

Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. IX. No. 43.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1890.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

THE BUYER BACKED DOWN!

Yes he did. He was attracted to the store by the elegant display in the window. It struck him that all this time when he'd been wandering around not knowing where to go, he'd been

LOOKING FOR ELEVIER'S

Certainly he had. He'd been looking for the cheap place, the best place to buy. That's Elevier's. When he had picked out his goods he asked for the price. We told him and he backed down and left the store. Yes, he

GREEN---BACKED DOWN.

Put down his greenbacks and left the store, as if he feared we'd raise the price on him. Not we. He hadn't been used to the low prices that are made every day and to every buyer at

ELEVIER'S,

CASS CITY,

MICH.

WALL PAPER!

Just Received!

We have just received a bill of Wall Paper for the fall trade, which with all we have on hand, we will sell for the next Sixty Days from Sept. 15th, at a DISCOUNT OF 25 PER CENT FOR CASH. Also a nice line of Window Shades, School Books, School Tablets, Stationary, Pens, Pencils and all school supplies. Patent Medicines, Druggists' Sundries, Etc Filling of Prescriptions a Specialty. Call and see us.

FRITZ BROTHERS.

WALL PAPER.

NEW STORE

AT

GAGETOWN!

I have recently Purchased a Fine Stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES &c.

I am located in the R, S, Brown store building. It will pay you to call and see my Mammoth Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Yours Truly,

A. J. PALMER.

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. KLINE, and are now Prepared to Any Kind of Job Work.

RAVETROUGHING + A + SPECIALTY.

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 inch 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.

CORRECTED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.	
Wheat, No. 1 white.....	93
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	88
do No. 2 red.....	95
do No. 3 red.....	90
Oats.....	35 @ 36
Beans hand-picked.....	120 @ 175
do un-picked.....	100 @ 150
Rye.....	40 @ 45
Barley.....	100 @ 120
Clver seed.....	360 @ 380
Pens per bushel.....	35 @ 50
Backwheat.....	25 @ 28
Pork, live weight.....	3 50
Pork, dressed.....	4 @ 4 50
Butter.....	14
Eggs.....	16
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 23
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

Caught On The Fly.

The leaves are falling. T. E. Morse is our new village Marshal. The Vassar fair is in progress this week.

Elmer Smith's infant child was buried last week. Ten car loads of potatoes wanted by A. A. McKenzie.

Prof. T. A. Conlen visited the county seat last Saturday.

Mrs. Jessie Wright is visiting friends in Caro this week.

Remember F. C. Lee's mammoth auction sale on Oct. 30th.

F. E. Warner is buying a large number of fowls nowadays.

No clue as yet to the perpetrator of the theft at John Striffler's.

A. A. McKenzie wants all the potatoes he can buy for cash price.

Street Commissioner Higgins is still repairing our sidewalks.

Mrs. W. P. Tompkins has been on the sick list for the past week.

John Leonard, of Bad Axe, was in town on Saturday last week.

Frank Duggan, of Saginaw, is here this week on a visit to his parents.

Our village council proposes to have good sidewalks and plenty of them.

Mrs. Flint, of Detroit, is the guest of C. W. McPhail and family this week.

Cross Bros. have commenced the job of painting M. Sheridan's new house.

Read what the well known firm of 2 Macks 2 have to say in a change of ad.

J. W. Macomber's family has been increased one by the addition of a girl baby.

Mrs. O. A. Briggs, of Kingston, was in town last Friday and Saturday, on business.

Mrs. R. S. Toland, of Caro, was the guest of Jas. McGilvary and wife on Sunday last.

Wm. Hebblewhite and wife and Miss Kit Clark visited relatives in Sheridan Sunday.

Rev. N. B. Andrews preached a sermon on usury at the Baptist church last Sunday evening.

E. C. Sherer, postal clerk on the P. O. & N. R. R., spent Tuesday afternoon with postmaster Seed.

Dr. N. L. McLaughlin of Findlay Ohio is in town this week shaking hands with his many friends.

Rev. N. B. Andrews and family left this week for their new field of labor at Hadley, Mich.

Misses Koiff and Howell, of Caro, were the guests of Miss Belle McKenize on Sunday last.

Striffler & Fronteche shipped this week from this place five carloads of cattle, hogs and sheep.

Ab. Higgins will remain in Caro for two or three weeks assisting Frank Dyer in his jewelry store.

Arthur Sharrard took a load of butter and eggs to Bay City last week Thursday returning Saturday.

Hugh Seed, Jr. has been engaged to teach a school in Grant township which opens December 1st.

Bert Raymond and M. M. Wickware took in the trotting and pacing races at Caro Friday afternoon.

Jno. J. Dooler, representing H. E. Bucklin & Co., of Chicago, was a caller at our office last Saturday.

Ida Gamble returned home last Friday night from Missouri, where she has been visiting an aunt for some time.

Mrs. Jas. B. Corlett, of Port Huron, is calling on her old friends and acquaintances in the village this week.

The township Board for the township of Elkland, will be in session on Saturday forenoon, Oct 11th, at the town hall.

W. J. Gamble went to Ann Arbor on Monday where he will complete the law course of the Michigan University.

John Emmons made a business trip to North Branch last week. J. P. Hera acted as landlord during his absence.

T. E. McBeth, of Toronto, is the guest of E. F. Marr and S. D. Edwards this week. Mr. McBeth is a Canadian barrister.

Owing to lack of space we are obliged to omit about one-half of the list of premiums, but will publish the balance next week.

John Tennant, of Mallorytown, Ont., was the guest of his brother, Jas. Tennant, of this place, on Friday and Saturday last week.

Read the proceedings of our village council this week. Every one should be interested in the proceeding of the officers of their own municipality.

Rev. W. P. Tompkins and wife expect to attend the Baptist state convention held with the Woodward Ave. Baptist church in Detroit, next week.

The pumpkin pie social and entertainment given in the M. E. church Tuesday night proved a very enjoyable affair. The proceeds amounted to about \$11.

The Caro Democrat, always a bright, newsy, first class paper, appeared last week still further improved. Another column having been added to each page.

Quite a few of the miners working for the Sebawaing coal company quit last week because the company decided to pay five cents less per car for digging.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Tanner and their mother left Tuesday night for Mio, Oscoda county, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Geo. Tanner.

The Industrial senatorial convention was held at this place on Saturday of last week and placed in nomination as their candidate for senator, John Baston, of Almer.

"Twill be a success, despite the lowering weather of entry day morning." So says Wednesday's daily Vassar Times in speaking of the fair held at that place this week.

Effa McArthur, who was so unfortunate as to have one of her limbs broken a short time ago, is keeping well up with her classes at school, although confined to her bed all the time.

The Democratic convention was held at Caro last Saturday for the second district of Tuscola county, and endorsed Travis Leach, the Industrial party nominee for Representative.

Wm. Adams, the surviving farmer at Caseville who was poisoned by drinking a preparation of wild parsnips, has recovered considerable and it is probable that he will soon be entirely well.

Postmaster Seed discovered a suspicious looking man hanging around his house about eleven o'clock last Saturday night. A revolver shot off in the air made him retreat in double-quick time.

A large number of ladies assembled at the home of Mrs. J. F. Hendrick on Tuesday and had a general good time. They had an old fashioned quilting bee, and the queerest thing of all was that it was Mrs. Hendrick's birthday.

A newspaper is to be started in Vassar. D. C. Ashmun, prominent in industrial unions, intends to start a newspaper there devoted to the interests of all industrial classes, which will be called the Industrial Age.—Free Press.

There is a strong talk of a race at this place between Princeton, owned by John Leonard, of Bad Axe, and Nelly B., owned by M. B. Trusdale, of Caro. If the

race takes place it will be for \$100 a side and occur on our track soon.

A. J. Palmer is the new merchant at Gageton, he having opened a general store at that place last week. He is a hustler and will do business if there is a chance for it. Read his announcement elsewhere in this issue.

The place of business of an Adrain groceryman is bounded on the east by a saloon and on the west by a prohibition weekly newspaper. He pays his money and takes his choice—the printing press or the wine press.—Evening News.

The directors, of the fairground are making a move to get 100 Lombard poplar trees to set out on the fairground in the spring. This we think is a good movement and every stock holder should gladly endorse the action of the directors.

A Pink T social under the auspices of the Epworth League will be given at the residence of Nolton Bigelow on Friday evening, Oct. 17. A museum will be one of the attractions of the evening. Supper, 10 cents, admission to museum, 5 cents.

Charles S. Rawles, for two years connected with Perry Power's Cadillac News and express, has become manager and editor of the Caro Advertiser to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Slocum's locating in Detroit with the Journal.—Detroit Journal.

There is no place like home. Always remember to work for your town. There are people, you know, who always give their best thoughts, best words and works to anything foreign, while home—their locality—is nothing to them. Prosperity of your town will touch you; but prosperity abroad is for others.

There was a social gathering in the rooms over the Exchange bank, (future rooms of the ENTERPRISE,) on Wednesday evening by a number of young married and unmarried people, for the purpose of engaging in a social hop. A pleasant time was had and everything passed off very satisfactory to the participants.

The Detroit News is out with another of their liberal propositions to its readers. A beautiful picture, a reproduction of that famous painting, "The Russian Wedding Feast," will be given to every reader. The picture alone is worth five times the money it will cost to take the paper for the 60 days necessary to receive a picture.

John F. McDonald, of Cheboygan, has a malses cat and nowfoundland dog. The cat has more kittens than she can take care of and she has impressed the dog into the service. He no sooner gets laid down for the night than the cat carries her kittens to his bed and carefully bestows them all about him, and he likes it.—Detroit Journal.

Bert Raymond, an employee in this office, was unfortunate enough to have the end of his thumb on his right hand crushed while operating our mammoth cylinder press last Thursday evening. The cylinder weighing thirteen hundred pounds passed over it and of course flattened it somewhat. The accident will prevent him from setting type for some time.

Editor Keith, formerly of the Caro Democrat but now of the Mt. Clemens Press, says that the champion mean man lives in Mt. Clemens, because some one visited his cellar Sunday night and stole his canned fruit and winter's supply of better. He says that he and his family will now have to eat oleomargarine and dried apples during the long cold months to come.

Delbert Wheeler, who has been working on a drive in northern Michigan for some time, was unfortunate enough to cut his foot quite severely last Monday. He was engaged in cutting a skid to roll logs on, and his axe struck an overhanging limb which caused it to glance with the above result. He arrived in Cass City Tuesday noon on his way to his parent's home in Novesta where he will remain until his foot mends.

DIED.—At her home in Elmwood, Sept. 24th, Eliza wife of Joseph Rondo. She was troubled for many years with heart disease and died suddenly. She leaves a husband and nine children to mourn her loss. The funeral services were held at the home and conducted by Rev. James McArthur. The deceased was a member of the Baptist church and an exemplary christian. Her remains were laid to rest in the Almer cemetery.

The Republicans of the 2nd district of Tuscola county hold their convention at this place last Monday and placed in nomination Wm. J. Campbell, of Cass City as their candidate for the state legislature. Mr. Campbell came to this place in June from Ellington, where he had been engaged in the pursuit of farming. He has filled the office while in Ellington, of highway commissioner, township clerk and supervisor. He is a good man and is the farmers' candidate.

It is a very cold and wintry day that somebody doesn't spring a new railroad scheme on the people of Sebawaing and vicinity. The latest is an air-line from Owendale on the Pontiac, Oxford & Northern across the country to Sebawaing here to make connections with the outside world. Mr. Owen, who owns about all there is of Owendale, has several miles of railroad, which he uses in lumbering, and which he will donate. Besides he stands ready to plank down liberally for the road.—Sebawaing Mining Blade.

That noted painting of a "Russian Wedding Feast" is again brought prominently to the attention of the people of Michigan. The Detroit Evening News have had the picture reproduced in all beautiful and gorgeous colors of the original painting, by the famous aqueriel process, and with their characteristic generosity, propose to present every one of its readers with a copy. To secure a picture it is only necessary, for 60 consecutive days, to cut from the paper a small certificate; these placed in the hands of the agents will entitle the subscriber to a picture, which is a beauty.

The prize drill and parade at Detroit next week, for the Detroit Journal, promises to be one of the most important military events in the history of Michigan. Half fares over all Michigan railroads to witness it gives some idea of the wide-spread interest that is felt throughout Michigan. The four companies of "regulars" at Fort Wayne, and the six companies at Detroit, composing the 4th regiment, together with about fifteen military companies from various parts of Michigan will participate. The whole is to be under command of General Eugene Robinson. Ladies will be admitted free to the park where the drill is to take place, if accompanied by gentlemen, who will be expected to pay 25 cents each. Four companies of British troops, from Windsor, Ontario, will also be present, and participate in the parade.

Biography of George S. Farrar, the Democratic Nominee for Sheriff.

George S. Farrar, the democratic nominee of Cass City for Sheriff of Tuscola county was born in the year 1849 on a farm near Mt. Clemens, Mich. His father died when he was but two years old and he continued to live with his widowed mother until nine years of age, when he went to live with his uncle, did chores and attended a district school. When thirteen years old he commenced to work in a drug store in Mt. Clemens and attended a night school. In January, 1863, he enlisted in Company H, Eight Michigan Cavalry under Lieut. Fred. S. Steele, but his mother thinking that he was too young to be shot at withdrew him from the regiment. The following spring he enlisted in the U. S. Navy and was assigned to the Lower Mississippi Squadron and served under Capt. A. N. Gould until the close of the war when he was honorably discharged. After the war he was connected with the surveying expeditions which were at work on Lake Superior, serving as an officer upon the ship until 1873, when he married Mary E. Warner and in 1874 moved on a farm one mile west of Cass City. While on the farm in 1877 he was elected highway commissioner and served two years. In 1882 he was elected supervisor of his township and served for three years, always rendering satisfactory service and carrying his township for the man against party prejudice. He worked and developed his farm until Oct. 1st, 1885 when he was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland. He resigned the office of postmaster in March, 1889. The same spring he spent four months traveling and prospecting in the far west through Kansas, Colorado, Utah and Montana, returning home in July of the same year and accepting a position with 2 Macks & Co. where he is now at work on a salary. He was an active member of the Cass City Grange during its activity in this locality. He is a zealous member of Milo Warner Post, No. 282, G. A. R., and is a past commander. He always votes and acts with the people for the greatest amount of good to the greatest number. His family consists of a wife and three grown up daughters all highly respected. Mr. Farrar is a man well qualified to hold the office of sheriff, and if elected to that office we think the people of Tuscola county will have no cause to regret his election.

