

# Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. IX. No. 45.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, OCT. 24, 1890.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

## THE TARIFF IS FIXED!

Our Congressmen have, with much worry and fuss, And fighting and cursing and something still wuss, With what they call "love for the dear laboring man,"

up. fixed tariff

The On Dry Goods and Groceries schedule are raised. On sugar the tariff completely is rased, And all things they've tinkered so much as they can,

up. go prices

Now But Elevier will prevent, with the best of his aid The result from effecting his customers' trade. His prices stay down, and never a man up

go they Can say

## 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 Filing of Prescriptions a Specialty. Call and see us.

## FRITZ BROTHERS.

## WALL PAPER.

### 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.

## CASS CITY BANK

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

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

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

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

A liberal rate of interest paid on time deposits.

C. W. McPHAIL, Banker.

### CASS CITY MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.	
Wheat, No. 1 white.....	94
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	88
do No. 2 red.....	96
do No. 3 red.....	90
Oats.....	40@ 42
Beans hand-picked.....	150@ 1 75
do unpicked.....	100@ 1 50
Potatoes.....	45@ 50
Rye.....	40@ 45
Barley.....	100@ 1 25
Clover seed.....	360@ 3 80
Pens per bushel.....	45@ 60
Black wheat.....	25@ 28
Pork, live weight.....	3 50
Pork, dressed.....	4@ 4 50
Butter.....	15
Eggs.....	17
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 23
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

### Caught On The Fly.

The band is reviving. The "Deestriet Skule." Politics are waxing warm. Burglars at Marlette last week. The weather is pleasant oncemore. A baby girl at Chas. Tallmadge's. "Checkers" is the leading game now-days.

J. M. Barber, of Capac, is in town this week.

Henry Robinson was in Bad Axe on Monday.

D. A. Horner, of Caro, was in town on Monday.

S. J. Mills, of Caro, was in town on Monday.

G. S. Farrar was in Vassar the fore part of this week.

John Sheridan was in Bad Axe Thursday of last week.

Mrs. R. S. Toland, of Caro, was in town on Wednesday.

A. D. Gillies is building an addition to his store building.

K. S. Work is shipping a car load of apples this week.

L. C. Carpenter, of Bad Axe, is visiting in town this week.

Frank Delisle has been on the sick list for the past two weeks.

James Gaffney is an employee in Sam Champion's barber shop.

P. R. Weydemeyer is home from Washington, D. C., on a vacation.

E. G. Fox, of Mayville, was in town on Wednesday and Thursday.

Wm. Elevier talks tariff elsewhere on this page. Do not fail to read it.

Frank Plumley and J. A. Holman speak to-night at the town hall.

J. D. Crosby has built new stairs at the rear of his store.

H. P. Mahoney has purchased a Jersey cow and a Jersey bull.

H. Daugherty has been buying partridges at this place the past week.

We are printing slips this week for the various candidates for county offices.

B. M. Ewing is buying all the apples he can get of Oakland county parties.

Mrs. O. A. Wells of Chicago, is the guests of her aunt, Mrs. F. C. Champion.

Frank Martin left last week for Battle Creek where he expects to attend school for a while.

Wm. Elevier is building an addition to his barn on the place he recently purchased.

Miss Louis M. Brooker visited at her parental home at this place on Sunday and Monday.

John Marshall's family has been increased by the addition of a son on Monday morning.

The little four-year-old son of D. Tyo, who fell in a tub of boiling water last week, is recovering.

Rev. Wilber Ostrander, of Disco, Mich., was the guest of his brother, W. J. Ostrander, on Tuesday.

S. Champion has secured the agency for the Pontiac Steam Laundry. He collects and delivers all laundry.

Mrs. H. J. Marwood is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Spencer. Mrs. Marwood's home is in Burlin, Kansas.

Mrs. J. P. Howe left for Clarkston Tuesday morning for a few weeks visit with friends and relatives.

Ed. Weaver had the misfortune to get kicked by one of his horses last week. He is now able to be around again.

J. H. Striffler, our supervisor, is at Caro this week attending the session of the board of Supervisors. He spent Sunday at home.

Every purchaser of twenty five dollars worth of goods at Wm. Elevier's store gets an elegant oil painting, 24x36 inches in size, free.

Miss Jennie Agar is moving her dress making establishment from the Hitchcock block to the rooms over J. C. Laing's store, this week.

Watts S. Humphrey, of Sheboygan, the republican nominee for congress, will speak at the town hall on the evening of Tuesday, the 28th of October.

When you hear a big noise on the streets just bear in mind that it is no mob gathered for an unlawful purpose, but merely a friendly political discussion.

A. A. McKenzie will not buy any more potatoes after November 1st, and if you wish to sell your potatoes to him you should paste this in your hat for reference.

Oliver Hatch, one of Ellington's oldest pioneers died at his son's residence in Ellington on Wednesday evening. He was the father of Mrs. J. H. Winegar, of this place.

Silas Knowlton, who has been in the employ of Travis Schenck the past summer, left for his home at Kingston, Ont., Wednesday morning. He is a brother of Mrs. Edwin Eno.

Powell Bros. requests us to extend their sincere thanks to the neighbors who kindly assisted them in numerous ways during the illness and death of their father. They will ever feel grateful.

C. E. Hanson, who lives one mile south of this place, has decided to retire from farming and will accordingly have an auction sale of his stock and implements on Thursday, Nov. 6th. A. A. McKenzie will preside.

Last Sunday's Bay City Tribune consisted of forty-eight pages. This is the largest paper that has reached our desk and it must have required no little exertion on the part of the Tribune staff to produce such a mammoth edition.

The industrial party held a political meeting at the Town hall, on Wednesday evening. Speeches were made by Travis Leach, C. D. Peterhans and R. A. Dukland. There was not a very large audience present, although the speakers received good attention.

We go to press to early too give an account of the Democratic and Republican demonstrations at Town hall this week Thursday and Friday evenings. However, a good audience will undoubtedly be present at each meeting as the people in this section are manifesting quite an interest in political affairs.

An exchange says: "It is probably not very well known that every column in a newspaper contains from five to ten thousand distinct pieces of metal, displacement of one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error, and yet some people lay claim to particular smartness if they can discover an error in a newspaper."

Fred Orr gave the usual annual dinner at the county poor farm to the board of supervisors on Thursday. Fred is a good conservative manager of this farm and we do not know where the board could get a better man to look after and feed the homeless and friendless, but when we say homeless and friendless you must bear in mind that we do not mean the board of supervisors.

The race between Bellshaw, owned by Wm. Lewis, of Oxford, and Amber, owned by Wm. Kelbeck, of Caro, will take place at the race track in this place on Thursday the 30th of October, the race to be for \$100 a side, best three in five,

mile heats. This race will be a close one, as Amber has trotted a mile in 2:37 and Bellshaw has made the same time. We understand the race will be "driven for blood."

Married—At the residence of the Bride's mother in Cass City, Oct. 13th, by Rev. S. M. Gilchrist, C. P. Burton and Christie Walters, both of Pontiac.

We are always glad to receive items of interest from responsible persons. Editors can't be everywhere, nor can they hear everything. Send along any news of interest, and enclose your name for information only. We don't want any personal "drives" at private individuals, however. We invite the co-operation of all in filling our local pages with home chat. Everybody can help us to swell the news columns.

Walter Richard's new house seven miles north of this place, was set on fire by an incendiary on Tuesday night of last week and the house together with a quantity of dressed lumber that was piled inside was entirely consumed. This will be a severe loss to Mr. Richard as he is a man of moderate means. It is only a contemptible coward that would commit an act like the above. Read the Grant correspondent's article on another page.

Mrs. Rose Hemerick, wife of David Hemerick, died on Tuesday evening of blood poisoning. Mrs. Hemerick was thirty-two years of age and has been a resident of Caro for the past eight years. She was a member of Trinity church, and respected by all. The funeral services were held from the family residence at two o'clock, Thursday afternoon, Rev. O. E. Fuller officiating. The remains were interred in the Caro cemetery. She leaves a family consisting of a husband and three small children.—Caro Democrat.

A Pennsylvania editor was recently married on an express train. He picked up the bride at one station and a clergyman at another, and saved valuable time by having the ceremony performed while the train was making the fifty miles an hour over the Alleghany mountains. The editor was probably hustling down east for a new font of type and resolved to kill two birds with one stone. If his example should prove contagious it will soon be in order for railroad companies to carry clergymen on all through trips of express trains.

Sidney Powell, whose illness we chronicled last week, died at his home two and one-half miles northwest of Cass City, on Monday morning of lung disease. Mr. Powell was a farmer by occupation and was born in Brant county, Burford township, Ont., on the 22nd day of May, 1823, where he resided until 1847 and then moved to Kent county, Oxford township. He was married to Sarah Wiley in May, 1852, and her death occurred five years ago. There was born to them four sons and four daughters, all of whom are residing here, except one daughter who is living at Manitoba. He came to this township in 1888 and has resided here up to the time of his death. Mr. Powell was a very industrious man and was respected by all who knew him. The funeral was held at the M. E. church Wednesday afternoon and the remains laid in the Elkland cemetery.

News reached us on Saturday of the death of George Toland oldest son of the late R. S. Toland. George had been employed at Tawas in a mill for the past six months and a few days before his death he fell into the lake, which caused him to catch cold and resulted in the neuralgia of the heart. He died on Friday and his remains were brought to Caro on Saturday. The funeral occurred on Sunday and the remains were interred in the Caro cemetery. It will be remembered that only a short time ago death visited the Toland family and took therefrom the youngest daughter, Bertha, and again repeated the visit by claiming the father only seven weeks ago and the third visit results in the death of George. The deceased was 20 years of age, had spent most of his life in this county and was thought well of by all who knew him. His young friends and acquaintances were numerous at this place and the family have the heartfelt sympathy of this entire community.

