of Brazil, and his eldest son married the then reigning queen of Portugal. His second son, who succeeded to the position of chief of the family, married the Grand Duchess Maria Nicolajevna, daughter of Nicholas I. of Russia, and as a consequence of this union the family adopted the creed of the Greek church. When Louis Napoleon, whose mother, Queen Hortense, was a sister of Eugene Beauharnais, assumed the imperial title in 1852 he intended to restore his uncle's descendants to the rank which Napoleon I. had conferred upon his stepson. But Nicholas I. was opposed to such a connection of his grandchildren with the "upstart" dynasty of the Bonapartes. To prevent it the czar gave to all the members of the Leuchtenberg family the title and style of Prince and Princess Romanowski and "imperial highness," together with a rank next to that of the members of the Russian imperial house. In this way the scheme of Napoleon III. was thwarted.

This was one of the acts of Nicholas which the French emperor bitterly resented, and it doubtless had much to do with the desire for revenge which he was able to gratify in the Crimean war. The Leuchtenbergs are now a Russian family of semi-royal rank. They have large possessions in Russia and Germany, and their French origin seems to be nothing to them but a memory. The present head of the family is the Duke Nicholas Maximilianovitch, an elder brother of Prince George. The latter has a son by his deceased wife, and upon his line the titles and estates of the family will ultimately devolve.

Utilization of Running Streams.

The utilization of running streams is the object of many recent devices, among which may be mentioned that of M. Tain, a Russian engineer. His apparatus consists of an endless cable, carrying a series of canvas cones, which open and shut like an umbrella. The cable passes over a double drum on board a pontoon, and at the other end over a pulley suspended from a buoy. On the lower part of the rope the cones are opened and forced forward by the current of water, thus setting in motion a shaft or drum.—Scientific American.

A Lazy Man's Mill.

When the first settlers came to North America they found the Indians using a pestle or mortar to crush the maize which formed their chief vegetable food. In South America the natives had progressed farther and had contrived the Monjolo, which may be truly styled a lazy man's mill, for while it saves man's labor, only a very lazy man would be willing to await the result of its operations. In form it was like a huge wood hammer, balanced half way up the handle on a pivot. At the end of the handle opposite the hammer is a hollow scoop; into this a natural stream of water is directed, and when the scoop is filled the extra weight forces it downward, when the water runs off. Thus released from the weight the hammer end returns suddenly to its former position, giving one strong blow in the receptacle made to hold the rice or corn. Thus it goes on day and night as long as the stream runs; a monotonous thud, a creaking groan, the sound of a splash of water, a thud, a groan, a splash, over and over, until at last the grain, having been coarsely broken, is taken out and the mortar is refilled.

Force of Habit.

Great Astronomer (who lives on the planet Mars, and has rigged up a telescope telephone)—"Hullo down there! I'm on Mars. How do do?"

Earth Astronomer (who hears the voice)—"How do do? Very pleasant weather we're having."—New York Weekly.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

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: litho limbs are strong;
Who dreams of crime and guilt and wrong?
Yon 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
Dreaming drinking ere 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.

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 himself 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?"

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 know 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 frantically 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 pitied her almost as much as he did his wronged brother when he read that scrawled and blotched 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 *vaucien*, 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 house 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 unattractive 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 Parsonage 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.

FARM AND HOME.

Unprofitable Farm Stock.

No farmer would think of conducting ordinary farm operations with no better implements than could be had forty or fifty years ago. The strong competition to which farmers everywhere are subjected obliges them to use the best implements that can be purchased. Expensive harvesting machinery, often used only a few days in a year, is unhesitatingly bought under this necessity of getting the crop secured at least cost per acre. Whatever saves labor must be had, no matter what the cost may be.

Has there been a corresponding improvement in the average farm stock of the country, as compared with that of agricultural implements? In some respects there has been, and its appreciation by farmers generally is now what is most needed to make farming a profitable business. Take for illustration the dairy business, in which improvement of cows for milk and butter production has been greater than the improvement in any other farm stock. How large a proportion of the ordinary class of farmers keep better cows than did their fathers and grandfathers? When only native stock was kept, there were even then some fairly good cows, capable of yielding 900 pounds or more of butter per year. It would be a matter of pride among good farmers to get the best. To be sure, the best did not cost so very much more than the average. Until stock breeding and importing was made a business by itself, the superior value of the best cows over poor or ordinary animals was never half appreciated as it should be. Farmers talk about the fancy prices for blooded and registered stock. Sometimes prices may be run up to fancy rates, but in the great majority of instances the seemingly high prices are based only on careful computation of what the cow and her progeny can do.

Keeping the best stock ought to be really considered a labor-saving policy. There seems to be such a craze for anything that will save labor that this view may cause many to look more kindly on it. What is the use of caring for and feeding two cows for the milk and butter that one should give, or double the stock of any kind that is needed? Only in the very rudest and most barbarous agricultural age are men reckoned rich by the number of the stock they possess. The days of ranching and large herds, cheaply kept, are in this country happily nearly over. Henceforth quality rather than numbers will be the test of value.