Wanted.

Sealed bids for building 20 rods of board fence and about 15 rods of side walk, bids to be made by the rod. For particulars as to specification, enquire of the undersigned. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Bids must be all in by Saturday, Oct. 18th, 1890. By order of Board of Education. Dated Oct. 7th, 1890.

HENRY STEW.

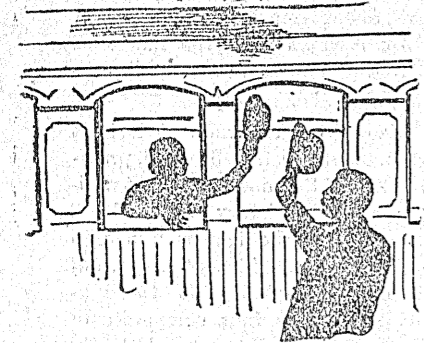
A CITY BOY'S VACATION.

HOW THE INDULGENT FATHER PROVIDES FOR THE EVENT.

In Return His Young Hopeful Explains How He and Cousin John Tricked Their Mamas.

The city boy's father is the most indulgent, the best-hearted, and the best-intentioned. When the vacation of his boy is about to begin, the city father fixes out his hopeful with a lot of things which will surprise the country cousin where the city boy is going to visit. There is a new fangled fishing rod with a reel on it—such as the country cousin never saw. There is the most improved bicycle, a base-ball club and a base-ball suit. At no time in his life does the heart of the city father swell with such a swelling as when he has spent about \$37.50 on his boy for his vacation.

Then he looks the boy over, and says to his wife: "I guess you had better go with him to keep him straight." The city father will not admit it, but away down in his heart he chuckles over the idea that his boy needs watching just a little bit when he goes out into the country. The day comes for the departure and the city father heads the procession to the station and the family embarks. The boy crowds his



head out of the window of the coach and waves his hat, and his father returns the salutation.

While the train is flying countryward the father returns to his place of business, and as his friends come in he says: "I've just shipped my boy on a vacation. There'll be music in the air where he is going when he has been there about forty hours."

In two days the city father gets a check of mail which he runs over. He picks out the envelope on which is a photograph which he recognizes from its post-mark on the envelope he would know who wrote the superscription. It is the boy's first letter and is brief: Dear Papa: We are all well. I thought I'd write that as maybe you'd want to know. Ma said you'd be anxious. We are all well. Haven't been fishin' yet. Am goin' today maybe. Ma says for me to wait, but Cousin John says it's a good fishin' today. So we're goin'. Ma says she'll write so I won't write any more. Don't forget to send some fire-crackers—cannons, you know. Cousin John never saw any. So no more at present but remain your loving, etc.

The father reads the letter to several of his friends, puts his hands back of his head, looks out of the office window, shuts his eyes slowly afterwards, falls asleep, and dreams! The smiles play across his face, and he is happy. He wakes, looks about him, reads the letter again, puts it in his pocket, and goes to the club, where he reads it to his old cronies.

The summer days drag along and no more letters come from the boy for a while. The father is kept posted on the boy's health by a thoughtful mother and he is satisfied, for he says to himself: "The boy is having fun and I can't expect him to write letters. Bless his heart! I was a boy once myself!" The vacation over, the father meets his family at the train and there is a reunion. The base-ball suit is not what it was. The hat is gone; the bicycle is broken; the boy's right arm is in a sling; a section of court-plaster adorns one cheek, and the face is a full counterpart of a guinea-hen's egg so far as the spots are concerned.

By and by the father learns the story of the boy's vacation. He pretends that he doesn't care, but he is dying to know just the same. His good wife tells him in her way, but what mother could ever relate the experiences of her boy as well as the boy himself?



"THEY'RE ON TO OUR RACKET."

The boy begins to talk in a shy way at first, but he soon gains confidence and, boylike, he tells it all, sometimes getting his dates mixed, but the dates don't count. Only the story goes.

Cousin John is a good boy. His mamma hadn't much occasion to correct him, but that was because Cousin John hadn't seen anything much, and hadn't many temptations. The city boy soon found that his own mamma was quoting Cousin John as such a good little boy, and that Johnny didn't want to do so and so. The city boy concluded he would initiate Cousin John and proceeded to do so. He said to John: "They're on to our racket, and we've got to play it fine or it won't be any vacation. See?"

The city boy found that he must post Cousin John on sign language, for the city boy and Cousin John's mamma had become such listeners that it was dangerous to talk—and they had no chance at night, for after the second night of the vacation it became necessary for Cousin John to sleep in the family room, and the boy from the city had a lounge in his mother's room.

Cousin John was an apt pupil. It is with the country boy as it is with the country legislator. A lobbyist knows whom to pick out.

Sometimes, when Johnny's mamma and the city boy's mamma were in the room with Johnny and the city boy right under their eyes, the city boy and Johnny were arranging a program for the following day by means of a system of signals.

The city boy must tell his own story about this:

"One day when our mamas had us in the house and had been lecturing us, Cousin John and I put up a job to go swimmin' right while our mamas were tellin' us we mustn't. I put up my sign like this: I put up my left thumb to Cousin John. That meant 'Let's go swimmin'.' Course it

was always necessary to have it understood when and where. 'Twain Cousin John he always was in favor of anything I put up. We had that understood. So when I put up my left thumb Cousin John he put up his right forefinger, this way. That meant, 'When'll we go?' If I knewed we'd have to steal away after dinner—dinner in the country was at 12 o'clock and not 6 p. m.—then I stuck my right forefinger in my mouth, away up as far I could shove it. Just like this. Sometimes, though, our mamas would have somethin' MEANS: "WHEN'LL FOR US TO DO AND THEN WE GO?"

maybe we couldn't go after dinner. And when we had to send some more telegraphin', and I asked Cousin John, let's go swimmin', and he asked me when, and I had concluded to steal out in the night, I made myself understood to Cousin John by shuttin' my eyes tight. That meant, 'Go swimmin' at night— they can't see us.' It was like this:

"Well, we used to have to work it perty fine to get out of nights. Of course the doors and windows always are open in the country and we could crawl out. But sometimes our mamas would at away our clothes after we had gone to bed, and we had to hunt around for ours. One night I got the wrong clothes and so did Cousin John. We met in the orchard and he says, 'Whose shirt is that you've got on?' and then we laughed out loud, and that made the dog bark, and Cousin John said he'd tie up that blamed dog next time we went out. That was the first time I ever heard Cousin John swear.

IN THEIR MAMMA'S WRAPPERS. "Well, we didn't go swimmin' that night. And the next day we heard our mamas sayin' they wondered how they had got that mud on their gowns. See?"

"The farm was about four miles from town and we had to steal off to get there. There was always a horse. You know that somebody—Shakespeare, I think it was—said where there's a will there's a way. We had that. We said, 'Where there's

"LET'S GO TO TOWN." a horse there's a way. And when we put up a job to go to town it was this way. Two forefingers crossed. The reason that I crossed my two fingers that way was that there never was but one horse, and we had to ride him double. Crossed fingers meant that we was to go double. Then we had a hole in a hayrick where we hid cherries and apples and watermelons. Somebody always had to steal the melon and somebody had to carry it. If I put my right hand to my right ear Cousin John he understood that I was to steal the melon. Then if that was all right Cousin John he was to telegraph to me in a way that I would understand. And that was his clappin' both hands on both of his ears. That meant that he was willin' and that he would carry it.

"When we was goin' out swimmin' at night and we wanted it understood that the dog had to be tied up, Cousin John would put both his hands around his neck. We never tied up the dog, though, but one night.

"We used to have lots of fun skinnin' the cat. Did you ever play that? You catch hold of a pole with your hands and put your feet through your arms and pull yourself up on the pole. Sometimes you fall. When I wanted

"TIE UP THE DOG." Cousin John to skin

the cat I'd put one hand, open, up on the side of my head. That meant 'We'll skin the cat.' It is a great game in the country. We didn't play much base-ball while I was out there. Some way Cousin John didn't seem to catch on to that game. He always got hit in the nose and that would give him away when he went home, and get him kept in the house maybe two days. Then I'd have to break in a new boy and there wasn't many boys around. See?"

"We got so we had signs for everythin'. For climbin' trees; for stealin' eggs; for leeterin'; and so on. And our mamas didn't know a word of what was goin' on. Cousin John told me the day I left that maybe he'd come to Chicago some day and be a policeman or a cowboy, he didn't know which, but whichever had the most fun in it. I had been a tellin' him about the policemen in Chicago and about the cowboys in the circus two years ago. And then we agreed on a sign of how I am to know him when he comes here, but I mustn't give that away."

The city boy's father heard all this, and as the hopeful clambered on his knees and said he wished he had a gun the city father stroked the hopeful's hair and the two repeated the evening prayer, and the father laid his boy on his bed and kissed him good-night and murmured to himself, "He'll be President if he lives."—Chicago Tribune.

A PRETTY GIRL'S INFLUENCE. How Feminine Beauty Is Utilized in the Pulling of Teeth.

"When a man's afraid, a beautiful maid is a charming sight to see." That is what you heard the maiden sing in "The Mikado," says a New York letter to the Boston Herald. She was telling about a capital punishment which she had witnessed and her declaration that the doomed man just before losing his head gazed upon her pretty face for courage was always taken as a Gilbert fantasy. But the idea is actually put into practical use in the largest New York establishments where teeth are extracted under laughing-gas. I have been there two or three times and have watched this feature of the business with amused interest. Now, as you may readily know laughing-gas renders the patient oblivious but not insensible. He feels all that is done to him and often makes a lot of fuss about it, but upon awakening he can recall nothing that has happened. It is when the "man's afraid" that the "beautiful maid" is placed before him as "a charming sight to see."

In other words, while the strong-armed dentist stands at one side of the victim's chair with the gas-bag ready for him to breathe out of a girl with an amiable, pretty face takes a position close to the opposite arm. She gazes sympathetically yet smiling into his face. She isn't coquettish about it. It may be described as a sort of cousinly smile—that is, somewhere between a sisterly grin and an ogle, with no tie of consanguinity in it. As the man breathes in the gas and loses his senses the last fading vision is that of the girl's encouraging face. The practical value of this device lies in the fact—and I have this on the authority of the boss of the place—that a goodly proportion of the patients would become obstreperous and violent while under the influence of the gas but for the effect of the girl's presence. That may seem like nonsense, but in practice it proves to be good sense. When the man awakens he finds his guardian angel is still there, and he departs feeling, I suppose, that she has taken a deep and poignant interest in his particular case.

MY TYPEWRITER.

For the last few days I have been a much injured and much enduring man. Some persons when crushed beneath a mass of circumstantial evidence, readily accepted by the tribunal which in more senses than one is sitting upon them, take a pride in knowing that they are innocent, and, virtute sua involuti, await the future acquittal or free pardon, of which they feel certain, with tranquil minds, actually in some cases finding employment in the sensation of martyrdom. I am not one of them, for I have not felt at any time sure of my acquittal; and even now, when it should be practically secured, it is possible that I shall not leave the dock altogether without a stain on my character. Besides which, even innocence may be a matter of regret to one who has suffered for a crime, or, let us say, an act of indiscretion, without having enjoyed the pleasure of committing it.

It happened in this way. Some few months ago I had an occasion to require in my business the services of a typewriter, and I made my wants known. As a consequence I was visited by no fewer than forty-seven candidates in person without counting the hundred-odd who applied by letter. Of the forty-seven thirty-seven were of the weaker sex, and as those demanded a slightly lower wage than their male competitors I decided—for that reason, and that only—to employ one of them. Now, the thirty-six had all brought samples of their work, and, as all possessed the needful qualifications and one typewritten letter is precisely like another, I did what every other man would have done under the circumstances and chose the best-looking one. She was a very handsome girl and a very charming one, too. I say it in spite of the trouble she brought me.

For a time she was a complete success. Apart from the fact that I had to dictate to her continually, that was obviously undesirable that she should sit with my male clerks. Some of them, I know, are frivolous, and, as a married man, I had a sense of responsibility; so I allotted her a corner in my own room and she set up her machine there.

It was pleasant to have some one to talk to when one was not busy, and Miss King being of a lively disposition interested me much with her experience as a beautiful and meritorious young woman fighting the battle of life in London. Some of her adventures were almost romantic enough to have interested the readers of the Family Herald—to which, indeed, I believe she had contributed. Others might have amused students of a more frivolous class of literature; but, except to account for the interest I still feel in her, they have nothing to do with the present narrative. I am not in the habit of "taking the office home with me" and worrying my wife with "shop" so naturally I never mentioned typewriter in the domestic circle. That simple omission has been thrown in my teeth many hundreds of times during the last two days. I begin to fear it always will be.

My typewriter, as I have said, worked admirably till within about a fortnight ago, when she became restless, melancholy, and abstracted in manner. For a time I took no notice of it; but last Saturday, business being dull, I called her to me as I sat at my table, and placing her near a window looking over old Broad street far below, where I could get the light on her face and observe her expression, began to interrogate her in a kindly way, as an employer always should interrogate his clerks if he thinks they are in need of his help or advice. While I was doing so the 1 o'clock post came in. I did not look at my letters for a moment, as I was saying to my typewriter:

"Gertrude—(I make a rule of calling my younger clerks by their Christian names, and as a rule in my office is a rule I was resolved from the first to make no exception in her favor)—Gertrude," I said, "there is something on your mind; you are anxious and distressed."

"It is nothing," she answered. "Nothing is hanged!" I said in my friendly way. "Nothing does not make a girl pale, and absent, and silent for ten days at a time. I simply do not believe you."

"My dear Gertrude," I said (I am not sure that I ever called young Bob Smithers, my junior clerk, "my dear Robert," but circumstances alter cases), "I want you to try and let me help it, or help you, in any way I can."

