

Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. IX. No. 40.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPT. 19, 1890.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

THE CASS CITY BANK.

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

I have recently purchased and put into my Fire Proof Vault A MODERN BURG-LAR PROOF SAFE. I now claim to have the BEST "Lock-up" in this section of the country.

This safe has every modern improvement; size 26 inches square and 30 inches high; weight 4,100 lbs.; cost \$1,000.

I take this method of inviting my customers, friends and the general public to call and inspect this safe. We have the best of facilities for taking care of valuables of any kind, weighing less than 4 lbs. Will receive and receipt for them and deliver them when called for. This is a new feature of our business. We also desire to call attention to the fact that you can send money to any foreign country from this bank. We can loan you money on land, providing you have ample security. We are willing to advance 1/2 of the cash value of farming lands, and to those that can get along with this amount, we solicit your business. We have some special advantages to offer you on this class of loans.

A liberal rate of interest paid on time deposits.

C. W. McPHAIL,
Banker.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

RECORDED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	90
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	85
do No. 2 red.....	91
do No. 3 red.....	87
Oats.....	33@35
Beans hand-picked.....	150@2 00
do unpicked.....	125@1 50
Rye.....	40
Barley.....	90@1 15
Clover seed.....	375@4 00
Peas per bushel.....	35@ 45
Buckwheat.....	25@ 28
Pork, live weight.....	3 00
Pork, dressed.....	4@4 50
Butter.....	12
Eggs.....	15
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 23
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

A Grand Offer!

Do not forget our grand offer. We and the ENTERPRISE and the American Farmer one year to those who pay all arrears and one year in advance, and to new subscribers paying one year in advance. The subscription price of the American Farmer alone is one dollar; you get it free. Do not fail to avail yourself of this grand opportunity.

Caught On The Fly.

Robert Wallace is on the sick list. Consult the correct market reports. Farmers have commenced cutting their corn. T. H. Fritz and wife spent Sunday in Caro. Dr. Chase, of Caro, was in town on Tuesday. Elliott Metcalf is in Saginaw this week on business. J. D. Brooker visited the county capital last Monday. Wm. Bentley's blacksmith shop is about completed. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, of Vassar were in town Monday. Large quantities of grapes are being marketed here. Jack Frost made his appearance last Saturday night. Fifty new names have been added to our subscription list. A good girl for general house work is wanted at H. C. Wales. Mrs. A. A. McKenzie visited relatives at Cumber last Sunday. The race track on the fair ground is now in excellent condition. Miss Lyda Winegar is confined to her bed with intermittent fever. Howe and Bigelow are buying apples for parties in Oakland county. Mrs. Mankie is visiting at Mrs. Wm. McPhail's, in Caro, this week. E. J. Darbee, of Almer, was in town on Wednesday. Politics we guess. C. W. Levalley, of Columbiaville, was a visitor in town last Monday. C. R. Elwood, of Pontiac, was in the village last Monday on business. The republican county convention will be held at Caro, September 30th. F. Weymouth, now of Richmond Mich., is visiting at W. L. Frost's this week. Robt. Walker, an Inlay Cityite, was in Cass City the fore part of the week.

Otis Greenleaf is here working for his uncle, K. S. Work.

Miss Jessie Clark is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Hebblewhite, this week.

Henry Buttle will discuss politics at the McQuillan school house to-night.

T. W. Dunn shipped another consignment of cheese to England last Tuesday.

A good many melon patches have been the scene of nightly raids during the past week.

The ladies of the Baptist society will serve meals on the fair ground during the fair.

Our Owendale and Creel correspondence was received to late for publication this week.

W. D. Schooley is making a set of single and double harness to exhibit at the fair.

Two of James Reed's boys, of Pittsburg, Pa., are here visiting their uncle, Thos. Cross.

Elder Deming is delivering this week the bible he has taken orders for for the past month.

The piece of Sebawaing coal in our window has attracted considerable attention this week.

12,000 eight-sheet bills, for Dr. Etherington, were printed at this office the fore part of the week.

The smell of dried red clover will, 'tis said, rid a room of flies quicker than any poison invented.

A bouncing baby girl arrived at the home of Justice Wales, the fore part of last week.

The board of school inspectors were in session on Monday, making out their annual report.

Special rates from all points on the P. O. & N. R. R. to the Cass City fair, Sept. 24, 25 and 26th.

Cross Bros. have just completed the painting of Adam Benkelman's house. It is a good job.

Jack Sealey, who has been stopping at Leonard for the past two months, has returned to Cass City.

Thomas Cross has sold his house and lot. He does not intend to move away from Cass City, however.

A couple were married in town on Wednesday but we could not learn who, although we tried hard.

A trotting race for oxen, single and double, will be a conspicuous feature of the Cheboyagan county fair.

A. G. Houghton has returned from Pennsylvania, where he has been organizing lodges of Patrons of Toil.

Corn husks are very thick this year, which recalls the old Indian saw: "Heap thick corn husk—heap cold winter."

The ladies' aid society of the Presbyterian church will present "The Deceitful School" some time in the near future.

George Killins purchased the house recently vacated by Duncan Love, and moved into the same last week Friday.

W. J. Gamble, of Caro, was in the city last Saturday and Sunday. He returned to Caro on his iron horse Monday morning.

Miss Alice Pedder, of Strathroy, Ont., and Miss Carrie McArthur, of Yale, are the guests of 2 Macks 2 and families, this week.

Dr. J. Etherington is on the road this week distributing advertising matter and taking orders for his kaskarilla liver syrup.

Perry L. Fritz left on Monday for Detroit, where he intends taking up the study of medicine at the Detroit medical college.

Editor Dennis, of the Waldron Gazette, has taken in \$448 and paid out \$505 since the paper started; and now he has become quite sad.

Farmers are hustling in to pay up arrears, renew their subscription to the ENTERPRISE and also get the American Farmer for one year.

John Leonard has several teams at work on his farm just east of the village. John spent Sunday in town and returned to Bad Axe on Monday.

Reid and Allen have rented the Town hall for the two last days of our fair and will give a dance in the same during these two days and nights.

A. H. Brown and sister, Frank Brown, bid their many friends of Cass City good bye on Tuesday and departed on Wednesday morning for Sand Beach.

Jas. N. LaRue and wife leave on Saturday for Saginaw, where they expect to take up their residence. The ENTERPRISE wishes them every success.

Miss Lena Blinn returned to Cass City last Saturday night. A number of the members of the Epworth League met her at the train and welcomed her back.

The band stand was moved to the fair ground last Monday and will be used for the judge's stand. J. D. Crosby superintended the job of moving.

The band contest at the fair next week, between two of the best bands in the state, will doubt be a feature worth coming many miles to see.

Mr. Cooper, a farmer living about four miles down the river, had the wheat that he had saved out for flour and seed stolen from his granary about a week ago.

The Yale Expositor says: Rev. L. Clark, who has been located in Richfield, has just taken in charge the Cass City circuit. He will locate at Cass City.

Miss Minnie White, of Pennsylvania who has been the guest of Dr. McLean and wife for the past two weeks, left on Saturday for her home at Danville, Pa.

Mrs. E. H. Pimney, Irene and Eddie, returned on Wednesday from Pennsylvania, where they have been making an extended visit with friends and relatives.

The membership ticket issued by the Cass City Fair Association for this year will admit husband, wife and all minor children to the fair during the entire three days.

The Scientific American with its usual enterprise presents this week a good illustration and description of the railway tunnel across the St. Clair river at Port Huron.

A mouse gnawed away the cord sustaining the chandelier of the Bad Axe church and on a recent Sunday it fell with a crash, startling minister and flock almost into fits.

The scholars of the M. E. Sunday school will give an entertainment at the M. E. church next Sunday evening. A good program has been prepared and all are invited to attend.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Wm. Wallace, on Saturday, Sept. 20th at 8 o'clock p. m. Important business is to come before the meeting and all members are requested to be present.

The Presbyterian ladies' aid society gave a peach and cream social at the residence of Mrs. J. L. Hitchcock, on Friday evening. There was a large attendance, but we did not learn the amount received.

Wm. Wright, a farmer living one mile east and three miles north of this place, has sold his farm to his son, Geo. Wright. He intends having an auction sale of his farm stock, on Oct. 7, after which he will take up his residence in Cass City.

To preserve grapes remove from the stem and pack in a jar until it is full, then turn cold honey over them until they are covered. Seal up without any heat and keep in a cool place. In a few months they will be found to be delicious.—Ex.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' reunion held at Vassar last week Tuesday and Wednesday was, according to all reports, a successful one. 500 people, aside from the veterans, were there to witness the exercises and festivities of the occasion.

We acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Sanilac County and Crosswell Fair, to be held Sept. 24th 25th and 26th. The Cass City fair will be held on the same dates, and therefore it will be impossible for us to attend the Crosswell exhibition. However, accept our thanks.

The advertising agent of the Oakland County Agricultural Society was in town Monday. The society's fair, to be held in Pontiac Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d, promises to be the best in its history. Never before were so many entries made by prominent exhibitors as this year. The P. O. & N. R. R. offers half-fare rates to all visitors to the fair.

The school census taken by the directors for this township shows that there is in the several districts of Elkland children between the age of 5 and 20 years, as follows: District No. 1, 69 children; district No. 2, 105 children; district No. 3, 102 children; district No. 4, 29 children; district No. 5, 324 children; district No. 6, 30 children; total, 562 children. What's the matter with Elkland for a show in the rising generation?

The Epworth League will have during the fair, at the entrance of the fair ground, a baggage room, where they will be pleased to receive all baggage and parcels for safe keeping, give the owner a check for the same, charge him five cents and return the parcel when called for and check presented. Five cents will save you a lot of labor if spent as above.

James Wallace, an old resident of Elkland, died on Thursday last week at the home of his son-in-law, Duncan Morrison. Mr. Wallace was 90 years of age and a native of Scotland. He was father of Wm. and Robert Wallace, well-to-do farmers in this township. He came to Elkland about 20 years ago and for the past few years has resided with his daughter, Mrs. Duncan Morrison. He was highly respected by all who knew him, and a good citizen.

Farmers, merchants and everybody come to the fair and bring something with you to exhibit. Remember somebody must furnish the exhibits and that that somebody is yourself. You have to pay no entrance fee, your family ticket entitles you to exhibit at the fair. Also remember that the man who tries to excel in his products and fails is a great deal better than the man who does not try and therefore can't fail. The man that keeps trying will get there after a while; this rule never fails.

A band of genuine gypsies pitched their tents on the banks of the noble Cass the fore part of the week. Their equipage consisted of nine wagons, twelve horses, tents, a quantity of hay, a large number of dogs and other articles too numerous to mention. They hailed from somewhere and were en route for nowhere, apparently. A number of our young men visited them Tuesday night and had their future revealed to them for the small sum of \$1.00. They had the best wagons and horses of any band that has passed through this way for some time.

A slick individual, who has lately been working parts of Lapeer county, is still at large, and should be given proper attention if he happens to call upon any of our farmers. His style of doing business is to call at some promising farm house on his road, enquiring for a good farm to purchase. He is invited, or rather invites himself, to supper, or any other meal, and remains several days, ostensibly to look up the most suitable farm, promising to pay his board during the time he is on the hunt for a home that will suit his taste. Two or three days suffice for this tramp to satisfy his wants, and he disappears in the dark of the night, after having rifled everything about the house of ready cash.—Caro Advertiser.

Three suspicious looking characters were arrested at Dixon's crossing last Saturday morning by Constables Striffler and Hem, who had an idea that they were the Bay City bank robbers, much sought for. Quarters were given them in the village lockup. They stated that they had been working at Owendale for sometime past, but were out of employment and were taking a tie passage to Saginaw. A large caliber revolver was found in the possession of them, which strengthened the officers' belief that they had captured the right parties. One of the Bay City bank officials met the prisoners at Caro Saturday afternoon, but could not identify them as the robbers and they were therefore given their liberty.

He Found a Check and Immediately got it Cashed.

Thomas Mann, who lives eight miles northeast of here, was arrested on Saturday last, charged with the larceny of a check from Joel D. Withey. It appears that Perry Withey, a son of Mr. Withey, lost in the blacksmith shop of H. S. Wickware on Friday last a check payable to J. D. Withey or bearer. Mr. Mann being in the shop about that time found it and went to the bank and had it cashed. After Mr. Withey learned the check had been cashed he went before Justice Wales, obtained a warrant and placed it in the hands of Constable Striffler who, on the following morning, arrested Mann at his residence in Greenleaf. Mr. Mann delivered the money to the constable, which amount was \$39, and was at once brought before the justice and bound over to the circuit court. His bail was fixed at \$200 and, in default of which, he was lodged in the county jail on Saturday night.

Since writing the above we learn that Mr. Mann has procured the necessary bail.

School Notes.

Handed in by Principal Conlon. Sixty pupils enrolled in the intermediate department. Four names added to our high school enrollment Monday. Do not forget to come and visit us when convenient for you to do so. The grammar school pupils appear to be enjoying their work very much this year. We have a large attendance now than at this time last year and more pupils coming every week. Our school library now consists of fifty-five volumes, all of which are excellent reference books. Mr. Johnson has had a severe attack of rheumatism, which has made it very difficult for him to attend to his duties at the building. The attendance in the primary department is very large; there being seventy-seven enrolled and nearly all of them present every day. We kindly request the parents to assist us in securing attendance and punctuality, as it is only by regular attendance and being punctual that the best work may be done.

Come To The Fair!

Bring Your Family And All Your Relatives With You.

Two of the Best Bands in the Thumb Will Discourse Sweet Music For the Occasion.

Next week will be fair week in Cass City. It should be remembered that the officers of the association have put forth every effort to make our fair one of the best ever held in this part of the country. The Caro and North Branch bands have been engaged to discourse music during the continuance of the fair. These two bands are acknowledged to be the best organized and trained bands in the "Thumb." We have the promise of one of the best stock shows ever made in this section of Michigan. Our race track is said by all who have seen it to be a first-class track and good races will undoubtedly be had. Floral hall is a large and commodious building and there will be excellent opportunities for the ladies to display their artistic work and the farmer to display his farm produce. The farmer from the very nature of his occupation loses many of the opportunities for observation that are enjoyed by men of most other callings. His immediate surroundings occupy most of his time and attention and his days for recreation and mingling broadly with his fellow men are few and far between. He should, therefore, when opportunity offers for comparison of his own labor with that of others in the same business take advantage of it. The fair offers an object lesson worthy of his study. He finds at them an assemblage of the best products of his fellow laborers. He can there judge by comparison as to his own status in his business. If he finds others are out doing him he is stimulated to greater efforts. He is led to enquire how certain results are obtained; to seek information that cannot help but be advantageous to him when he returns to his round of toil. His wife who should accompany him, also finds strong competition in her line of duties and learns secrets valuable to her in the kitchen, dairy and parlor. Time spent at the fair will be well spent, be it one day or more. The ideas will be brightened up by contact with others. The spirit of emulation will be around and you will go home feeling that what others can accomplish is also within your power. What you see at the fair will give you new zest for your calling and you will go back to the daily routine of labor with a cheerfulness and determination not measurable in dollars and cents by which profits are sordidly reckoned. Come to the fair with note book and pencil and jot down the items of information that you think will prove of especial value to you. Exhibitors will be as a rule very willing to discuss methods by which they have achieved success, and the items you can thus glean will recompense you twice over for time and expense to say nothing about the enjoyment you will gain from your vacation. Yes, come to the fair by all means, even if something must be left undone at home which you feel ought to be done. Let the greater advantage have precedence over the lesser. Remember that it is not the citizens of Cass City alone instituting the fair but the greater portion of the labor and money that is being spent is contributed by your fellow farmers.

New Ads.