### School Notes.

Handed in by Principal Coulton. Say! Don't forget that our latch string is always hanging out and in easy reach.

A few cases of truancy discovered and the guilty pupils are now paying the penalty.

We are talking of a school entertainment to be given thanksgiving evening in the Town hall.

Ninety-one pupils enrolled in the primary, which is seventeen more than last year at this time.

A large portrait of Washington, draped with stars and stripes, will assist in teaching the pupils of the high school, patriotism, in the future.

The boards in the primary room have been greatly improved by the black board material lately introduced. There is some talk of improving all the boards.

Another long list of pupils names this week who, for some reason failed to get here on time: High school—Charles Frost, Dell Schenck, John Koepfgen, Eva Wickware, Ella Bader, 3. Grammar—Alla Smith, Myron Fancher, Dick Landon, Lemmie Higgins and Pearl Schenck. Intermediate—May Macomber, Cecil Fritz, Mary Corcoran and Kate Klein. Primary—Julia Hennessey, Thomas Hennessey, Edward Hennessey, Ellen Klien, Blanch Klien, James Walsh, Blake Gillies, Ethel Cross, Rosa McQuigan and Cecil McKim. Now it is very evident that this subject is not receiving the attention which it demands, or we would not have such a large list.

### Council Proceedings.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS. Cass City, Mich., Oct. 21, 1890. Regular meeting called to order by the president, J. H. McLean.

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

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

The bond of A. W. Seed druggist was read.

Trustee Marr moved that the bond of A. W. Seed as principal and A. A. McKenzie and Hugh Seed Sr. as sureties be accepted. Carried.

The bond of Theo. and Perry Fritz druggist was read.

Trustee Hendrick moved that the bond of Theo. and Perry Fritz as principals and E. H. Pinney and D. P. Deming as sureties be accepted. Carried.

The marshal's bond, with Eugene Morse as principal and L. A. Dewitt and A. A. McKenzie as sureties was read and on motion of Trustee Marr the above bond was accepted.

Treasurer A. W. Seed was present and read a report of all returned taxes for the years 1888 and 1889.

Total amount for 1888 was \$49.62 and total for 1889 was \$35.69.

Street com. Jas. Higgins read his report on expense of walks built by him for village at a total cost of \$131.06.

Trustee Hendrick moved that the St. commissioner's report be accepted and turned over to the assessor and that the different amounts be placed opposite the respective descriptions and made a special tax.

The following bills were read.

John Parrott, lumber.....	\$14 30
S. Jameson, labor.....	9 13
E. Hendrick, labor.....	2 37
I. L. Hitchcock, milk.....	6 30
J. W. Higgins, labor.....	15 75
Chas. Sheffer, with team.....	6 87

Two bills laid on the table last meeting.

Jas. Higgins, services as special police \$ 7 20

S. Jameson, services as special police 6 00

Trustee Outwater here left council and on motion of Trustee Marr the council adjourned until Wednesday Oct. 22, 1890.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS. Cass City, Mich., Oct. 22, 1890. Regular adjourned meeting called to order by the president, J. H. McLean.

Present—Trustees Stevenson, Schooley, Hendrick and Marr.

Absent—Outwater and Ale. Committee on claims and accounts recommended that the first six mentioned bills be allowed as read.

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

Trustee Schooley moved that bills for special police be allowed at \$1.50 per day of 10 hours each, and \$2.00 per night. Carried.

Trustee Stevenson moved that this meeting be made an adjourned regular until next Tuesday night. Carried.

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

Industrial Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly meeting of the Tuscola county Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union will be held Oct. 29th, in the Town hall in Cass City, at 1 o'clock p.m. Each Sub. Alliance is entitled to two delegates and one delegate at large.

R. H. WARNER, President. IRA K. REED, Secretary.

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 STEWART, Sec.





Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn. Sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn. Little Boy Blue, ever careless and gay, Is perched on a fence-top far away.

### PROMINENT MEN.

#### A REPORTER'S SKETCHES OF CERTAIN DISTINGUISHED MEN.

##### The Ways of Gould, Blaine, Thurman and Others When the Reporter is Asking Questions.

The people look at prominent men of the United States through the newspapers. On the verandas of the great hotels men with national reputations are utterly unknown to those around them. The average citizen sees the men who direct the affairs, and to a great extent shape the political destinies of the country only occasionally, or on state occasions. He may see one of these men upon the platform making a speech, and still have no comprehension of his personal characteristics. He is all fair and pleasant to the audience. But no conception whatever, as already said, can they have of this man in private life. His mannerisms are not brought out on the public platform, the little faults of temper are not there displayed, and just in a word, the people, possibly, do not stop to think that these men have, in the majority of instances, the same thoughts as themselves and act very much like themselves.



JAY GOULD.

Nobody possibly understands this better than the newspaper reporters who interview the public characters of America. It isn't every newspaper reporter who is permitted to interview these men. In the first place, these public men more than anybody else possibly, understand the value, the disaster, and the utter catastrophe of cold type and printers' ink. They are reticent to the highest degree. They are reticent to the highest degree. It is only to the newspaper men of long acquaintance that they are frank and unreserved. Now, how do these men act when being interviewed? says the N. Y. Sun.

Jay Gould is one of the hard men for a newspaper man to talk with. In the first place, the newspaper man must be thoroughly familiar with the subject he is to bring to Mr. Gould's consideration. Mr. Gould never volunteers to go further than the question directly put to him. Another point, Mr. Gould never sits at his desk in the Western Union building when he talks to a newspaper man. When he receives you in this office he looks up over his gold-bowed glasses and asks you if you will not be kind enough to sit on the leather-covered tounge pointing to it, about ten feet from his desk. Then he scratches away on some paper which demands his immediate attention, and the next moment he rises, and pulling a chair to the head of the sofa on which you sit, sits down in it and invariably pulls off his glasses. He rarely looks at you. The newspaper man may look at him as intently as possible, but no answering glance of recognition comes from Mr. Gould. He sits there in the chair, half sunken in it, resting his arms on the sides, twirls his glasses, and looks into space as he



GOVERNOR HILL.

side a little marble-topped table with the same quizzical smile, as if to say: "You're a mighty smart fellow and I'd be glad to accommodate you, but I prefer not to say anything on this subject just at present."

Mind and Matter.

"Last night," began the fat man, "I had a dream. I thought I was in a deep pit walled with sand—I had been reading that Marrowbie Jukes story by Muryard Tipling, or whatever his name is just before I turned in. It seemed to me that I had put in two or three hours trying to climb out of that hole, and when I woke up I was as tired as if I had been away on a three weeks' vacation. Now, what I want to know is whether that tired feeling came from the dream, or whether the dream was an effect of the tired feeling?"

"The muscles were influenced by the mind," answered the long, lean man. "I have had some experience in dreams myself."

"Tell us about it."

"It was just this way. I dreamed I was trying to cross a street in New York, when a truck-driver swung his whip in such a way as to strike me in the right eye, cutting it completely out. Just then I awoke, and sure enough there lay my eye on the pillow, forced from its socket by the power of mind over matter, or whatever you call it; forced completely out, I assure you."

"So that right eye of yours is a glass one, eh?"

"O, no. I immediately went to sleep and dreamed it in again."—*Terre Haute Express.*

#### Hypnotism.

Dr. Charcot, the eminent scientist at the head of the Salpêtrière hospital, Paris, has finished a long series of experiments in hypnotism, and gives it as his opinion that not more than one person in 100,000 is subject to the influence.

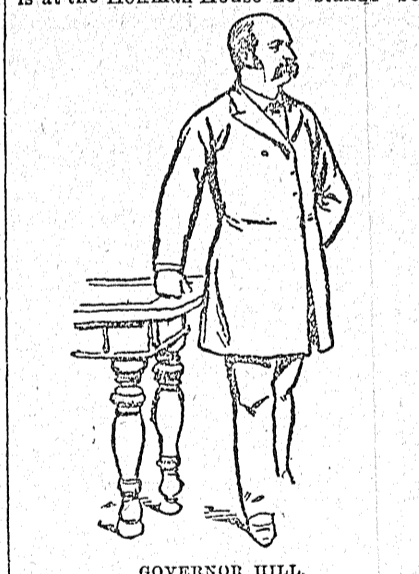
James Gillespie Blaine is a study for the interviewer. He invariably stands when talking to you. His silvery beard and white face and large nose are but incidental features in this man who has been famous for so many years. Mr. Blaine also has a habit of tapping or punctuating the air mildly with his fingers. Of late years his statements are of the most moderate and conservative type. He has nothing strong to say of anybody. He is a statesman in his conversation and a diplomat at all times. Some of his closest friends, thinking to bring him out on Grover Cleveland's tariff message in the '88 campaign, only received from him mild expostulations. He was all the time tapping the air with his glasses as he remarked: "I have nothing to say of that, except what I have always said since Mr. Cleveland sent his message to Congress, and that is that there was no possible hope of his re-election." This was always said in the frankest and most gentlemanly tones, and it seemed to worry some of his friends, who could not forget the bitterness of his defeat in 1884.



ALLEN G. THURMAN.