In most of the Eastern and Middle States only the very best stock will pay its way. Farmers in these sections feel keenly their need of more barnyard manure. As they have not much money, they load themselves with stock at low prices, and therefore necessarily of so poor quality that it does not pay its way through the year. Few farmers can afford to keep such stock. None can afford to keep much of it. The more a farmer has of stock that costs more in keeping than it brings to him, the worse his financial condition grows. As the farmer becomes discouraged he loses his ambition. Convinced that "farming don't pay," he does not try to do as well as he might with his present facilities. The large amounts of poor dairy butter brought to market every year have this origin.

Of course keeping better stock will require considerable capital. Sell part of the land and use it in that way. With cows that yield double or more the milk or butter of the average cow, twice as many men can be engaged in dairying on the same amount of land. This means concentration, and not only greater present profit, but also a rise in the value of land. Improved harvesting machinery, enabling one man to do the work of eight or ten, tempted to increasing the size of farms, with a ruinous increase in area sown to grain beyond the power of the farmer to properly manure and cultivate.

In every aspect it can be looked at, the substitution of profitable for unprofitable stock seems the pressing necessity of American farmers. It is only by keeping the best stock that a farmer can afford to keep enough to restore lost soil fertility. When he gets the best stock he can buy feed to supplement that grown on the farm, and yet get the manure pile free of cost. As long as he keeps only poor farm stock, the home-made manure may very possibly be, and often is, much dearer than the most costly commercial fertilizers.—American Cultivator.

Cutting up Corn.

Which is the better plan of doing this depends considerably upon circumstances. If cut and properly cared for it makes a very good feed, but it is often the case that through improper management the quality falls considerably short of this, to say the least. To wait until the corn is well matured, and the lower blades all dried up, and then cutting and set up in small shocks, so that a good portion of the fodder will be exposed to the elements until it is needed for feeding, will give a feed of a very poor quality. If fodder is to remain out in the field, the better plan of managing is to cut low, so that in standing up the better part of the foliage will be well protected, at least from wet, and set up in large shocks, so that there will be as small an

amount as possible exposed to the sun, rain, wind and snow.

An ordinarily managed with western farmers, there is a very large amount of waste with the fodder. A failure at the start to cut at the right stage in order to secure the largest amount of nutriment and then to store so that the fodder is preserved in a good condition or to feed out in such a way as to lessen the waste.

If the fodder is put in small shocks and then shucked out after standing a month or six weeks, and then is shucked out and either left lying down or is again set up there is an increased loss; then if it is hauled out and scattered in the road or upon a high, dry place, so that whatever manurial value might be secured is lost, and the fodder is wasted to a more or less extent by the stock tramping over it. The value derived from the fodder is very small, so much so that considering the actual amount of benefit derived it is questionable whether it can by any means be called a cheap food.

It is true that the majority of western farmers, especially, are not provided with sufficient storage room to put all the fodder under shelter. Yet it may be stored so that it will keep in much better condition than to leave it in the field.

Fodder can be stacked up convenient to the feeding lots or stables, be fed out in racks or mangers, avoiding a large per cent. of the waste in this way, and then if care is taken in the management to save all the manure, a sufficient amount of this can be secured to pay well for the work of feeding out.

The farmer who is feeding any considerable number of stock with fodder will nearly always find it profitable to cut the fodder before feeding; the less waste and the easier handling of the manure will make the investment profitable.

Good fodder fed properly makes a good feed, and if properly managed is a cheap food, but like other materials if the most benefit is derived good care must be taken to have as good a quality as possible, and in proportion as a failure is made to secure this the full value of the fodder as a feed is lost.—Practical Farmer.

Farm Notes.

If you can't plow your land to kill weeds mow them down, which will prevent them from going to seed. Under no circumstances allow a single weed to seed.

After observations among hundreds of silos, and hearing the testimony of the owners, John Gould concludes that there is no necessity of ever husking corn to be fed upon the farm, when the silo, with its later ideas of filling, preserves the grain so perfectly and gives such satisfactory results.

Bones may be reduced by first pounding them and moistening the mass. Gradually add sulphuric acid, stirring while so doing, and the bones will be dissolved. The proportions are 40 pounds sulphuric acid to 100 pounds of bones.

An open well will soon be the resort of toads at this season, and if covered the work of so doing cannot be done too carefully. The curbing of the well should be laid in cement, and extend two feet above the top of the ground, upon which heavy boards should be fastened if a pump is used.

As a rule white clover springs up on land that has been well dressed with wood ashes, and though it affords excellent pasturage it is a very persistent weed if it is allowed to grow where it is not wanted. Cutting it off only causes it to grow more vigorously. It should be pulled up by hand from among the rows of vegetables.

The time for corn planting varies with the latitude, and also depends much upon the weather. When the days are mild and the ground warm is a safe rule, wherever that may be, in all localities. Three conditions are essential to the production of a paying crop of corn, namely, good seed, a rich friable soil and thorough tillage.

The Household.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS.—The largest varieties are selected for this purpose. As these can readily be obtained in any number desired, proceed with them as directed for common plain pickle of any sort, sprinkling them with salt and covering with boiling water three days in succession, having previously cut nearly across them near the stem. Remove the seeds and fill with a stuffing prepared as for mangoes, and sew together in the same manner. Pour cold vinegar over them.