"You are very kind," she said. "Then tell me what is the matter."

"You have not opened your letters; there is one marked 'Immediate.'"

I know she was only trying to put me off, as my clerks as a rule do not dictate to me in such matters. However, as I could see that the girl had tears in her eyes, I took up the envelope she spoke of and opened it, to give her time to recover from her evident emotion. At a glance I saw to my surprise, that the letter was a note from my wife, whom I had left at home in the Cromwell road at 9:30 that morning. It ran as follows:

"DEAR CHARLES: I want to take you to the shop in the city where I saw the sealskin I was telling you about. I have decided I must have it at once, as Mrs. Carruthers has just got a new one. I know the shop closes at 2 on Saturday, but if you can leave your office with me when I call for you, a little before 1:30, we can do it. Your affectionate wife, ELIZA JOHNSON."

HE BEAT THE OLD MAN.

Detroit Father Gives His Hopeful Boy Some Pointers on Euchre.

A Woodward avenue resident tells 'I' himself: "My little boy came home the other evening in a glow of pleasure because he had been invited to a progressive euchre party. He talked of nothing else the whole dinner hour. He was so full of the subject that he had scarcely any room left for food. He was bound to win the prize, and gave his mother a nervous headache by constantly darning away at the same subject. After we got settled down for the evening he put in the time manipulating a deck of cards. Finally my wife's sympathies were aroused and she interceded for the youngster."

"Henry, sit down and give Jimmie some pointers on euchre. You're an old player and can teach him a good deal about the game. It will nearly break the poor boy's heart if he doesn't capture the prize."

"Jimmie grinned and eagerly seconded the suggestion. I admit that I felt a little flattered, and graciously consented to make a martyr of myself. Jimmie rustled around, and got out the card table, pulled me up a chair, and the game opened on a very pleasant domestic scene."

"At first I felt my heart swell with pride at the readiness with which Jimmie grasped and utilized the information I imparted. I told him about the bowlers, the joker, how to discard to the best advantage, what to lead, when to pass, when to take it up—in fact, all the fine points of the game. I never had to tell him twice, and I felt like hugging the bright little youngster."

"But it wasn't long until I began to scent a rodent. He took the first game, but I attributed it to my instructions. He gathered in the second game, but I had given him a few hints in that one and took credit for his victory. The third game I kept my mouth shut and went at him from the shoulder. We were playing ten points, and I only had five when he went out."

"I heard the old lady snicker, and my dander began to rise as I dealt for the best game. I'd show the innocent looking young rascal that he couldn't outplay with the old man. He ordered me up, and I was hotter than a Fourth of July, for the deck-head was the only trump I had. He made a march and took two. By that time I was sweating like a hired man, for the old lady and my oldest daughter were looking on in an ecstasy of delight. Jimmie dealt and I ordered on a slam hand. He winked at his mother and sneered me. The women snorted and I was boiling."

"Quit looking over my shoulder," I snarled to Mrs. B.—"You've been piping my hand off to that kid ever since an infernal headache. If you've got such a wretched headache, why don't you go up to bed?" She only smiled at the daughter, but I knocked the table over on top of Jimmie swinging my chair over of her range of vision, and then the game went on.

"I never got a smell. I was fighting mad, and if that boy had even looked exultant I would have waltzed him out to the shed and seen how he could dance to the music of a hoop-pole. The women were tickled into hysterics, and I came nearer assaulting a female than I ever did before in my life. About 11 o'clock, just after I'd regaled a mental vow to beat that boy if I had to get him asleep to do it, I caught him playing the ten-spot of trumps the second time in the same hand. That thing calmed me. I was paralyzed. I simply said: 'Jimmie, you're very able to take a prize, but if I ever hear of your doubling up trumps that way again I'll send you to a reform school after I have worn out a horsehair on you.'"

"That boy's a chip off the old block."—Detroit News.

It Is a Good Plan to Keep Books. The advice which Daniel Webster gave to a neighbor of his in the following anecdote might be followed with advantage by many people. Indeed, the reader will be like to think that it might have been followed to good advantage by Mr. Webster himself:

On one occasion a man presented to Mr. Webster a bill for payment. "Why, Mr. N.," said the statesman, "it seems to me that I have paid that bill."

Mr. N.—protested that it had not been paid, and Mr. Webster told him to call in a few days and he would attend to the matter. After the man had gone Mr. Webster asked his clerk to look over a quantity of bills and see if he could find a receipt for the amount. To his surprise two receipts were found, indicating that the bill had been paid twice.

In due time Mr. N.—called just at the dinner hour, as it chanced, and Mr. Webster invited him in to dine. After the meal was over they proceeded to the business in hand.

"Mr. N., do you keep books?" Mr. Webster inquired.

"No," was the reply.

"I thought so," said Mr. Webster. "Now, I advise you to keep books. If you had kept books you would have known that I had this receipted bill," showing him one.

Mr. N.—was greatly surprised and mortified, and apologized as best he could for his mistake.

A Gopher's Long Sleep.

Early in 1861 a young farmer of Bulloch furnished a home for himself and bride. The kitchen was a log one of the old-fashioned hard clay floors. He had built over a gopher hole and of course the hole was filled up and the owner was forgotten. The farmer went off to the war and when he came back he found some charred timbers which Sherman had left. The house was rebuilt and the dirt floor was still a feature. But the kitchen was never remodeled. Recently the mother, who first set foot on the clay floor twenty-nine years ago, was sitting by a window, when chancing to look down on the kitchen floor she was astonished to see it show signs of being disturbed underneath. For five minutes she watched it intently, and then called other members of the family who entered just in time to see his gopherish energy from his long sleep.

The largest beer barrel in this country is an attraction in St. Louis saloon. It is 23 feet high, 22 feet wide, and has a capacity of 34,400 gallons.

Beggars. A rare race we of the beggar band; Hurrah for our goodly number! We roam on the roads of the open land, We ply our plaint as we onward plod; An alms, sweet sir, for the love of God. Our grip, the trick of an upturned hand; Our shibboleth.

A tremble lip and a dear demand, Hurrah for the world we conquer. A lean lot we of the beggar clan; Hurrah for the things that tin us! We've been afoot since the world began, One yearns for gold, and one craves for One starves for art, and one longs for fame; And not the least of the caravan!

But struggle on as besecems a man, Hurrah for the wants within us! A proud crowd we of the beggar tribe; Hurrah for each tear and tatter! We scorn the squalor our rugs describe, We flout our fashion by the way; To hide our needs from our neighbor's ken; We fear his frown and we loath his gaze.

To win a wealth with our tears as bribe, Hurrah! What do heart-breaks matter? A queer crew we of the beggar kin; Hurrah for us all together! We love and hate, and we strive and sin; We stumble oft on the stones of pain. Like children chide for their sick ward gaze, But up again and our tramp begin. Through sun and rain, And through joy and pain, With the hope of heaven we all may win, Hurrah for the storms we weather! —Julie M. Lippmann.

A Cromwellian President. "What kind of a man is President Diaz?" "He is a pure Indian. You can always tell a gentleman when you come near him, can't you? Well, now, Diaz carries around him the indescribable aroma of a gentleman. He is a man about your size, substantial and inclined to be stout, with dark color. You never see him without a smile on his face. Of course he was a magnificent soldier, as his record shows. He restored his country. He has compelled the Mexicans of the present day to accept modern ideas. You saw that yesterday he threw into prison Iturbide? Yes he did. Iturbide is descended from the first Mexican Emperor by an American woman from the District of Columbia. He has a fine plantation in Mexico and he came back there the other day and began to talk against the Government of Diaz as if he had special rights. Diaz clapped him into jail. When the grant to the American railroad in Mexico was withheld by the Parliament or Congress, Diaz was out taking a ride. He came up into Congress and addressed them, saying: 'Signors, you will either pass this bill or go straight home.' They looked a minute and raised the cry of 'Long live the President!' and passed the bill. This is the kind of President to tie to. The Mexican army is about 40,000 men; a very good army."—Guth.

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WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XXV. CONTINUED.

When we reached the lake shore we found the servants had prepared our lunch by spreading the snowy white linen on the smooth surface of some broad neighboring stones that lay plentifully around beneath the shade of spreading oaks. The trees were gorgeous in their rich Autumn tints, and formed a rainbow roof to shelter us. The carpet was woven by dame Nature herself, and was green, and yellow, and red, with rugs and cushions, to accommodate all. The servants were ready to do honor to the occasion in tidy white aprons. When the guests all gathered in real artistic style, few at a table, we found ourselves supplied with an abundance of everything that heart could wish. An hour passed in joyous conversation. Every one was happy except poor Johnny. In my heart I pitied the poor fellow, but it was comical to see the wrathful looks he cast toward the Colonel. No more witty remarks, but sullen wrath. The Colonel seemed perfectly oblivious to the great danger he was in. Annie could not hide the joyous light that shone in her merry blue eyes.

After lunch, archery and games were enjoyed by the merry company. Late in the day, tired but delighted we started for home. At Sir Wren's we were invited to spend the evening and have dinner. But all excused themselves except our party from Waverland. We accepted the invitation gladly, as it was our last visit here with Colonel Haynes. When the dinner bell sounded we all sought a place of safety for our precious gum. The Colonel laid his cheek on the corner of Annie's picture frame saying: "I'll know where to look for this when I come again," looking at Annie as he spoke. She blushed as she led the way out to the dining-room, as in duty bound. At dinner the conversation was concerning the old abbey, the waterfalls, and the delightful time we all had together.

"Sir Wren, Annie, come near having a serious fall," said Stella.
"Tut, tut, little one, I thought you would be safe with so many around you," he said, shaking his head at her.
"So I was, for here I am safe and sound thanks to Colonel Haynes," she said, giving the Colonel a quick bright look.
"Miss Annie, I am glad I was able to save you," he said to Annie. "And I am very glad the day has been so pleasant; it will be something to be remembered when I am far from here."
"Why, are you going to leave us soon?" asked Sir Wren.

"Day after to-morrow I expect to start for London, from there to New York, in a short time. I promised my mother that I would spend the holidays at home. I have been away more than a year."

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE EVENTFUL DAY.

In the morning at the request of Lady Waverland, the family carriage was brought to the door. Very early the Colonel and she started on their political campaign to secure votes for me. They set off in the best of spirits, each wearing a blue rosette. Stella gave me a peep into a box she had with her. It was full of the same colored rosettes, which she meant to distribute among the people. Bless her dear heart, I thought as they drove away, if I am not elected it will not be her fault, at least.

At the polls we saw evidence of her success. Nearly every one it seemed to me, had donned my color. As some of my tenants came with a rosette pinned on their breasts, I asked where they got them. "The swabs led us to get them," was the answer. I was sure to hear. How proud I was of my good angel on that day! Her gentle loveliness was winning her warm friends every day. She was continually busy in a quiet way aiding the cause so dear to our hearts.

Later in the afternoon Lady Waverland entered the village. As soon as her carriage was discovered she was greeted with deafening cheers from the crowd. "Long live the noble lady!" "God bless the sweet lady!" came from every direction. In the midst of the shouting a shot was heard. We could not tell whence it came. In an instant there seemed to be a light near where Sir Wren and I were standing. Four or five men were struggling with one who was uttering the most profane oaths. While I was trying to discover what it all meant, I heard the prisoner say: "I hit the old Yankee, when I meant to kill the meddling fool of a woman!" Just then some one called to me that I was needed at my carriage. I could hardly stand! All the strength in my body seemed to have deserted me and I stood trembling with fear. But it was only for an instant that I stood paralyzed. As I neared the carriage I saw my wife safe. But her face was white as a ghost! She was supporting the Colonel's head. He seemed entirely senseless. His face was ashen white, his lips were colorless, and there was a cold, clammy sweat upon his brow. His countenance seemed shrunken and contracted. His eyes were partly closed and listless.

"Is he dead?" anxiously inquired.
"No, I think not, but get him into a house as quickly as possible," said my wife in nervous haste.
He was taken into the first house we could find and in a few moments the surgeon came. He found that the ball had entered the muscles of the shoulder, breaking the shoulder blade and touching some of the sensitive nerves of the spinal column, had caused utter prostration by the shock. The surgeon kept administering stimulants and applied artificial heat to maintain the normal temperature of the body. After what seemed to us a very long time the patient drew a long breath and tried to turn himself. Then for the first time he opened his eyes. He looked around in a dazed, bewildered sort of way until he saw me, then in a feeble voice he asked: "What is this? where have I been?"
"You have been hurt," I said, "and you must remain quiet."
"Where is Lady Waverland?"
"She is safe at home," I answered, "and you must keep still."
"For some time he remained quiet and seemed to be sleeping. While a few of us had been watching the wounded man there had been a most fearful tragedy enacted outside. The villain who had so basely tried to murder my wife, had been taken by the infuriated people to an old tree by the roadside where he paid the penalty for his unnatural crime with his life.