Allen Granberry Thurman, the old Roman of Columbus and of the nation, now nearly 70 years old, is as bright and sparkling as a schoolboy when talking to you. He receives his newspaper visitors in his library. He is in his great leather armchair, with a stout stick always in his right hand and a very black cigar always between his lips. The famous red bandanna is thrown across his left knee, and he does not rise to receive you. He draws the cigar from between his lips, offers you his right hand, with the cane still in it, and, after directing your attention to a chair close to him, wants to know what he can do for you. This man in many respects is like ex Senator Platt, though Mr. Platt never smoked a cigar in his life. Mr. Thurman chats away pleasantly with you, tells you everything that is going on in Washington and elsewhere, wants to know what you know of the situation, and never tells you anything to print. He is a most agreeable man, who will tell happy stories and laugh and chuckle as he pounds his stick upon the carpet, and invite you to come and see him again, but he always insists that anything he has said shall not be printed as coming from him.

Gov. Hill talks in the most confidential way with his friends in the newspaper world. At his desk in the Executive Mansion he will only talk on the things which he believes, as a servant of the people, should be said. His smile is by no means captivating, though it lights up his pale face somewhat. With his black Prince Albert buttoned up tightly, and with his eyes looking quizzically at you, he is courteous, refined, but not at all communicative. He does not believe in official expressions, either through his messages or in formal interviews which he has revised. When he is at the Hoffman House he stands be-



GOVERNOR HILL.

side a little marble-topped table with the same quizzical smile, as if to say: "You're a mighty smart fellow and I'd be glad to accommodate you, but I prefer not to say anything on this subject just at present."

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### WINGED MISSILES

There are seven millionaire editors in New York. Nine water companies supply London with water. Over 10,000 Irish people settle in England every year. There are 100 deer forests in the Highlands of Scotland. Whisky was first made in Ireland by an English monk. There are 14,465 women commercial travelers in the United States. There are seventeen registered sects of Wesleyans and Methodists. The Chinese endure change of climate better than any other race. People eat 20 per cent more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild. A shoe firm in Macon, Ga., has been conducting business at one stand for sixty years. Turin is the first Italian city which can boast of a library intended exclusively for women. It is estimated in England that one man in 500 gets a college education, and in America one in every 200. Old Battersea bridge, the solitary surviving pile bridge on the lower Thames, is to be pulled down. A mountain side makes the best pasture for young cows, because climbing tends to strengthen the calves. The number of diamonds known of the weight of thirty-six carats and upward does not exceed twenty. A Chelsea man put his patent incubator over a duck's egg and hatched a duckling with four eyes and two bills. A Georgia woman who is engaged in the chicken business has sold 150 dozen eggs from twenty-seven hens this year. A Boston Harbor man has a musket which used to kill Frenchmen 200 years ago, and a powder flask older by a century. By the agency of the London children's county holidays fund 20,000 children last year enjoyed a short holiday in the country. In the year 1810 sugar is said to have been sold at 1s 1/2d a pound, and was considered a very luxurious article till the eighteenth century. It is known that the Chinese, as early as 650 A. D., fastened rockets to their arrows, and that the latter might be thrown to a greater distance. An English geologist predicts that within fifty years a convulsion of nature will sink the whole of New Zealand fifty feet below the surface of the sea. Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred hogheads of beer are given away every week to the employes at Burton-on-Trent in the way of "allowances." A Polish woman living at Salamanca one day last week picked and marketed over twenty quarts of blackberries, and in the afternoon gave birth to triplets. The use of India rubber for erasing pencil marks was first suggested in or just prior to 1753 by an academical named Magellan, a descendant of the great navigator. The mortality of the globe is said to be sixty-seven every minute, 97,700 every day, or 35,630,835 every year. The births amount to 100,000 every day, 36,720,000 every year. The Mexicans are more original than these countries which celebrate their victories. They have just been celebrating their defeat at the battle of Churubusco on the 23d of August, 1847. A woman in Salem, N. J., thirty-four years ago lost two silver coins in a slit in the floor. Last week, the floor being taken up for repairs, she instituted a search for the long lost money and found it. The Vatican library at Rome contains 50,000 printed books and 25,000 manuscripts. The manuscripts form one of the most valuable collections in the world, being mostly Greek, Latin and Oriental.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails; send your address. Trial packages mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Porter is a bogus count.

Does Your Baby Crawl easily? Lanoli's "LY-CO-DINE" Nursery Powder positively cures CHAFING. Send 25c in stamps for large box. Sample free. Lanoli, Bailey & Co., Box 128, New York.

Oysters live to the age of from twelve to fifteen years.

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

Two crops of peaches from the same tree in one season are reported from Orlando, Fla.

"A Patent Leather Shine." Try Day's "Shoe Shine" Polishes. Polishes quick. Preserves leather. Family box has patent handle.

A negro at Perry, Ga., is said to weigh 500 pounds and to have gained 100 pounds within a year.

"The Rochester" is a perfect lamp. No smoke, no smell, no broken chimneys. A light as soft as twilight, as gentle as love and brilliant as a June morning. Write for catalogue. Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

A white rabbit with long woolly hair was caught recently by J. S. Fieckinger of Mor-tonville, Pa.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Wadding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is the best remedy for Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostate, etc. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A Kentucky widower has just married his seventh wife. He is eighty-three and his new wife is over fifty years of age.

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"Birchall be hanged!" is the verdict of the Woodstock (Ont.) jury.

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"Well, I never!" cried the Puritan girl when the woe came around. "Well, I do," replied her escort, and did.

A soap that is soft is full of water, half or two-thirds its weight probably, thus you pay seven or eight cents per pound for water. Dobbin's Electric Soap is all soap and no adulteration, therefore the cheapest and best. Try Dobbin's!

Whenever you meet a worthless man, you have found someone who knows a sure cure for wars.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The world's fair at Chicago, no doubt.

Brimful of confidence in it—the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's a faith that means business, too—it's backed up by money. This is what they offer: \$500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. They mean it. They're willing to take the risk—they know their medicine. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it produces perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of chronic Catarrh in the Head. It's doing it every day, where everything else has failed. No matter how bad your case, or of how long standing, you can be cured. You're sure of that—or of \$500. You can't have both, but you'll have one or the other.

**PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS** Settled under NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Veterans, etc. For blank applications and information, write to Patrick O'Farrell, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE** Clear improved farms from 20 to 600 acres with live stock, farming utensils, crops, etc. Good soil. Price from \$500 per acre. In Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, etc. Have unimproved lands for sale at \$1.00 per acre. Have Chicago property for sale. Write for particulars. Chicago Real Estate Co., 307 N. Wabash St., Chicago, Ill.

**ERTEL'S VICTOR HAY PRESS.** Warranted to be the most economical, fast and neat baler in use, or money returned. THOUSANDS IN USE. Circuits free. Address Mrs. G. ERTEL & Co., Quincy, Ill., U. S. A. or London, Canada. Established 1857.

**PENSIONS.** The Disability Bill is a law. Soldiers disabled from the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent. Today, when soldiers die from effects of Army service, it is your duty to claim specialty and successfully settled, act now.

**JAMES TANNER,** Late Commissioner of Pensions, U. S. A.

**No More Lane Horses!** Marshall's Hoof Cure remedied dry, hard, brittle, contracted and sore feet, quarter cracks, split hoofs and all hoof troubles. Act or money returned. If it will not get it, send One Dollar to **MARSHALL HOOF CURE CO.,** 107 Jones Street, Detroit, Mich.

I prescribe and fully cure **ALL** cases of this only specific for the cure of this disease. **C. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.,** Astoria, Ind. We have sold Big G for many years, and it is the best of safe medicine. **D. B. DYCE & Co.,** Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists.

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

DR. N. MCCLINTON, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucher. Graduate of the University 1866.

DR. J. H. McLEAN, GANCERS Cured without the knife. Tape worms removed in three hours.

INSURANCE. Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, issues policies to males or females.

Lodges. I. O. O. F. Cass City Lodge, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

TYLER LODGE. Tyler Lodge, No. 317, F. & A. M., will hold its regular communications for the year 1896 in the Masonic hall on Sunday evenings.

GRANT.

No one is complaining now about the drought unless it be some one like Tom O. Shanter or Souther Johnnie.

Oh how delicious is the juice of fresh squeezed apples, only our necks are rather short and we lose the taste too quick.

No limbs of the law should mingle in the independent's rank. Keep them in their old accustomed places Demo or Rep.

If you are scarce of money and want to get out of the country, buy a few cents worth of molasses and daub yourself with it and then you will stand a good chance of being carried off with the flies.

Thanks to Mr. Jas. Gage for his kind donation of help to the sufferer by the loss of house, notwithstanding that Richards had some borrowed tools from Mr. Gage which were burnt with the house.

The Government of this country is a necessary evil; necessary for the protection of our lives and property against each other; and an evil because it costs too much to run it in the cheapest way.

The midnight assassin and the midnight incendiary are two bad characters. We have often called this corner of Grant "Hard Scabble," we now leave it to the public to judge. For two or three years "Little Man Richard" has been gathering material to build him a house, the old building has been up so long that it is about ready to fall, and just as he was about to move into his new domicile it was visited by a midnight female incendiary and burnt to the ground before 4 o'clock in the morning.

had. Will the laws of the country wink at such crime because the victim is moneyless? The fire took place on the night of the 14th of October.

KINGSTON.

Miss Ella Ricken is on the sick list. D. Flinn has moved his family to town. Wm. Roy, our hardware merchant, is very sick.

Mrs. O. A. Briggs was in Cass City on Saturday. Wm. A. Hart, of Caro, was in town on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Dr. Morrey has been very sick, but is now recovering. The sidewalk to the school-house is now the subject of interest.

Mrs. Riggs starts next week for a visit with friends and relatives at Nova Scotia. The Epworth League gave a social at the residence of H. S. Youngs, on Tuesday last.

Hon. E. G. Fox, of Mayville, will speak to the people of Kingston next Saturday evening, on political issues. The Baptist young people gave a social at the residence of J. B. Curtis, on Friday evening last.