PICKLED PEARS.—Pare and halve the fruit; to seven pounds of fruit take three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of whole cloves and one ounce of stick cinnamon. Put all together and boil slowly a short time, being careful that the fruit does not become soft and break in pieces. It should be taken from the fire as soon as the fruit is cooked through. This recipe can be used for peaches, apples, and any kind of fruit of which sweet pickle is made.

MELON MANGOES.—Select those which are about half grown out from the vine, leaving a little stem. As but one or two can usually be found of the right size at one picking, it is best to make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg, and into this put the melons as picked, first cutting a lengthwise slit in the side of each. When a sufficient number have been gathered, take the melons from the brine, remove the seeds carefully and fill with

stuffing made of chopped cabbage, green pepper and onion, a few cucumbers not more than an inch long, small string beans, a few red-berries, nasturtium seeds, grated horse radish, mustard seed, celery seed and a few whole cloves and cracked allspice. To enough filling for six mangoes add one teaspoonful of sugar. Having prepared the filling and thoroughly mixed the ingredients, stuff the mangoes and sew up the opening with a needle and coarse thread. Lay them in a jar and pour over them good strong vinegar, and lay a weight on to keep them under vinegar.

Waste Not Thy Life.

Waste not thy life on doubts and fears,
But do the work before you,
As though there were no future years
To cast a shadow o'er you.
The past is gone, and let it go,
Now is the time to labor;
Work hard, and if thou canst, bestow
Help on thy needy neighbor.

O'er ill which may thy path beset,
When thou hast lost thy power,
Thou hast no time to fume and fret
While youth is still thy dower,
The sun will shine and clouds will come,
And nature alter never,
Long as this earth remains thy home,
So do thy best endeavor.

Fear not thy fate—fear not to die—
For how canst thou arrange it?
The end was fashioned from on high,
No power on earth can change it.
Work while 'tis day, cast fear away,
Till comes life's peaceful even;
Let conscience guide thine acts away,
And leave the rest to Heaven.
—Francis S. Smith, New York Weekly.

Assam and Chinese Teas.

Tea came into use almost by accident. Some Buddhist priests, going on a missionary expedition from northern India to China, took with them the dried leaves, and also some cuttings of an indigenous shrub, which was said to have the power of correcting any injurious properties in the brackish water they might meet with on the way. The decoction thus made pleased the missionaries so well that they continued, as a matter of taste, to drink it after they had reached China, and introduced it to their converts.

They also set about planting the precious shrub, and, although it did not thrive so well in China as in its native Assam, becoming smaller both in stem and leaf, it was so well liked, that it soon formed the foundation of the favorite beverage of all China. Thence it was brought to Europe, to be drunk and desired by Englishmen of every degree. And it is only of late years that Assam tea has come into the European market, to be looked upon rather suspiciously as the rival of its own degenerated Chinese daughter.—London Exchange.

Dr. Brown-Sequard in Boston.

Now that the newspapers are all talking of Dr. Brown-Sequard and his wonderful elixir stories of his experiences in this vicinity are in order, says the Boston Courier, and some of those which are told are droll enough.

It may be remembered that one of his ideas was that the nervous condition of a person could be judged by the susceptibility of the skin, and this he tested by the distance apart at which two pin-pricks merged themselves into one to the sensation of the patient. This method he used with considerable success, being not infrequently called in as a specialist in complex cases of nervous disorder.

On one occasion, it is said, he was called upon to go to the suburbs of Boston to see a young lady who was suffering from some nervous trouble, and was left alone with the patient to make his examination. After a time which seemed to the family rather long he came down-stairs with a very serious face and informed the family that he was extremely sorry to report that the vitality of the girl seemed so low that there seemed no possibility of her rallying. They were thunder-struck, as the case, though obstinate, had by no means been regarded as a serious one. The family physician, who had been unable to be present, was sent for in all haste. He assured the frightened relatives that there was some mistake, and proceeded to go up to the chamber of the invalid to hear her account of the examination.

"That man you sent here," she announced almost before he could ask her, "was a fool."

"He is nothing of the sort," was the answer; "he is a very able specialist."

"Well," she said, "I know he acted like a fool. All he did was to stick pins in my back and ask me if it hurt. Of course I said no."

The physician was too much amused to be angry, but the conclusion of Dr. Brown-Sequard was at once explained, to the great relief of the family.

A Real Mind Cure.

Dr. Thayer, who lived near what was called the Back meeting-house, was one of the best physicians of the county, but his skill was no avail in the case of his wife, who kept her bed for more than two years. One day there was no grown person about the house and her little boy came running in with a bad cut on his finger or hand, bleeding profusely. With true motherly forgetfulness of self, she sprang up, found bandages and properly dressed the wound; then sitting down to rest, she looked around; everything seemed so pleasant and she felt so nicely; she decided not to take her bed again, and she did not. She lived several years in the enjoyment of comfortable health.—Fairfield (Me.) Journal.