Push! push! push! push! push! push! J. D. Crosby proposes to do both during fair week. He offers bargains. Read his ad. on second page. Frost and Hebblewhite offer special prices during fair week. They quote you a few prices in their change of ad. in another column. Read it. Fritz Bros. offer twenty-five per cent off for cash on wall paper for the next sixty days. They also have a large line of window shades and everything in the line of school supplies at rock bottom prices. They make a specialty of filling prescriptions. Anderson & Co., the wide-awake dealers at Port Huron, have a change of ad. this week. They have been in business at Port Huron for nearly twenty years and have won a widespread reputation by their honest and fair dealings. A careful perusal of their "Pilgrim's Progress" in another column will prove of especial benefit to persons contemplating purchasing anything in their line. Republican Caucus. Notice is hereby given that there will be a caucus held for the township of Elmwood, at the school house in district No. 6, for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the republican county convention at Caro, Sept. 30. BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

CAGETOWN.

School commences Monday next. Miss Jennie Quinn was in Cass City Tuesday. Wm. J. Williamson has fall wheat six inches high already. Mr. Seigler has improved his residence by the addition of woodshed and summer kitchen. The Elmwood republican caucus is called to meet the 27th at the Seely school house at 2 o'clock p. m., sharp. T. C. Maynard was in Cass City Tuesday, on business. Father Flemming's house-keeper arrived Monday. J. M. Young was at the county capital Monday on business. The P. O. & N. R. R. is doing a lively freight business nowadays. Rev. Wm. Baker has been appointed marshal by the council. Mrs. J. M. Myers has been engaged by Mrs. Todd as helper at the Medler house during the fair. The flag pole at the school house has been taken down as it was in the track of the new side walk. Orson Hopkins and wife, of Bay Port, were calling on friends in town the past week, returning Tuesday. We trust that everybody will take interest enough in the Cass City fair to attend at least two days out of the three and thus help to make it a success. The Ladies' Aid of the Episcopal church will hold their annual harvest thanksgiving, Tuesday next, Sept. 23rd. Refreshments will be served in R. S. Brown's store on Gore street. Ministers from Detroit and Port Huron will be present to assist Mr. Colins and a very pleasant time is anticipated. Come one, come all and bid Rev. Mr. Colins good by as he is about to depart for England.

Notice.

Parties wishing to give their orders for nursery stock or transact business in any way during fair time, will find me at H. C. Wales' office, opposite the grist mill. HENRY W. ROBINSON.

Does Fruit Growing Pay in this Section?

Up to Sept. 1st K. S. Work and his brother have purchased between four and five hundred bushels of plums, besides a large quantity has been purchased by the merchants of Cass City, which goes to show that this section is adapted to fruit growing, especially the raising of plums. I do therefore recommend that farmers and all others interested in the cultivation of plums to prepare their ground this fall, and allow me to supply you with a good grade of trees for next spring's planting. Buyers are now here paying good prices for Fall apples and contracting for Winter fruit, which all goes to prove that, as fruit growing of all kinds increases in this section, a ready market at home will be the result. Again I desire to say to the public that I am fully prepared to furnish any and all kinds of nursery stock at very reasonable rates; special bargains to those desiring large orders. As I have had your liberal patronage for the past four years, I desire to extend to you my hearty thanks and hope for a continuation of the same. Very truly yours, HENRY W. ROBINSON.

During Fair Week

ONLY!

As a Still further Attraction in My Store I Shall Sell My Elegant Line of

Jewelry, Silverware

And All Kinds of Time-Keepers

at a

BIG REDUCTION!

Too Low For Direct Profit.

As an Advertisement

I Trust That This Will

Prove a Success!

For ONE WEEK ONLY, and then I shall again begin to live on a fair Reasonable Profit. A Bonified Reduction on

EVERYTHING IN MY STORE DURING FAIR WEEK ONLY.

J. F. HENDRICK

THE

Cass City Jeweler.

THE TRUE ARISTOCRAT.

Who are the nobles of the earth, The true aristocrats, Who need not bow their heads to lords, Nor doff to kings their hats?

THE KISS OF SUDDEN DEATH

"There is nothing so impossible that a novelist can't lead a story up to it," said Professor Boyesen, of Columbia College, as he sat in a group at the Authors' Club.

"That's so," said Edgar Saltus, "but I've found that the best schemes for odd fiction are prostrated by the necessary death of the principals without disclosing the material for a climax."

"I know what you mean," said Editor Gilder of the Century Magazine, "and I wonder why some of you gentlemen don't extend a romance beyond death—say by means of a spiritualistic communication from the actors. Now you, Professor Smith, you're a scientist, why don't you do it?"

The gentleman thus addressed was Professor Brainard Gardner Smith, of Cornell University.

"And I have the start of it in mind now," Professor Smith replied. "Once, when I was in journalism, I had occasion to go over a pile of old Liverpool newspapers, and thus came upon a remarkable paragraph in the ship news. Translated out of the language of commerce it was to the effect that the good ship Empress, just arrived from Australia, reported that while rounding the Cape of Good Hope she had been driven southward far out of her course by a storm, and away down in the southern Atlantic had sighted a vessel drifting aimlessly about. The first mate boarded her, and, returning, reported that the derelict was the ship Albatross. That she had been abandoned was plain, for all the boats were gone, and so were the log and the ship's instruments. On deck close by the companion hatch lay two bodies, or rather skeletons, clad in weather rotted garments that showed them to have been man and woman. These bodies were headless, but the heads were nowhere to be found on the deserted deck. The mate found on the cabin table an open book, with writing on its pages. A pen lay on the table and a small inkstand, in which the ink had evidently long since dried. The book was evidently a journal ordinary, so the mate reported, and he put it in his pocket, meaning to carry it aboard the Empress, but when he was getting down into his small boat the book slipped from his pocket, dropped into the water, and sank. The Albatross was badly water-logged and he thought could not have floated much longer. To this report the editor of the paper added a note saying that the readers would all doubtless remember that the Albatross had sailed from Liverpool several years before, bound for Australia, and was thought to have gone down with all on board, as no news of her had since been received. That was the substance of the remarkable paragraph. What was almost as remarkable to me, a newspaper man, was that the Liverpool paper had evidently made no effort to learn the owner's name of the Albatross, the name of her captain and crew, or whether or not she carried any passengers.

"I carefully searched the files to see if there were any further reference to the case. There was none. After the manner of his kind the editor of the paper had, so it seemed, taken it for granted that his readers would remember all the particulars that they wanted to know."

"A few weeks after that I went into northern Vermont to report the Benton murder trial, which was attracting much more than local attention. I was pleased to find that the prosecuting attorney was an old classmate of mine, but not pleased to find that he had become a spiritualist. I mentioned the headless bodies to him, and, as a joke, asked him to conjure up the two spirits in a seance, so as to solve the mystery. Well, we tried to—"

"And failed, of course," interposed Edgar Fawcett.

A quizzical expression came into Professor Smith's face and he said:

"Oh, no; we got the whole story through a medium. The bodies were those of Arthur Hartley and Helen Rankins, and he looked defiantly around the circle for a contradiction. "It was Hartley whose communication we got through the Vermont medium, and this is what he said:

"Helen and I were passengers aboard the Albatross. My Uncle John promised me a fortune. He was confident that an explosive of his invention would work such wonders in Australian mines that within 10 years we would go back to England rich beyond the dreams of avarice. One day Uncle John got into a hot discussion with Captain Raymond about the efficacy of the wonderful explosive compound. The captain seemed doubtful. Uncle John was for the instant angry."

"I'll show you, then," he said, and he rushed into the cabin where his boxes were stored and came out shortly with two tin cans, each holding something less than a pint. He unscrewed the top of one, disclosing a brownish powder. "Take care!" said the captain, who seemed needlessly cautious and almost fearful.

"Why, I thought you said it was useless," said Uncle John, with a laugh; "and yet you are afraid of it. Look here." He lighted a match and held it close to the powder. A dark smoke

arose that instantly extinguished the little flame and floated off, leaving a queer smell. That was all.

"Perfectly harmless, captain," continued Uncle John, who had now recovered his usual good nature. "Perf city harmless—unless you wet it. Then look out!"

"The cook made a sort of dumpling for dinner, and a great lot of it remained. Uncle John took a mass of this dough, for it was little else, squeezed it until it was quite dry, and molded it into a ball. "Come with me," he said, "and, Arthur, bring a plate of that dough with you." He took the cans and we followed him to the deck. There he carefully covered the ball of dough with the powder, and going to the rail threw it as far as he could out over the placid sea. As the ball struck the water there was a loud explosion, and the spray was thrown high into the air. The crew, who had been hanging over the port rail forward, turned and rushed over to see what was up. Uncle John made another ball, and threw it with like result.

"Oh, honly torpeters," growled one of the men, and they turned back to their places. Uncle John, now evidently anxious to give us thorough proof of the value of his compound, was for throwing more balls, when the boatswain, rolling aft, touched his hat, and said to the captain:

"Please, sir, there's a big black shark as has showed his fin haff the port bow, and if so be that the doctor'll wait a bit with his torpeters we'll show 'un some fun a-catchin' of it."

"All right, boatswain," said the captain, and we all went over to the port rail. "There he is," said the captain, pointing to a sharp black thing that, rising just above the water, was cutting quietly through it. "That is his fin, and there's a big shark under it, or I'm much mistaken."

"The men fell back and looked eagerly. The cook handed up a big chunk of meat. "Wipe it as dry as you can," said Uncle John, "and tie it firmly to the rope." When this was done he sprinkled the powder from the can carefully over the meat; then he carried it cautiously to the rail. The shark was cruising back and forth. Uncle John lowered the meat slowly into the water, right in front of the monster. He saw the bait, and dived at it, and then there was a tremendous report, and the spray flew into our faces as we leaned over the rail. The next moment we saw the big fish floating motionless on the water.

"Blessed if e'as'n't blowed 'is ead close off," said the boatswain.

"It was so. That terrible compound of Uncle John's had needed only the impact of the shark's teeth to explode it with deadly effect."

"Oh, it's only a fish story," Edgar Fawcett interrupted, when Professor Smith, who is an expert elocutionist, had spoken thus far in the assumed character of the dead man.

"It is a lovely story," Professor Smith went on, with no lapse from his impersonation of the solemnly speaking spirit of Harley. "Our vessel was plundered and abandoned by the mutinous crew. Only Helen, whom I madly loved, but who had never yet confessed she loved me, was left alone on board with me. Days of famishing and fever ensued. One afternoon Helen was lying motionless in the shadow of the companion hatch. I threw myself down by her side. She put out her hand and grasped mine, and a flush crossed her face. I was too weak to speak, and thus hand in hand we lay for I don't know how long. Gradually I lost consciousness, perhaps in sleep. At all events my spirit was not free. The frail body still had strength enough to retain it. I was aroused by something dropping on my face. As consciousness came back I saw that the sky had become overcast; that a cool breeze was blowing, and that a gentle rain was falling. Helen was sitting erect, and with parted lips drinking in the grateful rain laden air. I tried to rise, but could not. She was much stronger than I, and at my direction went below and brought blankets and clothes, which she spread on the deck, that they might catch the falling drops. She seemed quite vigorous, and already I felt my own strength coming back. Soon she was able to squeeze water from the blanket into a little can which stood by the mast. We were in too great agony of thirst to think of neatness. She offered the can to me.

"Drink yourself, Helen," I said.

"No," she answered, with a smile. "No, you need it most." And kneeling by my side she slipped her arm under my head and with the other hand held the water to my parched lips.

"I drank eagerly. The draught was life to me. Never had water such strength giving power. I hardly noticed that it left such a queer taste upon my lips. I sat erect. Helen, with her arm still around my neck, drank what remained in the can. Then she looked me full in the face. There was a new expression in the lovely eyes. A deep flush was on her brow.

"Arthur," she said, and there was a tremor in the rich deep voice, "Arthur, I love you! Oh, I love you! May I darling, my noble, faithful darling! Arthur!"

"She threw herself upon my breast with burning face and streaming eyes. The blood leaped through my veins. She raised her sweet face and our lips met for the first time. There was an awful crash and our freed spirits took their happy flight together.

"We had drank from the can that had contained Uncle John's explosive. A little of the powder had clung to the can, floated on the water, and adhered to our lips when we drank.

"The impact of that first elastic kiss had exploded the compound and our heads were blown from our shoulders. That's all."

And Professor Smith, the story teller, smiled.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Victoria's Crown. The English crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and emeralds, set in silver and gold bands. It weighs 39 ounces and 5 pennyweights, 273 grains. In it there are 3,452 diamonds, 273 pearls, 9 rubies, 17 sapphires, and 11 emeralds.

FOR THE FARMER.

Brain Starving Is What Drives Children From the Homestead—Growing and Feeding Roots.

Drops for Fodder—Peas and Alfalfa for Hogs—Variety of Food for Cows, Etc., Etc.

Value of Kind Words.

I am the son of a farmer and have been a farmer all my life. There should be some influence on the farm to inspire the boys and girls with more love for it. I apprehend that the reason a boy leaves his father's farm is his desire for less drudgery and more knowledge and influence. The girl sees the wives of farmers with more prospect ahead but one of toil, while other women, who are no better, occupy positions amidst joys and pleasures. There should be in the farmer's house an elevating influence. If it is possible to create an atmosphere at home that will increase the love of children for it, let us do it. It is my hope and ambition that my boy may never be lured from his home, and that my girl may marry a farmer, if marry she must.

Since my little boy was 3 years old, he has been my intimate associate and friend. I have taught him a love for the trees I have planted, for the fields, for the grand views to be seen in all directions from my home, for the animals as they grow. Both children love their pigs, cows, sheep, poultry and ponies. They are taught to love the animals, how to care for them, and their value. When sold, the income is theirs, and they are taught how to expend it for needful uses, and in this way a knowledge of business is acquired and an appreciation of money and its value.

The boy or girl may be made a scientist when very young, and in this way an enthusiasm for learning may be acquired. Science is, after all, a plain thing. It is knowledge—exact knowledge—in one word, fact. Cannot a boy or girl be inspired to search for facts? A fact found out is knowledge—science—and it is none the less so because its finder is young. We can scarcely go too far to stimulate the ambition in our children to reach out after facts. We should aid them with papers and books. The farmer who does not provide his son and daughter with some agricultural periodical and paper and books, has no right to expect better things in his children, and to hope that they will love a profession upon which they starve. Brain starving will not fill any child with a reverence for the farm hearthstone, or fire their hearts with a determination to protect and perpetuate the homestead. The more of the homestead inspiration we can create, the stronger will be the ties which bind us to the farm, our fathers and our country. More knowledge will do this, as with it will come more comfort, privilege and honor. The farmer's boy sees too little preference in his future. What are we doing for boys other than our own? Do we give the farmers' sons the places of trust, influence and honor? More knowledge and culture in our homes will lay a foundation for this. We must, or our ranks will be thinner. No farmer need allow his boys to grow up in ignorance. Teach them all you know; gather knowledge wherever you go that you may carry it home. There is no profession on God's green earth that needs more knowledge than farming.

The food a farmer provides has a great deal to do with his intellect and that of his family. We make a mistake when we provide our tables with the coarsest foods. Do not sell the best products of the farm and keep the poorest food for your own consumption.

We must acquire a taste for recreation and pleasure. It is not necessary that the boy should seek pleasure in the saloon, on the street corner, or at the circus. Take your family in your wagon and travel to the neighboring lake or river. Be social; invite your friends to see you; be happy, and let us begin now.—E. D. Curtis, in Husbandman.

Root Culture.

