

Cass City Enterprise.

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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 difficult
work in this line and solicit the patronage of
the public.

REAL ESTATE.

INSURANCE

AND MONEY!

Real Estate.
I offer for sale the sw 1/4 of section 23, Colum-
bia; 20 acres improved, good frame barn, small
ranch house, 100 acres of nice green hardwood
timber, at \$17 per acre.

Also the sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 and the ne 1/4 of sw 1/4 of
section 14, Ellington; 60 acres cleared, good
frame barn, small frame house and orchard, 10
acres of green timber, price \$2,700.

Also the sw 1/4 of ne 1/4 of section 10, Ellington;
unimproved, price \$8 per acre.
Also the w 1/2 of sw 1/4 of section 10, Ellington;
unimproved, price \$10 per acre.

The above lands can be purchased on small
payments down, and balance on time, to suit
purchaser, at seven per cent interest.

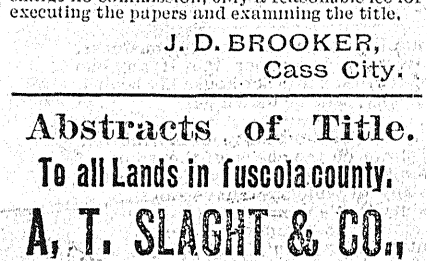
Insurance.
Farmers wishing to obtain insurance on their
farm property will find it to their advantage
to call on me and investigate the standings of
the Home Insurance Company of New York and
the North British and Mercantile Insurance
Company of London and Edinburgh, being the
most liberal and reliable insurance companies
doing business in this part of Michigan. Notes
taken for premiums at 7 per cent interest.

Money to Loan.
Parties wishing a loan on real estate may re-
ceive the same from me at 7 and 8 per cent in-
terest, according to the amount loaned. I
charge no commission, only a reasonable fee for
executing the papers and examining the title.

J. D. BROOKER,
Cass City.

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.
I. A. FRITZ, Secretary.

G. A. R.
MILO WARNER 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.

E. 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

INSURANCE

I have accepted the agency of the ETNA Fire
Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Farmers
wishing Reliable Insurance can have the same
written by calling on me at the Cass City
Bank.

The ETNA is one of the most Reliable Com-
panies in the United States. Time given for
payment of premiums, and everything guaran-
teed satisfactory.

I have recently taken in exchange for land
one span of geldings; No. one; black; five years
old. Weight 1,200. Off one; seven years old,
weight 1,300. I will sell this team cheap and
give one year's time at seven per cent interest
on approved security.

C. W. McPHAIL,
At Cass City Bank.

CITY NEWS.

W. I. Frost is on the sick list.
Additional local on last page.

Only two weeks more until Christmas.
J. D. Crosby was in Caro on Thursday
last.

Miss Cora Farrar is assisting in the
postoffice.

Robt. Clark is very ill, being confined to
his bed.

Miss Edith Predmore is visiting friends
in Wahjamega.

E. H. Pinney made a business trip to
Caro one day last week.

Mrs. Duncan Love is visiting at her
parental home in Greenleaf.

There were no services in the M. E.
church on Sabbath evening last.

E. Browne, of Lexington, father of the
editors of the ENTERPRISE is visiting in
Cass City.

Mrs. E. V. Riker has been appointed
postmistress at Millington, vice P.
Marks removed.

Mrs. O. A. Briggs and Mrs. J. M. Torrey
of Kingston were in town on Satur-
day last calling on friends.

Mrs. S. M. Gilchriese has been seriously
ill for the past two weeks, but at this
writing she is slowly recovering.

In four days Duncan Love and his as-
sistant, John McCallum put on 412
shoes in the former's blacksmith shop.

Sydney Holmes was in town last week
selling the remainder of his furniture and
bidding farewell to his many Cass City
friends.

No less than 100 teams were seen at
one time on our streets on Saturday
last. What's the matter with Cass City
for business?

C. L. Soper, of Kingston has something
to say to the people of that place
and vicinity on the last page of this
issue. Read it.

The students' debate at the school
lyceum, held on Friday evening, resulted
in the verdict that Franklin was a greater
man than Washington.

Chris Fisher and sister from Union-
ville, and Mrs. Mary Koons from In-
gham county, spent a few days with re-
latives in Cass City last week.

Several boxes of evergreens for Christ-
mas decorations were sent to Ypsilanti
this week by several ladies of the Pres-
byterian church of this place.

Notwithstanding the prohibitory law
relative to the ringing of bells on our
streets, McKenzie and Stewart say else-
where that their auction sale will still
continue.

All farmers in Tuscola county are in-
vited to attend the annual meeting of the
Farmer's Mutual Insurance Co., which
will occur at Caro on the second Wed-
nesday in January.

The Loyal Legion temperance society
held its meeting in the Presbyterian
church on Sunday afternoon last. The
meetings are held every alternate Sab-
bath and are well attended by the young
people.

A Young, treasurer of Novesta town-
ship, will be in Cass City on Thursday,
Dec. 19th, at Deford on Monday, Dec.
23d, and at Novesta postoffice on Sat-
urday, Dec. 28th, for the purpose of re-
ceiving taxes.

J. F. Emmons propose to give a
grand ball and supper in the town hall
on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24. Excellent
music will be provided and the supper
prepared at the Cass City House. Mr.
Emmons informs us that no pains will
be spared to make this one of the most

enjoyable affairs of the season, and in-
vites all to participate in this pastime
to attend. The invitations will be out
in a few days.

The Washington correspondence to
the Detroit Free Press on Wednesday
contained the following: "P. R. Weyde-
meyer of Cass City arrived here to-night
to take R. T. Merrifield's place in the
house postoffice."

The subject for Rev. Andrew's sermon
on Sunday morning will be "Sin vs. Grace"
Rom. V, 10-21. No service in the evening.
The Y. P. S. C. E. will meet at six
p. m., and will be led by Miss Beck, sub-
ject: "What are We Doing for Christ?"

Jas. Gray and Walter Hale, the Cass
City safe crackers, who plead guilty of
the charge of burglary in the circuit
court at Caro last week, were sentenced
by Judge Beach on Friday last to three
years in the state prison at Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Crosby entertained a
number of friends on Saturday evening
last. Refreshments were served and a
pleasant time enjoyed by all present,
who spoke in complimentary terms of
the entertaining qualities of both host
and hostess.

During the last state general election
the headquarters of the Democratic or-
ganization were located at East Saginaw
and the Courier, of that place, was the
party's official organ. Now the Courier
is suing the state central committee for
\$1,500 it has neglected to pay for work
and material furnished.

Register of Deeds Toland having lately
had five attacks of hemorrhage of the
lungs, wishes to announce that it will be
impossible for him to make addresses
at public meetings for some time to
come. The declinations which have
been given to several invitations of late
were rendered for the above reason.

N. B. Sponenburg of Gagetown was in
the city on Saturday last on his way
home from Detroit where he had been
purchasing a large stock of holiday
goods. He offers a great inducement to
purchasers as will be seen elsewhere.
An elegant dressing case will be given
away at his store on Jan. 1st.

The question to be discussed at the
lyceum on Monday night is, "Resolved,
That the majority of the fences in Mich-
igan may be disposed of with benefit
and profit." At the last meeting it was
decided to have some lady read an essay
at the commencement of each meeting,
and Miss Ada Butler will render that
service on Monday night.

A scheme is now being agitated in var-
ious parts of this state for naming the
country roads and numbering the farm
houses as houses are numbered in the
cities—putting up sign boards at the cor-
ners, and in fact making it every way
possible easy to find a given point in the
rural districts. The idea is feasible and
worthy of being put into practice.

Cass City is to have another general
store, W. Eliever of Armada was in the
city on Tuesday for the purpose of se-
lecting a location for a general store.
After considering several offers he select-
ed the store building of A. D. Gillies as
his headquarters. His stock will arrive
here in about ten days. Mr. Eliever
comes well recommended as a merchant,
and we wish him all manner of success in
his venture here.

At the semi-annual election of officers
of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian
church held on Friday evening last the
following were chosen as officers for the
ensuing term: President, Duncan Mc-
Arthur; vice president, Mrs. Jas. Ten-
nant; secretary, Miss Josie McClinton;
treasurer, O. K. Jones. The meetings of
this society which are held at six o'clock
every Sunday evening at the above
church promise to be of much interest to
the young people during the coming win-
ter, and are being well attended.

A. W. Seed has been appointed post-
master at this place vice P. R. Weyde-
meyer, resigned. The appointment is
not much of a surprise to the Republi-
cans of Elkland as a change in postal af-
fairs here has been expected for some
time, and that arrangements would be
made which would place Mr. Seed in pos-
session of the office. The appointment
is received with great favor, and it is safe
to say the duties of the office will receive
careful attention under his management.
Whether it will be removed from its
present location has not been decided
upon as yet.

A large company assembled at the res-
idence of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Laing on Sat-
urday evening last to witness the review
program which had been prepared by
the Ladies' Literary society. It was an
exceedingly interesting affair, the ladies
who took part performing their portion
of the program in a pleasing and gratify-
ing manner. From the rendition of all
the numbers, they showed the result of
much preparation, and it was evinced
that the literary talent of Cass City is be-
ing turned into channels, which tend to
elevate all that belongs to culture and
refinement. It is certainly an organiza-
tion that will thrive and prosper under
the excellent influences of its members.