Mrs. Albert Vert and little daughter, of Owosso, are visiting with their many friends of this place. Our school is progressing finely under the management of S. E. Lynd. All express themselves well pleased.

Mrs. McKinley, of West Virginia, delivered a very interesting discourse on prohibition last Friday evening. Every man, woman and child in Kingston, is going to vote for H. S. Wickware, the republican candidate for register of deeds.

Business is booming at the Kingston mill. Forty pounds of No. 1 flour to the bushel brings people from a long distance. Elder Wills, of Detroit, preached in the M. E. church on the morning and evening of Sunday last, to a crowded house.

The ladies of the M. E. church held their Aid Society at the home of Mrs. R. S. King, on Wednesday. A very enjoyable time was had. The young people of Kingston will give an oyster supper, in the Burns building, on Saturday evening. The proceeds will be used to complete the sidewalks to the school house.

Prof. S. E. Ling and Dr. Morrey started for Marlette on Monday night, but when about a mile from home they thought better of it and returned. The man with the other team says he did not see them.

Wilmot.

E. B. Hitchcock has just purchased of James McCallum one of the finest driving horses in this country. School closed Tuesday for one week on account of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Andy Cook is dangerously ill. Fred Gates, of North Branch, was in town Tuesday. James McCallum was to Detroit Saturday.

Our grist mill is having a good run and is giving the best of satisfaction.

ELLINGTON.

Cass river is continually on the rise and the swamps are full of water. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mosher visited their daughter Clara in her new home last Sunday.

The schools of Ellington are now all running and as far as known by good and efficient teachers. Henry Bailly has engaged Mrs. Hutchinson to do his house work for him and she commenced Monday.

A few weeks of fine weather would be very acceptable to our farmers to finish up their fall work. Wheat is coming on finely since the rainy weather set in and there are a good many fine pieces of wheat as the results of it.

Charles Wickware has rented a part of his house, opposite the new school house in district No. 1, to Edgar T. Balch and he has moved into it. Rather slow work husking corn, this fall owing to the large amount of rainy weather we have had for the past two weeks. Farmers find it so.

A Sunday school concert at the M. E. church in Ellington on Friday evening Oct. 31st, commencing at 7 o'clock. All are invited. Rev. William Cope is now engaged in packing his goods to ship out to Livingston county. He came out last week and will return Wednesday.

Mrs. Colwell and Miss Gertrude Zander went to Pontiac last Thursday from Deford and returned home Monday. Miss Libble Colwell came home with them. Rev. Ostrander and family arrived home to his father's J. W. Ostrander on Monday of this week to spend a few days visiting and resting out before returning to his field of labor at Disco.

Darius Gould, O. R. Hutchinson, Ormond Mallory, Charles Wickware and Amos Berse will start for the north woods this week Friday on a hunting expedition. They will be gone until about the first of December.

CUMBER.

Mr. Ketchapaw, of Verona, is visiting his niece, Mrs. L. Hill. Will Brown is spending a few days at his home.

John Graham went to Bay City last week with a load of butter. Mrs. Clarke, of Ontario, is visiting her brother, Joseph Brown.

Mrs. E. F. Marr was visiting at her home for a few days last week. Henry Keivel is up from Vassar this week attending the duties on his farm.

For some reason or other Dr. Johnston has not been in Cumber for some time. Mr. Alex. Richards, who has been visiting at Jas. Greenleaf's has returned to Caro.

There was a large quilting bee at John Sommerville's last week, and all had a good time. Mr. and Mrs. W. Hill have returned from Memphis and are again settled on the old homestead.

Miss Lilly Edwards was home Saturday and Sunday. She reports a good time and rapid progress in her studies. A. C. Graham, our popular school teacher, is attending the meeting of the board of supervisors in Sanilac Center this week.

Unless more care is given to the hair, the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer. Ayer's Pills, being convenient, officious, and safe, are the best cathartic, whether on land or sea, in the city or country.

For constipation, sick headache, indigestion, and torpid liver, they never fail. Try a box of them; they are sugar-coated. Happy Hoosiers. Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Ida ville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from kidney and liver troubles."

John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine. made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Fritz Bros. Drug Store.

Merckabe Resene. Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her Druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own house work and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Fritz Bros. Drug Store, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

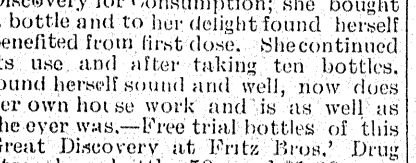
DENTISTRY.

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

I would say here that Dr. Haskell is known as one of the best Prosthetic dentists in the world, with about 40 years of experience. Office in front rooms over Postoffice. I. A. FRITZ, DENTIST.

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.

DOWN GOES THE PRICES ON CLOTHING!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our Stock is all New and Complete! NO OLD GOODS TO PUSH! EVERYTHING FRESH!

In addition to what we have named above we have a Full Line! Of White and Flannel Shirts, Ties, Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, Etc.

McDougall & Co., Cass City.

A LOVE LETTER.

A letter, love, a letter, love, I send you a letter, And every line a link, my love, And every word a letter.

Than all the world. Although between Your city and his prairie A thousand miles do intervene, Fair fancy proves a fairy.

To bring your face, your tender grace, Your truth that cannot vary.

A letter, love, a letter, love, I meant to write a letter, And every line a link should be, And every word a letter.

Than all the world. But still I pause, With precious moments palter, And fear to tell you all because I fear to fall and alter.

Like one who lays, with humble gaze, His tribute on an altar.

So take the few poor words I send, And read the lines between, dear, Your love to make them mean, dear, All lips would speak to brow and cheek Could heart behold its queen, dear!

—Kate M. Cleary in New York Ledger.

FELL INTO A GEYSER.

From the San Francisco Examiner. WAS talking over mines and great discoveries with a lot of old prospectors the other day and some one mentioned the great silver ledge recently uncovered by a lucky prospector on the hills back of the Llano Diablo, when one of the party, whose name I am not at liberty to mention told the following tale, and vouched for its truth. I gave it in his own words:

"I was one of the first prospectors that ever went into that country, and you can bet your pack mule that it is rich in mineral. We took up some claims there, but the Apaches drove us out, and I never went back. I had an adventure there, though, that I'm not likely to forget, and it was worse than any Indian attack while it lasted.

"The Llano Diablo," he said, "is really an isolated valley formed by the dividing of the great Sierra Madre, in Northern Chihuahua. They call it the Devils Plain, and it deserves the name. It was in '74 that we went in there—200 miles from a settlement. We had made some good locations and were about to get out, thinking to come back after the Apaches were settled. You could hear the noise from the geysers on the Llano anywhere around there; and I made up my mind to get a close look at the extraordinary place before I went back. None of the boys cared to go, so I started out alone from camp at daybreak.

"The hills that separated the Llano from our camping place were not very high and I rode over. For a few miles there was nothing particular to notice except that the roaring in the air grew louder and that absolutely nothing, not even a cactus or a mesquite bush, grew on the hills. My horse trotted on unconcernedly over the first white hill and then I began to notice how hollow his hoof beats sounded. The country was simply a shell, and it seemed to me that this crust must be pretty thin to ring back hollow like that. I got a little scared and made up my mind to walk the rest of the way.

"I anchored my horse to a bowlder and clambered up to the nearest ridge ahead. Then I saw the Llano Diablo. It was worth all my climbing, I tell you. The plain is an irregular triangle, probably ten miles long on the longest side and half as wide. It was covered over with mounds and holes, and looked like the surface of a kettle of mush that had frozen before it had stopped boiling. All of these mounds and holes had been geysers, but all except a bunch of probably half a hundred in the center of the plain were no longer active. But these made noise and disturbance enough, I can tell you. They roared out of the mounds so that the mountains really shook. First one, would shoot up with a fearful noise, two or three more would join in the chorus, a dozen others would jump up, and then of a sudden they would all stop and another set would begin their music. They were about two miles from me, and as far as I could judge the strongest of them sent its waters up at least a hundred feet. I had lots of time, so I thought I would get a close view. I got down to the plain and started across its white, cracked and crumbled surface. I found that I could not get within 100 yards of the biggest spouter, as to mound about it was altogether too steep. I got pretty close to some of the others and descended right to the margin of a boiling pond.

"THE GIANT FOUNTAINS were sprouting all around me and I was drenched by the warm spray that the wind blew from the columns of water. I saw them sprout up and then subside and I wondered what became of this active water after the eruption. This I made up my mind to find out if I could. A hundred yards or so west of me there was a mound that did not seem so very high. I saw

the big jet of water subside into this mound just then and started on a run toward it.

"In ten minutes I was on the mound, and looking down into a basin as smooth as the inside of one of these globes they keep gold-fish in. It was just a monster wash basin, white and polished as porcelain. In the middle of it was a shaft, round like a well, and about four feet across.

"What first attracted my attention to this particular geyser was the strange noises that came from it. Most of the spouters just roared for a little, and then screamed, and then whistled, and then all three together. I stood on the edge listening to the strange rumblings that came from the shaft.

"Suddenly there was a sound as of five hundred windows smashing. "The brittle overhanging edge upon which I stood crumbled under me. I tried to save myself, but more broke off, and in an instant I was sliding down the funnel toward the shaft. I tried to stop myself by jamming my fingers into the side, but I might as well have tried to catch hold of the clouds. The sides were as hard and smooth as glass, and I simply broke off my finger-nails. I did not slide so very fast, so I could think, but I was powerless to arrest my progress. It was about fifty feet that I had to slide before I went into that hole, and down I went, gaining speed to every foot. No toboggan ever shot over a jump-off faster than I shot into the shaft.