One of my tenants came to me saying: "Lady Waverland has sent a light wagon with bed and cushions, prepared to take the wounded man to Waverland. That man," said the tenant pointing to the tree where the would-be murderer hung, "has got what he deserved! He begged most piteously for mercy, (the coward), but we had no mercy, for such as him!"
"It's a sad affair for him as well as for my friend," I said, turning away with a shudder.
I went back into the sick man's room and explained to the surgeon everything was ready to take Col. Haynes to Waverland as soon as he thought proper to try moving his patient.
"After a little if we can keep him warm; he will be best to move him before the wound is finally dressed.
The wagon was brought to the door and men lifted the colonel, bed and all, into it. The surgeon took his place beside his patient, and we drove home with the greatest possible care, followed by an excited crowd, ready to carry wagon, horses and all in their powerful arms if necessary.
At Waverland men took the colonel in their arms and soon he was comfortably resting in his own warm room. He seemed relieved, knowing that he was in a familiar place. The wound was properly dressed and the surgeon pronounced his patient out of immediate danger.
"How are you now?" I asked after a little rest.
"Better, does Annie know of this?"
"Yes, Stella has sent word to her and she will soon be here," I answered.
"But you can see no one to-night," said the surgeon, with decision.
"I would like a message sent to my mother. She will look for me home soon," he said.
"Doctor," I said, turning to the surgeon, "will you write the message?"
He assented and I handed him the necessary writing materials. After he had written it he read it to the colonel.
Mrs. A. L. HAYNES, New York, U. S. A. 1885.
Your son was accidentally hurt to-day while riding out in his carriage, but not fatally. It will delay his return home at present.
S. D. BROWN, Surgeon.
"Poor mother, how anxious that will make her, but it is the best that she should know at once. When Annie comes let me know," he said, as I turned to leave the room.
When I found Stella she looked sad and forsaken.
"I feel almost guilty for having asked the colonel to go with me," she said. "Is he dangerously hurt?"
I handed her the message. I thought that would be the best way to answer her question. I called a servant and the message was sent with lightning speed away to give a mother's heart.
"Darling do you know that ball was aimed at you?" I asked, as I led my wife to a sofa. She shuddered but made no answer.
"I heard the fellow swearing because he missed his aim," I said.
"Can that be true?" she asked. "I wonder if it was the man who swore so furiously when I offered him a rosette, saying he would not wear the color of any of my followers of Pennell in the country. He told me I had better not be meddling with politics, but that I had better stay at home and mind my own business. Did he have a shock of shaggy red hair about his head and face?"
"That describes the man who is now hanging from a tree near where the shooting was done," I said, holding her close to my side, thankful to my Heavenly Father for having spared my precious wife to me a little longer. In the brief pause before I knew that she was safe I realized how very dear she was to me.
"How terrible!" she said, putting her hands over her eyes, "to think of the death of that poor mistaken man!"
"But think how terrible he meant it to be for you and I. Here comes Annie," I said.
Stella went out to meet her, and, clasping her in her arms led her into the drawing-room where she told her what she thought was necessary about the colonel's wound. After a while they came to me in the library and Annie with a face so white and full of sorrow asked if she might see the colonel.
I told her of the surgeon's order and said I would deliver any message she wished.
"Then tell him I am here and that I will come to him as soon as I have permission." The colonel had been listening and waiting for a word from Annie. As I opened the door his eager eyes asked the question before his lips could utter the words.
"Yes, she is here," I said, going to his side, "and will come to you as soon as the surgeon will permit."
"May I see her just a moment, doctor?" I'll be quiet."
"Not till morning," said the surgeon; "I'm not going to risk anything, now, so send your message."
"Bless her dear, loving heart!" exclaimed the colonel. "It makes me feel better to know that she is here. But tell her not to grieve for me."
When I returned to the ladies I found Sir Wren had arrived. He had remained at the polls until the count had been announced, and had come to tell me the result, and hear from our friend.
"You are elected by a big majority! How is the colonel?" he asked, grasping my hand.
"Better, very comfortable now. The surgeon has ordered perfect quiet, and he has taken his position as nurse to enforce this order."
"I am elected," I said, as we entered the drawing-room where Stella and Annie were sitting.
"But we came near making a terrible sacrifice for it," said Sir Wren. "What does the wretch have to say?"
"I heard to tell," I said, "I almost think the fellow was insane, but he can never explain his motives now."
"I would not be surprised that he heard of a good many desperate things before the returns for this election are all in," said Sir Wren. "Well, how's your hero?" he asked of Annie, as he took his place on the sofa beside Annie. She leaned her head upon her father's shoulder and found comfort in a woman's balm—a flood of tears.
Through the long evening, Myrtle, with a noiseless step brought frequent reports from the sick man's room. She had taken her position by the surgeon's side to do his bidding from the moment of our arrival.
"How is your patient now?" I asked, as she came and perched herself on her favorite seat upon my knee.
"He is sleeping now. I'm not to go back again to-night, but in the morning I may come early the doctor said."
I sent Myrtle a message telling him of the colonel's hurt and that we would not be at Blue Ridge as we had anticipated. I also sent word of your election," said Sir Wren, as he bade me good-night. The next morning Annie and Myrtle took their positions as assistant nurses to the sick man, and the dainty morsels of food and cool drinks that found their way into the colonel's room were evidence of tender care.

One day when he was nearly well, as I went to his room, he said: "Loyd, I am glad I was hurt. I have learned to know Annie's sweet disposition and gentle nature as I never could in any other way."
"She is a dear, good girl," I said, "I can promise you that. We have always known each other."
"Now, when I leave here, I shall know what a precious daughter I am coming back for," he continued as though he had not heard my words.
Just then Annie came into the room, bright and happy, with a plate of tempting food, which she had prepared for him herself.
"What are you going to busy yourself about, Annie, when your Fred gets well?" I asked.
"Think of what a pleasure it was to visit on him, or to scold him if he did not mind me," she answered gaily.
One evening Stella came to me and perching herself on my knee, said: "I want you to promise eternal secrecy?"
"What order of secret society are you going to introduce now?" I asked, taking her hand in mine. "What is your grip and password?"
"Oh, now, do be sober if you can," she said, a shade of vexation crossing her fair brow.
"There, smooth out those wrinkles, pet, and I will promise anything you wish. Even to the half of my kingdom," I said.
"Annie came to my room to-day, and nestling in my arms she told me that she once thought she loved you! When you left her to go to America and never told her of your love, she thought she was broken-hearted. She said that your mother and she had often talked about the future and that she had always thought she was to be your wife. She told how she lost her appetite, and would not read anything but love sick stories until she fancied that she was dying. She even went so far as to write you a letter telling you the cause of her death."
"But when you came home and told her that you were soon to be married, she was ashamed of herself, stopped reading love stories and took her usual exercise on horse-back and soon was her own self again, glad that you were going to marry me, and commenced planning what happy times we would have together again. Now she says she knows that she never loved you; that she would have been your share ready to do your slightest bidding with never a thought of her own fear of offending you."
"She says that now she knows what it is to love and yet feel that she has an individual existence. No life Hannah Jane, to be obliterated through her love, but to be strengthened and made more self-reliant."
Then she looked up in my face and asked if that was the way I felt toward you. I told her that it was and that it was always the feeling where true hearts were united in close companionship. I told her I believed true love made each feel equal to the other. No sorrow fear of being reproved of having thoughts and wishes of your own, or fear of expressing them. I think most of her sorrow came from improper reading."
"I do not doubt it," I said. "I think a great many of the evils of life come from improper reading. It gives bad impulses. How careful parents and teachers should be in the books placed before the young."
"My father used to say: 'let me choose the books for a child to read or study, until he is fifteen, then you may do what you will with the child after that and he will not change.'"
"Yes, we need food for the mind as well as for the body. There is a life within that is of more value than the outer frame we call the body. The living, thinking part is eternal and the culture that we give to it is never lost!" I said.
"I have seen so many families where there seemed no thought of anything but dress and food. The spiritual life was dwarfed and pinched. They go through life without mutual love or sympathy. Just a bare existence together with a great deal of hopes and fears hid deep within their hearts," said Stella with a thoughtful look in her clear brown eyes.
"Our dearest, holiest, purest thoughts are often hid beneath an indifferent manner. We dare not utter the longings of our hearts for fear of being misunderstood, or giving offence. Shall it be so with us, my darling? Shall we drift apart or shall we keep near together and know the sweet content and happiness that comes with mutual love? I would know your every hope and share it, and your every trial to help you bear it. We remember the past with pleasure only because we were together. Will the companionship of years bring added pleasures as they pass, and find us still happy in each other's love?"
"I hope they may come laden with joyous recollection of well spent time," said my wife.

[To be Continued.]

Cromwell's Famous Speech.

The speech with which Oliver Cromwell turned Parliament out of doors in 1653 has come to light through the researches of Dr. Wolfgang Miethel, and there is strong evidence that it is authentic. It was this: "It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would like Esau—sell your country for a mess of pottage, and—like Judas—betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. God is your God. Which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the commonwealth? Ye sorligd prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You, who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceeding in this house, and which, by God's help and the strength he hath given me, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! So! Take away that shining bauble there, and lock up the door."
Church lotteries may be wrong, but the chorister gets his money by means.

THE EXPOSITION.

A Wanderer's Notes As He Took It In.

The Detroit Exposition was great. It was so large that it was almost too large. Yet one was not a visitor unless such that was of interest and profit to him. Passing through, and about, a few notes were made of exhibits that may interest those who were not there. There was a Cripple and his wife, who had been thrown from the balloon, the fall of Pompeii, and people, thousands of them! Now these notes were made at random and of things that struck the writer's fancy, so when you look them over you may see how varied was the show and wish you had been there.

The Canadian Pacific Railway made an exhibit of scenery along the line of the road that was an art department all by itself. Now the writer, who has visited most all the places shown in the beautiful pictures with which the company's space was decorated can testify to their fidelity to nature even down to the minutest details. The pictures were all Monochromes, and visitors gave them plenty of attention. Those particularly noteworthy were the Lachine bridge, the islands, glaciers and mountains in and about Lake Louise, and Emerald and Kicking Horse Pass, the Heart of the Selkirk, the Asulkan, Glacier, etc. There is not another railroad in the world where such a variety of scenery abounds as along the Canadian Pacific, and this exhibit was worth a study. What a stretch of country it passes through! And verily happy is the passenger who occupies space in its luxurious cars. No matter where you want to go in our northern sections, there is but one legend, and that the Canadian Pacific. You never take passage over it and as you pass comfortably over thousands of miles of country you will view such scenery as words and pictures even are verily inadequate to describe. Books might be written on the natural beauties of this route, but he who views it knows how very much it surpasses cold type descriptions.

On entering the main building, I found a vast crowd around something, impossible to say what, so I inquired. "Roehm & Son's Diamond Cutting and Polishing exhibit" answered several. Here was something that completely took my fancy, and was a very interesting exhibit. Messrs. Roehm & Son have made a specialty of handling diamonds for the past forty years, and the senior member of the firm is reputed to be one of the best judges of diamonds in the west.
"It takes money to pay for all this," remarked an Ohio man at my elbow, and just then we came into view of the Bank of the Exposition. Think of it, a bank in full operation. The State Savings Bank had stretched its financial lines all the way beyond the horizon in Detroit. The main building here, its office was fully and elegantly appointed, and a business was done as in their fine banking establishment in the city. This is one of the most solid concerns in the west, and offers every facility consistent with safety to its customers.

Warmth to the world is supplied by the Port Huron Paper Clothing Co. in the form of paper vests and blankets—good, serviceable, pliable, warm ones. Many hospitals use their paper blankets, because they are light, warm and clean. On a cold day they comfort in one of their under vests, no cold winds can penetrate it, no sudden chill; like the wearer, for it is impervious to them. These garments are not used exclusively by gentlemen, very neat vests are also supplied. The vests may be made of had in linen, saten lined, saten covered and lined and fine cotton covered and lined, according to the taste of the wearer, and of course vary in price according to quality. If you have never worn one of these comfortable garments, you do not know the great industry in the manufacture of these goods, and one whose permanent results are comfort, convenience and economy for thousands of people.

If there is anything a woman takes pride in, and the men adore it, is the beautiful texture of the hair, and the hair is the pride of many a woman. Some have both, many do not, but all may, and that this is a fact the exhibit made by Mrs. R. W. Allen, of 219 Woodward avenue, Detroit conclusively shows. Her preparation for the hair and complexion has long achieved such results that it is no longer possible to doubt. Her circulars explain it all.
The Chas. Bros. pianos formed a beautiful and engrossing exhibit as the instruments were played at intervals showing their superior quality. With their numerous improvements these pianos have become their way to the front in the estimation of musicians and music lovers. For brilliancy, evenness and durability of tone, perfection in action, beauty of design and light Chas. Bros. pianos are the best. Their factories are located at Muskegon and Grand Rapids. One need not go outside of Michigan for a perfect piano.

Among the exhibits of riding vehicles the Lewis Road Cart, made in Detroit, received more than ordinary attention. How neat and comfortable is it! It is really a wonderful cart, and the company find their manufacture increasing in demand. If there is an improvement that can be made in road carts, you will find it now applied to the Lewis cart. They have them all. It is high priced, although perfect. No horse motion, no inconvenience, no poor material exists about it.

Who does not love good crackers? and what an enormous quantity the people consume! Here a glance at the display of the United States Baking Co., almost certainly the best in the world, was done with making bread and cakes, and that the whole continent gets its supply from this company. Did you want a cracker? Take them and are they not delicious? Such perfection is reached by this company not only in the quantity, but also in the variety of its products, that anything from a loaf of bread to tons of cakes, pies, etc., may be had within an hour from their extensive establishments. Their trade covers large areas of the west. One thing that is noticeable is that bread in loaves and crackers is but a small part of the products they manufacture for shipment. Here's such combinations of fruits that one wonders who eats them all, and who are the resistors. The company now embraces all the leading bakeries in the state, Morton Baking Co., Vail & Crane, L. Dewey, and the Detroit Cracker Co., of Detroit; Jackson Cracker Co., of Jackson, Mich.; Whitman and Plumb, of Bay City, Mich.; and W. K. Branch, of Toledo, Ohio. Its extensive resources for supplying enormous demands are inexhaustible, and their announcement that they "furnish anything in the baking line" is beyond question.

A remarkable display of glass, in the form of a glass house was made by Wm. Reid and attracted everybody. Yet it was one pane of plate glass, 12x18 inches, and the largest in the United States, that showed the resources of the exhibitor. His Detroit stores contain everything in the line of glass windows, and the exhibitor produces, whether it be a common six or beautiful designs in stained glass, or plate of any size. No one wanting glass need look beyond Mr. Reid's store, on Larned street. The beautifully wrought designs in glass were on a street in London, N. Y., in 1866, and their place in the establishment show that the work is beyond the pale of mechanical skill alone! Art adds her share, and such windows! How beautifully the colors blend, and are shadowed on the walls. Truly it is a joy to have the glorious sunlight come to your rooms in such superb colors. Glass is fragile, but as shown by Mr. Reid, it is not only a necessity, but a source of light, beauty, comfort and satisfaction.
Following the crowd we reached the exhibit of Berry Brothers, the well-known firm of the West. It was such a notable exhibit of practical, well-made and fine working farm machinery, with no brass, glass or glaucon, that the man who was looking at such exhibits gave it a most careful inspection. This company was organized in 1840, and their plows and horse rakes are used all over the United States. None are better, and very few as good.
The extent of the leather, cotton and rubber-belting trade was well displayed in the exhibit made by J. T. W. & Co., of Woodward avenue, Detroit, where they carry over 40,000 feet of belting in stock. They own their own works and make the J. T. W. high speed graphite metal, which is pronounced by all who use it the best in the market for journal bearings. They also own their own oil refinery where they manufacture lubricating oils. Their trade is altogether with the consumer, to whom they issue an elegant catalogue, and, being manufacturers, their prices are always the lowest.