In the course of a discussion upon the growing and feeding of roots at a meeting of the Elmira Farmers' Club, John Bridgman said: "I have raised turnips and beets for the last twenty-five years until this year. I raised turnips more for the market than feeding. I raised the Sweet Russian or White Swede; it is the best turnip for the market. I have raised sugar beets and the manglewurzel. I sow of turnip seed one and one-fourth pounds per acre; that is a large amount of seed, but I sow plenty of seed and make provision for the black bug, and when they are out of the way of the bug I thin out to about eight to ten inches apart in a row. I use a hoe for thinning instead of pulling them out. A sandy loam is the best soil for roots. I would sow on a corn stubble that had been a sod turned under. Plow early in Spring to give the weeds a chance to start, top grass with fine barnyard manure and dragging in thoroughly, then make a ridge for seed. I have tried both ridging and surface raising and like the ridging best; the roots pull much easier when in ridges. I use a shovel cultivator for making the ridge, and make them about two feet apart from center to center. I do not aim to raise very large turnips; they do not sell as well as a medium size; once cultivated, after thinning is usually enough. There are two varieties of the White Swede; one with a long neck and one with a short neck. I raise the long neck kind, as they pull much easier. Two men pull four rows across the field at a time and throw the roots on the outside row, and pull the same back, throwing four rows together in a windrow, from which we top and throw in wagon. I use a large knife for topping. I grow beets the same as turnips; it is not necessary to ridge for beets as it is for turnips. I use a short head rake about six inches long for raking the rows before sowing the seed." Mr. Bridgman was asked: "With oats, barley, and corn, at 1 cent per pound, how much are turnips worth per bushel?" "That would depend," said Mr. Bridgman, "a great deal upon what other feed is being fed if one is feeding hay, or corn stalks;

roots would be worth more than if fed with more succulent food like ensilage when meal or ground feed would be worth more. If I had a quantity of turnips I would feed them all Winter and early Spring, when the cows have become tired of other feed. I feed 24 cows five bushels of beets or turnips per day—about six bushels. I think they are worth about 10 cents per bushel."

Fodder Crops.

While there are quite a number of crops that can be grown especially for fodder there are few, if any, that will furnish as large an amount of feed at as low a cost as sowed corn.

With all such crops it is quite an item to have the soil rich and in good tilth in order to secure a good, thrifty growth. While the corn may be sowed broadcast or drilled, a better quality of feed can be secured by sowing it in rows so that two or three cultivations can be given. The stalks will grow larger and have more leaves on them than if sown so close together that cultivation cannot be given.

Next to corn, sorghum will probably be the best. Early Amber cane, if sown in good season and in good soil, will furnish a large amount of feed. There are a number of plants that belong to the sorghum family, such as rice cane, Kaffir corn, Milo maize, but they are no more valuable as fodder plants than the common Amber cane. The cane contains a larger amount of saccharine matter, and the yield of seed is nearly if not quite as good as any of the others. Both corn and cane sown in this way can be cut and fed green, or can be cut and cured for fodder to be used during the winter.

Stowell's ever-green sweet corn is a good early forage crop and can be grown for feeding in mid-Summer to good advantage. It yields well and a full number of stock are kept in proportion to the acreage in pasture, a patch of this will be found of considerable aid during the Summer. Millet or Hungarian can be raised in the same way. But the cane or corn will stand the longest, and furnish the largest amount of feed in proportion to the acreage. A very good plan is to select a place convenient to the feeding lot, or pasture and seed to rye in the fall. From this considerable Winter and early Spring pasture can be secured; the latter part of May or the first of June it can be plowed and the corn or cane planted. A small patch of ground can in this way be made to furnish a large amount of feed at a low cost. What is not fed out green can be cut and cured for Winter feeding.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Peas and Alfalfa for Hogs.

Peas succeed best on rich soil, but a fair crop may be obtained from a light timothy soil if ashes be applied in the Spring after plowing. Timothy, as all other grasses, requires large amounts of potash, and consequently a soil that has borne grass for some years is liable to be more or less poor in potash, which, therefore, should be supplied, and in this case is best furnished by ashes, as they also contain a large amount of lime. The advantage of lime is to be found in the circumstances that it hastens the decay of the grass stubble and roots; this incites nitrification, thus supplying the pea crop with its necessary quantum of nitrogen from the atmosphere, which is the cheapest and surest source the farmer can draw from. The soil should, however, be at least moderately heavy as peas delight in a clay soil, the heavier the better, and be got ready as early as possible, as peas should never be planted in a warm soil, but always at the time when oats are sown. As to quantity of peas sown to the acre three bushels should be enough.

In regard to mode of feeding, it would be most economical to let the pigs forage for themselves after the peas are about half grown in the pods. It should, however, be remembered that peas do not produce a second growth, and therefore the time during which the pigs could be fed upon these field peas is exceedingly limited, and in but few cases would extend over more than three weeks. A clover pasture is different, as it will grow up as fast as eaten off, thus providing a reliable as well as profitable source of rich feed during the entire summer. But the best and most satisfactory course for summer feed for pigs, is an acre or two in alfalfa. This can be cut over and over again, always furnishing an abundant and exceptionally rich source of feed. As this can be fed the pigs while they are yarded, a large amount of very valuable manure can be saved, which is a great desideratum. The alfalfa is much richer in digestible nutriment than peas, stands for years on the land, if once properly rooted, and what is not fed during the summer can be siloed for winter use. All things considered, my experience should lead me to depend upon alfalfa as summer feed for pigs in preference to anything else. Should I raise field peas, I should let them mature, thresh, grind the peas coarsely, and feed to pigs with equal quantity of corn to balance the protein, and use the balum for either sheep or cows, never for horses, as it exerts an unhealthy influence upon their kidneys but does not seem to so affect ruminants.—Country Gentleman.

Industrious Neapolitans.

It is declared by a recent traveler that the people of Naples no longer deserve the reputation of being the laziest on earth. "I have spoken," he says, "with architects, engineers, and other employers of labor, who all testify to the willingness of the Neapolitan to work. It is, moreover, self-evident in the hundred different street industries which supply half the population with a means of livelihood. The Neapolitan laborer and artisan are not only willing, but they work well, with intelligence."

Personal Knowledge.

The intelligence of animals became one of the subjects of discussion at a little dinner party. An enthusiastic advocate of the dog was asked: "Do you mean to tell us that there are some dogs with more sense than their masters can boast of?" "Certainly; I have one."

WHAT LITTLE FOLKS SAY.

Teacher—Who was the most concerned when Absalom got hung by the hair? Tommy—Abs'lon.

A small Boston girl of three, after a visit to the country, remarked wistfully: "I wish we had a house out of doors."—Boston Transcript.

Teacher—How was it that the lions did not eat Daniel when he was put in the den? Dennis O'Brien—It was Friday, o'm thinkin'.

Minister—Well, Bobby, do you think you will be a better little boy this year than you were last? Bobby (hopefully)—I think so, sir; I began taking cod liver oil last week.

Little Girl—Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he? Veteran's Little Girl—Yes, L. G.—Where is his other one? V. L. G.—Hush, dear; it's in heaven.

Little Boston Girl (to recent arrival)—You jus' come from heaven, brudder? (Brudder vows safes no reply.) Little Boston Girl—Heaven peoples an't as smart as Boston peoples. We can talk.

Tom's little cousin, Mabel, described graphically her sensation on striking a dimpled elbow on the bed carving: "Oh, my!" she sighed, "mamma, I've struck my arm just where it makes stars in my fingers!"

"Richard, what does make you read so constantly?" "Why, you see, mamma, next week I shall be nine years old, and I must get through this book before then, for you see it says, 'For children of six to eight years.'"

Mamma—Robbie, does your ear ache? Robbie—No, mamma. Mamma—Then why have you put cotton in it? Robbie—Well, mamma, you know you keep on telling me that I learn so little, because what goes in at one ear comes out the other. So I've plugged the other up.

Mamma (to Edie, aged three years and six months, just home from her first morning at the kindergarten)—Well, Edie, how did you like it? Edie—I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair, and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present.

"Johnny," asked a Sunday school teacher, "what must we first do before we can expect forgiveness of our sins?" "We have to sin first," promptly replied Johnny, and though the answer was not down in the lesson, it contained such a large chunk of truth that the teacher let it pass.

"Grandpa, do hens make their own eggs?" "Yes, indeed they do, Johnny." "An' do they always put the yolk in the middle?" "Guess they do, Johnny." "An' do they put the starch around it to keep the yeller from rubbing off?" "Quite likely, my little boy." "An' who sews the cover on?" This stumped the old gentleman.

Little Mary, aged four, had a new hat given her, of which she was very proud. The following Sunday she wore the hat to church, but was dreadfully disappointed at not being noticed by the lad whom her childish affections had singled out. Next day the little miss saw the little fellow pass, driving a cow, when she immediately climbed upon the fence and cried: "Oh, Ed, that was me to church yesterday with the new hat on!"

English Jockeys.

It is not to be wondered at that jockeys occasionally get what is technically known as a "big head" and grow pompous and important. Few "jocks" can stand the tremendous temptations to which they are subjected. Most of them are more or less ignorant stable boys who suddenly find that they are in command of earnings ranging between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year, and who are courted, flattered, and patronized in the most absurd manner by men of wealth and position. All sorts of racing and sporting men treat jockeys with flattering consideration, for the boys "sleep in the stalls with the horses" and know more about their running qualities than any outsider, no matter how well informed he may be. The judgment of jockeys is not, as a rule, valuable in deciding upon the finish of a race, but their knowledge of the form of a race horse and the exact condition in which he may happen to be on the eve of the struggle is of great importance. Hence the champagne, tips, and promises which are brought to bear upon the boys. Most of them have to keep in rigid training, denying themselves all but the necessities of life so as to keep down to riding weight, and this has a tendency to make them short tempered. It is not to be wondered at that a jockey occasionally falls by the wayside.

One Swindle Explained.

A drummer who travels for a Boston grocery concern says that he sees in Maine some of the sharpest tricks that are practiced anywhere on his route. He gives the following specimen:

A farmer's wife busted into a store in Washington county the other day and went for the proprietor with:

"Mr. B., I bought six pounds of sugar here last week, and when I got it home I found a stone weighing two pounds in the package."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can you explain the swindle, sir?" "I think I can," was the proprietor's placid reply. "When I weighed your eight pounds of butter week before last I found a two pound pebble in the jar, and when I weighed yoursugar the stone must have slipped into the scales somehow. We are both giving old, ma'am, and I am sorry to say that our eyesight isn't to be trusted. What can I do for you to-day, ma'am?"

For a moment the woman gazed at the tradesman over her brass bound spectacles. Then she recollected herself and remarked that she had a dozen eggs which she wished to exchange for hooks and eyes.—Lewiston Journal.

Mrs. Walter Damrosch has taken up the study of musical literature. She carries a dainty tablet about and amuses herself lining staffs and printing eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second. The young and gifted bridegroom wrote to a friend: "She prints nicely, but I have never seen anything worse than her clefs."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Some girls are pressed for time and others for the fun of it.—Birmingham Leader.

Much charity that begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors.—Texas Siftings.

He believed in it—She—"Do you believe in true love?" He—"Yes, if her father is rich."

Political Economy—"Never buy any more votes than you absolutely need."—Washington Post.

The silent man is the one we always listen to with the greatest pleasure.—Richmond Recorder.

She referred to the distiller whom she had fascinated as her "sour mash."—Merchant Traveler.

There are some circles where it is only the man with the income that can come in.—Binghamton Leader.

The greater the man the more relentless the fury with which the people pummel him when he falls.—Acheson Globe.

First Tippler—"Well, how are you getting along?" Second Tippler—"O, I am gradually getting a-head."—Acheson Globe.

There are self-made women, tailor-made women, and some who are simply maid. Each class speaks for itself.—Philadelphia Times.

A man's enjoyment of a melodrama is intensified by the opportunity between the acts of having a mellow dram or two.—Lowell Citizen.

When the devil wants to train up a young man in the way he desires him to go he employs Idleness to boss the job.—Texas Siftings.

In the matrimonial market it doesn't make so much difference about a girl's complexion if her income is only fair.—Burlington Free Press.

Miss Santa Fay—"They say Miss Atelison has teeth like pearls." Mr. Topeque—"I shouldn't wonder. She's as dumb as an oyster."—Puck.

"Papa," said Willie, who had been down street, the town looks just the same as it did." "Why shouldn't it?" "Mamma said you painted it."—Washington Post.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta. "I think it must be the beams," said Charley, softly.—N. Y. Sun.

Proprietor (firmly)—Your account, Mr. Weeks, has now been running for six months." Weeks (blandly)—"Well, suppose we let it rest for a year or two?"—Dry Goods Chronicle.

To say that a man is jovial is a doubtful compliment. We don't believe that we ever knew a man who said at home nights who was called a jovial fellow.—Acheson Globe.

McCormick—"I want two poached eggs on toast." Waiter—"Yes, sir." "And be sure and have them fresh laid." "Yes, sir; I'll have 'em laid on the toast, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Waits—"Her grief for him is simply overwhelming." Mrs. Potts—"It is, indeed. I understand that she spent half of the life-insurance for a mourning suit."—Terre Haute Express.

A medical writer says that the cholera microbe is shaped like a comma. It's the colon, we believe, that the microbe makes the objective point in the stomach.—Merchant Traveler.

Miss Fussanfeather—"Are you going to Saratoga next summer?" Mrs. Overgaiter—"No, I think I will stay home and use ice. It will be quite as expensive, I fancy."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Dearest Laura, don't cry so! If everything else vanishes we shall yet have left to us memory!" "Ah, dearest Emma, then perhaps you will remember that I lent you \$5 two years ago."—Fleeting Blatier.

Tom Cassimere—"She's not a beauty, my boy, but think of the warmth of affection she will lavish upon you!" Will Calico—"Warmth of affection be hanged! I'm thinking of her cold cash!"—Dry Goods Chronicle.

"You say you stopped at the Skirate Hotel all the time you were away? Wasn't the bill pretty high for a man of your means?" "O, not too high. I managed to jump it without much trouble."—Terre Haute Express.

First Young Lady (at railroad station)—"What time is it now, dear?" Second Young Lady (looking at her watch)—"Mercy! We must begin saying good-by, dear. The train will be here in half an hour."—N. Y. Weekly.

Hostetter McGinnis—"Do you really think that we are going to have real spring weather now?" Gilhooly—"I've no doubt of it. I see the shadow of the strawberry shortcake looms up no bigger than a man's hand."—Texas Siftings.

"I am striking a great social gait," said Gus Hickollar. "I've been to three receptions in one week." "That isn't anything," said Charley Cashgo, in a dejected tone. "I have frequently gone to three balls in one day."—Washington Post.

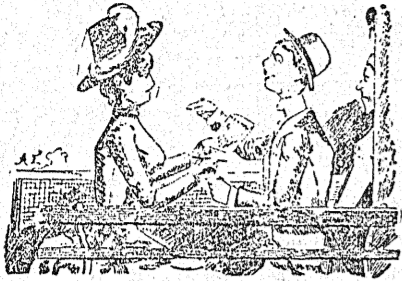
The other day in school one of the youths was asked by the teacher: "For what is the Island of Ceylon noted?" And the boy answered with promptness and good faith: "For its postage stamps being awful hard to get."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. De Rich (listening to new prima donna at the opera)—"Isn't she splendid?" Mr. De Rich (wealthy manufacturer, enthusiastically)—"Jus' grand! She's worthy of a place along side of Patti in my soap advertisements."—N. Y. Weekly.

Landlord—"Low rent, splendid locality, and all the modern improvements." Flat Hunter—"Very good. Let me see, are there any children in the house?" Landlord (irritably)—"I said, madam, that we have nothing but modern improvements!"—American Grocer.

Bobby—"Papa, what's the difference between a ballet-girl and the Old French Guard?" Papa (who manages a leg-show)—"The Old Guard was not so killing." Bobby—"N-a-w. The Old Guard died, but never surrendered; the ballet-girl never died."—N. Y. Herald.

2. Romance Spoiled.



Two lovers went to the base-ball game One afternoon in May. He was a "cranky" she never had seen Professional players play.

He faithfully tried to explain it all, She tried to understand. But the more he talked, the less she knew Why he thought the game was "grand."

He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hit hit!" She calmly looked about: And if any one made a three-base hit, She asked if the man was out.

She tried her best to keep the score, But when the game was done He found that whenever a foul was hit She had given the man a run.

It dampened his ardor to have her say: "Why does it all amaze you?" And each question she asked diminished his love.

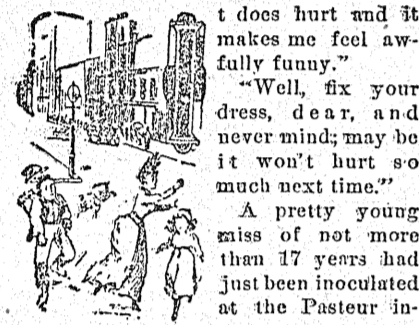
Though he wouldn't have owned to that, Till at last she asked in her guileless way, "Which nine is playing now?"