"I JUST KNEW I WAS A GONER. I shut my eyes, was cognizant of that sinking feeling, lost my breath, and then— "I stopped with a jolt that almost jerked my head off. About fifteen feet below the mouth of this avenue to the center of the earth the shaft contracted so that there was only a couple of feet for me to fall through. I didn't drop squarely, so I didn't go through. A choke in the throat of the shaft was doubtless the cause of the strange sounds that I had heard come from it. Strange to say, I thought of that even before I thought of getting out. Soon, of course, I got my head back, found I was whole, and determined to get out. That was as far as I got. The sides of the shaft were of polished silica. There was neither crevice nor projection by which I could raise myself.

"How did I feel? Don't ask me. How would you feel if you were like a cork in a bottle? Only fifteen feet from liberty and safety, and yet as securely a prisoner as if you were chained to the bottom of the Pacific ocean.

"I didn't give up right away. I tried to get my knees against the other side of the shaft and work up like a chimney sweep in a flue, but it was no go. The shaft was too wide. Then I got out my knife—a good, hard, steel bowie—and tried to chip the wall. That knife might as well have been paper for all the impression I could make on those GLASS-LIKE WALLS. I kept on, though, until my knife slipped and cut my fingers and then fell through the orifice at my feet and splashed into the water fifty feet deeper. That impelled me to look down. The narrow place in the well that had saved me was only a few feet; below it the shaft widened again. It was perfectly white and the water was at the bottom. While I looked down there was a gigantic sob and the water vanished, leaving black nothingness in its place.

"Pretty soon it was back again and it began to sing. That shaft must have connected with every horrible cavern under the earth's crust, and from every one of them came a noise. "After a while, though I knew there was no one to hear me, I shouted for help. "As the sound left my lips the water seemed to leap toward me. They jumped convulsively a foot or more and then subsided. Then came my scream for help, ten times louder than I had uttered it. It seemed as if in every cavern there was a giant fiend who mocked me. That noise made my hair rise and for a time I was quiet. "Then I began to do some hard thinking. If I didn't get out pretty shortly the water would come up to spout and I would be drowned like a rat in a hole. I looked down at the water: it was steaming and bubbling. I was counting to much on my luck. Instead of drowning, if I stayed there, I would be boiled alive like a lobster in a kettle.

"I couldn't get out myself; somebody had to come to my help. I took out my revolver and put it to my head. Then an idea occurred to me. There were six shots in the pistol, why not fire off five in an endeavor to attract the attention of some one who might—the chance was a wretchedly faint one—be near enough to hear. So I RANG AWAY. At every shot that devil water jumped for me, and the echoes roared and thundered in the caverns as if they would burst the whole country wide open. "At last the five shots were gone. I waited, but no answering shot came. Then I swore; then I cried; then I put the muzzle of the gun in my mouth, tried to pray and pulled the trigger. I was surprised to find myself alive. My last cartridge had proved defective and failed to explode. I could not even commit suicide.

"The pistol followed the knife to the bottom of the abyss. That seemed to affront the devil of the pit. The bubbling humming ceased, and instead there came up to me a low, fierce roar that utterly destroyed any nerve I had left. I saw the surface of

the water get white and bubbly and slowly begin to climb toward me. I braced myself for a fearful death.

"It must have been within a dozen feet of me when something exploded with the noise of a thousand cannons. I felt the water hit me. Heavens, wasn't it hot! "In an instant I was shot out of the hole and fifty feet into the air.

"You have seen a cork ball kept dancing on the top of a stream of a garden fountain. Well, here was the same effect, only I was the cork ball and the fountain was a column of water higher than a house and four feet thick.

"Don't ask me how I felt tumbling and rolling and tossing and twirling and dropping and shooting up again at the top of that accursed geyser. I only knew that the water was awful hot.

AN IDEA CAME TO MY HAZY MIND to swim out of the column of water, but I got a glimpse of the hard rough plain below me and stopped thinking. If I had been heavier I would have fallen instantly, if lighter I would have also been thrown off, but I seemed to be just the right weight for that jet of hot water. I was awfully sick. The roaring and churning and turning and twisting made me dizzy, and I would have soon lost consciousness. Suddenly the perpendicular stream gave another shoot and then dropped several feet. It caught me again, but the balance was destroyed, and down I went whirling like a pin-wheel clear of the column.

"Had I fallen as soon as I was shot from the cavern I must have been dashed to death at once, but the great basin was now full of water that broke my fall. I came to the surface almost dead, but with sense enough to try for my life. I strained to reach the edge, reached it and hung there. With a last roar the geyser ceased to spout. There was a fierce gurgling and the water in the basin was sucked back into the earth. I felt the awful tug with which it sought to drag me with it, but the edge held, thank God! And I managed to drag myself over it, and then I fainted.

"When I came to the geyser was spouting again. I cast one look on the column, the spray from which was drenching and scolding me, and then I fled. "My fellow prospectors came in search of me and found me wandering plumb crazy near where I left my horse. "I got over it, but I don't ever want to see or hear of the Llano Diablo again.

Don't Crowd Your Neighbor.

That it does not always pay to bully, simply because you happen to be stronger or richer or think you are smarter than the other fellow, is neatly exemplified in the following story in the Boston Gazette:

A remarkable case of "diamond cut diamond," occurred in Boston, recently, not far from the Providence railroad station. A druggist had fitted up a neat corner store and had established at once a fine trade. One day another druggist entered his store and said: "I want to buy you out. How much will you take?" "I do not want to sell," was the reply. "I expected that answer," said the encroaching person, "and I am prepared for it. Now if you don't sell out to me, I will open a drug store in opposition on the opposite corner. How much will you take?" The druggist, offended at this species of brow-beating, said he would sleep on it and report the next morning. At the appointed hour the aspirant was in the store and a large price was named. The bargain was bound. The druggist who had been thus ousted from a corner which he had fitted up with a view to years of piece and profit, sought the owners of the opposite corner which had been held out to him as a threat, secured from them a long lease, worked night and day, and now has a drug store in which any community might take satisfaction and repose confidence. What is more, he is doing a better business than he did in the former locality.

A Way to Heaven.

Down in Hancock county there is a town known as Tioga, where the youths are great lovers of the national game. The grounds are laid out in an open space adjoining the only church in the village, the rear of the church forming the back stop. Such is the general enthusiasm for the game that boys play on Sunday morning even while the local pastor is laboring to "hold up his end" inside the church. The other Sunday he had held his congregation pretty well until his nineteenth, where he reached the climax. "Then, how, my dear brethren, oh, how are we to gain the kingdom of heaven?" Through the open window came the answer in a chorus of wild shouts at a runner: "Slide! slide! and you'll get there!"—Pekin Times.

The Greendale Oak.

A curious historic interest attaches to the great Greendale oak of Welbeck Abbey. One hundred and seventy-six years ago the Duke of Portland made a wager that he could drive a coach and four through the hole made in the trunk. He won his bet and ruined the tree. Measured above the duke's arch it is 35 feet 3 inches in circumference. The arch is 10 feet 3 inches in height, with a width above the middle of 6 feet 3 inches. The height of the top of the branches is 54 feet.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Anybody Can Travel.

Delmar Guancia, a Spaniard, who is now visiting the principal cities in this country, does not speak a word of English. He expresses his wants by pictures. If he wants a pitcher of water he shows the picture of a pitcher to the bell-boy. If he desires to attend a theatre he shows a picture of a stage with actors to the hotel clerk and a boy is assigned to take him to the best show in town.

A MISER'S HIDDEN WEALTH.

Ample Material for a Sensational Novel Furnished by an Old Woman's Death.

Ample material for a sensational novel is supplied in the last police reports from Stockerau, a small town on the left bank of the Danube, says the London Daily News. About a week ago an old woman of seventy—Theresa Schiller was murdered by two visitors, who succeeded in escaping. She was known to be an old miser, who lived in rags, with two cats and dogs, in a little suburban house, which stands quite isolated near the railway station.

The police made an inventory of her possessions. After some search it was found that the old woman must have been in relations with all the thieves of the empire. Property which had been missing for many years was found on her premises. The clue was given by the discovery of a valuable watch and chain, to which a strip of paper was fastened, with the words: "Bought this of S— for 6 florins."

The watch bore the name of a well known citizen of Stockerau, out of whose room it had been stolen ten years ago. The old woman's clothes were mere rags, and the police at first felt reluctant to touch them, but when a splendid golden pyx, set with precious stones, fell out of a lattered gown, their interest was roused, and every corner was searched. In the cellar large pieces of gold, no doubt melted ornaments, were found. In the loft there were boxes with trinkets and jewels, many of which the police recognized as forming part of the Granichstaedten property, the theft of which on the Graben caused so much commotion five years ago.

In the mouldering furniture valuables of every description were found, such as chalices, pyxes, golden candlesticks, beautiful lace and linen. In a corner of a cupboard lay a bag containing 20,000 florins in gold and shares and bonds worth upward of 40,000 florins. Silver spoons and forks were discovered in the kitchen drawers. In a little box five black diamonds were found, which are said to be of enormous value. Only part of the floor has been pulled up, but large quantities of linen and valuable dress materials were hidden there.

At present the garden is being searched, as it is supposed that she may have buried things there. The whole property found is believed to be worth more than 500,000 florins, and yet the woman scarcely ever allowed herself a decent meal, and had not a piece of respectable clothing on her when she was found dead. The fuel she used consisted of little bits of coal collected by poor children at the railway station and sold to her for a few coppers.

The Russians Are Moving.