SISTER ROBBINS' WICKED PARROT.

Its Inquisitive Disposition Tells Against Its Religious Training.

Sister Robbins lay upon her sick-bed watching the clock, the slant of the sunbeams, and occasionally talking to her Polly—a wise-looking gray parrot with glittering eyes and brilliant scarlet tail. It would be better, perhaps, to say that she replied to Polly, for the parrot was by far the more talkative.

There came a rap at the door of the room. "Whoa!" said Polly. "Come in," said Sister Robbins.

The visitor entered, and proved to be the Methodist minister. Polly crept to Mrs. Robbins and cuddled close up to the lady's neck, laying her gray pate close beside her mistress's cheek. After some conversation the minister proposed to Sister Robbins that they have "a season of prayer," and accordingly knelt by her bedside and with closed eyes and devout voice began to pray.

Polly's eyes glittered more than ever. She crept unnoticed from her place of refuge, and with slow-lifted claws and noiseless step over the white counterpane went close to the unconscious minister. She scanned him meditatively, and then when her head was so near his that you would have thought his ear in danger of being snipped off, she suddenly cried out in the clearest tones: "What in the world are you doing?"

After Robbins finds it hard to convince the minister that they have family prayers. He says Polly's evidence is against her.—Wide Awake.

The Early Rising Humbug.

Most of the talk about early rising is moonshine, says the Domestic Monthly. The habit of turning out of bed in the middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it. But it is only a folly to lay down a general rule upon the subject. Some men are fit for nothing all day after they have risen early every morning. Their energies are deadened, their imaginations are heavy, their spirits are depressed.

It is said you can work so well in the morning. Some people can, but others can work best at night; others again in the afternoon. Long trial and experiment form the only conclusive tests upon these points. We all know the model man, aged 80: "I invariably rise at 6; I work three hours; take a light breakfast—namely, a cracker and a pinch of salt—never drink anything but barley-water, eat no dinner, and go to bed at 5 in the evening." If anybody finds that donkey-like sort of life will suit him, by all means let him continue it. But few people would care to live to 80 on these terms.

If a man can not get up withered and crumpled up on easier conditions than those it is almost as well that he should depart before he is a nuisance to himself and a bore to everybody else. Schoolboys and young people generally ought to get up early, for it is found that nine-tenths of them can stand it, and it does them good. But let no one torture himself with the thought that he could have been twice as good a man as he is if he had risen every morning at daylight. The habit would kill half of us in less than five years.

THE JAPANESE WOODEN PILLOW.

How the Ladies Preserve Their Elaborate Head-Dress While in Dreamland.

The head-dress is a most elaborate affair, built on a foundation of cardboard, which is blackened; the hair being passed over it, is then smoothed down and well oiled, and into it they put flowers, combs, fancy pins, and other small articles intended to heighten their personal attractions. The result is frequently an artistic triumph. It is a tedious process, and perhaps for this reason habit has taught them to sleep



THE BEAUTY'S LITTLE SCHEME.

without soft pillows; instead of which they use a round piece of wood, like a rolling-pin, about eight inches long, supported on two wooden feet, and with a hollow for the neck to lie in; so by these means the ladies are able to leave their hair untouched for several days, as at night it does not become at all disarranged, and for that consideration, of course, they can reconcile themselves to its use.—Illustrated American.

Dewey's Southern Story.

I was talking with Chaucey M. Dewey the other evening about his recent trip South. During our conversation he said: "I found the Southern people very interesting. The negroes are much more entertaining than I expected to find them. You know in the North we rarely if ever see the real 'Yerks, raggid, lazy, and happy, as he is naturally. I overheard a conversation between an old, 'aunty' and her daughter that will amuse you. I know. Here it is:
"Liza Jane, hev you 'drum up all dem chickens yet?"
"Yas, ma."
"Yo' sho' yo' drum em all up?"
"Yas, ma."
"Yo' count dem chickens, Liza Jane?"
"Yas, ma."
"How many wuz dere, Liza Jane?"
"Oah."
"Right, Liza Jane."—N. Y. Star.



the lady's neck, laying her gray pate close beside her mistress's cheek. After some conversation the minister proposed to Sister Robbins that they have "a season of prayer," and accordingly knelt by her bedside and with closed eyes and devout voice began to pray.

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, OCTOBER 10, 1890.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

The proposed home for poor singers in Vienna will admit only those singers who are destitute. The admission of poor singers in the other sense would be apt to overcrowd the institution.

BELLAMY'S notion of a public umbrella has been put into operation in a new street just opened at Brixton, Eng., where the sidewalk is sheltered by a glass roof, ten feet wide, supported by slim, graceful pillars rising from the curb.

The French mint will soon replace the copper sous with nickels. The five and ten-centime pieces will be perforated in the center, after the manner of Chinese coins. This enables them to be strung and counted or handled with great ease.

The Russian edict against the Jews may or may not be undergoing rigid enforcement, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that at the port of New York alone during the past two months there has been an increase of over 4,000 Russian Jew immigrants.

The United States Supreme Court is steadily falling behind its docket. At the beginning of the October term, 1889, there remained on the docket of that court, undisposed of, 1,180 cases, being an increase of 232 as compared with the number four years ago.

The high and well-deserved honors paid the other day in New York to the memory of Captain John Ericsson go to prove that not all republics are ungrateful. He left his native land a simple citizen. He returns to it as though his ashes were those of a monarch.

The invitation extended to President Harrison to visit California on the approaching 40th anniversary of her admission into the Union was engraved on solid gold plate. The President accepted the gold plate with thanks, but business compels him to decline the invitation.

The announcement some months ago that there were over a thousand abandoned farms in New Hampshire was a surprise. A reaction has taken place and the Commissioner of Agriculture reports that more than 300 of these farms have been recaptured by their owners or sold to newcomers.

JOHN ERICSSON, whose remains are now being conveyed to Sweden by the Baltimore, probably had more titles and decorations bestowed upon him during his lifetime than any other man of his generation. He never displayed these titles and ribbons, however, and was especially proud only of his title of captain and his degree of LL. D.

CLOUDS which are luminous in the darkness of moonless nights have been attracting considerable attention in Europe, and a number of photographs of them have been secured this year in Germany. From comparisons of results obtained at different observatories, it appears that these clouds have the extraordinary height of 5 1/2 miles above sea-level.

An exploring party surveying the Isthmus of Tehuantepec reports the discovery of a flower that changes color with the hours of the day. In the morning it is grayish white, at noon red, and toward sunset purplish or grayish-blue. Certain varieties of Ipomoea (morning-glory, etc.), according to Prof. Hermes, show a similar peculiarity, though in a less pronounced degree, at the time of their first opening of their flower-chalice.

ONE of the longest telephage lines in the world is to be opened this month in South America. This overhead electric railway will be 186 miles long, and will connect Buenos Ayres with Montevideo. Its object is to allow of traveling letter boxes to be dispatched every two hours between the two cities. The line will cross the La Plata estuary in that part where it is 19 miles wide. The two wires will be supported on either side of the river by two towers, nearly 270 feet high.

DURING the first six months of 1890 there were, according to the Atlanta Southern Industrial Record, 1,808 new industrial establishments organized in the Southern States. Among the most important of these were one hundred and eight cotton and woolen-mills, ninety-seven flour and grist mills, ninety-four foundries and machine-shops, thirty-five blast furnaces, and seventy-eight mining companies. This is a continuation of the industrial awakening which has been going on in the Southern States for some time.

This is how an expert statistician figures out the chances of winning in a lottery: "A one-dollar ticket implies one chance in three of winning \$5 cents, one chance in nineteen of winning \$1.75, and one chance in 1,237 of winning \$4.25. It will be seen, therefore, that the most unworshipping devotee to the purchase of lottery tickets can not be depended upon to insure affluence or even a comfortable livelihood for the smallest and most frugal household. It is absolutely necessary that you have some other means of subsistence."

...received the other day at the Sub-Treasury. They consisted of \$1,000 and \$100 notes, forming an aggregate of \$3,000,000. The notes are plainer looking than those now in circulation, but the work upon them is finely executed. The \$1,000 note is adorned with a well-executed medallion portrait of General Meade and the \$100 note with a similar likeness of Admiral Farragut. The back of the note is printed in green and has the denomination plainly set forth in large figures across the entire length and can not be very readily altered.

Treasurer's Report.

Following is a statement of the receipts of the Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac Fair Association during the three days of the fair, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26, 1890:—

Family tickets.....\$ 593.00
Single admission tickets..... 462.25
Enteries for speed premiums..... 111.50
Rent, eating stands, etc..... 73.25
Single team tickets..... 40.00
Double team tickets..... 9.50
Ads in premium book..... 47.50
Surplus cash..... 13.76

Total receipts, \$1,353.76
C. W. McPILMIL, Treas.

School Notes.

Handed in by Principal Condon.
Jennie McArthur was among our visitors of last week.

General improvements are to be made on the school grounds in the near future.

We were visited last week by Mrs. Dr. McClinton and Mrs. Pearce, of Toronto.

Don't forget that you have a standing invitation to visit the school at any time when you can.

The sidewalk on the west side of the school yard is being extended to the north end of the grounds.

Additional seats are to be put in the primary room, to prevent the pupils from sitting three in a seat.

A committee of the board was looking over the school grounds this week to determine how many of the lombard poplars would be needed for the grounds.

Notwithstanding the fact that the seating capacity of the high school room has been increased, we doubt yet if we can accommodate the pupils who wish to attend this year. The seats are being taken rapidly and we have communications from several non-residents who expect to come.

Names of pupils who were tardy this week and the number of times. High school: Ida Wright, Chas. Seed, 3; Ella Bader and Lillie Schenck. Grammar room: Mabel Weydemeyer, Bertie Dugan, Ella Meredith and Alla Smith. Intermediate: May Macomber. Primary: Lilly Scriber, Alice Sells, 2; Louisa Sells, 2; Blake Gillies, Willie Duffield and Maud Vinegar. This is certainly a poor record and this subject should receive more attention from parents.

Council Proceedings.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS.
CASS CITY, Mich., Sept. 22, 1890.

The second Regular adjourned meeting called to order by the president, J. H. McLean.

Present—Trustees Ale, Schooley, Stevenson, Hendrick, Outwater and Marr.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

The following bills were read and referred to committee on claims and accounts.

Jas. Higgins, labor..... \$ 3 94
S. Horsford, labor..... 2 50
S. Jameson, labor..... 1 87
Jas. W. Higgins, services as special police 7 23
S. Jameson, services as special police 6 00

The committee on claims and accounts recommended that the first three bills mentioned be allowed and the others referred back to council.

Trustee Ale moved that the last two mentioned bills be laid on the table until next regular meeting of the council. Carried.

Trustee Stevenson moved that the report of committee on claims and accounts be accepted and that orders be drawn on the treasurer for the amounts. Carried.

The following resolution was offered:

WHEREAS, James P. Hern marshal of the village of Cass City has violated his duty as marshal of said village, by not performing his duty in regard to enforcing the liquor law of the state of Michigan, therefore, be it,

Resolved, by the Common Council of the village of Cass City that James P. Hern be removed from the office of marshal of the village of Cass City. Dated the 7th day of Oct., 1890.

The above resolution as offered by Trustee Outwater was adopted as follows:

Yeas—Ale, Schooley, Stevenson, Hendrick, Outwater and Marr.

Nays—None.

The motion of Trustee Stevenson to appoint Eugene Morse as Marshal to act for the remainder of term was supported and Carried.

Moved and supported that the council adjourn. Carried.

J. H. McLEAN, President.
O. K. JAMES, Clerk.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Fritz Bros., Druggists.

...you have your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it, and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed to satisfy the money refunded. Trial bottles free at Fritz Bros. Drug store.

Exchange Bank.

E. H. PINNEY, -- BANKER.

RESPONSIBILITY \$30 000.

Commercial Business Transacted.

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

Accounts of Business houses and Individuals Solicited.

Interest Paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

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

MORTGAGE SALE.
Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1888, and executed by Hugh McDermott and Catherine McDermott, 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 275, 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 due thereon and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of the note the sum of three hundred and nine dollars (\$300.) that under the power of sale in said mortgage contained by said mortgage, will be foreclosed by said mortgagee, at public vendue, to the highest bidder on Monday, the 29th 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 Circuit Court 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 west quarter of section eleven, in township number fourteen, north of range eleven, east of which 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 26th, 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, clerk of the court, 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 sixty 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, at such 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.
LEONARD P. ZANDER, Circuit Court Commissioner, Tuscola Co. Mich.
J. D. BROOKER, Attorney for Complainant.
A true copy. Attest:
PETER P. DAWSON, Register.

FORECLOSURE SALE.
Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-first day of July, 1888, and 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 61 of mortgages on page 209, on the fourteenth day of July, 1888. That default has been made in the conditions 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 (56) rods, thence west seventy (70) rods, thence north fifty-six (56) 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 1st, 1890.
WILLIAM J. COOPER, Mortgagee.
T. G. QUINN, Attorney for Mortgagee.

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 & Shoe House.

THE RUSH.

During Fair Week for the Bargains offered by J. F. Hendrick, the Jeweler, has been so Great and Encouraging that he has decided to continue selling his beautiful line of Silverware, Watches, Clocks and Jewellery at a Great Reduction below Retail Price.

FOR 30 DAYS

DATED, OCT. 3 '90.

ENCOURAGE

Home Industry

—By Buying Your—
SPRING and LUMBER WAGONS

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.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain. The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers.

\$5.00 Gentle Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commands itself.

\$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf shoe unequalled for style and durability.

\$3.50 Gandyar Welt. Is the standard dress shoe, at a popular price.