The lyceum at the town hall on Mon-
day evening was largely attended and
an enthusiastic meeting was held. After
a heated debate on the question under
discussion it was decided in favor of the
affirmative. We would make just one
suggestion in regard to these debates to
the effect that the time allowed each
speaker should not exceed 10 minutes.
It makes it exceedingly monotonous
for a large portion of the audience to
have one speaker occupy the floor for
half an hour or more no matter how
good his argument may be, and Mon-
day evening's debate while interest-
ing to a majority of those present
was attended with much tiresome effect
to the ladies who had assembled. Three
hours devoted to such discussions is just
one hour too many.

With a look of sadness and despair
our devil came in from a trip to the
wood pile the other day and informed
us that the supply was daily growing
less. His majesty's countenance which
usually bore signs of pleasantness and
peace was wrinkled with trouble, and he
immediately gave vent to the following:
"I don't mind carrying in wood that will
go through a door three feet wide, but
when I come to a chunk that a giant
couldn't lift, and which is covered with
knots like humps on a camel's back I
kick." But his face was wreathed with
smiles when told that "chunk"
should be preserved as a reminder of the
hard lot of the editor, and his wit was
brought into requisition when he said:
"You must have heaps of trouble, if you
have as many as there are humps on
that stick of wood." But, friends, bring
in your wood, but kindly remember that
our devil is small of stature.

While we do not intend to introduce
the "cash in advance" system, yet we
feel that those who have read the ENTER-
PRISE for the past year ought to reciprocate
the favor by way of the almighty
dollar,—if they have not already done so
—and as the 1st of January is approach-
ing we again ask those who are in ar-
rears on subscription to be ready to pay
up for the year 1889 before that date.
It has been explicitly stated in our sub-
scription rates on the first page that if
subscriptions were not paid until the
end of the year that \$1.25 would be
charged. But we have resolved to de-
viate from this plan to the extent that if
those who owe for the year just passed
will settle their account before Jan. 1st,
1890, that only the regular rate (\$1.00)
will be asked, but we shall collect at the
rate of \$1.25 after that date. This is
no more than fair, as it costs 25 cents to
collect every dollar. This rule will be
strictly enforced.

P. R. Weydemeyer left for his new pos-
ition in the congressional postoffice in
Washington on Monday. He sent in his
resignation as postmaster of Cass City
a short time ago, which was accepted
and the office is now in charge of his
deputy, K. S. Work. The appointment
of Mr. Weydemeyer to his new position
is received with much satisfaction
among his friends in this vicinity, al-
though it occasioned considerable sur-
prise. While his duties will necessitate
his absence from Cass City, yet his record
as a citizen will always remain one in
which the welfare of the town was always
brought into prominence. He has the
good will and best wishes of the entire
community on entering his new field
of labor. His family will retain their re-
sidence here. What his duties in the post-
office will be Mr. Weydemeyer was un-
able to state before taking his departure
as nothing was implied in the letter an-
nouncing his appointment in relation to
the assignment of work.

W. L. Parker, proprietor of the Caro
Marble Works, was in town on Friday
last placing some of his work in the
Cass City cemetery. He has finished his
delivery here for this season, and has
recently erected some fine monuments in
the above cemetery. Some of these tes-
timonials of respect deserve to be made
mention of. The first to attract our at-
tention was a monument for the W. Ja-
cobs' estate, which is made of Whitney
granite and stands seven feet high, being
surmounted with a Corinthian top. The
graves of the deceased members of this
family are all designated by beautiful
markers of the same stone, four inches
thick. The next monument brought to
our notice was one known as a cottage
style of dark blue marble, and was erect-
ed for Wm. Spurgeon. It is a very pret-
ty and unique ornament. Perhaps one
of the nicest and most elaborate monu-
ments which Mr. Parker has recently
placed in the cemetery is one for Adam
Benkelman. It is of Whitney granite of
the double die pattern, the whole resting
on what is termed as a flaring base
and stands nine feet high. A neat tes-
timonial also adorns the lot of D. Reagh.
It is of the Sirophagus style of dark
blue marble, being ornamented at the
top with a drapery and a bouquet of
flowers. All of the above are fine speci-
mens of workmanship. Mr. Parker
gives general satisfaction wherever he
places work from his establishment.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Attempted Murder and Suicide at Caseville on Tuesday.

An Old Man Shoots His Son-in-law and then Sends a Bullet Crashing Through His Own Brain.

(Special to the ENTERPRISE.)
CASEVILLE, Mich., Dec. 12, 1889.

Our usually quiet town was the scene
of a terrible crime on Monday afternoon
which has occasioned great excitement.

On Main street, near the iron bridge,
lives Robert McKendrick, wife and fam-
ily. His home was the scene of happi-
ness until about three years ago, when
his father-in-law, Richard Clark, came
from Unionville to take up his abode in
the former's domicile. Since that time
intemperance has lent its aid to the fre-
quent brawls which have occurred be-
tween the old man and McKendrick.

On Monday, Clark, who was 73 years
old, had been drinking quite heavily at
one of the hotels, and about 2 p. m. he
entered his daughter's home in great ex-
citement. Providing himself with a re-
volver which he had purchased the pre-
ceding day, thus giving rise to the theory
of premeditation, he immediately start-
ed for the Poss House, kept by Jas.
Leonard. On his way to the above ho-
tel he was heard to make loud threats
that he would kill his son-in-law.

On reaching the hotel and entering the
office he deliberately walked up to Mc-
Kendrick who was standing by the
stove, and with the remark, "Now, I've
got you. I'll kill you!" he pulled the re-
volver from his pocket and fired, the ball
entering McKendrick's right side, pen-
etrating the lung. Clark then shot a
second time, but a bystander struck his
hand, thus diverting the ball from its
lethal mission, which lodged harmlessly
in the wall near the floor.

Believing that he had killed his victim
the would be murderer left the scene,
starting toward home, but when at the
corner of Pine and Main streets he
placed the revolver against his temple
and a bullet went crashing through his
own brain. Death was instantaneous,
and the old man was carried to the
home which he had left a short time be-
fore, a corpse.

In the meantime his victim was put to
bed in the Poss House and medical aid
summoned. An examination revealed
the fact that the wound might prove fe-
tal, but at this writing the unfortunate
man is still alive, with the chances about
equal for his recovery.

An inquest was held over the body of
Clark before Justice Duity and a ver-
dict of suicide rendered.

Rumor says that as Clark started for
the hotel the little ten-year-old daughter
of McKendrick ran to warn her father of
the former's approach, but had just
reached the rear door of the hotel when
the shots were fired.

The affair has cast a gloom over the
entire town, as the principals, while
somewhat of a quarreling nature, had
never disagreed from the social position
which they occupied.

The Farmer's Institute.

Prof. A. J. Cook of Lansing arrived in
town on Tuesday evening and Wednes-
day forenoon in response to the call is-
sued last week a number assembled in
the town hall to make arrangements for
the farmers' institute to be held here in
February next. After a few preliminary
remarks by Prof. Cook relative to the
objects of the institute, etc., S. Ale was
elected temporary chairman and O. C.
Wood secretary. It was decided to hold
the meetings in the rink. The program
will be an extensive one as there is to be
two day's session, and will be published
in full in a short time. It is hoped that
every farmer and every other person
who may be asked to read a paper or
otherwise render their services toward
making the institute a success may will-
ingly respond. The following commit-
tees were appointed for the occasion:

Music—J. P. Howe, J. C. Laing and A.
H. Ale.

Display—John Striffler, Mrs. J. P.
Howe, Mrs. J. H. Winegar, John Murphy
and C. W. McPhail.

Arrangements—Jas. McArthur, Henry
Butler and J. H. Winegar.

Program—S. Ale, J. C. Laing, Jno. Mar-
shall, Rev. Jas. McArthur and Andrew J.
Campbell.

Entertainment—C. W. McPhail, J. P.
Howe and J. H. Winegar.

S. Ale was elected president of the in-
stitute and O. C. Wood permanent secre-
tary.

E. F. Marr has the finest line of neck
scarfs in town.

Ladies, if you want a muff or boa call
at Marr's clothing store.

Those Ladies gloves and mittens at
Marr's cannot be beat. Get a pair.

E. F. Marr will sell you a pair of
gloves or mittens cheaper than any
store in the county.

Only a few more Ladies' Muffs and
Boas left at E. F. Marr's. Call early if
you wish to get one.

MUSIC!

I have been requested to organize a
class in instrumental music and will give
lessons either on the piano or organ.
Rates reasonable. MISS BROWNE.

Fritz Bros.' holiday goods are now
ready for inspection. A complete line of
albums and all plush goods, bibles, poems
and miscellaneous books. Call and see
our stock before purchasing.

Neck Scarfs in all styles and at all
prices at E. F. Marr's. They make an
elegant Christmas present.

Having bought the entire stock of
gloves and mittens of Walter Buhl &
Co., Detroit, I have the finest line in the
county. Come and see them.

E. F. MARR.

Mr. Grant of the Vassar Steam Lau-
ndry wishes to announce that his estab-
lishment is now running again and he
is willing to compete with any laundry
in the state either in work or price.
Laundry is sent by S. Champion every
two weeks and will be collected and de-
livered.

Fritz Bros will close out their entire
stock of wall paper at a reduction of 25
per cent, that they may have nothing
but new patterns to show their custom-
ers the coming year. 11-2-tf.

Now is the time to paper your rooms
with good paper. We give one-quarter
off on all gilt papers for the next 30 days.
Rooms papered now will answer just as
well as if papered in the spring, while
you will get the advantage of the one-
quarter off.

FRITZ BROS.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—Miss Lena
Bhan is organizing a class and is pre-
pared to give instrumental music—piano or
organ. Apply immediately at the M. E.
parsonage.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Dan. Sommerville, Greenleaf township
treasurer, will receive taxes at his place
during the month of December, also at
the watch school house, Saturday, De-
c. 21st, at the McConnell school house
Saturday, Dec. 28, and at Hugh Hunt-
er's store, Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Notice to Taxpayers.