The migration of settlers and laborers from the interior of Russia to the Caspian and Siberian districts is still increasing. The cities on the various roads are literally overflowing with emigrants, among whom great distress prevails. In Tumen alone there are over 20,000 emigrants. Most of them have to sleep in the open air. Great mortality from contagious and malarial diseases prevails among them. The means of the imperial Emigration Committee are exhausted, and from private sources help comes in very slowly. Mr. Jacob Poliskoff, the great Jewish railroad builder, has sent large sums to help the emigrants, but this help was as a "drop in the bucket." The Russian press begins to be anxious about this migration of large masses of people. If any epidemic should break out there is no telling what mischief this fluctuating mass, which is in want and distress, may create. The Cosacks on the lines of emigration are kept on the alert.

The African Problem.

The solution of the African problem is not yet. It is one thing to cast lots for African provinces, but quite another to realize them when cast. A deadly climate, dark jungles, and vast deserts, to say nothing of the treacherous African himself, are all potential agents to bar the progress of greater forces perhaps than even England and Germany can employ. And then it is by no means certain that the German eagle and the British lion are to live peacefully together in Africa. Their interests are widely apart; and besides, the latter is not likely to forgive the German for presuming upon taking half of those stolen honors.

The African Problem.

The protectorate at Zanzibar may yet prove to have been a poor exchange for Heligoland; and even if the cession of the latter place does not cost the life of the Tory ministry, it is by no means impossible that it soon will provoke a peremptory summons from France to terminate the occupation of Egypt.—Col. Chaille Long, in Harper's Weekly.

JUVENILE CRUSADERS.

Nine Thousand Girls Under 8 Years Old Went to Free Jerusalem in 1812.

The term "dark ages" is somewhat vaguely applied to that period following the fall of the Roman empire and preceding the revival of letters in the fourteenth century. In alluding to the dark ages, however, as a general rule, says the St. Louis Republic, we have in mind the period of the crusades to the orient for the liberation of the Christians and the holy sepulcher. In 1073 Peter the Hermit made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where the oppression he witnessed caused him to resolve to free Christ's people and the relics so dear to the Christian people. Peter led the first host of the crusade in person; other bands soon followed.

In all it has been estimated that not less than 2,000,000 of human lives were lost in this wild attempt to keep the pagans out of Jerusalem. In the year 1212 the crusades took a different turn; children were drawn into the movement. In the early summer of the year named two immense armies of children were gathered in France and Germany in response to the call of two boy prophets, neither of whom was over 12 years of age. These youthful leaders believed, or affected to believe, themselves the chosen of God, and that it was their duty to lead these children through the Mediterranean, like Moses had led the children of Israel through the Red sea.

The excitement caused by the workings of these boy preachers spread like a plague; whole families of children joined the hosts already organized; no amount of remonstrance on the part of the parents could check the epidemic in the least. Children who were locked up to keep them from going on this tramp of death died in convulsions or lost their minds in hopeless melancholy. The first great host of children left for the Holy Land under the leadership of Nicholas of Cologne; the second band under the leadership of a boy whose name is unknown.

The combined number of these two armies was 50,000, about 9,000 being girls under 8 years of age. In the same month another army left France under the guardianship of Stephen of Vendome. This army numbered not less than 30,000. The first two legions crossed the Alps—Nicholas at Mount Cenis and the unknown leader at St. Gothard—and descended into Italy. The combined armies of Nicholas and his unknown ally lost not less than 13,000 children by heat, hunger and fatigue before reaching the first valley in Italy. Stephen's French army suffered still more terribly—10,000 of them dying before the mountains were reached and another 8,000 before they reached Italy, the entire route being strewn with corpses. Of the 100,000 children which the fanaticism of the age allowed to join the crusade less than 20,000 returned to their native land alive.

The Last Slave Voyage.

During the embarkation I was engaged separating those negroes who did not appear robust, or who had received some trifling injury in getting on deck, and sending them to an improvised hospital made by bulk-heading a space in the rear of the forecastle. The others, as they arrived, were stowed away by the Spanish mate; so that when all were aboard there was just room for each to lie upon one side. As no one knew what proportion the men were, all were herded together. The next morning the separation took place; the women and girls were all sent on deck, and numbered about four hundred. Then a close bulkhead was built across the ship and other bunks constructed. The women were then sent below, and enough men sent up to enable the carpenter to have room to construct additional bunks. A more docile and easily managed lot of creatures cannot be imagined. No violence of any kind was necessary; it was sometimes difficult to make them understand what was wanted; but as soon as they comprehended immediate compliance followed.

The negroes were now sent on deck in groups of eight and squatted around a large wooden platter, heaping full of cooked rice, beans, and pork cut into small cubes. The platters were made by cutting off the head of flour or other barrels, leaving about four inches of the staves. Each negro was given a wooden spoon, which all on board had amused themselves in making during the forty-day trip. Barrel staves were sawed into lengths of eight inches, split into other pieces one and a half inches wide, and then shaped into a spoon with our pocket-knives. It was surprising what good spoons could be made in that manner. A piece of rope yarn tied to a spoon and hung around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his property. There not being room on deck for the entire cargo to feed at one time, platters were sent between decks, so that all ate at one hour, three times daily. Casks of water were placed in convenient places, and an abundant supply furnished day and night.

Anybody Can Travel.

Nearly all of the Standard Oil millionaires have built magnificent residences on Long Island sound.



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 meantime I tried every remedial agent imaginable, without finding relief. Having been in the drug business since 1851, I determined to help myself if it lay in the power of medicine. Two years ago I succeeded in discovering a remedy. It cured me. I will not give ample time for possibility of doubt, however, I kept my secret almost to myself, putting up the medicine for only a few of my sorely troubled friends, every one of whom was cured. I now know the medicine to be a positive cure, and have decided to put it on the market for only a few more months. It is known as "Druggist's Positive Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Cure," which is guaranteed to cure all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys. I have a number of testimonials which afflicted parties may be interested in.

L. BRUSKE, 415 Genesee Ave., East Saginaw, Mich. Sold by all druggists \$1.00 a bottle; 5 bottles, \$5.00.

Advertisement for Sick Headache, Little Liver Pills, and Bore Wells. Includes text: "SICK HEADACHE! Positively cured by these Little Liver Pills. They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliousness. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste, and all the Stomach Troubles. Price: 25 Cents." and "Bore Wells! MAKE MONEY! One Well-bore, reliable, successful! They do not hurt the earth. They do not waste the water. They are made of iron. They are 10 to 44 inches diameter. Catalogue FREE! LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO."

Advertisement for Chicago Produce. Text: "CHICAGO PRICES FOR YOUR SHEEP YOUR BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, VEAL, HAY, GRAIN, WOOL, HIDES, GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, VEGETABLES. OR ANYTHING YOU MAY HAVE TO DO. We can sell your produce at the highest market price, and will make you prompt returns. Write us for prices, terms or any information you may want. SIMMONS, MORRISON & CO., Commission Merchants, 174 So. Water St., Chicago. Reference Metropolitan National Bank."

Advertisement for Vaseline Soap. Text: "IMPORTANT NEW DISCOVERY The best Toilet Soap for the Skin ever made, '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. CHESEBROUGH MANFG. COMPANY, 24 STATE ST., NEW YORK."

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Text: "Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW! For if you do not it may become consumption. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES. It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer. Scott's Emulsion. There are poor imitations. Get the genuine." and "A NEW BOOK FROM COVER TO COVER. FULLY ABREAST WITH THE TIMES. WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. The Authoritative 'Unabridged,' comprising the issues of 1864, '70 and '74, copyright property of the undersigned, is now Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged, and bears the name of Webster's International Dictionary. Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 years. Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it. Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed. Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. GET THE BEST. G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A. Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free."

# WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE HISTORIC TUESDAY.

At a reception given at Raven's Park quite a number of distinguished guests were present. Among them was a gentleman who had once been a United States minister to Persia; who, by the way, was a friend of Col. Haynes. They soon engaged in earnest conversation on the one topic that the Colonel was so much interested in, viz: the great and increasing number of English landlords in America.

"Why, I have not heard very much about the subject; I believe I did read something in the papers about a duke or someone owning from twenty to fifty miles of land in Dakota, but I was not interested in it," said the ex-minister in an unconcerned listless fashion.

"I was no more interested than you are," said the Colonel, "when I came to Britain, but I am beginning to learn the extent of their investments and can realize that something must be done to stop it, or British lords will soon lord it over more land in America than they have in all the British Islands together."

"O, well, Haynes, if they do it will only give us Americans more dignity and importance by having a few aristocrats in our midst," said the ex-minister, watching the ladies in a group opposite as though he would rather join them than discuss the unimportant theme of absentee landlordism in America, which only involves the wealth or woe of a few hundred generations of people!

The Colonel reading the wish in the ex-minister's eyes, crossed the room and presented him as a personal friend, to the Duchess of Melborne, Lady Waverland and Miss Annie Wren, who formed a pleasant group amid the brilliant throng.

"There, you see how most Americans feel on the subject of foreign landlordism!" said Mr. Lollard, who had been standing near the Colonel and the ex-minister had been conversing.

"I see they are very indifferent on the subject," I said; "but if they only know how hard it will be to throw off this yoke that is now being flitted to their necks they would soon be intensely interested."

"If they would only turn back a hundred years and read a few pages of their own history, they would pause long enough in the mad whirl of business to establish laws that would control this foreign land monopoly." Gen. Washington saw the oppression that the children of American fathers and mothers will feel in their generation, when he said, "What does England's conduct deserve, and what punishment is there in store for the men who have distressed millions, involved thousands in ruin, and plunged a numberless crowd in inextinguishable woe?" said Lollard.

"That describes the situation of Ireland to-day," I said, "and that is what I would warn the people of America to prepare to defeat and shun."

"Oh, you are always talking of landlords!" exclaimed Lord Sanders, as he joined us. "That seems to be a favorite theme of yours. I thought you were a landlord yourself, Waverland."