\$3.00 Putnam's shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc. All made in Congress, Luton and Lace.

\$3 & \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.

These shoes have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertisement price, or a postal for order blanks.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

J. D. CROSBY - Agent.

SPECIAL PRICES

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 CLOAKS
LADIES AND GENTS UNDERWEAR IN ALL THE DIFFERENT GRADES AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!

Highest Market Price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Frost & Hebblewhite.

J. H. Striffler

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.

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. McGraw & 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.

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. Of-
fice day—Saturday.

A. D. GILLIES,
NOTARY PUBLIC. Deeds, mortgages, etc.,
carefully executed. Office, Main street, Cass
City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate
Also auctioneering.

DR. N. MCCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur.
Graduate of V. C. University 1895. Office
first door over Brit's drug store. Speciality—
Diseases of women, and nervous debility.

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

Lodges.

W. O. F.
Cass City Lodge, No. 208, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
W. B. FREEMORE, N. G.
D. McILVARY, Secretary.

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

Tyler Lodge.
TYLER LODGE, No. 817, F. & A. M., will hold
its regular communications for the year 1890
in the Masonic hall on Saturday evenings on or
preceding the full moon of each month. The
following are the dates: Jan. 4, Feb. 1, Mar. 1,
Apr. 5, May 2 and 31, June 24, (St. John), June
28th, July 25, Aug. 23, Sept. 27, Oct. 25, Nov.
20, Dec. 22, (election of officers) Dec. 27, (St.
John).

CORNS and BUNIONS
ARE POSITIVELY CURED BY
Mitchell's Care-all Corn & Bunion Plaster
ONE TRIAL will make a cripple dance for joy.
Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail for five per box
Noveltz Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE

GRANT.

No dust will be blown into your optics
this week.

Mr. Sheppard disposed of all his apple
crop to some buyer outside so we hear.

The inventor of the compass belongs
to the Chinese as long ago as 1115. B.
C.

Sir Humphrey Davy was the inventor
of electric light in the year 1813, so it is
nothing new.

The last man is to be threshed out
and then clover will be the next thing on
the program.

Good dark nights now for sleeping. It
is not necessary to shut your eyes to
make it dark.

Engraving by the same people 1000
years B. C. How many millions of people
lived and died B. C?

There is many a slip between the cup
and lip and the oxen did not trade for
horses. Each one kept his own by mutual
consent.

The first printer, in 1438, was a Ger-
man named Gutenberg. Before that
there was no bibles nor could any person
read them if there were.

Chris. Segar paid this corner of Grant
a visit on Sunday, the 5th, and returned
to his home near Deford the same
day. Chris is a bachelor, protom.

Ab. Martin and H. Richards are un-
dressing corn for all those waxing corn
undressed. Ab. is a perfect machine on
the maize husking. Give him a job and
watch the husks fly.

The human record is hatched, match-
ed and deatched; this time it has
hatched. The wife of John Brown
brought forth a bouncing young boy and
John feels as though he had on a big
head.

There must have been some mistake
made in naming this township, it seems
as though it should have been called
Grant instead of Grant, as there is a
great deal of grunting done all over the
aforesaid township.

The teacher in school district No. 4,
was obliged to forfeit a part of her
wages to pay for broken seats in the
school house, notwithstanding the poor
girl taught the school for a small salary.
What broke those seats, was it reckless
boys? Oh no! Nobody has any boys
of that kind. But it would not take
long for those self-same boys to demol-
ish all the seats in the school house and
make the teachers look the bill.

DEFORD.

J. R. Lewis had a very sick spell on the
evening of the 4th.

Chet Harrington, of Bay City, is visit-
ing his kindred east of here.

Mrs. George Martin's sister has come
to stay with her for a time.

The new M. D., will have his office in
Van Tassel's store building.

Our new Dr. is of the regular school
and makes a favorable impression.

Mrs. Peter Daugherty has come home
from a visit at Pontiac and vicinity.

CLAIR COUNTY WITH A FULL FORCE OF DITCHERS.

David McCracken and family, of Cass
City, visited in this locality on the 5th
inst.

A large share of the population of
Wilmot visited Jessie Sole on the 5th
inst.

Archie Critington, of Hurd's Corners,
is laboring for L. W. Varhes, of section
35, Novesta.

Mrs. Prudence Francisco is making her
home for the winter with Wm. Cooper,
while her husband is in the north woods.

Mrs. Isadore Retherford has returned
from her visit near Almont, Dyptheria
in that locality made her stay a short
time.

A Mr. Campbell, who left Novesta
corners last spring and went to Canada
has returned again. This is the country
for him.

We have preachers, law-givers, doc-
tors, merchants, mid-wives and wise men.
All we lack is a glass factory to work up
our sand hills that we may be known
and read of by all men.

Rev. Martin Sole, of Wilmot, passed
through on the townline southeast of
here last Sunday, driving one of the most
unique equines and fifti wheel vehicles we
have seen for some time.

John McCracken, who moves under
the non de plume of the "Yellow Jacket"
is fitting his mare the Irish Red Bird for
the track. The races at the Cass City
fair has put him all on a nettle.

George Walker has sold his brown
mare Goldust to Elder Eckler. We did
not learn the amount of money that
changed hands, but have all reason to
believe it is less than the national debt.

ELLINGTON.

Equanoxial.

Farmers are just beginning to husk
their corn.

The rains that have just come will
help fall wheat greatly.

There are a number of handsome
pieces of wheat in Ellington.

Henry Moshier, wife and child, from
Reeco, were visiting at J. H. Moshier's
last week.

Walter Landon, of New York City for-
merly of Ellington, was visiting at Will
Landon's last week.

School will commence in district No.
1, on Monday of next week. Charles
Staley, of Almer, teacher.

A Sunday school concert is talked of
being held at the M. E. church in Elling-
ton in the near future of which notice
will hereafter be given.

Henry A. Bailey, who has been for a
few weeks visiting with his brother, John
Bailey, in Milwaukee, Wis., is expected
home the last part of this week.

Rev. Joshua Bacon, the new M. E.
minister of Ellington circuit, moved into
Daniel Turner's house southwest of
Ellington last week. He is well received
by his people.

I have just heard that William J.
Campbell, of Cass City, formerly of Ell-
ington, was nominated for representa-
tive of the 2nd district of Tuscola county
this week Monday. Good enough for
William, pass along your votes

Quarterly meeting at the Sutton
church, Cass River circuit, on Saturday
afternoon at 2 p. m., and Sunday
morning at 9 a. m. There will be
love feast and preaching at half past
ten and communion previous to close of
meeting. All are cordially invited to at-
tend.

STATE NEWS.

The university has 25 Japanese stu-
dents this year.

A new and handsome Michigan Cen-
tral depot is threatened at West Bay
City.

Belding is getting so lawless o' nights
that citizens are talking an order
league.

The patrons are about to buy the
flint mill at Dinowdale and pay \$9,-
000 for it.

F. W. Wheeler & Co.'s ship builders,
of West Bay City, have formed a mutual
benefit accident association.

Within 30 days electric street cars will
be running in Bay City. This beats run-
ning for congress, says S. O. Fisher.

An army of caterpillars is eating the
leaves of oak trees two miles from Kala-
mazoo, and is moving steadily west-
ward.

Jas. Roach, supposed to be dead and
the murdered victim of Sand Beach rob-
bers, is at the soldiers home in Dayton,
Ohio.

John Walters, of Lima, has a 15-acre
onion patch which produced 5,000
bushels, and the crop sold for \$1
a bushel.

The Capae fair is in progress this week.
Some days over a hundred railroaders
feed at Copemsh, and a year ago the
town was unborn.

Cadillac's sensation this season is a
75 pound squash. Last year it had a
horse which climbed upstairs each morn-
ing and kissed the chambermaid.

Ashley people complain at the village
board because it blew in \$200 for a
road scraper, but could not scrape \$20
to publish the council proceedings.

A drove of Hudson hogs became in-
toxicated by drinking the scum from a
sorghum factory and in the orgies which
followed one swine was drowned by the
gay debauches

Herman, lived with her one consecutive

day, the wedding day, and has not been
seen since. She therefore feels slighted
and asks for a Divorce.

M. E. Kane, a farmer near Sheppard,
was stocking his cellar with a barrel of
cider, slipped, right hand caught be-
tween stone wall and barrel, two fingers
amputated. And the the prohiops mor-
alistic.

Cobbs & Mitchell, extensive lumber-
men, who recently purchased 70,000,000
feet of pine in Grand Traverse county,
will manufacture the same in Cadillac.
They will build a new double band
saw mill, having a capacity of 100,000
feet a day, and their new enterprise will
give employment to 250 men.

"The capture of the gang of counter-
feiters at North Lansing," said an old
timer to the Lansing Journal, "recalls
the fact that away back when the capitol
was first located here, Lansing was
the headquarters of one of the most no-
torious gang of counterfeiters that ever
infested Michigan. They did their work
in a cabin in the midst of a swamp on
Saginaw street. The swamp was then a
perfect jungle and the counterfeiters
there were about as safe as though they
had been secreted in the middle of
Africa. It was a perfect net work of fal-
len trees, underbrush and vines, and it
was almost impossible for a stranger to
penetrate it. The gang was eventually
broken up, but it was owing to these
counterfeiting operations over 40 years
ago that the swamp got the name that
has clung to it every since—Bogus
swamp."

A Permanent Cure.

For years I was troubled with the
most malignant type of Chronic Blood
Trouble. After trying various other
remedies, without getting any benefit, I
was induced by Joe Schell, a barber, who
has since moved to St. Louis, and who
was cured by Swift's Specific of a Con-
stitutional Blood Trouble, to take S. S.
S. A few bottles cured me permanently.
I also consider S. S. S. the best tonic I
ever saw. While taking it my weight in-
creased and my health improved in every
way. I have recommended S. S. S. to
several friends, and in every case they
were satisfied with the results.

S. A. WRIGHT, Midway, Pa.

A Mass of Sores.

I am so grateful for the benefit ob-
tained from using S. S. S. that I want
to add my testimony to that already
published, for the public good. I was a
mass of sores before using, but am now
entirely cured.

C. MCCARTHY, St. Louis, Mo.

Treatise on Blood and Skin disease.

mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

"I'm Just Going Down to the Gate"

and other Popular Ballads, in book form,
size 8 1/2 of Sheet Music. Sent, post-paid, for
ONLY FOUR CENTS. Stamps taken.
AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
8880 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

I desire to say to the people of Cass
City and vicinity that in connection
with my eight years' experience in den-
tistry I have just completed two prac-
titioner's 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 reason-
able 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.

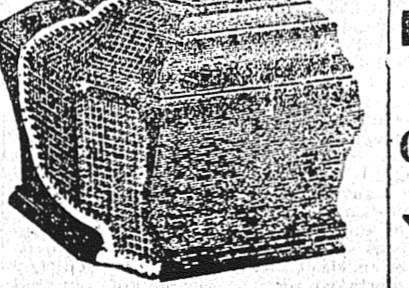
A. A. McKenzie,



UNDERTAKER
And Funeral Director.

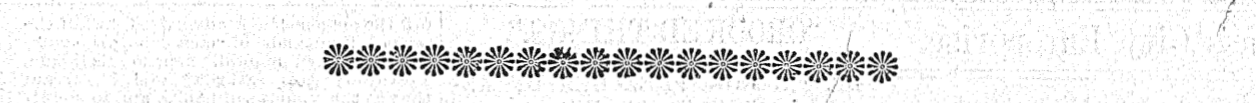
A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and
Undertaker's Supplies on hand.

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET.
(CEMENT.)

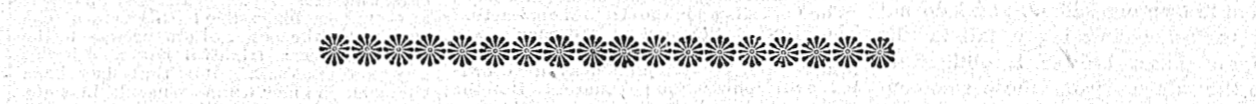


The expense of the above Casket is
but a trifle more than that of a wood
Casket.

McDougall & Co. McDougall & Co.



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ON
CLOTHING!



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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 Pries
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 draw-
ers can't be beat. Our \$1.00 shirts and drawers
sell at first sight.



Complete stock of Lumbermen's supplies, such as Ker-
ase Pants, Mackinaw Shirts, Jackets, Socks, Jersey Shirts and
t 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.



"WORKED" A MINISTER.

THE CREWSOME HISTORY OF A CONFIDENCE MAN.

Strange and Sudden Death of Every One Who Had Previously Declined to Make Him a Loan.

Rev. John W. Woodruff, pastor of a large church and one of the gentlest of men, was walking meditatively in his garden, when a man came up to the fence and said:

"I am a stranger to you, Mr. Woodruff, but you are no stranger to me. Many and many a time when the wick of the candle of hope had grown long and the blaze threatened to go out your sermons have buoyed me up."



HE LEANED BACK IN A CHAIR.

"You move me deeply by saying so," the reverend gentleman answered, casting a look of inquiry upon the man, whom he found to be solemn of countenance and exceedingly plain of dress.

"Do you live near here?" "No," the visitor answered, "my habitation, humble and scarcely worth a glance of the traveler that passes the door, is situated miles from here, but your sermons come to me on the great thought-carrying waves of the press. Are you too deeply engaged in contemplation to spare me a few moments in your library?"

"Oh, by no means," the minister responded. "Walk into the house, please." They went into the library, and the visitor, after seating himself, looked earnestly at the preacher and said: "I did not know that I was in your immediate neighborhood until your house was pointed out to me, and then my desire to see and talk with you, overcoming my judgment, perhaps, urged me to stop."

"I am really glad that you did stop," the minister replied, moving in an embarrassed manner; for, although accustomed to the compliments of the sisters and brothers of the church, the praise of this solemn man made him feel uneasy.

"I thank you profoundly," said the visitor, bowing. "For many days I have thought that I should like to talk to you on a subject that has become very serious to me, and you can scarcely imagine the thrill I felt when your house was pointed out."

"I am ready, my dear sir, to talk to you on any subject," the minister answered. "It is with regard to religion, of course."