A. A. McKenzie, township treasurer,
will receive taxes on Friday of each week
during the month of December, at his un-
dertaking rooms, Cass City.

LAUNDRY!

The American Express Co., having made
arrangements with S. A. Pratt & Co.,
of the Pontiac Steam Laundry, to receive
laundry at this place, announces to the
people of Cass City that it is now prepar-
ed to accommodate any person wishing
work done in that line. All work guar-
anteed to be done in a first-class man-
ner. Orders for Laundry are requested
to be left with E. F. Marr, at the ex-
press office in this place.

IS COMING.

And all who are looking after
PRESENTS,

And wish anything in my
line will please call early
and inspect my new stock
of goods, a great many which
have been bought especially
for the

Holiday Trade.

We also have a large stock of
Upholstered,
Cain and
Wood Seat
And Fine Reed

ROCKERS.

BOTH FLOOR and PLATFORM.
Ranging in price from
90cts. to \$15.

Also a large line
Center Tables, both
Wood and Marble
Top, Curtain Poles
of all kinds, Bed
Room Suites, Parlor
Suites, Chairs of all
kinds and descrip-
tion.

Don't forget the Place.

L. A. DEWITT.

Don't forget the Place.



The Standard Oil Magnate.

The likeness which we give above represents the face of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. In manners he is suave and rather reticent. He is domestic in his habits, a kind but conscientious father, bringing his children up in a plain and simple way. So far as the world can see, his interests in life are confined to his business, his family and his church. He is a staunch adherent of the Baptist church and a faithful attendant on its services.

The splendid apartment house in Washington built by Vice President Morton, which has received so much free advertising through the W. C. T. U., will be the home of at least sixteen congressmen during the coming session of congress. The house has been christened the "Shoreham," and many have wondered if the Vice President had become an anglo-maniac because of the apparently English title bestowed upon his hostelry. The reason for this choice of name is that the village of Shoreham, Vt., is the place of the Vice President's birth, in memory of which he has christened his new house. From present indications the "Shoreham" will be one of the most popular places during the social season, and as some of the most prominent politicians of both parties have secured apartments here, it is to be presumed that many political schemes in which the people will be indirectly interested, will, be here concocted.

Humanitarians often become the most zealous of optimists. At the annual meeting of the New York Indian association it was stated that the notorious old cut-throat of the Apaches, Geronimo, now a prisoner in Alabama, had embraced christianity, laid aside the scalping-knife and was actively engaged in Sunday school work among colored men. No one has a right to be the judge of another's sincerity in matters of this nature, but to the worldly man it is very doubtful if even the grace of God can so quickly cause such a change in the nature of that blood-thirsty villain. It is also stated that this un-hung villain is learning to pick the banjo. In the hands of the average amateur the banjo is as fatal to peace as the repeating rifle.

"Adirondack" Murray, who tried to make piety popular by riding on a buck-board, and failed; who sequestered himself with a pretty typewriter to show his humility, and failed; who went to Texas and engaged in cattle-raising to prove his ability to make money, and lost all he had, is now out in a new lecture in which he shows to his own satisfaction that the Christian religion as practiced to-day is a failure, even as conspicuous as his many ventures have been. Mr. Murray is, however, looking for better things to happen just as soon as the people show a desire for better things.

Maj. Gen. Schofield, commanding the army, says that the desertions at present so alarmingly numerous, are chiefly caused by the monotony of life in the barracks. He urges that worthy men be permitted to withdraw from the service, if they so desire after a reasonable probation. He points out that adequate means to insure punishment for desertion are provided, and suggests that something be done to cause the soldiers to fear desertion, and recommends that a regiment of infantry be established at Plattsburg, N. Y., to prevent an incursion from Canada.

The west presents the anomaly of one portion surfeited with crops, another barren and destitute. In Nebraska acres upon acres of potatoes are left in the fields to rot, the price being too low to pay for digging, while in North Dakota hundreds of farmers are suffering for the necessities of life. Here is a chance for the generous to prevent waste and relieve pressing want.

ABOUT HYPNOTISM.

A Power Whose Strange Manifestations Are Almost Incredible.

Practically the same as Mesmerism—Value in the Treatment of Disease—Capable of Injury When Abused—Application Should Be Limited By Law.

The term hypnotism is nearly synonymous with mesmerism. Hypnotism is believed to have been practiced by religionists many centuries ago; but little, however, is known of its history previous to the time of Mesmer (1778). Since then hypnotism has been much studied by many eminent men in the professions of medicine, science, religion and the arts. There came a time when the interest in it flagged very greatly; but a few years ago a revival took place in France, and since then it has been generally recognized as a therapeutic agent and employed by many physicians all over the world.

To produce hypnotism, operators have methods which vary somewhat in detail, but the principle is the same. Most all use passes, although some depend almost entirely, if not entirely, upon the fixation of gaze. For reasons which will appear anon, none of the methods employed to produce the hypnotic state will be described in this communication. As to the force generated or liberated in hypnotism, no one pretends to know, but many believe it to be electric, or perhaps magnetic. According to one observer, the description the subjects give of their sensations is that they first feel their fingers tingle and their hands and feet get cold; then they become sleepy, and when told that they can not open their eyes, they say they hear and know all, but can not open them; then comes sleep, unless it is desired to extract a tooth or do some such work when the subject is not entirely unconscious. Then they know and do as bidden but suffer no pain. They say if the skin is cut it feels as if something were being gently drawn over it, and they feel the forceps applied to the tooth, but that pulling the tooth feels like pulling a peg out of a hole.

As to the value of hypnotism as a remedial agent, there is necessarily much difference of opinion. Some physicians consider its range very limited one, while others think it applicable to a long list of affections. The majority of those who ought to know best appear to agree that it will undoubtedly prove of very great service in properly selected cases in medical practice. As for its use in surgical operations, as a substitute for gas, ether or chloroform, it can never displace them to more than a very slight extent, except, perhaps, it be with children. Very many who are about to have an operation performed must necessarily be so nervous that hypnotism will be quite out of the question.

There will doubtless always exist persons who will be insensible to the efforts of operators. Some subjects are easy to hypnotize, while with others it is the reverse; to which of these classes a person belongs can not be known until an effort to put him into the hypnotic state is made. And in the susceptible cases not infrequently several sittings are necessary before the power of the operator is sufficiently felt.

One very important point that the study of hypnotism has brought out and emphasized, says an observer, is the potency of suggestion. Doubtless most of the slight aches and pains that the general practitioner is called upon to treat are partly imaginary, and all that is necessary for cure is a certain amount of faith on the part of the patient, begotten by judicious suggestion by the medical man. At first sight this seems to be a sort of chicanery, but it is impossible to deny its efficacy, and it is much safer for the doctor to acknowledge, to himself at least, that it is not his simple remedy which has wrought the cure, but his suggestion to the patient. One needs no better example of the power of suggestion than the many cures brought about by faith cure. In this case religious fanaticism is called upon to produce an effect upon the mind of the credulous patient, and if the malady is an imaginary one the relief is instantaneous.

We now come to the reason why none of the methods employed to produce hypnotism have been herein described. It is an agent which only should be employed by reputable physicians, for, like others which they employ, it will do much harm if injudiciously applied. Were the methods known there would naturally be a tendency on the part of some to try it as a means of amusement, while, without doubt, there are not a few who would use it for no good purpose. That hypnotism may be rightly applied and without injury it must be exclusively confined to physicians, who alone are capable of distinguishing between those subjects upon whom it is likely to do good and those likely to be injured by it. It is a well-known fact that persons who are often hypnotized finally become so susceptible that the act is accomplished with the greatest ease. And, in not a few instances of subjects so treated for a long time, it requires scarcely more than a single glance for the operator to throw them into a hypnotic sleep.

So it will be seen that hypnotism might prove a menace to society unless steps were taken to guard against it.

The first precaution to suggest itself is the prohibition of all public exhibitions of hypnotism or mesmerism. This remarkable power should, if possible, be limited by law to the treatment of disease. And the operator should be permitted to influence his subject only as health may be improved.

Another Awful Explosive Discovered.

Another dangerous explosive has been discovered. It is sauerkraut. A Philadelphia man made the discovery. He put a lot of fresh sauerkraut in a barrel and then sealed the latter up tight. Some days later he wandered down cellar to see how the kraut was prospering. Suddenly the family was startled by a terrific racket, and the next moment the man came out of the cellar in a great hurry. At least it is presumed that he was in a great hurry, because he did not wait to come up the stairs, but came right up through the hard wood floor and never stopped until he had driven his head half way through the ceiling. When he finally dropped to the floor it was noticed that there was an irregular row of barrel staves sticking out of his side. His personal appearance was somewhat discouraging to his best friends. There was sauerkraut in his eyes and ears and whiskers. In fact, there appeared to be more or less sauerkraut hanging out of every pore of his skin and he seemed visibly agitated. The principal reason for believing that he was agitated was because he yelled so loud that the neighbors dropped everything and came rushing out of their houses in a terrible fright. After the excitement had subsided sufficiently to make an investigation, it was found that there was a six inch plastering of sauerkraut over the walls and everything else in the cellar. The barrel of sauerkraut had exploded. Since this little accident took place, a German scientist who keeps a stand on the market and cuts up nearly five hundred cabbages a day, has explained to a venturesome reporter that when a cask of kraut is sealed when very fresh, there is sure to be more or less trouble. As the stuff ferments it swells, and if it is in a tightly corked barrel a cask of gunpowder is hardly more dangerous. New discoveries are constantly revolutionizing old methods and we may yet live to see the warlike nations of the earth firing sauerkraut at each other and killing people off by the hundreds.