He broke the engagement then and there, And now they don't even bow. —Somerville Journal.

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

WHEN CANINES UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS DEVELOP RABIES.

Inoculation Not at All Painful to the Patient—How the Virus Is Prepared from Rabbits.



It does hurt and it makes me feel awfully funny. "Well, fix your dress, dear, and never mind; may be it won't hurt so much next time."

A pretty young miss of not more than 17 years had just been inoculated at the Pasteur Institute, says the N. Y. Morning Journal.

Dr. Paul Gibier smiled pleasantly at the fearful maiden as she complained to her mother.

"The young lady must be brave. I will cure her," remarked the doctor, as he calmly wiped his instruments to be ready for the next patient.

Dr. Gibier is a typical Frenchman, slightly above the medium height, with laughing eyes and the face of a true physician.

The doctor speaks very good English, but with a decided French accent, which makes his conversation all the more interesting.

The Pasteur Institute was opened last February, since which time over half a million dogs have been vaccinated and pronounced cured, or are at present under treatment and on a fair way to recovery.

Over 1,000 persons have applied for admission to the institute, but have been refused, owing to the fact that the animal which did the biting was not known to be dead, or because their wounds were so slight that inoculation was not necessary.

There are always a few people standing about gazing up at the windows, just as though they could see the doctor at work.

Children in the neighborhood stop their games to inspect the people who come to the institute.

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"The next patient" is called for. The mystery deepens. "What because of the other one?" thinks the novice. "Was she done away with behind those heavy curtains?"

The private office is not unlike other physicians' sanctuaries. It is about the size of the reception-room.

There are two attendants, who stand about knowingly, arranging the virus for the next unfortunate. Beside the doctor's desk is a large surgeon's chair.

"Sit down on the chair," remarks the doctor, as the young man looks bewildered.

The young man obeys. Then begins the examination. "Were you bitten by a mad dog?" queries the doctor.

"Yes, sir," timidly. The young man took off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeve, removed the bandages, displaying two ugly, looking teeth marks, which the doctor gazed at intently for a moment.

"It is a bad wound, but you are in time. I will take you as a patient. Please prepare for the inoculation."

The young man was speechless for a moment, but finally stammered out: "How?"

"The attendant will assist you," replied the doctor with a most assuring smile.

The attendant is clad in a long white apron just like the one Gene at the door wore, which, by the way, looks very much like those worn by the butcher's boy on the delivery wagon, minus the blood.

Firmly, but gently, he loosened the young man's clothes. The patient's legs began to tremble.

The doctor hummed an air, and, with a small piece of cotton held by a small instrument, moistened the young man's side just above the hip bone, where the inoculation was to be made.

The doctor's assistant then held the patient tight around the waist, with his shirt tucked up under his arms.

With his left hand the doctor secured a firm hold on about three inches of flesh, which he drew out an inch or two from the body.

At the same time with the right hand he took the inoculator, which looks like a large hypodermic syringe, the needle being about three inches long, and calmly inserted it into the flesh about as far as it would go. Then with his thumb he made the injection of the virus, withdrew the instrument, and held the slight wound for a moment so that none of the virus would run out.

That was all. The young man, who hadn't dared to breathe during the operation, heaved a long sigh and proceeded to look at his side.

He was just about to rearrange his clothes when the doctor remarked: "One more inoculation in the other side."

As he talked the doctor again filled the injector with virus, which is kept in a small wine-glass covered with paper.

The young man held his breath again, and when the virus had been squirted into his other side, he murmured: "Is that the last?"

PREPARING A RABBIT. "Yes, the last for today. Come tomorrow and I will make the second inoculation."

The next patient was a youngster aged 7 years. It was his fifth inoculation, and his mother prepared him first.

He began to cry as soon as his little stomach was exposed and gradually increased his wailings until the doctor remarked, with a smile, "He has a fine pair of lungs."

When it had all over he said, as he sobbed, "Did-n't-I stand it good—this-time, mamma?" Then everybody laughed.

A young girl was next. She was very brave all through the operation, only whimpering once or twice when the needle was pushed into her white flesh.

When she had been bowed out the next patient was to be an elderly gentleman, who went about things in a business-like manner, made a few remarks about the weather, and went on his way with as much unconcern as if he'd just dropped in to pay a bill.

The entire operation takes only four or five minutes, and Dr. Gibier works very fast.

His last patient the afternoon the writer called was Mrs. Stone, who resides near Jamaica, on Long Island, and who was so badly bitten by a huge bloodhound that her life was despaired of. She was inoculated while reclining at full length on the surgical chair, and made little ado over the operation.

The head of the dog which bit her has been preserved by Dr. Gibier, who removed the brains and is analyzing them.

INOCULATING A PATIENT. climb the stoop and pull the bell. The institute itself is a small two-windowed, three-story, red-brick building, one of a row. The only signs that appear are two, a brass affair that reads: THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

and a simple door-plate, on which is engraved "Dr. Paul Gibier." Applicants with all sorts of wild, mixed stories begin to arrive almost before the doctor has awakened from slumber in the morning.

They come in twos and threes, and always look uneasy on reaching the front door.

Almost before the bell ceases to vibrate the door is opened and Gene, the attendant, in his shirt-sleeves with a long white apron tied closely about him, bows politely to the visitors.

people who have not been bitten by anybody or anything, but who have some trifling wound which they exhibit to Dr. Gibier simply to see how his office looks. He can detect these frauds the moment they expose their wounds, and they usually go right out in the street again without any waste of words.

On the second floor of the institute is the laboratory where the virus is prepared.

The older the virus the stronger it is, and it is so arranged that the first inoculation is made with virus just prepared.

As the number of inoculations increase the older virus is used.

The preparation of the virus consumes eleven days.

A portion of the spine of a rabbit is secured and reduced to a liquid, which is kept for a month.

This liquid is then injected into the brain of a healthy rabbit.

The rabbit is placed in a cage, and each day is moved into another cage, until he arrives at the prison of death.

CAGE FOR HEALTHY RABBITS. Without exception the rabbit dies on the eleventh day, and is then cut up into small particles, which are reduced to a liquid, which is the virus.

At first a healthy rabbit is taken and stretched upon a board, as illustrated. The skull is bored into and the injection made by the aponeurast.

The unfortunate rabbit is then placed in a cage by himself, where he is allowed to remain until the following morning, when the attendant removes him to another cage, and so on until he reaches his place of death.

After the first rabbit has produced a virus worthy of use the remaining rabbits are inoculated in the brain with a portion of a rabbit's spine which has already died from the effects of inoculation.

The spine is reduced to a liquid before it is used upon the doomed rabbit.

Following the day of the original inoculation the rabbit begins to grow weak. The fifty day he can not stand, and from then until his death he grows more feeble, but is otherwise a healthy condition.

After the death the sinews, flesh, and bones are separated from the remainder of the body and reduced to virus.

The part of the animal's body which is not thrown away is then worked over and over until it becomes white liquid, after which it is placed in glasses to await use, which usually takes place three days afterward.

The Pasteur system demands that a rabbit shall die every day, in order to have the virus in proper condition for the various patients.

Her Little Brother. "O Mr. Dusenberry," cried her little brother, "I'm so glad you are going to be kin to me."

"Ah, Johnny, is that so?" he gasped, a look of happiness flitting over his face. "How did you know? Come here and sit on my lap and tell me all you have heard."

"Sister's other feller came here last night," began the boy, after he was safely in the arms of the young man, devouring a quarter's worth of candy, "and I heard them talking 'bout you."

"What did they say?" "He was mad," replied the terror, "cause sis goes with you so much."

"And what was her reply to him?" continued the young man, the look of happiness spreading further across his features.

"She said," began the youth again, "that he needn't get mad 'cause you come to see her, as you was a soft snoop and was saving him lots of money that would go to fix up their house after they were married."

The look of contentment on the young man's face gave way to the pallor of despair as he gasped: "Well, how is that going to make me kin to you?"

"Oh," went on the boy, "I'm comin' to that now. She said that when you proposed to her she would be a sister to you; and won't that make you my brother?"

As the child picked himself off the floor he beheld the form of the young man fit through the front door—Atlanta Constitution.

An Awful Host. It is not always judicious, says a Scottish paper, to use Scotch idioms. A Scottish gentleman was down in England visiting some old friends, and while with them was invited to a dinner party. The worthy Scot made himself as agreeable as he could, and after dinner, over the wine and wassails, grew quite confidential with his neighbor. This gentleman was suffering from a severe cold, and Mr. McIntyre (the Scotchman), to show his sympathy, said: "Man, it's an awful host (cough) you've got."

The host overheard the remark and naturally took it to himself, and there was a decided coolness between the parties till the Scotchman's friend explained the meaning of host.

Decline of English Farm Values. In Kent, England, a farm of 500 acres that had been let for \$6,000 per year has just been relet to the same tenant for \$2,500. This is said to be a fair illustration of the decline of farm values in England of late years.

James S. Carlton, an aged man now now living in Baltimore, Md., claims to have been the first discoverer of the peculiar effects of cocaine. He says that as early as 1849 he knew the properties of the drug and made use of them in his own family.

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

Copyrighted, 1886.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

Stella remained silent as we entered and passed through the old hall. What a grand place it is! Just the home for my darling, I thought. Pictures of ancestors for many generations hung on the walls of the long gallery; and, as we were passing along Melvorne stepped to one and paused.

"This," he said, with reverence, "was Sir Edward, our grandfather."

Stella looked for some moments at the stately form with snow white hair and beard and bright blue eyes.

"My father had those clear blue eyes and a broad smooth brow, but the expression of his mouth was not so hard and proud," said Stella as she moved away.

"This was my mother's room," said Melvorne, leading the way into another apartment. The room was trimmed in blue and white. The ground work of the carpet, the curtains and all the drapery of the room was blue, while delicate vines and leaves were traced in white. Every thing about the room was in accord with the most perfect taste.

"This was your father's," said Melvorne, opening a door down the hall. Here, rich, dark tints gave a warm glow to the room. "And these were his books when a school-boy," he continued, opening the doors of a bookcase.

Stella went to the open case and with a tender sadness on her face took one book after another from its old accustomed place and read with an aching heart the dear name now forgotten save by a few. Tears fell on the open page as she looked upon the writing of the hand that had been her guide from infancy. I longed to comfort her, as she stood there with the memory of a fond father's kind, protecting love so fresh in her thoughts. I went to her, and placing my arm about her waist remained silent.

"To think," she said, "that after all these years they are here to give me a welcome home. It seems like almost seeing my father to be among his books and see his own writing!"

"There is comfort in the silent messages," I said, as she stood reading from the margin of an old book. Then, as though speaking to herself alone she said:

"O, loving father, fond and true Each silent book can speak for you. And with an eloquence most rare, Remind me of your tender care."

Then, as though some unseen comforter had been near, Stella closed the doors of the bookcase with a gentle touch, as though she felt that it was conscious of her love. Then we left the room and joined Lady Irving and Melvorne in the school room. Broken toys and torn books still told of children's wayward ways. But now, alas, how changed, as Longfellow so beautifully pictures life in the lines:

"All things must change To something new, to something strange: Nothing that is can pause or stay; Too soon to-day he yesterday, Behind us in our path we cast The broken pot shreds of the past. And all are ground to dust at last, And tumbled into clay."

It was a day of mingled joy and sadness for Stella. To her, this new revelation of her father's early life was a source of infinite pleasure, but it was mingled with regret because of her great loss in his death.

With Melvorne the past was full of precious memories, and with thoughtful kindness he anticipated Stella's slightest wish. After lunch and a ramble over the velvet lawn and through the fragrant park, we returned to the city. In the evening we read the announcement of our papers we read the news of a lengthy delay, and they also longed soon to take a description of a double wedding.

When we parted that evening I bade Stella good-night, saying, "Good-by, my darling, when we meet again I shall claim you as my own. No more separations then. It is only for a short time, still it looks long and tedious. You will write to me often, Stella dear?"

I asked, as I held her to my heart in a close embrace. "Yes, Loyd, I will write often, for letters help to make time pass more quickly. But I hate to let you go," she said clinging to my arm.

"You know I must go to make Waverland ready for its illustrious little mistress?"

"Dear old Waverland, I shall soon see it once more! Kiss Myrtle for me. Bring her with you when—" then she paused as though afraid to say more.

"Yes, dearest, I will bring her with me when I come to claim my bright, my bonny bride," I said, giving her a parting embrace.

It was a beautiful morning when I reached Waverland. I immediately set men to work repairing the place. The lodge at the gate I had taken down and set workmen to rebuilding it after the plan of one I had seen in Colorado. I had the lawn mowed, the walks re-graveled, the trees and shrubs trimmed and the old fountain once more gurgled forth its glees in silvery sprays. The sound of saw and hammer made music to my heart from every quarter, for I was preparing to receive my fairy star—my Stella!

The next day after my return I rode over to Sir Wren's to get Myrtle. When I came up the avenue I saw her in the poultry yard feeding the chickens, ducks and geese. The pigeons were flying about her, some of them even alighting on her head and shoulders.

What a picture of innocence and trust the group formed. Myrtle, with her sunny curls floating about her neck and shoulders, her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, and surrounded by the contented flock feeding from her gentle hands. But when she heard the horse's hoofs on the hard walk she turned, and seeing me, she came running toward me. The pigeons flew away in alarm, the ducks waddled off in a quick, quick, and the turkey's gobble, their disgust at being disturbed at meal time.

"O Loyd!" cried Myrtle, putting her arms about my neck as soon as I had dismounted, "have you come for me?"

"You are very happy here I see," I said, taking her in my arms.

"I have had such a nice time. But do you want me to go home?" she asked, as though afraid of offending me.

"Yes I want you home if you are ready to go. Where is Annie?"

"She is in the house," said Myrtle, running on to tell the news. As she opened the drawing room door she exclaimed, "O Annie, Loyd has come!"

I had followed her into the room where Annie lay upon a sofa. She seemed but a shadow of her own happy self.

"Why, Annie," I said, going to her, "are you ill?"

"No," she said with a languid sigh "But I am not very strong this summer. Papa says he is going to take me to Italy to bring back my roses."

"Why, why Loyd, old boy, are you home?" said Sir Wren, coming into the room. "I had just heard that you were in London; and that Waverland is to have a new mistress."

"Yes, I found my lost friend in the new world among the mountains of Colorado with Lady Irving. They had been traveling together for some months."

"What is it, papa?" asked Annie, looking first at her father and then at me.

"O, I remember now, my pet," said Sir Wren tenderly. "You have not heard the news yet."

"What news?" she asked bewildered.

"You are very happy here, I see," I said, taking her in my arms.

"Why Lady Irving is to be married again; this time to her old friend, the Duke of Melvorne, and Sir Loyd Waverland to Miss Stella Everett, grand-daughter of some English earl," he said.

"But I thought this Miss Everett was your mother's governess," asked Sir Wren, turning to me with an inquiring look.

"So she was, Sir Wren," I answered, "but her grand-father was the late Earl of York."

"Then how came she to be in such a position in life?"

"Her father, Charles Edward Everett, married against his father's wishes and he disowned him for that cause," I explained.

"How does she become to be known and recognized now?"

"The Duke of Melvorne in some way discovered that she was his cousin. Then Stella's father left her as a part of his will a cryptogram, which when deciphered, explained who he was and where he came from. Melvorne has reinstated her to her rightful share as if her father had not been disowned."

"Strange," said Sir Wren, soliloquizing, "that I never thought of that. I knew Melvorne's mother was an Everett. And now I come to think of it, Stella looks very much as Melvorne's mother did at her age. You know we were great friends at that time and I remember very well the time Charlie left home," said Sir Wren, becoming excited with the news.

"Have you found Stella?" asked Myrtle, who had been standing at my side listening very attentively.

"I have found her pet, and she will soon be with us at Waverland again," I said.

"Then I want to go home," she said. "And leave your pet pigeons?" I asked. Her face clouded for a moment, then she said:

"Yes, for Stella would get me some more."

"Are you willing to leave Annie, when she has been so kind to you?"

"No, I will take Annie with me," she said, going to Annie as she spoke.