"So I am, and that is why I know so much about them. Every humane impulse of my life has been made to suffer from the cruelty I have seen practiced on starving, evicted tenants."

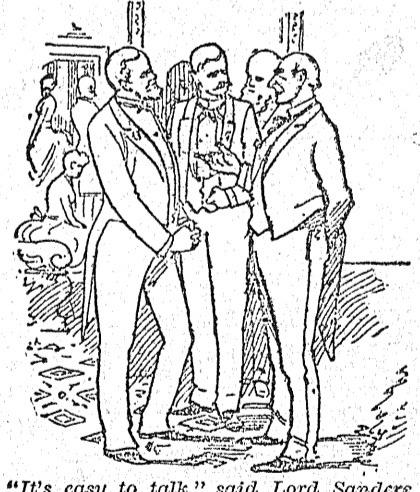
"I was a land-owner once in Ireland myself, but the tenants who sympathize with so fervently would steal and sell my stock as fast as I could buy," said Lord Sanders, "so I sold my lands there and invested my money where tenants are law-abiding and stand by their contracts."

"I bought your estate," said Sir Wren, "and the tenants who remained after the most cruel eviction, I found good, faithful laborers. Men and women have stood by every contract, and now I am going back to Ireland to sell my lands to those very men who were evicted from them years ago. I have no fear but that they will stand by every contract I make with them."

"You're welcome to deal with the Irish as you please, I will have nothing to do with them," Sanders exclaimed. "I would not live among such a blood-thirsty people! I would sooner be among the Fiji Islanders for safety!"

"I have found that the love of home and liberty is the one strong element in every Irish heart, and it is the hope of obtaining these that has brought all classes into union with Parnell. My sympathies are with the people. I want to see them have a chance to become prosperous and happy," I said.

"It's easy to talk," said Lord Sanders, with a sneer, "but if you were tried you



"It's easy to talk," said Lord Sanders, with a sneer.

would find your money and your life would be very dear to you, so dear that the common Irish tenant would be left to look out for himself."

"The time will come when we can prove our loyalty to the cause of Home Rule and land reform," I said, with warmth.

"You may go into parliament but they will never grant Home Rule to Ireland, or very much land reform while the Queen has power to defeat it. Coercion will be enforced by adding a greater number to the official force now established in Dublin. Law and order must be maintained in Ireland at whatever cost. The National League and all other societies dangerous to the government must be suppressed. The Queen is fully alive to the needs of the times. She will call for more troops to aid in stamping out this rebellious spirit!" said Lord Sanders, jingling his watch chain and jewelry with vehemence.

"But," said Sir Wren, "some may still remember the 'terrible' shock of last January. They may fear to carry out your proposals. If the people of Ireland cannot

work openly they will find some other way to accomplish their object. They are deeply in earnest."

"Well, I'm glad I'm going to a land where peace sits enthroned and tenants haven't learned to avoid their legal obligations," said Lord Sanders, complacently folding his long white hands and winking his sinister black eyes.

"I, too, am going to that land, and if my influence has any power I shall exert it to the utmost against this increasing evil," said Sir Wren.

"If I was in a position to act for the American people I should soon have a bill passed that would refund to you alien landlords every dollar you have paid for your lands. Then I would make another law that any alien who desired to buy or lease lands there, should first take the oath of allegiance as an American citizen," said Lollard.

"That would be a fine way of disposing of us!" said Lord Sanders. "My one hundred thousand acres that cost me an average of one dollar per acre, are now worth from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. You would only have them pay me what it costs! That would be acting the honorable part with a vengeance! Where are all the noble principles you have been advocating? Where has your nice sense of justice gone?" he asked.

"Where have they gone? Gone, sir, to find the timber that has been taken from the public lands of Utah, Dakota, and other parts of the great West. Timber that was appropriated to private purposes in large quantities by aliens who dared to take possession of the lands belonging to the United States! They have cut the timber from million of acres. They have erected saw mills to turn out large quantities of railroad ties and lumber of all kinds. They sold this lumber and pocketed the proceeds! No more glaring outrage could be perpetrated against a free people than has been committed by these foreign land robbers in the great West!" said Lollard with much emphasis.

He had unconsciously raised his voice during this denunciation of the alien robbers and a large company had gathered around and heard his words, full of withering scorn.

Lord Sanders did not say a word! He felt there was truth in the statement that he could not deny. I thought of the words of Emerson when he was in England:

"That anyone might say anything he wished in good society, provided he was some one."

Lollard being a descendant from a wealthy and ancient family, although not of the nobility, was important enough to be listened to with respect. After a short pause the amusements of the evening continued to a late hour.

"Well," I said, as I came home from the House of Commons, where the Tory government had been destroyed, "our uncrowned king is winning fame for making and unmaking ministers. He is illustrating the doctrine that the talent and powers, as well as the sins, of the fathers are handed down for many generations. Charles Stewart Parnell is a lineal descendant in the fifteenth generation, of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, famed in history as 'the king maker!'"

"I am not glad, neither am I sorry, to learn of his royal lineage," said Colonel Haynes. "I would almost wish him to be one of the people. But his influence will be more powerful, perhaps, from the knowledge of his noble origin."

"Give us a description of the proceedings in parliament," said Stella, as we seated ourselves in the pleasant drawing-room of Raven's Park. The duke and duchess of Melborne, Col. Haynes, his mother and Annie were with us, forming a quiet morning party.

"The House of Commons," I began, "was crowded in every part. At a very early hour Mr. Parnell and his faithful eighty-six were there and planted their hats on the choicest spots on the opposition benches. The breakfast at which we regaled ourselves in the dining-room of the House was a sight worth seeing. Sixty sat down to one long table, the remainder at a cross table. The view from the state-rooms which overlook the river was a charming one; the sun lit up the scene. A factious Ulsterman was one who aspired to outdo the Parnellites by rising early. When he caught sight of the acre of Parnell hats he rushed into the dining-room to see the prodigy. He was greeted with a clap of thunder in the shape of an uproarious laugh! They did not forget the courtesy of war, however, but invited him to partake with them, and, instead of poisoned wine which the English gave to Shane O'Neil, they gave him his choice of honest beefsteak, eggs and bacon. By noon every seat in the House was taken. But as there can be no business done in House until four o'clock, the members roamed about hatless through the lobby and grounds to pass away the lagging hours. At last the Herald's voice was heard resounding through the hall. Every member rose to his feet, while the sergeant at arms bearing the mace, the chaplain, the speaker and his train bearer entered. Prayers occupied about ten minutes. Then followed an oppressive silence. Just when every nerve was raised to the utmost tension, an elderly gentleman rose and gave a homily on hats, until Mr. Bradlaugh's finger and Goshen's fist caused an interruption. During the homily, Mr. Gladstone, who looks fresh and well for a man of seventy-seven, sat in his favorite attitude with his head thrown back and hands crossed—the one great figure in the whole assembly."

"Yes!" exclaimed Melborne, "he is always that, the vain old man!"

"When the votes were cast it was a complete defeat to the Tory government that had been threatening to suppress the National League and to establish a new coercion in Ireland. The wildest exultations of the Irish members greeted the announcement of the vote."

"This is the second ministry that Parnell has destroyed within the last eight months," I said the Colonel.

"The Irish may have reason to regret this act," said Melborne. "A ministry with a powerful majority would be apt to do the right thing if Gladstone was out of it. He always has done the wrong thing for Ireland and always will, I fear. He is vain and vacillating!"

"He has no easy task," I said. "He must now form a policy which the whigs have heretofore bitterly detested and which will fill his party with doubts and misgivings."

"England needs just now a Lincoln or a Grant!" exclaimed Col. Haynes. "Men who can think and act for themselves and beyond themselves and see what will be the best for nations and for mankind at a glance."

"I am sorry that Gladstone is in power. With him as our pilot we may have insurrection in Ireland, war with Europe and mutiny in India," said Melborne, thoughtfully. "Then he is not in favor with the Queen. She resorted to every device be-

fore she submitted to the inevitable by placing Gladstone in power."

"That makes it harder for him to form his cabinet. While Parnell would not accept an office in the English government, he will rule its destinies in a great measure," I said.

"At present Parnell is master of the situation. If he is as you believe, the earnest friend of the Irish cause, if he can command himself and keep his followers united, there is every reason to believe that he will gain for Ireland some form of Home Rule," said Melborne.

"It is hard to control men who are in the condition that the Irish are just now. Everything is unsettled; the great and uncontrollable riot that occurred in London has added fuel to the fire and it will be strange indeed if we do not hear of some lawlessness. They are deeply earnest for Home Rule and Irish liberty. Anything that they imagine will hinder that they will overthrow, if it costs them their lives," I said.

"I do hope to hear of a speedy settlement of this matter without the shedding of blood," said Col. Haynes. "I have learned a lesson in my brief tour in England and Ireland that I shall try to turn to the good of our own nation. When I reach New York I shall commence an active campaign against our 'Coming landlords!'"

"I am with you in that sentiment my son," said Sir Wren, entering the room. He had returned from Ireland unexpectedly and had entered the room unannounced.

"O, papa," exclaimed Annie, as she sprang to meet her father.

"Well, pot," he answered, giving her a tender kiss. "I see you are looking well. I seem to be just in time to join a family party," he continued, giving to each some word of greeting.

"Yes, Sir Wren," said Stella, "this is our last family gathering. This evening the great event is to close our happy reunions, for on the morrow Colonel Haynes with his party leave for America."

We had lunch together and were pleased to hear Sir Wren's account of how he had disposed of his large estate.

"Then you think it is safe to sell to the tenants on such easy terms?" asked Melborne.

"Yes, I consider it perfectly safe. The tenants will pay me on their place instead of rent, on the installment plan."