He Was a Gwine.

"And what was it the defendant said?" asked the solicitor of a witness in the criminal court of Birmingham, "when Malvina 'lowed dat' onery nigger should come in dis yer house a riotin' an' a ravin' an' a cussin'?" was the defendant's reply? "Fo' God, Judge, he did't say nuthin'." He jes draw his razor and called out: "G'way, I gwine to carve; stan' clear dat do'; I gwine to carve; I gwine in dat do'; I gwine to carve; I'm gwine to get my wife out; I'm gwine to carve; she shan't say in dar; I'm gwine to carve. If it busts the plan of the whole salvation army, I'm gwine to carve." "That was all he said, was it?" asked the attorney, amid ill-suppressed laughter. "Dat was all he said wid his mouth, but that yar razor, it said a heap, an' the men folks mostly went through the winder and chimbley, and Malvina 'lowed we'd better let him in."—Birmingham Age.

The Disappearance of Deserts.

What were supposed to be deserts are rapidly vanishing before the advance of civilization. There was a time when the United States had one of no small size, when it was considered that all the land west of the Missouri river was a barren waste. The farmers of Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota have disposed of much of the great American Desert. Once upon a time large portions of the interior of Africa were believed to be arid and uncultivable. Now we learn that they are fruitful and well populated. The interior of Australia has been held up as an awful example of a howling wilderness, destitute of water and of animal or vegetable life. That illusion is now being rapidly dispelled. Recent explorers report that inner Australia is no Saharan waste, and that though uninhabited, it can support a large population. There are grassy plains, large lakes, and also traces of gold and precious stones. A north and south railway is now being made through the center of Australia, and doubtless with its completion the last trace of the desert will vanish. The iron horse is a wonderful dispeller of illusions of that kind. The truth is that there are vast regions in America, Asia, and Australia which are barren from the standpoint of primitive and ignorant agriculture, but which, when taken in hand by the educated farmer of the present day, with his implements, develop into fertile fields and pastures.

Bad Form.

Mrs. Upton (to her husband): "Charley, you have been with me nearly the whole evening; go and make yourself agreeable to Miss Bruce or Miss Walters." Mr. Upton: "But, my dear, I prefer your society." Mrs. Upton: "Yes darling, but people will think we are fond of each other, and that is dreadful bad form you know."

The average car-horse is a tender-hearted animal. He is always ready to stop and listen to a tale of woe.—Baltimore American.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

What Rip Van Winkle Really Did Find When He Woke From His Sleep.

When the modern Rip Van Winkle awoke from his long slumber in the ravine just back of the big Catskill hotel and found that his beard had grown three or four feet and his gun fell apart when he touched it, he uttered no exclamation of surprise, but started peacefully off in quest of a cocktail.

"Well," he remarked, as he lifted his beard in order to cross a small stream, "this air is really more bracing than the advertisements led me to believe, and as for that cheap parlor rifle it's a wonder there's anything left of it at all."

The guests on the long piazza stared at him as if he were a wild beast, and he looked vainly among them for the familiar faces of his friends of the day before.

"I see they're all gone," he murmured, "and to tell the truth I'm not surprised. I can't see how any man short of a Croesus can afford to stop more than a minute in this house. Why, even in the bowling-alley where we played last night they charged us so much for every game and each round of drinks that I haven't got more than a quarter left in my pockets. Well, I can get a cocktail with it, anyhow."

"Where's old Life Simmonds?" asked Rip, as he leaned against the bar and watched the cocktail materializing under the deft touches of the drink-mixer.

"Don't know him," was the reply. "Do you know if Bill Avery's about?" asked Rip, after a moment's reflection. "Bill Avery!" exclaimed one of the guests; "why, he's been dead these ten years."

"Dead! Why, we were playing in the bowling alley only last night," gasped Rip, rubbing his eyes like one in a dream. "Don't any one know me around here?"

No, nobody knew him, and the poor old man stood staring about him in dismay and confusion. A copy of a New York paper was lying on the bar. He picked it up and glanced at the headlines.

"By Jove!" cried one of the guests, "I'll tell you who it is. It's Rip Van Winkle come back after his twenty years' sleep."

"That's my name," cried the old man eagerly; but I've only been asleep one night."

A shout of laughter, tempered by a genuine pity for the old stranger, brought half a dozen more of the guests into the bar room to see what was the matter.

"Just look at that paper there and see how far behind you are in the news," said one of the merry-makers. "Not so very far behind, I reckon," he retorted as he read aloud: "The site committee of the World's fair held a meeting in the Times building to decide upon a site for the great exposition. A memorial from the property owners of Hoboken was read and an invitation to visit that historic town by a unanimous vote accepted."

"There!" exclaimed old Rip, triumphantly, "that's just what they've been doing for the last two months. I guess I'm not more than a day behind. What's this next article?"

"Skipped with a hired man!" he yelled. "Well, that's about what you might expect."

"Turn over the next page and you'll find something new," said one of his new acquaintances.

"All right," said Rip, confidently. "Now, we'll see." Josiah Elderberry, of Beaverville, Ct., came to New York a few days ago in reply to a letter he had received offering him \$1,000 in counterfeit bills for \$400. At the Grand Central depot yesterday he opened his bag to get a bill with which to pay for his ticket and discovered that a package of sawdust had been substituted for the counterfeit money. He made a complaint to the police, and was sent to the house of detention as a witness against Sawdust Pete, who swindled him, and who was released under bail. Mr. Elderberry is trustee of a Beaverville church and is said to have used some of the church funds to buy the counterfeit bills.

"I guess that fellow's been asleep twenty years instead of me," said Rip, briskly, as he finished the paragraph. "No, gentlemen, you can't fool me quite as easy as you think. What's this? 'Sucked in at Niagara; the Awful Fate of a Stranger in the Country.' Why that's just what happened to me when I was there, a week ago, and it's what happens to everybody those fellows can lay their hands on. You can bet it's an awful fate when one of those hack drivers or photographers gets hold of you. I guess the world's been moving pretty slow if it hasn't got ahead any more than that in twenty years."

"But I tell you it's a fact," chimed in another of the company. "There was a man named Rip Van Winkle who disappeared from here just twenty years ago and never was heard from. Here comes the landlord; he'll tell you the same thing. Just ask him."

"Landlord," said the old man, "these gentlemen say that I disappeared from here twenty years ago and have been asleep down in the ravine ever since. Now, my recollection is that I came up here last night with a basket of sassafras to sell at this very hotel to make into tea for the boarders, and I want to know whether I'm right or whether they are?"

"We don't make our tea out of sassafras," retorted the landlord, "and there was a man of your name who disappeared from here about twenty years ago—in 1869 I think it was. I guess you must be the man."

Rip Van Winkle commuted with himself for a few moments, and then murmured softly: "I'll try him once more."

"Landlord," he said, putting his hand in his trousers pocket. "I've been sleeping out in your ravine for the past twenty years. How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," replied the boniface.

"What! you let a man sleep twenty years in a Catskill ravine and don't charge him a cent the next morning? Then, gentlemen, I guess you're right. This place has changed so I don't know it any more. Well, I guess I'll start off for the village and try to square things with the old woman." And, shouldering the remains of his rifle, he started off down the steep mountain road and was soon lost to sight.—New O. Times-Dem.

The Bells of Lynne.

The night is falling, the north wind blows, it bitterly blows over marsh and lea; The ploughman clings to his cap as he goes, And the curlew tilts in the spume of the sea.

But far and faint and sweet and thin, Oh, hear the bells from the old gray town, The ancient, red-roofed city of Lynne, That lies where the winding hills come down!

As oft as the bitter winds are blown, The smiting winds from the fields of snow, So often the bells of Lynne float down To the dunes and the desolate wastes below.

As oft as the human heart is torn By the pain of loss, by the strife of sin, So oft are the bells of heaven borne O'er the sobbing wastes, like the bells of Lynne.

Brazilian Morning Glory.

Of vines there are "many and many." The one destined to become the most fashionable for a few years, I think, is the Brazilian morning glory, writes a Baton Rouge, La., correspondent of Vicks' Magazine. I know that if I had a great place that I wanted covered up with vines in a few days, I should get Brazilian morning glory. This spring I set a three-inch plant ten feet from a large pecan tree. As the weather was very dry, I left it there till I could get a frame made. Sorrow became our guest all the spring, and the vine was uncared for; it crept on the ground to the pecan tree and the latter part of May it began blooming near the ground and upwards; now the whole pecan tree is a mass of vines flowers and curious seed-pods. I asked "that husband of mine," how tall that pecan tree is? He answered, "45 feet;" so you have some idea of the immensity of the vine. Many of the leaves are a foot across, scalloped like grape leaves; the flowers are about 3 inches across, narrower in the throat than common morning glories, and are a deep, rosy purple shading to mauve. The seed-pods are unlike anything I have ever seen; they are in clusters, branching like claws, a dark, shining, waxy seed-pod, half an inch in circumference at the end of each claw, generally about fifteen pods to each bunch. The seeds when ripe are dark brown, nearly black, with a tiny silk band around each seed, four seeds to a pod; in shape, like moon flower seed.

The Brazilian morning glory, vine and leaf, is covered with short, red-brown, soft hairs, that, with the peculiar seed-pods, give it an interesting appearance. Insects do not injure these vines.

The Hoosier of the Past.