"Never mind me, dear," said Annie, in such a weary tone as though life was a burden, "papa and I are going to travel."

"Well, Loyd!" said Sir Wren, taking my hand in his, "I am glad Waverland is going to be reopened. Annie has been pining away ever since the old house has been closed."

"I am so glad to hear that," I said.

claimed the right to giving them both away. The bishop, clad in the robes of his sacred office, pronounced the solemn words that were to bind our hearts and our lives in one. Then the golden band of love, emblem of eternity, was placed upon the little hand, a seal of spoken vows. A moment's silence with a blessing on the new made ties, and then came the merry congratulations. Sir Wren secured the first kiss from each fair bride, saying:

"I must have pay for my precious gifts." For one moment I held my wife to my bosom, saying, "Mine, all mine, at last!"

[To be Continued.]

How Old Is She?

To tell a woman's age is one of the easiest things imaginable, despite the fact that many brilliant ladies knock off a few stories of their years without detection.

Observe well her hair! Her bangs? No; her black hair! Now, don't say it is false. False or real, you can count her years by the threads time weaves. Every year adds a hair or two, and no doubt if a woman lived long enough she would become a female Esau.

At twenty-five a woman's back hair begins to fall over her collar as a pumpkin vine over a picket fence. Note well the direction of the hair. Hair slants, and at thirty it takes an angle of 50, at thirty-five 60, and so on.

Of course you can't get near enough to apply a mathematic tape measure, but your practised eye will be enough. Next note the quality. Hair at twenty-five is more, at thirty it is teen, at thirty-five it is passe satinette, forty it is rope fit to hang any man that gets noosed in its meshes. Anybody can tell false or store hair, or matter who the previous owner was. It has a doesn't-belong-there-look, and all the pomades in the universe cannot give it a permanent tenor of office.

So you may reasonably conclude if a woman has false back hair her age is beyond the interesting point. Never believe her to be under forty-eight, unless Bill Jones or some equally reliable person can prove it.—Boston Globe.

to see you looking so well," I said with a searching glance, for man like, I wished to know the truth.

She turned away her head, but answered in a calm voice.

"Yes, Loyd, I am well: what a merry time we will have at the wedding!"

How pleased I was to see her so like her happy self. So pure, so childlike in her ways.

I had heard round my estate considerably and found much more thrift and comfort than one year ago, and my tenants seemed more contented. But still the agitation for low rents and home rule was keeping the people roused to constant action. I found that no home was too poor, and no tenant so ignorant but that they had obtained and read an Irish paper.

I had issued invitations to a reception and banquet to be given on our return. Now the arrangements were all complete, and to-morrow, Myrtle and I were to leave Waverland for Silver Dell, London.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE DOUBLE WEDDING. The morning came full of joyous sound. It seemed as though the birds had tuned their songs in harmony with the glad refrain within my heart and were warbling forth their welcome home to my absent one.

Myrtle and I were ready when the train halted at my little railway station and we were soon making rapid time toward London. The journey was the old story; but how full of new joys and thoughts, as we sped away over the silent moors; through forests and busy cities.

There was a merry party gathered at Silver Dell. The grounds seemed filled with a living throng of happy smiling faces. Lady Irving was a queen of beauty. She was never bound down by any code of etiquette, and to-day she had departed from all known rules and planned an original programme characteristic of herself. It was late as we arrived. As we entered the grounds the first one to greet me was Colonel Haynes, my well remembered American friend.

"You here?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, Sir Waverland I am here," he answered gaily, shaking my hand with a hearty good will. "I came to give you my congratulations on this most eventful occasion!"

"How did you know of the event? Where did you come from?" I asked.

"Not quite so fast," he said, laughing. "One question at a time." I heard through the papers that you had returned and when the grand ceremony was to take place. I came from Paris and the Duke of Melvorne asked me here," he continued.

"I am very glad to see you," I said, "but I supposed you were in America before this."

Just then Sir Wren joined us, saying, "Loyd, they are waiting for you at the house."

"Yes, Sir Wren," I answered, "allow me to introduce my friend, Colonel Haynes, of New York, Sir Wren," then I left them to entertain each other.

After a short time to dress for the important ceremony, we were summoned to Lady Irving's private parlor. From there they followed the attendants to the vial covered arbor that had been decorated for the bridal occasion. Sir Wren led out the beautiful brides, one on either arm, for

Sir Wren led out the beautiful brides, one on either arm.

claimed the right to giving them both away. The bishop, clad in the robes of his sacred office, pronounced the solemn words that were to bind our hearts and our lives in one. Then the golden band of love, emblem of eternity, was placed upon the little hand, a seal of spoken vows. A moment's silence with a blessing on the new made ties, and then came the merry congratulations. Sir Wren secured the first kiss from each fair bride, saying:

"I must have pay for my precious gifts." For one moment I held my wife to my bosom, saying, "Mine, all mine, at last!"

[To be Continued.]

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

BROOKER & WICKWARE
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

Our job department has recently been increased by the addition of a large quantity of new 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.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Congress will probably adjourn about October 1.

Georgia raised eight million water-melons this year.

In only five States now can a teacher legally flog a pupil.

A good horse meat dinner can now be had in Berlin for 5c.

Snow still remains on the ground in the Yosemite region.

Two hundred thousand Italians are now living in Buenos Ayres.

A New York dentist has the pleasure of operating on the Czar of Russia.

A newly married Harrisburg couple went on a wedding tour in a canoe.

Pearls as a fashionable jewel are increasing in favor at an expensive rate.

Thirty thousand dollars a month is paid out for lottery tickets in Key West, Fla.

The mail brings more than seven hundred letters a day to President Harrison.

JOHN TINSLEY, of Toronto, aged 107 years, says he remembers Washington.

The Atlanta Constitution knows of a negro father of seventy-eight children. Golly!

The Duchess of Marlboro lives in London but gets the most of her clothing in New York.

A mountain of alabaster is supposed to have been discovered 150 miles north of Denver, Col.

An English firm has purchased the right to slaughter and pack 300,000 hogs a year in Servia.

Thousands of people who flocked to Oklahoma are now suffering for the necessities of life.

The cholera scare is sending American tourists home in a hurry. The steamers are overcrowded.

MANY an acre of land in Kansas that is not worth more than \$20 will turn out \$150 worth of potatoes this year.

Some far Western producers find it cheaper to ship by wagon train than by rail where there is no competing line.

GENERAL EZETA, who led San Salvador's forces so successfully against Guatemala, is only twenty-seven years old.

The total losses caused by the recent overflow of the Mississippi river in Louisiana is officially reported to have been \$1,213,040.

RECENT excavations in Egypt have brought to light wooden and leather balls, which are supposed to be 4,000 years old.

AN owl, shot near Jackson, Ga., recently, measured 5 1/2 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and had a small steel trap on one of its feet.

Mrs. JACOB BENTON, of Lancaster, N. H., has learned five languages while a hopeless invalid these seven years past, including Volapuk.

H. L. SUMMERS, a young Chicago electrician, has nearly completed an invention to propel ocean steamboats by means of electricity.

DR. TALMAGE estimates the wealth King Solomon at \$680,000,000 in gold and \$1,038,000,377 in silver, a grand total of \$8,540,001,885.

A CARPET used in a room of the mine after being in wear some years, was burned the other day in pans, and yielded \$2,500 worth of gold.

DR. ALLEN McLANE HAMILTON thin death sentences should be carried (with carbonic acid gas, the same as us in soda-water fountains.

FRANCE is preparing for a great International and Colonial Exhibition at Lyons in 1892. Two sections for silk and electricity will be international.

A MAN at Langborne, Pa., is fitting up a pigeon-house to accommodate thousand birds. It will be the largest flock of carriers in the country.

THE public in London will soon be able to drop a nickel in the slot and the new telephone call boxes to be stilled in various parts of the city.

Mrs. STANLEY is having honors thrust upon her. A tennis shoe, a bracelet, a restaurant, a carpet, a tooth-powder and a polish for silver have been named after her.

It is said of the poet Tennyson that he is rarely seen without his pipe, is very fond of tobacco, and prefer cheap mixture of pipe tobacco to the most fragrant cigar.

BLUE is the Chinese mourning color. When you see a Chinaman wearing blue coat or with blue braided plaited his queue, you may take for granted that some relative or dear friend is dead.

A WOMAN in Salem, N. J., thirty-five years ago lost two silver coins in a s in the floor. The other day, the floor being taken up for repairs, she instituted a search for the long-lost money and found it.

As the result of a severe burn a lit Grass Valley, Cal., girl's side and a grew together, becoming united by webbing of flesh nearly an inch in thickness. She was released from her pleasant predicament by a successful surgical operation.

It has taken seventy-five years to a bill for the payment of the French spoliation claims through Congress. Perhaps this, "our first national debt" is going to be paid now, for the Senate has appropriated \$1,230,688 for that purpose, to be distributed by the courts.

Industrial County Convention.

The Tuscola county Nominating convention of the Industrial party, farmers and laborers, will be held at the court house in Caro, on Monday, Sept. 29th, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m. The basis of representatives will be Patrons of Industry and Grange Delegates as elected by former notice. Each Alliance, three delegates. Each Industrial club, three delegates.

By order of committee,

M. H. SMITH,
Wm. H. BROWN,
D. P. DEMING.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1888, and executed by Hugh McDerrott and Catherine McDerrott, his wife, to John Marshall and recorded in the office of the register of deed for the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, in liber 61 of mortgages on page 276, on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1888.

That default has been made in the conditions of said mortgage and in the payment of the principal and interest thereon and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of three hundred and nine dollars (\$309.) that under the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue, to the highest bidder on Monday, the eight day of December, A. D. 1890, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, (that being the place wherein the mortgage for the county of Tuscola is held) and that said premises are described in said mortgage as follows to-wit: The east half of the north east quarter of section eleven, in township number fourteen, north of range eleven east, which said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest, that may accrue thereon after this date and up to the time of sale aforesaid, including the cost of foreclosure.

Dated September 10th, 1890.

JOHN MARSHALL,
Mortgagee.

J. D. BROOKER,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHANCERY NOTICE.—State of Michigan, 24th judicial circuit in chancery. Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Tuscola, in chancery, at the village of Caro, on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1890.

OLIVE A. HEATH,
Complainant,

vs.
WILBER E. HEATH,
Defendant.

It satisfactorily appearing by affidavit on file, that the defendant, Wilber E. Heath, is a resident of this state, but is now absent from his place of residence and that his present whereabouts are unknown. On motion of J. D. Brooker, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, Wilber E. Heath, cause his appearance to be entered herein within four months from the date of this order. And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof, the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that she cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendant, Wilber E. Heath, at least twenty days before the time prescribed for his appearance.

TACTUS P. ZANDER,
Circuit Court Commissioner, Tuscola Co. Mich.

J. D. BROOKER,
Solicitor for Complainant.

A true copy. Attest:
PETER P. DAWSON, Register.

FORECLOSURE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the fourteenth day of July, 1888, was executed by Bertha A. Kelley to William J. Cooper and recorded in the register of deed's office in Tuscola county, and state of Michigan, in liber 64 of Mortgages on page 399, on the fourteenth day of July, 1888. That default has been made in the condition of said mortgage and the payment of principal and interest due thereon and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of sixty-one dollars and seventy-seven cents, that under the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of October, 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, and that said premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: all that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the township of Akron, in the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, known and described as follows: to-wit: Commencing at the north west corner of section eighteen, running thence east, seventy (70) rods, thence south fifty-six and one-half (56 1/2) rods, thence west seventy (70) rods, thence north fifty-six and one-half (56 1/2) rods to the place of beginning, and containing twenty-five acres of land, more or less, and will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest that may accrue thereon after this date and the costs of foreclosure.

Dated August 15th, 1890.

WILLIAM J. COOPER,
Mortgagee.

T. C. QUINN,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

SPECIAL PRICES

DURING FAIR WEEK!

OUR FALL STOCK OF DRY GOODS

JUST RECEIVED!

WE SHALL PUT ON SALE ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22,

All Wool Dress Flannels at 25cts. worth 35.
All Wool Dress Flannels, 54 inches wide, at 50c. worth 65.
1000 yds. of New Styles in Plaid Dress Flannels, 36 inches wide, at 25cts. worth 35.
10 pieces of Wool Faced Cashmere. Latest Shades, 34 inches wide, at 22cts. worth 25.
50 pieces Double Faced Satin Ribbon, No. 9, at 10cts; No. 12 at 15cts. worth 30.
1000 yards of Standard Dress Prints at 5 cents per yard.

CLOAKS NEWEST AND LATEST STYLES CLOAKS

Ladies and Gents Underwear in all the different Grades at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!

Highest Market Price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Frost & Hebblewhite.

FARMERS,

NOW IS YOUR TIME!

-- To Buy --

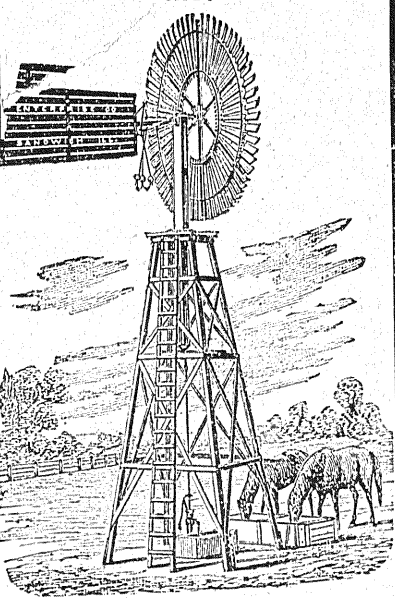
**Buggies,
Carts,
Wagons,
Cultivators,
Seed Drills,
Harrows,**

Yes, Anything the Farmer needs, at

REDUCED PRICES.

For the Next Thirty Days.

Remember I Still Sell the Enterprise and Standard Wind Mill at the Fall Fair.



I will exhibit on the Fair Ground, in Cass City, on

Sept. 24, 25, 26,

The Finest Line of

Agricultural Implements

—YOU—

Ever Witnessed!

J. H. STRIFFLER

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE!

—We have concluded to sell or Exchange our—

ENTIRE STOCK,

—CONSISTING OF—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Boots and Shoes, embracing a complete assortment of Ladies' Shoes made at the New Factory of A. C. Graw & Co., and Warranted to be of Superior Excellence. WE WANT TO DISPOSE OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK, and will SELL OR EXCHANGE it for Butter, Eggs, Greenbacks, Silver or Gold. Our reason for doing this is to make room for New Goods that are constantly arriving. A Large Stock of Dress Goods just received that are sure to please you both in style and price.

J. C. LAING, Cass City.

PULL, PULL, PULL!

Push, Push, Push!

We propose to do both, commencing Saturday, Sept. 20th and continuing during Fair week.

FIRST WE PULL,

By showing you the **LARGEST STOCK** of Boots and Shoes to select from ever shown in the county.

SECOND WE PUSH

By offering the **GREATEST SALE** ever heard of in the Thumb.

This [fair week] is the week we celebrate and we propose to make you a Party to the Celebration by Pulling and Pushing the Boots and Shoes before you so Cheap [for cash] that you can't resist the Temptation to help us celebrate the opening of the Cass City Fair Grounds.

Crosby's Boot and Shoe House.



Pilgrim's Progress.

A Pilgrim without Progress will not make a Saint, neither will a business without Progress stay long at the Front. It takes a constant Hustling, Bustling Tumult to keep in the Lead, which we have aimed to do since our start in life.

We have been Leaders in a jobbing way for nearly 20 years. Have been manufacturing many of our carriage goods for three years with such gratifying success that we have recently purchased a beautiful site and will erect a Model Carriage Factory.

This will be the Factory that A. & Co. and their friends have built. Will you, kind reader, throw few brick our way? Help us make this adventure a success by buying of us

We will guarantee satisfaction and you may rely on First Quality Goods. We sell nothing we cannot fully warrant. Thanking you for past favors and hoping to have a continuance of the same, we remain,

Very Truly,
ANDERSON & CO.,
Port Huron, Mich.



Howe & Bigelow

—Don't Claim to Give Goods Away or Make—

Great Reduction Sales.