"Well, hardly. The truth is—I am almost ashamed to acknowledge it—I fear that I have become superstitious. I have fought, have really struggled against it, but still I can not drive away a horrible belief that seems to hourly fasten itself stronger and stronger upon me. Before I proceed farther, let me tell you my name. I am Calvin N. Bowers. I am exceedingly poor, but all my friends know me to be honest. Sometimes I have money, and then sometimes I find myself in extreme need. My superstition began in this way: About four months ago I went to a man named Anderson and asked him to lend me \$25. He refused. What happened? The next day he dropped dead."

"There is nothing remarkable in that," the preacher remarked.

"Oh, no; but wait. The very next day I went to a man named Cal Simmons and asked him to accommodate me with \$25. He declared that he did not have the amount. He was a very strong man, but the next day he dropped dead."

"Humph!" granted the minister. "Then I began to grow superstitious," the visitor continued, "and although I needed money I waited for several weeks before asking any one else. Finally need drove me to it and I went to B. S. Featherston, our county judge, and asked him for \$25. He said that he would let me have it, and I know that his intentions were good, but upon looking in his safe he found that he had not the amount. I thanked him, of course, but the very next day, just as he had



"YOU DON'T SAY SO!"

admitted old Stephen Doyle's will to probate, he fell off the bench, dead."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the minister.

"Yes, sir, it is a fact. When I went home I heard of it, and shut myself up and for more than two days did not eat a bite. Finally I came out, and remembering a moneyed man, a friend of mine, that lived not far away, I went to him, and telling him of my experience with the other men and reminding of what had befallen them, I asked him to lend me \$25. He not only refused but actually laughed at me. The next morning, while he was out in the pasture looking at his fine horses, he was stricken with apoplexy and died almost instantly."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the minister, "you startle me."

"Ah, you are beginning to see that I have cause to be superstitious." "Oh, no," said the preacher, thoughtfully; "oh, no, for we are in this enlightened day warned against superstition. Coincidents are sometimes perplexing, but we should never permit them, to drive us into the dark corners of superstition."

"I know that, Mr. Woodruff, and I have fought against it, but still I can not help yielding to a strength so immeasurably greater than my own. Let me give you another instance. About two weeks after the last man died I went to a preacher, a dear friend of mine, and begged spiritual comfort."

"You should have done that long before," the Rev. Mr. Woodruff broke in. "I knew to what the visitor alluded, but somehow I did not have the strength to acknowledge my weakness. Well, I took with him long and earnestly, and after awhile he convinced me that I was foolish. My spirits rose, and I laughed for the first time in many weeks. But suddenly the thought flashed across my mind that I had to raise \$25 or my land would be sold for taxes. I explained the distress I was in and asked him to let me have the money. 'I should do so with pleasure,' said he, 'but the truth is I am in absolute and immediate need of every cent I have.' I went away, knowing that he had spoken the truth, but—"

The visitor took out a red handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "How I did love that man! he continued after a painful silence. 'He was more than a brother to me; he was indeed a father.' 'But did anything happen to him?' the minister eagerly asked.

The visitor arose and, standing with his back to the preacher, looked far away over the landscape. He wiped his eyes again and in a voice husky with emotion answered: "He fell dead the next day. Oh! my dear Mr. Woodruff," he exclaimed, suddenly wheeling about and stretching forth his arms, "you now see why I am held down by the blackened chains of superstition. You can now appreciate why I am no longer a real man."

"My dear brother," said the minister, "your case is indeed deserving of commendation, but still I say be led into the foul waters of superstition. You must pray."

"I will do so," the visitor exclaimed. "I will pray deep within my soul. Well, I must go now. I must hasten home; but alas!" he sorrowfully added, "I expect to find strangers in my house. The tax gatherer I fear has supplanted me. If I had only \$25 I should, now that you have so comforted me, again be happy."

The Rev. Mr. Woodruff began to



A SOLID MAN.

wince. "Just to think," the visitor continued, "that so small an amount can make a man forget all his troubles. Say my friend, can you not accommodate me for a few days?"

The preacher began to cough. "Why, I declare, I—"

"Oh, do not inconvenience yourself, sir," said the visitor.

Mr. Woodruff began to walk up and down the room. "Your words have given me such strength," the visitor went on, "that I am sure I can never wholly repay you. I have fought so hard against—but," he suddenly added, "I had such awful evidence to combat, I know that to let me have the money would be a pleasure to you, and I really supposed that you were well fixed financially or I should not have requested the loan, even though you had so strengthened me against a belief in the dark shadows of—"

"I think I can let you have the money," the preacher broke in. "I have only \$20 to my name and had intended getting some books that I have wanted for a long time, but I can not think of you going home sad finding your house sold away from you. Wait a moment and I will bring the money."

The good man left the room and the visitor, humming a melancholy tune, stretched out his legs and clasped his hands back of his head. When the preacher returned and gave him the money he became a veritable fountain of thanks, throwing up the silvery spray of gratitude.

That afternoon a neighbor called on Mr. Woodruff. "I had rather a queer caller this morning," said he. "A fellow came to the house and after talking for some time began to tell me of people that had dropped dead because they had refused to lend him money. Then he wanted me to lend him \$25, and I pledge you my word that it took all my strength to resist him, almost believing at one time that I should surely die suddenly if I did not yield to him. In fact, I don't know but that I should have given him the money had not some one interrupted our conversation. Upon seeing the newcomer my impressive visitor took his leave, and when he had gone the newcomer asked: 'Do you know that fellow?' 'No,' I rejoined, 'who is he?' 'One of the shrewdest confidence men in the country,' he replied."

The minister, holding his hands behind him, walked up and down the room. After awhile he said: "You did well not to let him taint you with his professed superstition. We should cultivate strength and root out the germs of weakness."—*Opie P. Read, in N. Y. World.*

A shoemaker named Frank, who belongs to Portland, Me., is the champion tramp. He boasts that he has traveled 20,000 miles a year for ten years on railroads and has never paid a cent of fare.

Secretary Blaine attributes his good health to the fact that he has given up his habit of eating meat three times a day.

WINGED MISSILES

An Englishman recommends tomatoes as a remedy for dyspepsia and biliousness.

Six French doctors were received into the faculty of medicine in Paris in one week.

A Philadelphia medicant known as "Blind Johnny" is said to be worth \$30,000.

France has the accumulation of ages, and there are seventy-six millionaires in the republic.

The centennial of the discovery of coal in Pennsylvania is to be celebrated in September, 1801.

It is well enough for all to aspire. Thackeray used to say "all chariot would be port if it could."

A good many states have laws forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys, but generally it is a dead law.

It is estimated that fully 4,000 Pennsylvanians are in the employ of the United States government.

It was John Henry Newman who said: "Some mud sticks longer than other mud but no mud is immortal."

The Milwaukee Journal says: "Mistakes are gentle reminders that we are becoming too confident in ourselves."

The business section of New York is growing so fast that the gentry are being crowded out of Fifth avenue.

Men who are surly and are not wont to speak to you, only show their boorishness. Gentlemen don't do that way.

A boy in Pocksville, N. Y., is said to have looked in succession two oaks whose combine length was seven feet.

Five generations of one family sat for their photographs in a single group at Springfield, Pa., a few days ago.

Of course if there is a failure in Ireland of the potato crop there will certainly be "a tale of woe" and there may be a famine.

A military cordon has been established around Lisbon to prevent the entrance of any person from a cholera infected district.

The abolition of the slave trade at Zanzibar, is the first good effect of English influence there. Now let us see if it will stay abolished.

Germany has one doctor to 1,500 of population, France one to 3,167, the United Kingdom one to 1,234, but the United States one to 600.

Denmark besides being several other very useful things is a sort of universal "henney." It annually exports over 111 million eggs.

It is claimed that Tulare county, California, will lose a round half million dollars this year for want of ships to carry its grain to Liverpool.

The long rains in France have ruined the wheat harvest, and the farmers are greatly depressed. Fancy prices are paid for the left-over grain of last year.

Many Settlers in the Big Bend, Wash., country have been driven away by the ravages of squirrels that swarm in countless numbers in that region.

The Russian government has made an appropriation of 1,500 roubles annually for the maintenance of a Pasteur institute in Tiflis for the cure of hydrophobia.

The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., are giving away a beautiful illustrated book, "Guide to Health and Etiquette." Ladies should send their address and stamp for copy.

The Utah commission has forwarded to the secretary of the interior a lengthy report, urging the necessity of more stringent laws to suppress polygamy.

Commendable. All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the liver, kidneys and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

Ignorance is often the very cream of the juror's milk of human kindness.

"The Star and Garter" is a new Muskogean paper.

"A Patent Leather Shine." Try "E-Z-L-E" "Narrow" and "Broad" Preserves leather. Family box has patent handle.

Secretary of the Treasury Windom says he has no intention of resigning.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

South Norwalk, Ct., streets are flooded, the effect of recent heavy rains.



AN OPEN LETTER.

From a Well-known Druggist, "Positive" Cure for Stomach Troubles.

To Whom it May Concern: In the summer of 1871 I was first afflicted with that most dreaded disease, dyspepsia, and for over fifteen years I suffered terribly at times, in the nature of a chronic, but not incurable, without finding relief, having been in the drug business since 1851, I determined to help myself if I lay in the power of medicine. Two years ago I succeeded in discovering a remedy. It cost me \$100,000, but I had given up all hope of possibility of cure, however, I kept my secret almost to myself, putting up the medicine for only a few of my worst troubled friends, every one of whom was cured. I now know the medicine to be a positive cure, and have decided to put on the market, as a discovery may do humanity all possible good. It will be known as "Positive Dyspepsia, Liver and Stomach Cure," which is guaranteed to cure all ailments of the stomach, liver and bowels. I have a number of testimonials which afflicted parties may be interested in.

Dr. H. B. HAYES, 415 Cass Ave., East Saginaw, Mich. Sold by all druggists. Also a bottle of Pills, 25c.

LADIES write for terms. \$3 Sample Corset. Free to Agents. Lewis Sells & Co., 501 W. 14th St.

DO YOU WANT to buy your CLOTHING, WAISTS, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, GAITHERS, etc., at the lowest prices? THE PEOPLE'S SUPPLY CO. has the best of everything. Write for terms. VAN ORDEEN CORSET CO., 22 Clinton Place, N. Y.

LADY AGENTS—Send for terms. VAN ORDEEN CORSET CO., 22 Clinton Place, N. Y.

PATENT'S R. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Spilt! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.



NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

WISCONSIN'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

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CHICAGO PRICES FOR YOUR PRODUCE. BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, VEAL, HAY, GRAIN, WOOL, HIDES, GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, VEGETABLES.

OR ANYTHING YOU MAY HAVE TO US. We can sell your shipments at the highest market price, and will take you prompt returns. Write for the best of prices, or any information you may want.

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A departure from ordinary methods has long been adopted by the makers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. They know what it can do—and they guarantee it. Your money is promptly returned, if it fails to benefit or cure in all diseases arising from torpid liver or impure blood. No better terms could be asked for. No better remedy can be had. Nothing else that claims to be a blood-purifier is sold in this way—because nothing else is like the "G. M. D."

So positively certain is it in its curative effects as to warrant its makers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, on trial!

It's especially potent in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE. These Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, and all ailments arising from the Liver. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

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

ARE YOU WEAK? If you suffer from LOSS OF NERVOUS ENERGY, OR LOSS OF any kind of VIGOR, we will give you a FREE TRIAL of our wonderful "Sanative" pills. We GUARANTEE A CURE in every case. Write us to send you a FREE sample package sealed in plain wrapper with full directions for use, and postage paid. CHAS. H. KETCHUM, CHICAGO.

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MOTHERS' FRIEND. MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT. BOOK TO "MOTHERS' FRIEND" FREE. BRADFIELD'S RENOVATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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PENSIONS. The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled when the war are entitled. Widows of army dependents are included. Also Parents dependent on-day, whose sons died from effects of army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address

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TAR-OLD. SURE CURE FOR PILES, SALT RHEUM and all skin diseases. Sold by all Druggists and by W. L. BROWN, 77 South Wabash St., Chicago. Price 25c.

ROOFING. ROUGH ELASTIC ROOFING FELT ONLY \$2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for 30 years, and any kind of roof. FULL GUM ELASTIC ROOFING CO., 39 & 41 West Broadway, New York. LOCAL AGENTS Wanted.

IMPORTANT NEW DISCOVERY. "VASELINE" SOAP. A perfectly pure and neutral soap, combining the emollient and healing properties of Vaseline.

If your druggist does not keep it, forward 10c. in stamps, and we will send a full sized cake by mail, postage paid.

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Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.

TIME TABLE NO. 2.

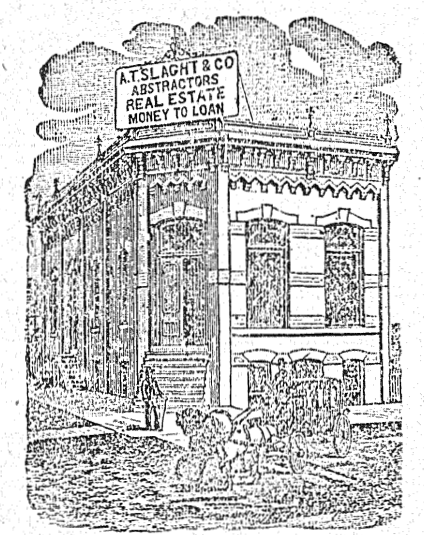
GOING NORTH.			
STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.	Pass.
Pontiac	8:30	8:40	8:45
Oxford	10:15	10:25	10:30
Dryden	11:32	11:40	11:45
Inlay City	12:08	12:18	12:22
North Branch	1:40	1:50	1:55
Clifford	2:16	2:26	2:30
Kingston	2:58	3:08	3:12
Wilmet	3:18	3:28	3:32
Deford	3:53	4:03	4:07
Cass City	5:11	5:21	5:25
Gagetown	5:31	5:41	5:45
Owendale	5:55	6:05	6:09
Berne	6:15	6:25	6:29
Cassville	6:41	6:51	6:55

GOING SOUTH.			
STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed.	Freight
Cassville	4:15	4:25	4:30
Berne	4:34	4:44	4:48
Owendale	4:57	5:07	5:11
Gagetown	5:11	5:21	5:25
Cass City	5:26	5:36	5:40
Deford	5:42	5:52	5:56
Wilmet	5:51	6:01	6:05
Kingston	6:01	6:11	6:15
Clifford	6:20	6:30	6:34
North Branch	6:40	6:50	6:54
Inlay City	6:12	6:22	6:26
Dryden	7:06	7:16	7:20
Oxford	8:06	8:16	8:20
Pontiac	8:40	8:50	8:54

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.