The Hoosier is no longer the picturesque creature he was years ago. There is no more homespun clothing. Ready-made clothing has penetrated to the uttermost parts of the country, and the countryman can now only be detected by his sun burned face and swing of his arms. As to the young women from the small towns, they can only be identified by their fresh, blooming complexions and bright eyes.

In the matter of styles they are fully up to their sister of the larger cities; in fact, the belles of small towns are often familiar with New York fashions long before they become general in St. Louis, this being due to the fact that the town dressmaker closely follows the plates in the fashion paper as soon as novelties are presented.—Globe-Democrat.

Deliver Us.

From these "blots and blemishes" save us: From all who "say" their prayers, but never "pray." From all whom dogs and children dislike. From the slattern and the severely clean. From the three P's—plumbers, politicians and neighbors' pianos. From people who rush to the seaside in summer, but never take a bath at home. From wives who think that husbands were only made to work that they may spend. From Americans "to have never seen their own count" but go every summer to "Europe."

From mothers who turn their children into the streets to "keep the house tidy."

From public libraries that never buy a book worth preserving.

I will hear your song sublime, some other time, he said, pulling away suddenly and leaving his coat button in my hands. But he didn't get far, he was detained by rheumatism in his left knee. I pressed into his hand a small package. The next day he ran to meet me and said "Wonderful this Salvation Oil, ain't it?"

Six-year-old to caller on her big sister—Good evening, Mr. Palmer. That isn't my name, little girl, my name is Walker. Oh, you must be Susie's other beau. Tableau.

Ben Butler has done a great good in the Tewkesbury Almshouse, but his work will not be complete till he orders a good supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, "the people's remedy."

A swallow-tail coat may be just the proper thing for the bridegroom at a fashionable wedding, but for an elopement there is nothing like a cut-away.

If every woman in this land knew for herself the actual quality of Dobbin's Electric Soap, no other washing soap could be sold. Millions use it, but other millions have never tried it. Have you? Ask your grocer for it.

Guest—You seem musical. I always hear you whistling. What is your favorite song? Writer—Remember me, sah! He got a quarter.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

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

There's one peculiar thing about a horse race. You can pick the winners right along until you conclude to put up your money.

A Dressmaker's Experience.

DEAR SIR:—As Mr. Hinman, the druggist, told you, I am a great friend of your remedy. I have used it at intervals during the past twelve years. It carried me safely through the critical period of my life without a single sick day, and it did great things for me in many ways. I always recommend it where I see a case that needs it. It always does splendidly, often accomplishing more than you have ever claimed for it, and more than any one would readily believe who did not personally know the cases.

I now consider myself well, but I work hard at my business—dressmaking—and when I am tired and nervous a small dose of Zoa Phora quiets and rests me. I always have it in my house.

Yours truly, MRS. MARY C. CHANDLER, BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Feb. 20, 1886. To H. G. Coleman, secretary.

N. B.—It is equally good at all times of life.

Sportsmen.

Illustrated pamphlet "Sport among Nebraskan lakes" mailed free. Apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger agent, Burlington route, Chicago, Ill.

Children as expert musicians are coming to be the wonder of the profession. Alice Liebmann, aged nine, is astonishing London circles with her skill on the violin.

A De Cien in quality, but only a 6c cigar in price is "Tansill's Punch."

A Franklin, Pa., woman means business.

She advertises in a paper that any one attempts to break up her house or her brains, if he has any, will be blown out.

You may sing of the beauty of springtime That glows on the cheek of the young, But I sing of a beauty that's rarer Than any of which you have sung. The beauty that's seen in the face Of women whose summer is o'er, The autumn-like beauty that charms us Far more than the beauty of yore.

But this beauty is seen too rarely. The faces of most women lose the beauty of youth too soon. Female disorders are like forests which choke up the flowers which betoken good health, without which there can be no real beauty. If our American women would fortify themselves against the approach of the terrible disorders so prevalent among them, by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, their good looks would be retained to a "sweet old age." This remedy is a guaranteed cure for all the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women.

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

The Medical and Surgical Sanitarium at Battle Creek is about to establish a like institution at Colorado Springs or at Denver, Col.

Lucy Nealey.

Columbia (Tenn.) Herald, Nov. 1.

Hearing that \$15,000 had been drawn by some one in this county in the late drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery and that the money had been paid and was deposited in the Columbia Banking Co., a Herald reporter called on Mr. Lucius Frierson, the cashier of the above named bank, and learned that H. Nealey of Bigbyville, a village 10 or 12 miles from here, was the lucky man. Mr. Nealey held one-twentieth of ticket No. 63,854, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company held the 13th of last month. The ticket was deposited last week with the Columbia Banking Co. of this city, who collected the same through their New Orleans correspondent, the Louisiana National Bank. We understand that Mr. Nealey, who is quite a young man, not yet having attained his majority, is quite elated over his success. He is a sober, industrious young farmer and this windfall of luck will give him a good start in life. This is the first time he ever bought a ticket, and he certainly made a good investment for one dollar.

Isaac Lewis, a veteran business man of Monroe, is dead.

A \$2.50 Paper for \$1.75.

The Youth's Companion gives so much for the small amount that it certifies it is no wonder it is taken already in nearly Half a Million Families. With its fine paper and beautiful illustrations, its Weekly Illustrated Supplements, and its Double Holiday Numbers, it seems as if the publishers could not do enough to please. By sending \$1.75 now you may obtain it free to January, 1891. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Ex-convict Johnson, who sued Warden Watkins of Jonia, says that his attorney took the case on the percentage plan.

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.

The tramways and constabulary of the Huron copper mine are on a strike.

A. M. Pries, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

NEW FACTS!

There is a Great Advantage in buying where you have the Largest Stock to select from.

The chances of securing What you Want and at the Prices you Want to Pay are greatly increased. The store selling the most goods gets the lowest prices in buying.

The firm that buys goods up into the thousands can buy much cheaper than one buying a few hundred.

It is therefore not necessary to emphasize the fact that if you are in want of **BOOTS, SHOES, SOCKS, FELTS and RUBBERS** there is no place where you can do better as the following prices will show:

Men's boots at \$1.75 and upwards.
 " Calf Boots 2.00 "
 Women's Lace Shoes 1.00 "
 " Button Shoes 1.00 "

CROSBY'S Boot and Shoe House, CASS CITY.

GREAT BARGAINS!

—FOR THE—

HOLIDAYS.

—We Will Give—

GREAT REDUCTIONS

On our Entire Stock of Ladies' Cloaks, Wraps and Jackets Beginning

Saturday, Dec. 13th.

Do not miss this sale if you wish to buy a cloak.

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 purpose. 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

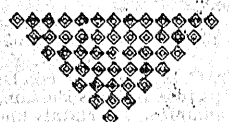
IS THE PLACE TO GET

GOODS CHEAP.

PROHIBITION



We have been prohibited from ringing the bell but the AUCTION will go on just the same. A new consignment of Goods have been received, consisting of Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Will sell by Auction SATURDAY Afternoon and Evening. Come and Buy at Your Own Prices, These Goods Must be Sold.



M^c KENZIE AND STEWART.

Home Bakery

Having got my Bakery in first class shape I am now

Better Prepared Than Ever To Furnish the Public with the finest of

BREAD AND PASTRY GOODS.

GOOD LUNCH ROOM
 In connection. Remember that I still sell a two pound loaf of good bread for sixcents. Don't forget the place.

J. N. La RUE.

West of Cass City House.



ST. NICHOLAS.

The Century Co.'s Magazine for Young Folks, enlarged and printed in New Type.

Since 1873, when, under the editorial management of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the publication of St. Nicholas for Young Folks was begun, it has led all magazines for boys and girls. Nothing like it was known before, and to day, as the Chicago Inter Ocean recently said, "it is the model and ideal journal in its class of the world." Through its pages the greatest writers of our time are speaking to the youth of America and England, and the best artists and engravers are training the eyes of the boys and girls to appreciate the highest in art. Nobody knows how many readers St. Nicholas has. In the third largest public library in America—that in Indianapolis—more than 3,000 people read each month's number.

Since the first issue Mrs. Dodge has remained as editor. Early in its history other young people's magazines, "Our Young Folks," "The Little Corner," "The Little World," were consolidated with it, and its history has been one of growth from the first. Tenyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Burdett, Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells and almost every well-known writer of our time have contributed to its pages. There is only one way in which the conductors can make it better and that is by making more of it, and so the publishers announce that with the beginning of the seventeenth volume (November, 1889) St. Nicholas will be enlarged by the addition of eight, and sometimes sixteen, extra pages in each number. This enlargement is absolutely required to make room for the rich store of new material which has been secured for the benefit of St. Nicholas readers. The use of new and clearer type will be begun with the November number.

During the coming year there are to be four important serial stories by four well-known American authors. Athletic and outdoor sports will be a special feature (contributed by Walter Camp, of Yale, and others) and there will be stories of character and adventure, sketches of information and travel, outdoor papers, articles of special literary interest, other scientific subjects and the march of events. Both the December and January numbers are to be holiday issues.

The price will be the same as heretofore, \$3 a year, 25 cents a number, and all dealers and the publishers (The Century Co., New York) take subscriptions. New subscriptions should begin with November.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell the best Bread Knife made. Also, Cake and Paring Knives. Will send a sample Paring Knife on receipt of 15 cents, in one cent unused postage stamps of U. S. Government—so you can see what our knives are like. Let us hear from you. Address, Christy Knife Co., P. O. box 65, Sandusky, O.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1889.

AROUND THE STATE.

Daniel McAnuliffe of South Manistiquette was drowned in the Manistiquette river Sunday night.