—But Sell all the Year Round at a Fair Margin a General Line of—

**HARDWARE,
MACHINE OIL,
BELTING LACE,
AINTS & OILS,
GAS PIPE,
TINWARE,
STOVES,
& PUMPS.**

We Have Just Secured the Services of our Former Tinner, MR. J. KLUNE, and are now Prepared to Any Kind of Job Work.

REAVETROUGHING A SPECIALTY.

Professional Cards.

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

HENRY C. WALES, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Agent for Caro Marble Works and Fire Insurance.

A. D. GILLIES, NOTARY PUBLIC, Deeds, mortgages, etc., carefully executed.

DR. N. MCCLINTON, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur. Graduate of Vic. University 1895.

DR. J. H. M'LEAN, GANCERS Cured without the knife. Taper worms removed in three hours.

Lodges.

E. O. O. F. CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Z. O. T. M. Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first Friday evening of each month.

TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., will hold its regular communications for the year 1890 in the Masonic hall on Saturday evenings.

TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., will hold its regular communications for the year 1890 in the Masonic hall on Saturday evenings.

HENRY STEWART, W. M., A. H. ALE, Secretary.

EXCHANGE BANK.

E. H. PINNEY, BANKER. RESPONSIBILITY \$30 000.

Commercial Business Transacted. Drafts available Anywhere in the United States or Canada bought and sold.

A. H. ALE, Cashier. Pinney's new block, Main St., Cass City.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEFORD.

Lewis' children are still on the street.

Heat is making a rapid growth in locality.

Social at Fred Chadwick's on the evening of the 12th.

Mrs. Peter Baugherty has gone to Pontiac to visit her mother.

Last week the missionary, subscribed some time since, was collected.

School district No. 6, Kingston, will have a well put down before Nov. 15th next.

Elder Karr leaves for conference on the 17th. He will no doubt be returned to this place.

The frost of last Saturday night cut vegetation, and late buckwheat is totally destroyed.

Rethford and Walker have completed their road job between sections 3 and 10, of Kingston.

H. H. Wilson is selling membership tickets for the fair with a will that angers well for the success of the enterprise.

Brother Guy has been laboring on his 40 rod ditch job for the past three weeks. He has a broken rib and labors in pain and care.

Let the descendants of Eric prepare to weep. The blight has fallen upon potato and the tuber is wasting away at the root of the vine.

Where is the news from Kingston, Grant and Evergreen is the question we near asked. Has the editor not got acquainted with the people as yet?

All who were born with a spade in their hand, and all who have the genius to learn to use one, can find employment as hedgers and ditchers east of

week the Rethford boys lost a colt. It was apparently all right at noon and was found dead at four o'clock p. m., where it had been running in a pasture.

An old gentleman by the name of Ford, who lived east of Novesta postoffice, died on the 11th. The funeral services were held on the 14th, at the Withey school house, one mile east of Novesta piers.

We would sum up the proceedings of last week as follows: Nightly raids;melon patches despoiled; juveniles suffer with diarrhoea while the aged exclaim, "O verily, the way of the transgressor is hard."

On the evening of the 9th inst, the townline, southeast of Novesta, was roused from his slumber by the rumbling of wheels and the voice of men

apparently in distress... He went to the door with trembling step, only to meet that veteran thresher, Chris Segar and his noble band, who declared they were foot sore, weary and faint from long fasting; they craved lodging and a morsel of food.

ELLINGTON.

Cooler again. A heavy frost last Sunday morning.

Cora was hurt somewhat by the late frost.

Mattie Colwell is on the sick list at present.

Rev. Wm. Cope moves to Livingston county this week.

Mrs. Wm. Cope expects to go to Ohio on a visit, starting this week.

John William's brother, from Wells, moved this week upon the John Smith forty.

Wheat is being put in the ground daily by some of our farmers and will be for some days yet.

Early sown wheat looks well, but it needs rain badly. A nice warm rain would help it nicely.

Some pieces of potatoes are quite good considering the season. Others are very light and a good many small potatoes.

Buckwheat is a middling good crop this year. Early sown was hurt by the very warm days we had when it was in full bloom.

There are some pieces of very good corn, others only middling; while some late planted and on low wet ground is rather poor.

Charles I. King's youngest child, Jessie, is sick with a swelling upon his neck that has broken several times and still gathers and breaks.

There will be a republican caucus held at S. H. Gould's hall, in Ellington, on Saturday, Sept. 27, at three o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing delegates to the republican county convention to be held at Caro, Sept. 30, at 10 o'clock a. m., to nominate a republican county ticket for election in November next.

Also to elect delegates to the 2nd representative district convention, to be hereafter called, and for the election of a township committee for the next two years. By order,

A. CLAY, Chairman.

GRANT.

Oh! Shiver and shake, wasn't it cold on Saturday last?

A very cold wind struck us on Saturday, somewhat like a stepmother's breath.

Orson Hopkins, of Bay Port, has been here on a visit with friends and relatives. He proposes going north to Manistogue.

Someone asked what nothing was and as near as we can come to it we think it is a footless stocking without any leg, or the spirit of a dead person.

Dead beats are not very well liked anywhere and cows cannot be got in that kind of a way. That dodge was attempted up here but would not work. This is not the spot for failers.

Good bye with one and how do you do with another, is the way of all humanity and such has been the case with R. S. Toland, so lately the editor of the ENTERPRISE. Who will be the next to bid good bye too for ever? That is the question.

Old age and want is an ill matched pair says Robt. Burns, the Scotch poet, and such cases can be found in Grant and other places and no attention paid to them. Such is hardened humanity and the folly of paying extravagant salaries to so many national blood suckers.

A Farmers Alliance picnic last week at Finkel's grove and was well attended. H. Butler, of Cass City, delivered an able address in behalf of the Farmers' Alliance and all labor organizations. Mr. Potter, of Lansing, editor of the Lansing Sentinel, also gave an able address on the above subject.

That wise observer of governments, Dragonette, says the science of the politician consists in fixing the true point of happiness and freedom. Those men would deserve the gratitude of ages who could discover a mode of government that contained the greatest sum of individual happiness with the least national expense. Dragonette on virtue and reward: "The difference is but little between a monarchy and an extravagant republic."

Republican Caucus.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a caucus held at the town hall, in Cass City, Sept. 27th, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing eight delegates to attend the republican county convention to be held at Caro, September 30th.

By ORDER COM.

DENTISTRY.

I desire to say to the people of Cass City and vicinity that in connection with my eight years' experience in dentistry I have just completed two practitioners courses in Chicago schools of dentistry; one with Drs. Haskell & Stout and one at Chicago college of Dental Surgery, both of which I have certificates to show, and invite you to give me a call when in need of dental work. My prices are reasonable and work guaranteed satisfactory.

I would say here that Dr. Haskell is known as one of the best Prosthetic dentists in the world, with about 40 years of experience.

Office in front rooms over Postoffice. I. A. FRITZ, DENTIST.

ENCOURAGE Home Industry

—By Buying Your—

SPRING and LUMBER WAGONS

—OF—

H. S. WICKWARE

Each wagon is of my own make and sold under a guarantee.

I also keep in stock the

OVID

BUGGIES

—AND—

Road Wagons.

On which I Defy Competition.

REPAIRING neatly executed on short notice.

BLACKSMITH SHOP in connection.

When in the city give me a call, see the work and get my prices.

H. S. WICKWARE.

A. A. McKenzie,

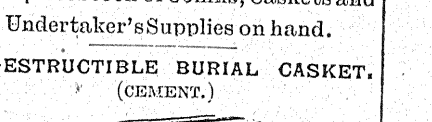


UNDERTAKER

And Funeral Director.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and Undertaker's Supplies on hand.

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET. (CEMENT.)



The expense of the above Casket is but a trifle more than that of a wood Casket.

FOR SALE, VERY CHEAP.

—AND ON THE—

Most Liberal Terms!

The east half of southeast quarter of section 36, township 14 north of range 12 east. The land is going to be sold and the buyer will get a bargain. Write or call on

A. T. SLAGHT & CO.

CARO, - - - MICH.

Central Meat Market,



J. H. WINEGAR, Proprietor.

Recently refitted throughout with all the latest conveniences. Finest Market in the city.

TRY - OUR - CUTS - AND - SLICES.

McDougall & Co. McDougall & Co.

DOWN GOES THE PRICES

ON

CLOTHING!

Until Further Notice We Offer EVERYTHING in CLOTHING at Prices That Will Astonish You!

SUITS.

Come and See our Display of Mens', Boys', Youths' and Children's Suits

PANTS.

Largest Stock, Best Goods and Lowest Prices of any house in Cass City. Come while the Stock is Fresh.

HATS.

All the Latest Styles in Hats, Come and be Convinced of the Fact that this is the Place to Buy Everything in the line of Hats. We have them from Boys 25 centers up.

UNDERWEAR.

Oh Boys, they're Dandies! Do not Fail to See what We have to Offer. Our 50c. Shirts and Drawers are dandies. Our 75c. shirts and drawers can't be beat. Our \$1.00 shirts and drawers sell at first sight.

Complete stock of Lumbermen's supplies, such as Kersey Pants, Mackinaw Shirts, Jackets, Socks, Jersey Shirts and at Prices that will cause you to Buy at first sight.

Our Stock is all New and Complete!

NO OLD GOODS TO PUSH!

EVERYTHING FRESH!

In addition to what we have named above we have a

Full Line!

Of White and Flannel Shirts, Ties, Collars, Gloves, Hosery, Etc.

McDougall & Co., Cass City

BROOKER & WICKWARE, Props. CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

The Russian government has just ordered four new ironclads put on the stocks.

A citizen of Baker City, Oregon, paid \$120 freight on two terns from England.

A limited liability company has been formed in London to build a new crematory.

The last eye-witness of the battle of Trafalgar, a centenarian seaman, has just died in England.

A lazy man in the East has an alarm clock which will also touch off the match and light the fire.

A London magistrate has decided that a servant cannot be discharged summarily for reading in bed.

The New York postoffice is a good investment. It netted the government nearly 4 millions last year.

Prunes are a very profitable crop in California. One grower expects to get \$11,000 for his crop.

The czar of Russia indulges his youthful pleasures. He is still a collector of postage stamps and birds' eggs.

The work on the Congo railroad is making rapid progress. About one thousand negroes are employed upon it.

Few large trunks are seen on the railroads. It is evident that the baggage smasher has little occasion.

There is a woman at Sedalia who becomes thoroughly charged with electricity every time she rides on the electric road.

One car building company in Pennsylvania has on hand orders for 29,000 freight cars. The largest order is for 10,000.

Eighteen newspapers have been started at San Diego, Cal., in the past three years, and all have gone into the graveyard.

A South Carolina paper contains an advertisement for bids from undertakers who will agree to conduct funerals "reverently."

Whenever Potter Palmer patronizes his own hotel and restaurant he pays his bill like any other man. He can afford to do so.

A newly discovered cave in Josephine county, Oregon, is said to be three miles long and to contain several mineral springs.

The Chinese yellow table spreads are in style. They are in vogue in the east, where many foolish fads have their rise and fall.

People who are carried away by their own emotions are never reliable. You never know how far they have been carried.

A sparrow at Colestown, Pa., built a nest in the running gear of a farmer's wagon and makes a trip to market every week.

Certain European noblemen—principally Englishmen—are now the owners of about 21,000 acres of land in the United States.

People who do a great deal of moving can do something toward solving the question "what becomes of all the old newspapers?"

The Maori women in New Zealand are killing themselves in the efforts to wear corsets since they have seen them on missionary women.

Guests at St. Louis help themselves since the waiters' strike, and the best of it is they are not so long about it and they have no waiters to trip.

Mr. J. J. Cravens is the wheat king of California. His possessions are in Tulare county, and this year he will harvest 17,000 bushels of wheat.

The queen travels on a pass, and yet every trip she makes to Baltimore costs the English government \$5,000 to defray the railroad expenses.

The largest sheep ranch in the world is in the counties of Webb and Dimmet, in Texas. It contains 400,000 acres, and yearly pastures 800,000 sheep.

The saloonkeepers of St. Petersburg have been warned not to sell liquors to factory operatives on credit, or to entice them to drink in any other way.

Fruit raising in California is not all profit. Not less than 10,000 fruit trees were lost on a ranch at Woodland last winter. At the low estimate of \$50,000.

During the marriage service in a church in Virginia the other day, a goat walked in and broke up the ceremony by summarily ejecting the groom with his head.

The reason why firecrackers are always covered with red paper is that red is the festive color in China, and that firecrackers are used chiefly on festive occasions.

Emin Pasha will write a book. Ten German publishers have solicited his work. It is not expected that his book will agree with Mr. Stanley's "In Darkest Africa."

The bones of some prehistoric giants have been unearthed near Anniston, Ala. One of the thigh bones was 62 inches long and the skulls averaged 34 inches in circumference.

It is said that a bunch of clover hung up in a sitting-room or bed-room will clear it of flies. This remedy must be equally agreeable to the inhabitants of the room and to the flies.

Puck offers the following definition: Liberty consists in being able to do as you please yourself, while you see that your neighbor does as you please to think he should properly do.

A poor washerwoman at Fayetteville, Ark., who a few days ago was notified that she had been granted a pension and would receive \$5,000 back pay, was so overcome with joy that she died.

The school board of Shippensburg, Pa., has determined to furnish for scholars this year free text books, stationery and other articles. For this purpose a mill has been added to the school tax.

A Hunt sunk an artesian well 180 feet two miles from San Bernardino recently. The water rises thirty inches above the top of the casing, and stones of eighteen pounds weight are occasionally thrown out.

Carriage wheels are now being made from cold-rolled steel. The spokes are tubular and adjustable. The wheels are so put together that any part can be replaced without taking off the tire or felloe.

Nearly one thousand heads of families in the Province of Quebec alone have made application for the state bounty of 100 acres of land voted to Canadians who are the fathers of twelve children or more.

Most of the red lanterns used in parades during the Harrison-Cleveland contest in New York in 1888 now serve as red light signals of obstruction over the subways which are building up over the town.

"CRIME OF SUCCESS."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON IN WACO, TEXAS.

He Discourses Eloquently on Success and the Power of Decision of Character.

Rev. Dr. Talmage was at Waco, Texas, on Sunday, where he preached from a text shown in Daniel 6:16. The preacher said:

Darius was king of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with the king that he made him prime minister, or secretary of state. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of a young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The tall, the cedar the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning.

These demagogues asked the king to make a decree that anybody that made a particular profession except the king's, in thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting any foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from seeing the king before he dies.

So, from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day, and is found on his knees making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. He hears the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the heavy eye balls rattle in the darkness. These are monsters keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth, they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters. They fawn around him, they lick his hand, they bury his feet in their long mane. That night he has calm sleep with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

It is not so well does Darius the king sleep. He loves Daniel, and hates this stratagem by which he has been condemned. All night long the king walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the coming of the morning. At the first streak of daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of lions; he looks in. All is silent. He has heard the moaning of the worst has happened; but gathering all his strength he shouts through the rifts of the rock, "O Daniel! is the God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the deep recesses of the cavern which says, "O king! I live forever. My God has sent His angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den than their flesh was torn and their bones cracked, and the blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar, they announce to all ages that whittles God will defend His people, the way of the just shall perish.

Learn first from this subject that the greatest crime that you can commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He got to be prime minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of unselfish human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are placed in poverty, so long as you are running the gauntlet between landlord and tax-gatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say, "Poor man, I am sorry for him; he ought to succeed, poor man!"

But after a while the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment that you made. You bought at just the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are being in some department successful, your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street and they scorn at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money and more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you passed by them. "Stuck up," says one. "You're dishonest," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves.

Every item of your success has been to them an item of discontent and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jonathan says: "Stay down, or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh!" said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Young men, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there were those to sympathize with you, but now that you are becoming master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Again: My subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions, but having set his compass well he sailed right on.