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IN SUMS FROM \$50 TO \$5,000!
For long or short time.
Office across from Medler House.
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Largest and finest display of horses and colts, 1st, Amasa Coon.
Stallion, 4 years old or over, 1st, R. Willis; 2d, S. R. Markham.
Stallion, 2 years old, 1st, H. Crawford.
Stallion, 1 year old, 1st, H. Price.
Brood mare with foal by side, 2nd, O. C. Wood.
Spring colt, 1st, John Reagh; 2nd, W. J. Williamson.
Yearling gelding or filly, 1st, Jas. Quinn.
2 year old gelding or filly, 1st, Frank Hays; 2d, William Spurgeon.
3 year old gelding or filly, 1st, J. G. Collison; 2d, Amasa Coon.
Span of horses in harness, 1st, Dan. Sommerville; 2nd, Geo. Davenport.
3 year old Stallion, 1st, A. Knowles.

DRUGHT.
Stallion, 4 years old or over, 1st, H. Whitlofer; 2nd, Thos. Morrison.
Stallion, 3 years old, 1st, J. D. Brooker; 2d, John Woodley.
Stallion, 1 year old, 1st, M. Sheridan; 2d, Robert Brown.
Brood mare with foal by side, 1st, J. Mc Berney; 2d, Henry Whitlofer.
Spring colt, 1st, J. McBerney; 2d, H. Whitlofer.
Yearling gelding or filly, 1st, Thos. Jackson; 2d, H. M. Saxborn.
Two-year-old gelding or filly, 1st, J. H. Patterson; 2d, Peter Gage.
Three-year-old gelding or filly, 1st, D. Sommerville; 2d, J. H. Patterson.
Span of horses in harness, 1st, Sol. Striffler; 2d, J. J. England.

ROADSTERS.
Stallion, 4 years old or over, 1st, E. L. Robinson; 2d, George Martin.
Stallion, 2 years old, 1st, Jos. St. Mary.
Brood mare, foal by side, 1st, Jas. W. Cleaver; 2d, E. W. Powell.
Yearling gelding or filly, 1st, Hugh McColl; 2d, John Zinnerker.
Two-year-old gelding or filly, 1st, J. G. Collison; 2d, W. E. Kelllar.
Three-year-old gelding or filly, 1st, J. St. Mary; 2d, T. W. Dunn.

CARRIAGE.
Best pair of matched horses, 1st, J. G. Russell; 2d, S. R. Markham.
Best single horse, 1st, A. H. Ale; 2d, Richard Ross.
Best Saddle horse, 1st, H. C. Downing.
CATTLE.
Largest and finest display of cattle, 1st, John Murphy.
Durham bull, 1st, William Spurgeon.
Durham bull, 2 years old, 1st, John Hunter; 2d, John Murphy.
Durham bull, 1 year old, 1st, John Murphy.
Durham bull calf, 1st, John Murphy; 2d, S. Ale.
Durham milk cow, 1st, John Murphy.
Durham heifer, 2 year old, 1st, John Murphy.
Durham heifer, 1 year old, 1st, John Murphy.
Jersy cow, 3 years old, 1st, J. D. Brooker.
Holstein Bull, 1st, M. H. Eastman.
Holstein heifer, 1 year old, 1st, D. G. McIntyre.
Grade bull, 1 year old, 1st, G. W. Bearss; 2d, J. W. Cunningham.

Grade milk cow, 3 years old, Wm. Spurgeon.
Grade heifer, 1 year old, 1st John Murphy.
Grade Heifer calf, 1st M. H. Quick.
Yoke oxen, 1st T. A. Sandom; 2d E. Hartwick.
Fat ox, 1st John Murphy.
GRADE SHEEP.
Grade ram, 1st Daniel McArthur.
Ram lamb, 1st John Murphy.
Pen of 2 ewes 2 years old, 1st John Murphy.
Pen of ewes 1 year old, 1st John Murphy.

OXFORD DOWN.
Oxford Down ram, 1st John Murphy.
Oxford ram 1 year old, 1st R. Cleaver.
Ram lamb, 1st John Murphy; 2d R. Cleaver.
Pen 2 ewes, 1st John Murphy.
Pen 2 ewes 1 year old; 1st J. Murphy.
Pen 2 ewe lambs, 1st John Murphy.
SIMPSHIRE.
Ram 1 year old, 1st Alex. Marshall.
Ram lamb, 1st Alex. Marshall.
Pen of 2 ewes, 1st Alex. Marshall.
Pen 2 ewes, 1 year old, 1st Alex. Marshall.
Pen 2 ewe lambs, 1st Alex. Marshall.

LEICESTERS.
Ram 2 years old, 1st J. J. England.
Ram 1 year old, 1st J. J. England.
Ram lamb, 1st J. J. England.
Pen 2 ewes, 1st J. J. England.
Pen 2 ewes, 1 year old, 1st John Murphy.
Pen 2 ewe lambs, 1st J. J. England.

SWINE.
Berkshire boar, 1st A. E. Boulton; 2d Luke H. Wright.
Berkshire boar, 1 year old, 1st John Profit.
Brood sow, 1 year old, 1st L. H. Wright; 2d J. Profit.
Poland China boar, 1st H. Crawford.
Best litter of pigs, 1st Luke Wright; 2d S. J. Slough.

POULTRY.
Pair light Brahmas, 1st S. Gilchriese.
Pair light Brahma chicks, 1st Daniel McArthur; 2d S. Gilchriese.
Pair Poland fowls, 1st Agusta Korth.
Pair Brown Leghorns, 1st E. Ward.
Pair Brown Leghorn chicks, 1st Jos. Eastman.
Pair Plymouth Rocks, 1st A. D. Gillies.
Pair Wyandotte chicks, 1st Wallace Greenleaf.
Pair Game fowls, 1st Chas. Bruster; 2d S. Gilchriese.
Pair Game chicks, 1st Chas. Bruster; 2d S. Gilchriese.
Pair turkeys, 1st Jos. Eastman; 2d Dan McArthur.
Pair geese, 1st John Waldon; 2d Luke Wright.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.
Bushel White winter wheat, 1st Hugh McDermott; 2d Byron Bingham.
Bushel Red winter wheat, 1st Levi DeLong; 2d H. S. Wait.
Bushel Spring wheat, 1st J. McVicar.
Bushel clover seed, 1st M. H. Quick; 2d John Striffler.
Bushel barley, 1st Amasa Coon; 2d M. H. Eastman.
Bushel corn in ear, 1st Elbert Ward; 2d Dan Clark.
Peck Beans, 1st Wallace Greenleaf; 2d Isaiah Waldley.
Peck Peas, 1st M. C. Tanner; 2d George Bearss.
Peck flax seed, 1st Samuel Striffler; 2d Jordan Bingham.
12 ears yellow dent corn, 1st Jacob Schenck; 2d M. C. Tanner.
12 ears yellow flint, 1st Hugh McDermott.
12 ears white flint, 1st Hugh McDermott; 2d Heber Howell.
12 ears sweet corn, 1st Luke Wright; 2d S. Gilchriese.
12 ears pop corn, 1st M. H. Eastman; 2d Dan Clark.
12 ears rice pop corn, 1st J. Bingham.

VEGETABLES.
Peck early potatoes, 1st Jas. Brown; 2d H. McDermott.
Peck late potatoes, 1st A. Sweigler; 2d Palmer Karr.
Specimen muskmelon, 1st Luke Wright; 2d S. Gilchriese.
Specimen watermelon, 1st Frank Gordon; 2d Carlton Harrington.
6 heads celiery, 1st J. P. Hendrick; 2d John Striffler.
3 bunches colly flower, 1st John Striffler.
6 table beets, 1st Jordan Bingham; 2d J. F. Hendrick.
6 field beets, 1st M. H. Eastman; 2d Harry Guppy.
6 ruta bagas, 1st John Hellebower; 2d Alex. Marshall.
6 table turnips, 1st William Little.
6 parsnips, 1st Wm. Williamson; 2d Jordan Bingham.
6 carrots, 1st J. Bingham; 2d A. Marshall.
12 red onions, 1st Wm. Loney; 2d Dan Clark.
12 Yellow onions, 1st B. M. Ewing; 2d Wm. Loney.
3 heads cabbage, 1st J. Quick; 2d H. S. Wait.
12 tomatoes, 1st S. Gilchriese; 2d W. B. Westaby.
Tumch double parsley, 1st John Striffler.
Winter radish, 1st Solman Striffler; 2d W. Williamson.
String of red pepper, 1st Henry Sheffer.
3 citrons, 1st M. H. Quick; 2d Wm. Jeffery.
3 sun flowers, 1st M. H. Quick; 2d J. Waldon.
3 pumpkins, 1st Wm. Loney; 2d Z. Greenleaf.
3 winter squash, 1st M. H. Quick; 2d W. B. Westaby.
Large pumpkin, 1st Carlton Harrington.
Best and largest display of vegetables, 1st M. H. Eastman.

FRUIT.
Northern Spy, 1st B. M. Ewing.
Baldwin apple, 1st Solman Striffler; 2d B. M. Ewing.
Fallen water apple, 1st John Striffler; 2d Sol. Striffler.
Roxberry Russet apple, 1st Solman Striffler.
Greening apples, 1st Solman Striffler.
King of Pumpkins Co, 1st Sol. Striffler.
Golden russet, 1st J. Striffler; 2d S. Striffler.
Wagoners, 1st Wilson Tuttle; 2d M. Eastman.
Specimen single variety pears, 1st H. Seed.
Specimen single variety of peaches, F. Hays; 2d M. C. Tanner.
Yellow bellflower apples, 1st Sol Striffler.
Snow apples, 1st Mrs. John Dew; 2d M. C. Tanner.
Wine apples, 1st John Profit.
Assorted and greatest variety pears, 1st Adam Benkelman.
Display Concord grapes, 1st John Williamson; 2d John Waldon.
Display Delaware grapes, 1st Levi Muntz; 2d Frank Hays.
Variety black grapes, 1st Frank Hays.
Variety red grapes, 1st John Williamson; 2nd William Jeffery.
Variety white grapes, 1st Mrs. S. A. Marshall; 2nd John Williamson.

Continued next week.
"Save who can!" was the frantic cry of Napoleon to his army at Waterloo. Save health and strength while you can, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is advice that applies to all, both young and old. Don't wait until disease fastens on you; begin at once.

When you need a good, safe laxative, ask your druggist for a box of Ayer's Pills, and you will find that they give perfect satisfaction. For indigestion, torpid liver, and sick headache there is nothing superior. Leading physicians recommend them.

A fact that all men with gray and many shaded whiskers should know, is that Buckingham's Dye always colors an even brown or black at will,

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."
— P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 23 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates from impoverished blood, and a general sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."
— C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS Ayer's Sarsaparilla
And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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 good for soil and the buyer will get a bargain. Write or call on
A. T. SLAGT & CO.
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That will Astonish you. They wish to inform you that they have secured the services of a
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And are now Prepared to do all kinds of work in that line on the Shortest notice, when in need of anything in the line of
REPAIRING
Give us a Call.
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Three Cent Column.
All advertisements inserted in this column at Three Cents per line for each insertion.
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FOR SALE—An A No 1 yoke of working oxen 6 years old. Inquire of WM. E. RANDALL.
MOKEY 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. COMBES, 7-11-tt. Cass City.
FOR SALE—One heavy four-year-old horse and one two-year-old mare, driver. S-26-4wks W. J. WILLIAMSON, Grant.

TO RENT—Suits of rooms suitable for one or two young men. Enquire of E. H. Finney.
STRAYED OR STOLEN—About three weeks ago one red and white calf, mostly white. S-26-2wks WM. HENNINGSEY, Gagetown.
FARM FOR SALE—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Easy terms. Apply to J. C. LAING, 9-12-tt.

FOR SALE—One good farm horse. Enquire of A. E. DOULTON, 9-12-tt. 3 miles north of Cass City.
MARE FOR SALE—Cheap, or will exchange for colts. A. A. MCKENZIE, 9-12-2wks
FOR SALE—Two milk cows and two good working horses. A. A. MCKENZIE, 9-12-2wks one mile north of Shabbona.

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, 7-1-tt.
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. DOULTON, 7-1-tt. Three miles north of Cass City.

WILL SELL—One team seven and eight-year old, weighing about 12 hundred each. Will sell cheap and on time to suit purchaser. For further particulars enquire of JOHN McPHEE, 3 mile's south, 1 mile west and 1/2 mile north of Cass City.
FOR SALE—Eighty acres of good farming land. The east half of the west half of the s. w. quarter of section 31, township of Austin, San Jacinto county; about 20 acres cleared. Small payment down, balance on time. DUNCAN McDONNELL, Argyle P. O.

FOR SALE—I have a Birdsell grain separator nearly new, also Canton Monitor, 12 horse, engine in good order, with tank, etc. All ready to thresh with, which I will sell cheap or exchange for other property. Call on or address, 7-1-tt W. H. BELLES, Orion.
SAVE MONEY—By calling on the undersigned when wishing to purchase a sewing machine cheap. I have secured the money 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, 3/4 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. LEWIS and J. MARSHALL, Cass City 6-11-tt

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Invites you to call and see stock and prices before purchasing.
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NEW MONUMENTS
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Designs.
A full line of all colors and shades constantly on hand at the works.
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The works for yourselves.
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We are prepared to furnish Sash open or filled at the
LOWEST PRICE.
Doors we can furnish from 75cts to \$1.10 and upwards to \$6.50.
Order your Window and Door frames now.
We are prepared to do every thing in the line of Plain Mill Work
LONDON, ENG & KEATING,
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