Edward Nicht, aged 38, fell off a scaffold at the new Michigan Central depot in Bay City on Saturday and will probably die from his injuries.

Miss Florence Conger of Port Huron, only daughter of ex-Senator Conger has been appointed a clerk in the pension bureau at Washington.

Miss Jennie Swetland, against whom charges of uttering forged mortgages and notes at Kalamazoo were made there some time ago, has been bound over for trial in the circuit court with bail at \$700.

Prosecuting Attorney Thomas Butler of Alger county has been arrested on complaint of the Au Train postmaster, who charges that Butler has been getting hold of and opening other people's letters.

An unknown man was arrested and jailed at Reed City on Monday charged with committing a criminal assault upon Henry Hoover's 6-year old daughter. There was intense excitement over the affair.

Nicholas Geyhardt, a German about 35 years old, cut his throat in the Pinconning jail Saturday morning. He was crazy when locked up the night before. It is supposed he has friends at Michigan City, Ind.

Edward Brily, a young man from Muskegon, who was at work with the track laying gang on the Chicago and West Michigan road, was instantly killed at Traverse City the other day by being crushed by the cars.

Wm. Schultz, one of the men arrested near Mt. Pleasant for alleged counterfeiting, has confessed. His pals James Spence and John Hutton were released on account of defective papers. Samuel Anthony has been arrested for the alleged making of false dies.

A man who gives his name as H. C. Meyers and says he hails from Flint has been peddling medicines, spectacles, etc., around Mt. Morris. On Friday he went to the house of Lewis Peck and while there assaulted an old lady and is now in jail in default of \$1,000 bail.

The new election law, requiring that all tickets shall be printed under the supervision of the secretary of state, has received an unfeeling cut from the supervisors of Luce county. It was recently decided to hold a special election upon the question of bonding the county for improvements, and the supervisors directed the county clerk by resolution to procure 500 tickets from the secretary of state. The new law requires that a vignette or suitable inscription shall be placed at the head of each ticket. In their resolution the Luce supervisors suggest to the secretary of state as a suitable inscription, "a half circle, containing the word Hawbuck printed therein." Secretary Osmon said that he would be glad to test the legality of the law in the courts, but can find no opportunity. He cannot well take the initiative, and thus far the officials of every special election have shown an annoying desire to obey the law.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, December 6.

Wheat, o. 1 white.....	71
do No. 2, white.....	66
do No. 2 red.....	73
do No. 3 red.....	69
Oats.....	21@ 22
Beans hand-picked.....	1 30@ 1 25
do un-picked.....	1 00@ 1 20
Rye.....	30@ 35
Barley.....	55@ 65
Clover seed.....	2 90@ 3 24
Fens per bushel.....	30@ 40
Buckwheat.....	25@ 28
Pork, live weight.....	2 50@ 3 00
Pork, dressed.....	4 00 4 25
Butter.....	16
Eggs.....	17
Wool.....	20@ 25

HOTEL FOR SALE!

—OF WILL—

Exchange For Farm Property!

Having decided to retire from the hotel business I will sell or trade for farm property, the Sheridan House, Cass City. A good chance for some man who wishes to embark in the above business to secure a hotel at a bargain. For further information address

M. SHERIDAN,

11 15 ct

Cass City,

SANTA CLAUS

—ON—

SOCKS!

For the last 1,800 years I have been more or less imposed upon by some of the good people of Cass City and vicinity in the matter of SOCKS. After I have made my way down the chimney and into the house, I don't want to find an old sock with the toes all out; nor an old stocking with the heel wore through; and above all things an old pair of dirty socks that smell like a four by four building with a subterranean ventilation. These things I take to be an imposition and I won't stand it any longer, and everything must be clean and whole or I don't go down this year. I shake my headquarters at G. A. Stevenson's as usual, where I can find the largest stock of HOLIDAY GOODS ever seen in the "Thumb," consisting of Hanging and Stand Lamps, Vases, China Cups and Saucers, Smoking Sets, Rustic and China Cuspadores, Oat Meal Sets, Christmas tree Brilliants, Wax Candles, Sleds, and an endless variety of Toys. Also my good friends you will find the freshest, cleanest, and cheapest stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries in the City. I also purchase all my candy and nuts of Mr. Stevenson, as he keeps the finest line in town. In fact, for any thing in the Line of Holiday Goods Stevenson's is the place to go. I trust you will all heed my few remarks in regard to Socks, and hoping to gaze on your smiling faces soon, I am, Respectfully yours, OLD ST. NICK. DON'T FORGET MY HEADQUARTERS, GEO. A. STEVENSON'S GROCERY.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE

—CAN GIVE YOU—

Great Bargains

—IN—

DRESS GOODS, CLOAKS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, LADIES and GENTS' UNDERWEAR, HOODS, TOBOGGANS, GLOVES, MITTS, MUFFLERS, SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, RIBBONS, ETC.



LOW PRICES!

IN HANGING and STAND LAMPS, CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE, ETC.

CHOICE GROCERIES AT CASH PRICES!

Butter and Eggs wanted. Cash Paid 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—

Feed Drills, Harrows, Plows, Buggies, Etc.,

GO TO

J. H. STRIFFLER,

He can Supply your Wants.

THE STORM.

Translated From the Russian of Pushkin.



AT THE close of 1811, in the estate of Nenarodovo, Gavriilo Gavrilovitch, a Russian proprietor. His unbounded hospitality and frankness won him many friends among the neighboring proprietors. While many would visit him to partake of his hospitality or to play a game of cards with his wife, Paraskovia Petrovna, an amiable and prepossessing lady of 40, the thoughts and aspirations of the majority were chiefly centered upon his 17-year-old daughter Masha, who, in addition to her fine manners, pretty face and statue-like figure, was a wealthy heiress. But like many other girls of her age and station in Russian provinces, Masha had been brought up on the French novel, and it goes without saying that she was passionately in love. The object of her affection, was a poor army officer, who lived a few versts away from her father's estate. Of course her "ideal" reciprocated her love. But, alas, true love seldom runs smooth. Masha's parents positively objected to the match and the young man's welcome became cooler every day. This, however, did not hinder the lovers from corresponding or from meeting quite frequently in the forest. Elopement was of course proposed in due season by the young man, and as Masha was an ardent admirer of all sorts of adventures pertaining to heroism, it more than pleased her romantic imagination.

The cold winter put an end to their secret interviews; the more voluminous, however, became their correspondence. Vladimir would entreat his beloved in every letter to entrust her destiny to him; to elope. And this, according to his calculations, would surely end in: "Come, children, to our embrace and be happy." All this seemed very fascinating to Masha, and, without much meditation, she consented to follow the course suggested by her lover. And the course was this:

On the day of her departure she was to decline taking her meals with her parents at the table, pretending to suffer with a severe headache. Her servant, who was in the secret, was to accompany her to the garden gate, where a troika, or span of three horses, sent by Vladimir, would be in waiting. They were then to drive as fast as the horses could carry them to the church in the village where Vladimir would be sure to meet them.

Now if anyone spent a most miserable and sleepless night it was Masha. After packing her things and clothes she wrote two very long letters—one to her intimate friend, a young girl of her own age, and the other to her parents. She took leave of them in the most touching and pathetic words. After sealing her letters, she threw herself upon her bed and fell in sort of a dream. Awful visions kept her half awake. At last she awoke, paler than usual, and with this time with a real headache. Her parents saw at a glance that some trouble weighed on her mind and their tender care and incessant questions as to her health and welfare made her heart the more oppressed. She made an effort to soothe their anxiety, to assume a happy and cheerful face, but failed. Evening came. The thought that it was her last day under her parents' roof gave her no peace. Supper was served. Her heart beat faster than ever, as she declared that she would be compelled to remain in her room.

It was nearly midnight when Masha and her maid left the house. Tereshka, Vladimir's driver, was already awaiting them at the garden gate. He helped them into the sleigh, took up the reins and in five minutes they were beyond the limits of Gavriilo Gavrilovitch's estate.

While Tereshka is taking care of Masha we shall turn our attention to our gallant officer. Vladimir had his hands full all day. In the morning he visited the Dshadrino minister, who, after considerable difficulty and upon receiving a handsome deposit, consented to marry him. Then he set out in search of the necessary three witnesses. The first one he met—a retired colonel, Dravin—consented to accommodate him. He insisted upon Vladimir's staying for dinner, assuring him that there would be no difficulty in finding two more witnesses. And so it happened that no sooner was dinner over than two local proprietors were announced. Both were in favor of the marriage, as well as of the means of effecting it, and, of course, were ready at a moment's notice to offer their services and should circumstances require it, to sacrifice their lives for the noble cause. Vladimir was overjoyed. He embraced his friends and after bidding them an affectionate good-bye hurried off to make the necessary preparations.

The day drew to its close. Night set in with a burning wind. "A miabel" (storm), Vladimir thought to himself, as he sat up in the sleigh driving as rapidly as his horse could carry him to Dshadrino, where he intended to arrive before Masha. The road to Dshadrino was familiar to him, and he expected to traverse the short distance in an hour at the most. The re-

verse of his expectations, however, was the result. The wind grew stronger and stronger, culminating soon in a raging and blinding snow storm. The road was swept out of sight, the familiar surroundings vanished. Vladimir's efforts to keep the right track were fruitless. The horse went on at hazard, now ascending a snow-drift and now falling and upsetting the sleigh in a ravine. An hour, two passed, but not the slightest sign of Dshadrino. The storm continued raging. The poor horse was completely tired out, being scarcely able to move on. Vladimir was in despair.