For the lack of that element of decision of character, so eminent in Daniel, many men are ruined for this world, and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their mind. Perhaps they will go west. Perhaps they will go east. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they will go north. Perhaps they may go south. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads. Perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that should go out of New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day should change for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston, and the next for Boston, and the next for Liverpool. These men are the sea of life everlasting, acting and making no headway. Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes it to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, and is cursed by all styles of architecture.

Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfish of Tonquin, it is magnificent while standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes, they grimace, and wink, and chuckle, and say, "There goes a saint."

O young man! have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men, who are affronted because you will not go to ruin with them? When they are under the shade of their tree, and their messengers push them into it, and their grins come down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

THE WITCHCRAFT INDUSTRY.

People Who Prey Upon the Superstitions of Poor Colored Women.

The old colored woman in the yellow shawl and bandana turban stopped at the third gate on the right of the alley and gave three knocks, says the Washington Star. When the portal was opened a crack by a thin and nervous female of mulatto complexion the visitor inserted her foot unobtrusively into the gap, so as to effectively prevent the shutting of the door, if it had been attempted, and said:

"Honey, didn't some mysterious sign tell you dat a stranger would come visitin' you to-day?"

"Dar was sumpin' queer-lookin' in do coffee grounds dis mornin'; but I done thought of long row of blackbirds meant nuffin' but de funeral of de nex' square," replied the woman inside the gate.

"No, honey; dem blackbirds was misfortunes comin'. You's had a deal er trouble in yo' life; you can't keep it hid from me, ca's I's a witch an' I know ebberbery. A deal er trouble you's had."

"Yes, indeedy, dat's a fac'," admitted the other, somewhat awestruck. "What a wise woman you is, to be sho'."

"I'se awful wise, honey; and lots mo' troubles and misfortunes an' comin' on. You'se got an enemy."

"Me?"

"Yes, an awful bad one. You nebber saw her, but she's got a spite against you 'cause her grandpa was hoodooed by an aunt ob yours on time, so dat de ole man's wool all came out an' he swole up like a balloon. Don't you hab misery in de joints of an' on?"

"My Lawd, yes!"

"I know'd you had. Once in a while I ax you a qeshun, so's to see if you tell me de trufe. Now I'll tell you de reason for dem pains. Dis enemy of yours is berry wicked; she is berry tall, an' has pop eyes an' freckles. Once in a while when she's bakin', maybe, she makes a leetle image out ob de dough an' bakes it in de oven, not berry crusty. De image is you. An', when she has time, she takes de image and sticks pins into it; den, ob course, you feel pains and aches."

"Sakes alive! What's a po' critter like me to do?"

"Dat's what I came to tell you, Didn't I say I was a witch, honey? I'll show you how to fix yo' enemy, so's she can't do you no hurt no mo', but it'll cost you sumpin'."

"I'se only got 50 cents."

"Well, dat'll do. Give it to me, chile. You'se sho' it's a good silver piece? Now listen: When you are bakin' next take a bit ob dough an' make an image ob de wicked woman. Just make it long an' thin an' it'll do. Den set it to raise wid de udder bread, after tyin' a piece ob thread round its neck pretty tight. When it's done raised de thread will hab de neck mo' cut in two; bake it careful dat way, berry crusty, an' put it away on de pantry shelf in a tin box. De wicked woman will be so choked dat she can't do you any hurt for a year; den you can make anudder image in de same way."

"Is dat all?"

"No, dere's sumpin' else awful serious; but it costs more money to know it."

"But I ain't got no mo'."

"Not two bits? Dese are hard times in de witchery business."

"Not a nickel."

"Well, I'll come again. Dere's a pusson I know of dat's laid sumpin' down 'gaust you, an', if I don't tell you how to fix it, it'll bring all sorts er bad luck. Good day, honey; and if you kin git any ole c'os from yo' missus, dey'll go a long way wid me, 'stead er money."

A person who knows about such things told a Star reporter that there were a good many shrewd negro women in Washington who made an excellent living by preying in this way upon the superstitious fears of the lower class among the colored population.

No Time For Home Duties.

"My, your dress is torn again this morning. Now step up here and I will fix it for you."

A pin was placed in the offensive dress and the child stepped back into a row of scholars, who, books in hand, stood in a semicircle around the kind teacher who had fixed the dress.

"Now, Mary," said the latter, as the pupil took her place in the class, "I told you yesterday to ask your mother to mend your dress. Why didn't you do as I told you?"

The child hesitated a moment, then meekly said: "Please, teacher, mother goes to church every evening and says that she has got no time to fix things for me."

The teacher blushed—yes, blushed for the mother who parades her religion and neglects her home—but said not a word.

This is only an actual fact, says the Minneapolis Tribune. The incident occurred in one of the public schools of this city recently. As there many mothers like this in the city, that boasts of her scholarly preachers, her churches and schools?

Why Two Ears Are Necessary.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is dropped into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the sound to his ear, the impact being greatest in the ear that is nearest the source. This being the case a person who totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of but little consequence, can not locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite close to him. Blind persons learn to estimate distances in a surprisingly brief period after losing their sight, but experts on disease of the ear say that persons wholly deaf in one ear can never learn to estimate the direction of a sound.

Mr. Catharina Sharp of Philadelphia is reliably vouched for as being 112 years old and of well-preserved faculties. When a little girl she sold milk to Gen. Washington and staid from her father's farm.

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.

Some of these Sayings Are Anything but Complimentary.

The proverbs of most countries are rich in all subjects relating to women, although frequently they are far from complimentary, says American Notes and Queries.

Indeed, it is curious that in this source of literature we should find so much ill-natured sarcasm—oftentimes as unjust as it is untrue. According to a well-known Italian adage, "Whatever a woman will, she can"—a saying which has its equivalent in other countries. Hence, too, we are warned how

"The man's a fool who thinks by force or skill to win the favor of a woman's will; For if she will, she will, you may depend on't And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

The notion that a woman can not keep a secret is embodied in many a proverb, and is alluded to by Shakespeare, who makes Hotspur say to his wife, in 1. Henry IV.:

"Constant care you take, But yet a woman; and for so; No lady closer; for I well believe You will not utter what you do not know, And so far I will trust thee, gentle Kate."

Mr. Kelly remarks, in his little book on proverbs: "If there be truth in proverbs men have no right to reproach women for blabbing. A woman can't best keep her own secret. Try her on the subject of her age." The industry of woman has long ago become proverbial, as in the couplet:

"The woman that's honest, her chiefest delight Is still to be doing from morning till night."

With which we compare the common maxim: "A woman's work is never at an end." On the other hand it was formerly said of the woman who, after being a busy, industrious maid became an indolent wife. "She hath broken her elbow at the church door," the ceremony of the church porch—where oftentimes part of the marriage service was performed—having disabled her for domestic duties. The

another adage alluded to is: "The wife that expects to have a good name is always at home, as if she were lame."

According to our forefathers it did not look well for a woman to be always sight-seeing, as such was an indication that she was not sufficiently domesticated and was too fond of pleasure. Hence, it was a usual saying:

"A woman oft seen a gown oft worn, Are disesteemed and held in scorn."

Even to the present day, according to a well-known Yorkshire proverb, "A zonknon [a gossip] is seldom a good housewife at home." Many of our proverbs speak of the fickleness of woman, but surely this is a libel on their constancy:

"The love of a woman and a bottle of wine Are sweet for a season and last for a time."

One adage tells us how "Maid's say may and take—a kiss, a ring, or an offer of marriage." On the same principle it has been commonly said: "Take a woman's first advice and not her second."

Among some of the many other proverbs relating to women is the familiar one:

"There's no mischief in the world done, But a woman is always one."

This is somewhat severe judgment, and one which must be received with caution. According to another adage, "Women in mischief are wiser than men," and it was also said that "Women's jabs breed men's wars."

The Germans have the following variation of this proverb: "There's no mischief done in the world but there's a woman or a priest at the bottom of it."

There is another proverb which says that "John is as good as my lady in the dark," for, as an ancient Latin saying reminds us, "Blenishes are unseen by night." Whether we agree with this statement or not, yet, as Mr. Kelly remarks, quoting the following lines:

"Shows stars and women in a better light."

With which may go the French hyperbole, "By candlelight a goat looks like a lady."

How to Cure a Headache.

Dyspeptic or bilious headache is very common, and it seems to me, it is the headache which is most readily avoided to its cause and most readily avoided without medicine.

Every one who has ever suffered from it knows, as well as I can tell them, the cause and remedy. It is the old story of appetite, indulgence and punishment.

If you wish to know my advice as to curing bilious headache, I say—Don't get it. Eat such food as agrees with you; be temperate in all things, and be as regular as clockwork about your habits. In the case of young people this headache can always be traced to some error in diet—as rich food in immoderate quantity, eating at unreasonable or unusual hours, drinking wine or beer, etc., etc.—and it readily gives way to an emetic and sleep. Almost any emetic will do—ipecac or sulphate of zinc. In the case of elderly persons, however, the headaches, although less acute, are apt to be more tedious and more exhausting. Rest in bed, cold applications to the head, and some purgative medicine taken so as to operate in the morning, will usually effect a cure.—Dr. MacHenry, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Kentucky Debate.

A debate was held in the school-house at Barbourville, Ky., the other evening, the proposition being: "Resolved, that fire is more useful than water." After a heated discussion of two hours the matter went to the referee, who, being a married man with a large family, declined to decide the question. Then revolvers were drawn, and there was every prospect of a lively time until a cool-headed person moved that a conference committee of two from each side, with the referee as the fifth member, should adjourn to the hotel and endeavor to arrive at a settlement. This carried, the committee withdrew and in half an hour returned, presenting the following paper:

"As a compromise your committee has unanimously determined in favor of fire-water."—Detroit Free Press.

An Exceptional Railroad.

It is said that the Georgia railroad is the only road of its size in the world that has never killed a passenger and never had a mortgage on it.

SUPERSTITION OF THE AIKOS.

Homage Paid by the Singular Race to the Bear—Fattening the Cub.

Among the singular superstitions that prevail among the Ainos is one that gives a sacred character to the bear. In the mountains of Yezo are huge bears like the savage grizzlies of the Rockies. Near the dwellings of a community of Ainos will be found a bear cage made of logs and also a sacred hedge constructed of poles and brush. In the springtime they set out to hunt the bear. They have no weapons that would be of much avail in close quarters with one of these huge beasts, but they accomplish the death of the animal by means of poisoned arrows, says the Washington Star. The heads of the arrows are dipped in the poison they obtain from acornite root. When one of the poison pierces the skin of a bear the Ainos acts so quickly that he will fall in mortal agony after running a few rods. Sometimes bears are killed by traps or bows set on the ground with a line stretched across the path of the animal so that when he brushes against the string the arrow is discharged.

The main purpose of the first spring bear hunt is to secure a live cub. With this trophy the hunters return home in triumph. The young bear is placed in the cage and suckled by one of the old women of the community. As the weeks pass by he is fed plentifully and grows so large and fat that the cage will hardly hold him. Then, in the fall, the great ceremony of the year occurs. The bear's hind legs are secured and he is set free from the cage. He is pelted, tormented with blunt arrows and subjected to all manner of torture. Finally he is taken to a place where a great beam is placed upon him and his tormentors climb upon the beam and play sec-saw on him until they have crushed the life out of him. On the day following the crushing of the bear there is a great feast, in which bear meat forms the principal part of the menu, and sake is drunk in such liberal quantities that the whole community would be likely to be locked up in the station house for being drunk and disorderly, if they had such adjuncts of civilization as static houses. Finally the skull of the bear is placed on one of the poles or spikes of the hedge, where it receives homage. In the course of years the sacred hedge becomes ornamented with a collection of bear skulls.

A Singular Fly.

On State Entomologist Lintner's desk in the capitol, says an Albany letter to N. Y. Times, is a jelly glass which contains several hundreds of exceedingly lively small flies. When asked about them Prof. Lintner said they were sent to him by a lady from Au Sable Forks, who thought they were very curious insects, since first can not kill them. The doctor said:

"They have been living by thousands all the winter on the windows of a room without fire. She first saw them eight years ago and each year since then they have made their appearance, first on the brick wall outside in the month of August, and later in the house, and always in this one room. No other house in the place has them. This is the third instance in which I have heard of this fly infesting dwelling-houses. The first was at Franklin, N. H., where it enters a certain house each year in August, literally by millions, to the great annoyance of the family, who resort to every known means to reduce its numbers, but without success, apparently, and the flies regularly leave during the latter part of April."

A house in Alfred Center, N. Y., is the other place where it is known that the flies appear. The fly belongs to a family many of which are known to feed in the stems and roots of grains. Where this breeds has not yet been found out. The strangest thing about it is that it shows an instinct even more wonderful than the carrier pigeon, which leads the young flies as soon as they are hatched in the field to the identical room that their parents had occupied during the autumn and winter before.

Some specimens of the New Hampshire flies were sent by me to Baron Osten Sacken of Heidelberg, Germany, to see if they had the same species in Europe. About half a dozen instances of regular assemblages of similar species are recorded in European scientific publications, but as they seemed to be different from ours, at my request, Baron Osten Sacken described our species and named it chlorospiza prolifica. It certainly is wonderfully prolific."

How a Charge of Shot Travels.

When standing within a few yards of the gun's muzzle at the time of discharge, says the St. Louis Republic, a person would be amazingly astonished were he only able to see the shot as they go whizzing by. Experts in instantaneous photography have proved to us that the shot not only spread out, comet-like, as they fly, but they string out one behind the other to a much greater distance than they spread. Thus, with a cylinder gun, when the first shot of a charge reaches a target that is forty yards away the last shot is lagging along ten yards behind. Even with a choke-bore gun some of the shot will lag behind eight yards in forty. This accounts for the wide swath that is mowed in a flock of ducks on which a charge of shot falls just right. About 5 per cent only of the charge of shot arrive simultaneously at the target, but the balance of the first half of the charge is so close behind that a bird's muscles are not quick enough to get it out of the way, although those who have watched sitting birds when shot at have often seen them start as if to fly when the leading shot whistled by them, only to drop dead as they were overtaken by the leaden hail that followed.

A Mouse in the House.

The sudden appearance of a mouse on the floor of the English house of commons a few nights ago upset the dignity of the eminent gentleman near it, and led to a little panic that made it necessary to drop business for a while.

Over one hundred colored men now control newspapers in the United States.

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.
TIME TABLE NO. 3.

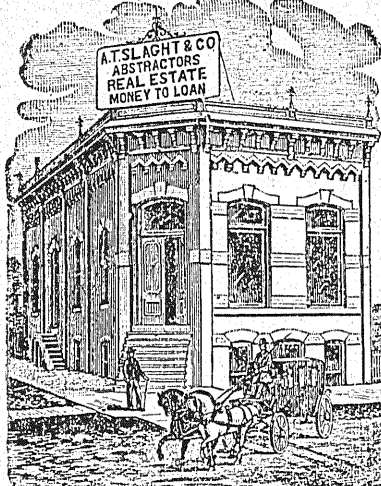
GOING NORTH.			
STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.	Pass.
Pontiac.....	A. M. 8:30	P. M. 5:40	A. M. 8:15
Oxford.....	10:10	7:40	9:10
Dryden.....	11:32	7:30	9:36
Inlay City.....	12:08	7:48	9:52
North Branch.....	1:40	8:34	10:34
Clifford.....	2:16	8:53	10:52
Kingston.....	2:58	9:16	11:12
Wilmett.....	3:18	9:27	11:23
Delord.....	3:53	9:37	11:31
Cass City.....	4:19	10:00	11:45
Gagetown.....	5:11	10:05	12:05
Owendale.....	5:35	10:12	12:19
Berne.....	6:15	10:24	12:44
Caseville.....	6:46	10:30	1:00

GOING SOUTH.			
STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed.	Freight
Caseville.....	A. M. 4:15	P. M. 5:30	5:30
Berne.....	4:34	5:49	5:30
Owendale.....	4:54	6:05	6:05
Gagetown.....	5:11	6:20	6:20
Cass City.....	5:26	6:26	7:10
Delord.....	5:42	6:38	7:35
Wilmett.....	5:51	6:48	7:50
Kingston.....	6:01	6:52	8:15
Clifford.....	6:20	6:56	8:50
North Branch.....	6:36	6:49	9:40
Inlay City.....	7:15	7:40	11:10
Dryden.....	7:30	8:00	11:50
Oxford.....	8:06	8:39	12:31
Pontiac.....	8:49	9:30	12:50

Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 run daily except Sundays. Train No. 5 will run Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Train No. 6 will run Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Flag stations, where trains stop only on signal.