At last it occurred to him that he was traveling the wrong way. He stopped, reflected a moment, made some sort of a geographical calculation and turned to the right. He consulted his watch; it was past two in the morning. Oh, horror! But towards Dshadrino he went, in spite of the boundless snow field and the innumerable snow drifts that lay before him.

At last a welcome object presented itself to his sight. It was a small forest. "Blessed be the Lord," he thought to himself. "Dshadrino must be near." Thus encouraged he drove onward. But the farther he went the more embarrassed became his position and the more horrid were the thoughts that filled his mind. Gradually, however, he passed the forest. The plain, snowy field, stretching in the distance as far as his eye could reach, presented itself once more to his sight. Although the storm subsided and his bright moon hung once again over his cheerless and monotonous surroundings, it was bitterly cold. As he drove along, contemplating all sorts of means to extricate himself from his perilous position, he beheld a village, consisting of four or five little huts. He directed his horse towards it, and as he reached the first hut began to rattle at the window. A few moments later the window was raised and a long, gray beard, apparently belonging to the master of the house, became visible.

"What is it you want?"
"Can you tell me how far it is to Dshadrino?"
"Dshadrino! Dshadrino! Let me see. I reckon it will be about ten versts."

A thunderbolt or an electric shock could not have had more effect upon Vladimir than these words: "Can I hire your horse to take me there?" he uttered at last.

"Hire my horse! Why, man, wait till I buy one!"
"Then give me a guide. I will pay him all he wants for his services."

"This I'll do. Just wait a second, I'll send out my son and he will take you there," said the old man disappearing in the darkness. The young fellow, armed with a dubina, soon appeared and, without losing any time, they started on their way to Dshadrino. Morning dawned when they reached their destination. The church was locked. After paying his guide he directed his steps towards the minister's house. Alas, his team was not to be seen there. How sad the news that awaited him.

"But let us return to Nenarodovo and see what is going on in Gavriilo Gavrilovitch's house."

Nothing in particular. As usual, the old folks rose early in the morning—Gavriilo Gavrilovitch appearing in his ancient gown. The table was set and as Masha failed to appear in the dining room, a servant maid was dispatched to her apartment to inquire how she slept during the night. The maid soon returned announcing that the miss had a restless night, but that she felt much better now and would soon join them at the table. The maid had no sooner made her report than Masha appeared, approaching her papa and mamma with an affectionate good morning.

"How is your health, dear," inquired Gavriilo Gavrilovitch.
"I feel much better, papa," replied Masha.

"You must have caught cold, Masha," interposed Paraskovia Petrovna.

"That may be, Mamenka."
The day passed quietly, but towards evening Masha took sick. A doctor was immediately sent for, and when he arrived two hours later he found the patient in a state of delirium. It soon developed into a high fever, and for two weeks the poor girl hovered between life and death.

No one in the house had the slightest idea about the intended elopement. The letter which she addressed to her parents the night previous she destroyed as soon as she returned home, and the maid, fearing to incur the anger and punishment of her masters, kept the secret to herself. The secret was kept sacred by over half a dozen conspirators. But Masha herself in her delirium began to unravel the mystery. Yet her mother, who never left her daughter's room, paid no attention to her words. She merely ascribed them to the fact of Masha being in love with Vladimir. Something had to be done, and one fine morning she consulted her husband and some of their neighbors as to the advisability of gratifying Masha's wish. All came to the conclusion that such was Masha's lot; that the inevitable must happen; that poverty is no crime; that it is not riches that makes the man, but vice versa, and so forth.

In the meantime Masha became con-

valascent. Vladimir was no longer to be seen in Gavriilo Gavrilovitch's house. The rude reception offered him during his last visit kept him aloof from their house. One more council was held and it was decided to write and ask him to pay a visit. But their surprise may be imagined when in answer to their invitation he wrote a very indignant letter, declaring his determination never to cross their threshold. A few days later they heard that Vladimir had entered the army. This occurred in 1812.

Weeks and months passed by and none dared to speak of Vladimir in Masha's presence. At the end of four months, while glancing over a daily paper, she happened to see his name mentioned among the mortally wounded in the battle at Borodino. Five weeks later Gavriilo Gavrilovitch died, leaving to Masha all his possessions. But her fortune never cheered her. Masha's attention was now wholly devoted to her mother. Nenarodovo, with its sorrowful recollections, was no longer attractive to them, and they decided to leave it and make their home in the city of N. There, amid the new surroundings, they thought they would enjoy peace and quietude of life. Her mother would occasionally speak to her on the subject of marriage, but Masha would always avoid discussing this matter. Although Vladimir was no longer among the living—he died in Moscow at the time when the French entered that city—yet the memory of the man she had loved was sacred to her.

In the meantime the Franco-Russian war drew to its close. Our regiments were returning from the battle-field.

The great event of the return of the army and the close of the war seemed to be even more appreciated in the little towns and villages than in the large cities. The appearance of an officer in a small town was looked upon by its inhabitants as a great event. Although still surrounded by a host of admirers Masha was as cold and indifferent to them as at the time when she first came to the city. She changed, however, her opinion when one fine afternoon a wounded colonel, Brunin, with a medal and a Georgian cross in his buttonhole, and a very handsome and attractive face, which seemed the more interesting because of its paleness, was introduced to her. Masha, made an exception in his case.

As to Brunin, he was certainly a fine, amiable young fellow. He possessed that sense of humor and self-respect which seldom fails to please women. He appeared to be quite settled and reserved, although rumor had it that once upon a time he was the greatest mischief-maker living. This, however, did not lower him in Masha's estimation.

Her neighbors and friends in the meantime discussed her wedding as a matter of fact, while her mother was simply delighted with her prospective son-in-law. Thus time passed on.

One morning, while Paraskovia Petrovna was busily engaged in looking over an old almanac, Brunin entered her room. "Can Masha be seen?" he asked. "You will see her in the garden," replied the old woman. "I will expect you to have dinner with us."

Brunin found Masha by the pond under a willow, with a book in her hands. "A real heroine of a novel," he thought to himself. After the first few words Masha cut the conversation short, thus affecting that mutual embarrassment from which there was but one way of ridding themselves—and that was for Brunin to open his heart, and so he did. He fell on his knees, declaring in a most solemn and impassioned voice that he loved her most dearly, that his life without her was not worth living. "But," he added, "I have acted carelessly, most carelessly, by seeing and hearing you every day. I had no right to seek your acquaintance and friendship. O, wretched man that I am! It is too late, too late now! Your memory will always haunt me, your charming image will give me no peace. O, that I could be spared this torture! Try to forget and to forgive me, dear Masha. I am unworthy of you! That obstacle—"

"That obstacle always existed," said Masha, in a suppressed voice. "I could never be your wife."
"I know," he replied, quietly. "I know that you have once loved. But he is dead, and time effaces the sweetest of memories. The thought that I might have been happy with you if—"

"Not another word, for God's sake; not another word; you torment me!"
"Yes, I know. I feel that I might have been happy, that you might have been mine, but, oh miserable man that I am, I am married!"

Masha looked at him aghast for a moment, hardly realizing her whereabouts.

"Yes, I am a married man," resumed Brunin, more firmly, "but I have not the slightest idea who my wife is, where she is, whether I will ever see her again."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Masha, scarcely being able to control her excitement, "is it possible? Tell me all about it! I will—later—"

"In the beginning of 1812," said Brunin, "I was on my way to Vilno, where our regiment was then stationed. It was a cold night, a storm was raging, we lost our way and my driver was in despair. But as I was in great haste to reach Vilno I ordered him to proceed regardless of the weather. We crossed hills and valleys and rivers, and after being almost frozen to death,

entered a village. As we drove along the street I suddenly beheld a light; a few minutes later we found ourselves in front of a church. It was dimly illuminated; some people were inside. 'This way, this way' I heard several voices shouting. I ordered the driver to stop the horses. 'What have you been doing all this while,' remarked some one; 'why, your girl is in despair, the minister was at a loss to know what to do, and we were just ready to drive home.' Without considering the situation I entered the church and was soon directed to a dark corner where upon the bench lay the bride, while a girl, evidently her maid, busied herself about her. 'Thanked be the Lord, you are here at last,' cried the girl to me. 'Why, the barushka (miss), is overcome with grief.' I had no sooner directed my attention from the bride when the half-blind old minister approached asking me if I was ready for the altar.

"Certainly, certainly," said I, hardly knowing what I was about. The bride was helped to the altar; she impressed me as a good looking girl—O, wretched man that I am!

"I took the place beside her at the altar. The minister was impatient, the three witnesses and the maid supported the bride, and it seemed that their entire attention was given to her. We were married. 'Kiss each other,' commanded the minister, after the ceremony was over. My wife removed the veil from her face and as I was ready to kiss her she drew back shrieking. 'Away! away! It is not he!' All turned their frightened eyes on me. I retreated quietly, threw myself into the sleigh and was soon out of the village, leaving a scene of horror behind me."

"My God!" exclaimed Masha, "and you have no idea what had become of your poor wife?"

"Not the slightest; nor do I know the name of that village or where it is situated. I thought so little at the time of such tricks that it soon escaped my memory. My driver, who was with me at the time, had long since died in the war—and here I am, with not the slightest prospects of ever finding the woman on whom I played such a cruel joke."

"Strange, indeed," cried Masha, clasping her hands. "And do you no longer recognize the girl whom you married on that stormy night?"
Brunin grew pale and fell at her feet.

New Treatment of Coal.