CONNECTIONS.
Pontiac, D. G. H. & M. and Mich. Air Line Division G. T. R.
Oxford, Detroit and Bay City division of M. C. Inlay City, C. & G. T.
Clifford, E. & P. M.
Berne Junction, S. T. & H.
JAMES HOUSTON Superintendent.

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.

STATE NEWS.

Coldwater will have a savings bank.
Donkey parties are all the rage in Mason.
Alpena is to have four free mail carriers.
Livingstone county paid \$85.17 sparrow bounties during August.
La grippe still exists among the inhabitants of the Saginaw valley.
Colored men have leased the Albion fair grounds for a camp meeting.
Fire made \$20,000 hole in the business section of Carson City last Friday.
A savage ram attacked Mrs. Swarthout, of Putman, recently, and broke her leg.
Au Sable is organizing an athletic club, and Will A. Smith, the cowboy, will be trainer.
Somebody has burned eight or nine barns in Grand Rapids during the past two weeks.
About 50 teams are employed in digging out the American approach of the Port Huron tunnel.
It will take four mail carriers to lug around the Alpena mail as soon as free delivery is established there.
A balloon bearing an electric light is sent up every night from the Chicago exposition, and can be seen at Allegan.
Mrs. H. S. Aldrich, of Leroy, Calhoun Co., became violently insane Saturday night and drowned herself in Mill lake.
The proprietors of the Franklin house, Belding, slugged each other last Monday and the house is now divided against itself.
All hopes for the Schooner Comrade has been given up, and the conclusion that has been arrived at is that she lies at the bottom of the lake.
Midland county has four candidates for sheriff. The republican has the advantage in his name, if that is of any consequence. He is Mr. True Hart.
A 10 inch steam fog whistle which can crack your tympanum at 300 yards with both hands tied, will do duty at Presque Isle light station after next Wednesday.
The steam shovels used in making the entrances to Port Huron tunnel is strictly business. It glanced from a stone at Sarnia Monday and cut Fred Steven's leg off.
Bay county owes only \$25,000 to the state. The year's tax sales amount to \$50,000 and the liquor tax to \$75,000. Bay City has the largest wooden-ware factory in the world.

Wheeler & Co., of Bay City, have offered the men in their steel yard a purse of \$1,000 if they will have the steel steamer Keweenaw and the Canadian Pacific Car Transfer ready for launching by Oct. 15.

The gold medal awarded Michigan for her educational exhibit at the Melbourne, Australia, exposition in 1888, has just been received at Lansing. It is of Australian gold and weighs nearly two ounces.

A Petoskey man ran his horse upon the streets of that village the other day until the animal dropped dead, and they are letting him live his disreputable life right along without arrest, same as a decent man.

When J. W. Davis, of Fenton, entered his barn Saturday night, a horse kicked him under the chin with such suddenness that Mr. Davis didn't remember anything for three hours. Had it been the hoof which struck him instead of the leg, his memory would have been gone forever.

The Southwestern Michigan Fair Association, held at Three Rivers, have commenced the erection of the electric lights around their track there, and on Thursday evening, September 25, will have racing by electricity. The southwestern band tournament also occurs there the same evening and twenty bands will be present.

The agricultural department of the agricultural college have been feeding one steer of each of the several principal breeds of cattle with the object of a practical experiment in view and on Wednesday next the cattle will be killed at the abattoir of the Michigan beef company on Dix-ave., when it will be discovered which breed yields the largest amount of beef and also the breed which yields the largest percentage of the best cuts.

KINGSTON.

Peaches, \$2.50.
Lyman Hill is improving.
Some Jack Frost Saturday night.
Jack Day went back to Gaylord last Thursday.
Everybody is busy plowing for and sowing wheat.
Major King returned to New York Monday night.
We rise to remark that we have a new elevator, and as good a one as stands in Tuscola or any adjoining county. Morron.
Lem Depew and John Ryckman have taken a job of Wm. Peters, of Columbiaville, to build a commodious farm house on his farm 3 1/2 miles west.
Owen Millikin and family moved on to their farm (the late smith place,) 2 1/2 miles east, last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Smith took possession of the house vacated by them, where they expect to spend their declining years.
Rev. Beach preached his farewell sermon last Sabbath to a full congregation, closing with a fine consecration service, after receiving three into full connection. Should he be removed to another point, he will leave Kingston with the love and good wishes of every body, old and young, for he has indeed been a faithful servant and has done much to improve and build up the M. E. church during the past three years. Through his earnest and energetic efforts the parsonage debt was paid, an addition built, giving a pleasant study chamber finished off, re-papered and painted throughout, new cistern and pump, nine commodious horse sheds, the church repaired, recarpeted and divers minor details and improvements made, besides two large and effective revivals have been conducted by him and the membership thrived. The M. E. church is now on its feet and there to stay and ready for another year's warfare, with any leader that may be assigned.

(Last week's Correspondence.)

F. J. Gifford is finishing off his hall into offices.
D. T. Randall was in town last week and we know him without any introduction.
Jas. McGinnis has finished his store. C. E. Soper took possession with his stock of drugs last Thursday.

We learned with regret of the death of Hon. Sumner Howard, of Flint, on Saturday last. A brilliant man is gone.

Rev. Beach and wife have been in Caro, this week, attending the wedding of Mrs. Beach's sister, Miss Etta Dopking, of Chicago, which occurred at her mother's residence on Wednesday.

M. M. Jarvis, governmental clerk at Washington, D. C., arrived home Monday for his annual vacation of one month. He was around shaking hands with old friends who were pleased to see him.

School opened on Monday with bright prospects for success and we hope the patrons of the school will not have cause for disappointment, as they have long demanded better teachers and improvements in different ways and we hope the millennium is coming.

The large grain barn, situated on the late R. Steven's place, at East Dayton, belonging to A. T. Slaght & Co., of Caro, was burned with its contents about eleven o'clock last Saturday night, the 6th, inst. The contents consisted of 10 tons of hay, 15 bushels of clover seed, 360 bushels of oats and 2 horses; also a grain threshing separator belonging to Green & Anderson, two young men just

starting out to gain a competence, on whom the loss falls heavily, as the purchase price was secured on other property and will have to be replaced. Unfortunately for Messrs. Slaght & Co., they had neglected to secure the execution of the assignment of the insurance policy and will doubtless lose the insurance, making it a total loss. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the commander-in-chief of all armies to call our worthy comrade, Robert S. Toland, to the post above, and

WHEREAS, Comrade Toland was personally known and respected by the members of T. B. Meyer's Post, Grand Army of the Republic, for his many manly attributes and for his unflinching fidelity to the Grand Army of the Republic, therefore,

Resolved, By T. B. Meyer's Post, G. A. R., that we do hereby express the sense of our own personal loss, and extend to the bereaved widow and orphans our warmest sympathy in their sorrow and distress, assuring them of the high regard in which we will ever hold them.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the Journal of T. B. Meyer's Post and sent to the Cass City and Caro papers.

H. ARCHER,
WM. J. WILLIAMSON,
Committee.

Republican Convention.

A republican convention for the second legislative district of Tuscola will be held in the town hall, Cass City, on Monday, Oct. 6th, at one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate to represent said district in the State Legislature. The several townships will be entitled to delegates as follows: Almer, 6; Columbia, 7; Dayton, 5; Elkland, 8; Ellington, 4; Elmwood, 6; Fremont, 8; Indian Fields, 12; Kingston, 5; Koylton, 5; Novesta, 3; Wells, 3.
Dated at Cass City, Sept. 14, 1890.

A. D. GILLES,
H. G. SHREMAN,
J. M. TOMM,
Committee.

If you could see your own scalp through an ordinary magnifying glass, you would be amazed at the amount of dust, dandruff and dead skin thereon accumulated. The best and most popular preparation for cleansing the scalp is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Sallow and leaden-hued complexions soon give place to the loveliest pink-and-white, when the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is persisted in, and cosmetics entirely abandoned. Nothing can counterfeit the rosy glow of perfect health, which blesses those who use this medicine.

Tetter Cured by S. S. S.

I used Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) about three years ago for an aggravated case of Tetter, and was cured sound and well with three bottles. I have had no return of the annoying disease since. I tried various other remedies before using S. S. S. but they failed to cure me, or benefit me in any way. OLAN C. FOGLE, Fairfield, Ill.

I have sold Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) for a number of years, and can cheerfully recommend it. As a tonic and blood purifier it is without an equal.
WM. GRIMS, Nashville Ill.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kas., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my physicians thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight."
Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many friends is to urge them to try it." Retail bottles at Fritz Bros.' Drug Store, Regular sizes 50 cents and \$1.

When The Hair

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.
"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and colorants of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. It is a hair preparation that once by Ayer's Hair Vigor and the heads who go around with heads looking like the fretted porcupine should hurry to nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."
"The Sunny South, Atlanta Ga.
"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics, and similar preparations, in being perfectly harmless."—From *Economical Housekeeping*, by Eliza R. Parker.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Three Cent Column.

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

SHINGLES for sale. Inquire of HALL BROS., 84-10-11.

FOR SALE—An A No. 1 yoke of working oxen 6 years old. Inquire of WM. E. RANDALL.

FOR SALE—A square piano. Address Louis Muntz, Cass City.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further information address J. C. LAING.

LOTS FOR SALE—Best location in the city. Will sell on time if desired. T. A. CONLON, 7-11-12.

TO RENT—Suite of rooms suitable for one or two young men. Inquire of E. H. PINNEY.

FARM FOR SALE—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Easy terms. Apply to J. C. LAING.

FOR SALE—One good farm horse. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 3 miles north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—A litter of fine pigs, four weeks old. C. E. HANSON, 1 mile south of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Nine Berkshire pigs, six weeks old. Inquire of B. M. EWING, one-half mile west of Cass City.

MARE FOR SALE—Cheap, or will exchange for colt. A. A. MCKENZIE, 9-12-2wks.

FOR SALE—Two milch cows and two good working horses. A. AUSTLANDER, one mile north of Shabbona, 9-12-2wks.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—Large red cow with S one horn broke off. Will give \$10 to any person returning her to my premises, one mile east, four miles north and one mile east of Cass City. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 9-12-3wks. ROBRICK McDONALD.

I WILL SELL—One four-year-old horse, a lot of young cattle, one span of four-year-old mares, good workers, on time to suit purchaser. J. H. STRIFFLER.

FOR SALE—A house and one acre of ground in the village of Cass City, known as the Wm. Walker property. Will take stock as part payment. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 7-1-11. Three miles north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—I offer for sale my brewery, lots and all appurtenances and fixtures, such as barrels, etc., situated in Gagetown, Mich., at a reasonable price. JOS. WELLES.

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of good farming land. The east half of the west half of the S. W. quarter of section 21, township of Austin, Sanilac county, about 20 acres cleared. Small payment down, balance on time.

FOR SALE—I have a Birseil grain separator nearly new, also Canton Monitor, 12 horse, engine in good order, with tank, etc. All ready to crush with, which I will sell cheap or exchange for other property. Call on or address, W. H. BELLES, Orion.

SAVE MONEY—By calling on the undersigned when wishing to purchase a sewing machine cheap. I have secured the agency for the celebrated American sewing machine, which I am selling cheaper than ever before in this county. Yours Respectfully, CHAS. D. STRIFFLER, Cass City, Mich.

FOR SALE—A splendid improved farm of 160 acres, good buildings, 5 1/2 miles northeast of Cass City and known as the Jacobs farm. This farm must be sold at once to close an estate, and it will go cheap. Apply to Administrators C. J. LOUIS, Detroit, or J. MARSHALL, Cass City 6-13-11.

REWARD—Strayed from my farm in Eveshgreen township, on Sunday, Sept. 14th, two coats, one two-year-old bay gelding, the other a yearling cream gelding. Any person furnishing information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of the same will be suitably rewarded. LEWIS TRAVIS, Shabbona P. O., Mich. 9-17-2 wks.

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 constantly on hand at the works.

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by

W. L. PARKER.

BEE KEEPERS SUPPLIES.

We are now prepared to furnish Bee Hives, Section Boxes, Comb Foundations, Smoker, Extractors and Shipping Cases at

Rock Bottom Prices.

We respectfully invite the Bee Keepers of this section to call and get our prices.

We have just purchased two car loads of dry pine lumber and can now fill orders for

SIDING AND FLOORING.

LONDON, ENO & KEATING,

Near the Depot.

SALE! SALE! SALE!

Here We Go Again!

This sale will be confined strictly to our Clothing, Cloaks and Dry Goods departments. We have purchased a stock at regular

GIVE AWAY PRICES

We will commence our Sale of the same on Monday, September 15th, and will end September 27th, 1890.

Now is Your Time to Buy Dress Goods.

In the beginning of the season at Wholesale Prices. We quote a few prices as samples:—

1500 yards Check Gingham, (Good Quality) 5c
500 yards Canton Flannel, at 6cts per yard.
500 yards half-wool Dress Goods, 8cts.
1000 yards, 1 yd wide Dress Flannel, 20cts
150 yards Print, 5 cents per yard.

Clothing, Clothing!

Here, Oh! Here is where you can get the Greatest Bargains yet offered in the Clothing line. We have everything you want in Shirts and Overcoats and the following are some of the cuts we are offering during our sale:

50 Men's suits \$7.50 worth \$10 to \$12
25 " " 12.50 worth 15 to 18
25 Boys' suits 3.50 worth \$5.00
30 Childs' suits at 90cts worth 1.25 to 1.50
75 pairs Cottonade Pants at 65c worth 1.00

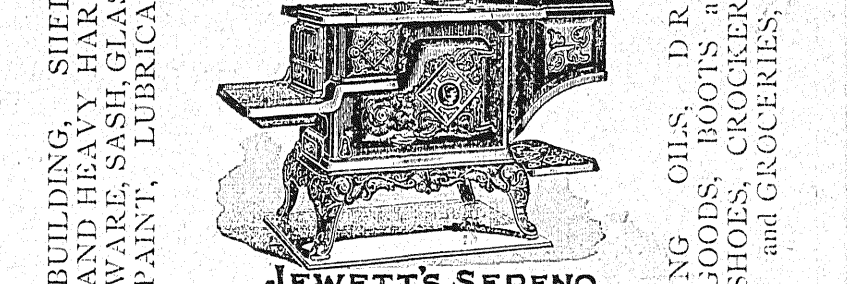
The above are only a few of the Goods we are offering and you certainly will miss the Biggest Chance of the season if you don't buy while the Sale lasts.

DONT FORGET THE DATE!

-2-MACKS-2-

—FOR—
Quality, Quantity and Incomparably Low Prices

COOK AND PARLOR STOVES,



J. L. HITCHCOCK.
OF CASS CITY,

Who will offer for the next Ten Days the following Special Bargains:—

100 Pairs Ladies' Shoes Worth \$3.00 for \$2.50 and \$2.12
50 Pairs Men's Boots Worth \$2.50 for \$2.00.
Screen Doors Worth \$1.50 for 90 cents.
Window Sash, Oil Stoves, Barn Door Rollers for wood track, Farmer's Anvils, Drills and Many other Goods in My Immense Stock at their ACTUAL COST.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

About one Man in Ten

DOES NOT TRADE WITH US

We're After That Man.

About one man in ten doesn't know that the other nine of his fellow mortals have come to the conclusion that it's always safest to trade with Eleyvier.

Were After That Man.

About one man in ten doesn't know that his neighbors are saving money on every deal, because they trade with Eleyvier.

We're After That Man.

About one man in ten, can't be expected to know that we are headquarters for Groceries, because he hasn't entered our store.

We're After That Man,

With a big Stock, with big Bargains, with Low Prices, with fair dealing; and we expect to get his trade. Are you the tenth man?

WER'E AFTER YOU.

Wm. ELEVIER,

CASS CITY, MICH