An invention which is likely to be of considerable importance from a sanitary point of view has been tested in England with satisfactory results. It consists in the application of a preparation to coal, by which the constituents are said to be concentrated and hardened. In practice the coal is steeped in the solution, and the fuel can be used either wet or dry. Two large fires were shown at the demonstration, one being made with coal in its normal condition and the other with the treated coal. The difference was manifest, the chemicalized coal giving off but a trifling amount of smoke, while a good blazing fire was maintained. The treatment of the coal is said to cost twelve cents per ton, every expense included. It is proposed that the coal shall be treated in coal merchants' yards, ready for delivery to the consumer.

Specimens of American Humor.

The disposition of Americans to exaggerate is especially prominent in what is known as American humor. A story associated with "picket-firing" during the civil war brings out this feature of national character.

One day there was a truce between the two hostile picket lines.

"Ho, Yank!" called out a lank Mississippian, who had just been posted, can you fellows shoot?"

"Wal, Johnny, I guess we can, some. Can You?"

"Shoot!" shouted back the confederate. "Why, down in Mississippi we knock a bumble bee off a thistle blow at 300 yards!"

"Oh, that's nothing to the way we shoot up in Vermont! I belong to a company up ther' of a hundred men, and every week we used to go out to practice. The cap'n would draw us up in single file, and set a cider barrel rollin' down hill. Each man took a shot at the bung-hole as it tumbled."

"The barrel was then examined, and if there was a shot found that didn't go into the bung-hole, the man that fired it was expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

The exaggeration is often so pronounced to eclipse the humor. A Californian, hearing a Brazilian tell of the wonderful fireflies of his country, so large and luminous that ladies wore them on their person inclosed in gauze, replied:

"That's nothin'. Why, in California the fireflies are so large that they use them to cook by. They set the kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot hooks, and their bodies give out heat enough to boil potatoes."—Yeath's Companion.

An Unconscious Reflection.

"What made you leave your 'last place, Nora?" Nora: "Shure; ther missis wuz a thur wanthin' me ter cool aff me hair so she cud make a switch av it ter match her own, ther owld riddid thing!"

WINTER WINDOW PLANTS.

How to Make a Successful Garden in the House.

In order to make a success of growing plants in the window, one must have some idea of their needs. One must know how Dame Nature takes care of the plant out of doors. A plant growing out of the doors has all the fresh air it needs. Shut up in the house it has just what you may please to give it. Then we can see that in order to thrive a plant must have fresh air. How shall we give it? If we should open the window in cold weather directly on the plant it would chill it to death. Therefore it would seem best to open the window farthest from the plant, and in the middle of the day, when the sun shines hottest.

A plant growing out of doors, if the soil does not exactly suit it, its roots will wander a good ways in search of something better. But if those roots are cramped in a flower pot it has to do the best it can. So, then, to be a success a plant must have a soil suitable for its needs. A plant growing out of doors when it is watered takes up just what it needs, and the rest goes into the ground around it. A plant in a pot sometimes gets more than it needs, there is no place for it to go, it saturates the soil, it becomes mud, sours and rots the roots, and the plant turns yellow and dies. So it seems we must be careful not to over-water, and must provide a way of escape for the water that the roots do not want.

Then plants in pots must be well drained. How? A pot measuring six inches across should have an inch drainage in the bottom, put in this way: A piece of broken flower pot should be placed over the hole in the bottom, then filled in with smaller pieces. If you have none, small bits of charcoal and moss are good. Then a little soil is put in and the plant set in and the soil closely packed around, leaving an inch at the top for watering. Many make the mistake of filling the pot so full of soil that the water goes over instead of into the pot.

A plant out of doors has its leaves washed often by the showers, and how it refreshes them, especially after a hot, dry time. Plants in the house will have to depend on you to wash them. When does Dame Nature do this? She never washes her plants when the sun is shining hot upon them, so we will take the hint and wash ours in the morning, before the sun shines hot—never toward night, when the air grows cold and frosty. She does not dash down cold water when the air is warm, so we will warm the water a little for our plants. She does not pour down rain from a big dipper, but sprinkles it gently over them. We will take the hint and use a watering pot with a fine rose.

In regard to watering plants, how often, or how much, no fixed rule can be given, much depending on the dryness of the air, the plant itself, whether active or wet or dry soil, whether growing fast or slow. When the days are short and cloudy they will not need as much as when the days get longer and are sunny.

Plants need a full bath once a week. They should be taken to the kitchen. Make a weak soap-suds just warm in a tub; tie a piece of cloth over the pot to keep the earth in, then with a small piece of sponge wash every leaf on both sides, not touching the flowers.

When all are done wash off in clear tepid water and wipe off the pots.

Plants, like children, cannot be neglected a day without showing it. And now I must say what I ought perhaps to have said in the beginning. Don't think you can make your window-garden a success unless you are willing to work for it, and are not afraid to put your hands right into the soil. A few moments work each day, perhaps, but it must be every day. And it won't do to let Bridget or Mary do it for you.

Of course you can buy soil all prepared for your plants, but you can prepare it yourself. If you want to use it in the fall you must begin in the spring. Grass sods cut in the spring and piled together, grass side in, will make a good soil. It should be turned over twice during the summer, to help it decay, chamber-slops, soap-suds and dish-water, if care is taken to throw on fresh earth now and then to keep the odor dead.

You will need some well rotted cow manure (never use horse manure for plants indoors or out doors); it should be like rich black earth. When ready for use this soil can be sifted through coarse wire netting to get out the roots and stones; then the manure mixed with it—about one-third of the latter. Mix well and let it stand a few days before using. This will grow anything you will be likely to have in your window, unless it be begonias, gloxinias, primroses and ferns, which like, instead of so much manure, some fine leaf mold.

The common unglazed porous pot is considered the best for the healthy growth of the plant, perhaps you may think, as many other people do, that plants are not healthful to have in the house in the winter. Now you can set your mind at rest, for the doctors and the scientific men have experimented and compared notes, and finally have decided that plants are healthful. They have gone farther, and now assert that they are positively beneficial for invalids, and those who suffer from lung troubles.

"They exhale a certain amount of ozone and vapor, which maintains a

healthy dampness in the air and sides are destructive of the micro-organisms which promote consumptive tendencies in human beings."

Shut Off the Speeches.
In January, 1884, the Illinois Press association came to Washington, says the Post of that city, and the Illinois people living here gave a reception to the visitors one evening in the armory on G street. Gen. Green B. Raum was the president of the evening and introduced the speakers. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present, the feature of especial interest to the younger ones being the dance that was to follow the speech making. Gen. Logan, Senator Cullom, and half a dozen members of congress had spoken at considerable length and a score more of congressmen and editors were loaded with speeches and expected to fire them off. The persons who wanted to dance were becoming impatient and Gen. Raum knew there had been enough speaking, but he could not help calling on the speakers in their turns. Finally a young man from Chicago sent a note to Gen. Raum saying: "Call on me for a speech and I will end this flow of reason." Gen. Raum, glad of such an opportunity, called for him next, and the young man, without going upon the platform, said: "Mr. Chairman, these people have heard some excellent speeches and have heard quite enough of them. I know they would rather dance than listen any longer, and, speaking for myself, I believe I speak the wishes of all the other speakers here when I say it is time to close this part of the program." The applause that followed this left the speakers where they had to decline, and Gen. Raum, taking quick advantage of the situation, said: "Well, if the speakers won't speak we can't make them to," and closed the polls against at least a dozen men who were eager to be heard and would have talked until midnight.

Omens.

The superstition of this age concentrates itself in winning money; omens of health, omens of happiness, omens of success or failure in love have lost all their power. But people still cling to omens that may affect making or losing money. In days of old men were wont to dream of their sweethearts, women of the men they were to marry. Nowadays men and women desire to dream of nothing but a number in the lottery. There's the man who finds a ticket on the street; the man who meets with the same number three times in succession in different connections; the man who buys the last ticket the fellow has to sell; the man who will not sell a ticket he has bought, even for double or five times the price. They never win; it is always the man who is not superstitious who wins. But in the hotbed of lottery down south, the saddest case is the sexton of the church who, in the daily drawings, always plays the numbers of the hymn tunes the clergyman selects for service.

A Night's Winnings.

"That's a fine building," said I to a friend the other day as we passed a tall structure of red brick downtown. "Yes," he replied; "you'd hardly think that it represents a night's winnings at roulette."
"How can that be? The only gambling going on now is of the 'shoe-string' sort on the borders of the desert in Alleghany, is it not?"
"Oh, the gambling took place twenty years ago in the city of Baden Baden, when the man who erected that building lived there. He was poor, and as he grew toward man's estate a desire to go to America overwhelmed every other thought in his mind. But he had not the money to pay his passage. "One night he chanced to be walking in the grounds of the conversation-haus pondering over his unhappy fortune when the thought occurred to him that by venturing the sum of money he had—which was not large enough to be of any use—at the gaming table he might make a stake sufficient to carry him to America. Without more delay he went to the gambling hall and, without plan or special precision, risked his money on the roulette-wheel. He won from the very first and left the conversation-haus that night with money in every pocket. The next day he played awhile again, but after adding a little to his winnings of the preceding night he left the table. He took with him the resolution never to gamble again and enough gold to carry him to America and give him a fair start in business there. He has kept both the resolution and the gold. The latter has multiplied exceedingly."
"The moral, then, is—"
"That it is a good thing to make a resolution never to gamble and to keep it."

A Valuable Bird.

"Mother wants to come and make us a visit, John, but I'm afraid she never will as long as we have that parrot. She detests parrots." Husband: "Does she?" Wife: "Yes, and you know you have a standing offer of \$50 for that bird." Husband: "My dear, I wouldn't sell that parrot for \$150."

An English woman is made of clay unless she is attendant on the Queen, and then she is maid of honor.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