"Then you will invest your money in American lands," said Melborne.

"Not unless I remain there to reside. I cannot begin now to follow out a practice that I have always condemned, of taking money from one nation and spending it in another, without leaving an equivalent."

"Then there are a goodly number under condemnation," said Melborne, "for we British landlords, as individuals or companies, are now receiving rent in some form, from more than twenty million acres in America. And I know of men who, the coming year, intend to invest millions of dollars in American lands!"

"I have learned that we can save ourselves by taxing the land values of the country and not the improvements," said Colonel Haynes. "Or, our government can establish such laws as shall prevent aliens from holding lands in America, except as actual settlers. One is astonished to find that there are now more tenant farmers in America than in England, Scotland and Ireland combined. It is time we began to think and act."

From the discussion of important national affairs we changed to the arrangements for the evening. It was arranged that we were to meet at Blue Ridge in the evening for the wedding, and from there to see our friends on their way to Liverpool.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Bibles Specially Named.

Many editions of the Bible have received special names, from misprints or other errors to be found in them. *The Leisure Hour* gives a list of them, from which the following instances are taken:

**The Breches Bible** contains the phrase, "They sewed figge-tree leaves together and made themselves Breches." Gen. iii. 7. Printed in 1606.

**The Bug Bible**: "So that thou shalt not neede to be afraid of any Bugges by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." Ps. xci. 4. Printed in 1681.

**The Treacle Bible**: "Is there not treacle at Gilead?" Jer. viii. 22. Printed in 1658.

**The Rosin Bible**, printed in 1609, translates the same verse, "Is there no rosin in Gilead?"

**The Place-maker's Bible**: "Blessed are the placemakers." Mat. v. 9. 1561-2.

**The Vinegar Bible**: "The Parable of the Vinegar" appears instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," as a chapter heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition, published in 1717.

**The Ears-to-Ear Bible**: "Who hath ears to ear, let him hear." Mat. xiii. 43. 1810.

**The Standing-Fishes Bible**: "And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand upon it." Ezek. xivii. 10. 1806.

**The Discharge Bible**: "I discharge thee before God." 1 Tim. v. 21. 1806.

**The Wife-Hater Bible**: "If any man come to me and hate not his father, and his own wife also," etc. Luke xiv. 26. 1810.

**Rebekah's-Camels Bible**: "And Rebekah arose and her camels." Gen. xxiv. 61. 1823.

**To-Remain Bible**: "Persecuted him that was born after the Spirit to remain, even so it is now." Gal. iv. 29.

When this Bible was in press at Cambridge, the proof-reader, in doubt whether he should remove a comma, applied to his superior, who penciled on the margin the words "To remain." This reply was thus transferred to the body of the text.

## A Temple of Serpents.

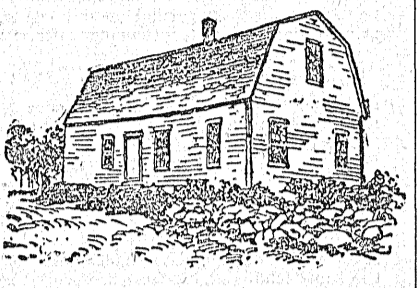
The small town of Werda, in the Kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its Temple of Serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upwards of 1,000 serpents of all sizes, which they feed with birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives. These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads hanging downward and in all sorts of strange contortions. It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have great difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punishable by death, and if a European were to kill one the authority of the King would scarcely suffice to save him. Many of the monsters in the "Serpent Temple" are large enough to enfold a large ox in their coils.

## PATRIOTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Their Memory and Their Homes Unceasing For and Unhonored.

A Lebanon, Conn., letter to the N. Y. Sun, says the little old war office, where Gov. Jonathan Trumbull and his Council of Safety held scores of secret sessions during those times of trial from which the military and naval forces were directed, has fallen into unappreciative hands, and is now occupied as a tenement house; while the famous Trumbull tomb, where probably lie the ashes of more of the illustrious dead than in any other in the State, is neglected and fast crumbling away.

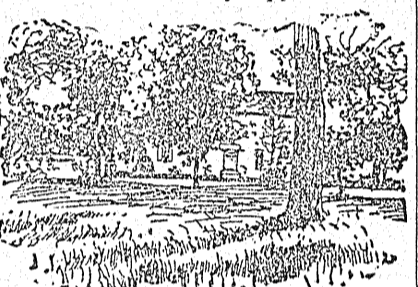
Several years ago a movement was started by one or two of Lebanon's patriotic sons looking toward the purchase by the town of the little old war office, to be kept as a curiosity and a repository for Revolutionary relics. It was also proposed to repair and take care of the tomb and to build a monument upon the village green to him whom Washington always addressed as "Brother Jonathan." But the movement didn't boom. Although there were several town meetings and several votes taken on the subject, the result, so far as the town was concerned, was a failure. It would have cost Lebanon a few dollars every year, the frugal farmers said, and Lebanon, they didn't think could afford such an extravagant luxury. The patriotic promoters of the scheme didn't propose to let their beautiful town be branded so ignominiously, however, and vowed to carry their project through. Eighteen hundred and ninety was to see their dream consummated. In that year, which would mark the 105th anniversary of the death of Jonathan Trumbull, it was proposed to bring the noble work to a crowning close by dedicating it grandly. But even the enthusiasm of the society has oozed away, or at least it has every appearance of



THE OLD WAR OFFICE.

having dried up. No granite shaft yet rears its Ionic head above the trees that skirt the village green, and the chances are good that none ever will.

The little conical-shaped burying ground, where so many sacred ashes rest, is just outside the village. It is an ancient acre. Moss-covered stones of unknown age and obliterated names lie tumbled down in regular rows. Wet, low lands bound the round mound. The only dry way of entering is from the roadway. A single tree tall and slim, grows from the summit like a lonely flagstaff. A luxuriant growth of thick clover hides the majority of the tumbled-down tombstones that once marked the earthen beds of the dead. The stones upon which the crude lettering is still legible, tell of innumerable two centuries ago. The Trumbull tomb is on



THE TRUMBULL TOMB.

the east side of the hill. It was built in 1785. It was a plain sarcophagus surmounted by a plinth supporting a column of marble. The most distinguishing thing about it was its big, strong door, with its prodigious keyhole. But rain and snow, which beat relentlessly upon the huge blocks of stone, loosened them in time, and the entire front threatened to burst out and reveal the interior of the sepulchre. It was filled in with earth then, and resembles a tomb no more. Now it is an egg-shaped mound, disgracefully neglected, where rank grass runs riot and bramble bushes grow. A woodchuck has dug a hole in the mound, and is the only living watcher over the State's illustrious dead. The

## How Wealth is Transported.

Only the other day the vault keeper sent over to the treasury a little package that you could have put comfortably into a hand bag and carried away containing \$48,000,000 in \$10,000 certificates for legal tender notes. In making such a transportation of wealth the sheets of money are put into a wooden lock box and shoved aboard a huge chilled steel safe on wheels, which conveys the millions safely through the streets. The upper part of the big vault is lined with cupboards, each one of which bears the name of a state. The cupboards are receptacles for the national bank notes of the various states. The notes and certificates reach the treasury in sheets of four—or three in the case of the bigger gold certificates—and are there cut apart and stamped with the treasury seal. When the treasury wants money it simply makes a requisition upon the vault keeper of the bureau of engraving and printing for whatever it needs.—Washington Star.

## The Kind of Stuff You Find in Women.

A lady living in Henderson county, whose husband died a short while since, did something the like of which is rarely witnessed. It seems that her husband owed some four thousand dollars, most of which had either been barred by the statute of limitations or had been liquidated by his act in taking benefit of the bankrupt law. His widow lost no time in collecting these evidences of indebtedness, and borrowed \$4,000 with which to pay them, mortgaging the farm (which belonged to her and on which she lived) to raise the money. Recently checks were sent out to creditors in full, in amounts ranging from a few dollars up to seven or eight hundred dollars.

She steadily refused to recognize either the statute of limitations or the act of bankruptcy as any bar to debts owing by her husband, and not having the money mortgaged her own home to raise it.—Henderson (Ky.) Journal.

## History of a Letter.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot over it. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "o" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where "j" is now employed—the distinction between the two having been introduced by Dutch writers in comparatively modern times.

## A Story of William H. Seward.

Chicago Tribune.

An English gentleman who has large interests in the United States and who divides his time between his own country and this, was entertaining several of his friends at the Union Club.

"I was in this country," he said, when Mr. Seward, of New York, was in the senate. I regarded him then and until after I had seen Mr. Lincoln as the most wonderful man I had met in your country. I had occasion to call on Senator Seward, with others, and as they were statesmen and diplomats in their country you will understand that the talk was about other subjects than the weather. One of the topics was the tariff. A gentleman of the party differed materially from Mr. Seward, but the difference left no wounds. Mr. Seward turning quickly to the gentleman mentioned, asked:

"You are not a citizen?"

"No," was the reply.

"You ought to be," said Mr. Seward.

"In one sense," replied the foreigner, "I am a citizen of your country."

"But not a voter," said Mr. Seward.

"No, but I may be permitted to say," replied the foreigner, "that if I should ever conclude to become a voter in your country it would be for the purpose of casting a ballot for you, sir, for president."

"Mr. Seward turned away, as I remember it now, sadly, and replied, in a voice which I thought pathetic: 'Ah, sir, you will never become a voter if you wait for that. The people of my country are not in accord with my views sufficiently to even name me for president.'"

But Mr. Seward tried for the nomination.

## Clasped by a Severed Hand.

June 20 Frederick Miller and David Heller, two employes at the furnace at the rolling mills, were killed by a premature explosion of Hercules powder while blasting out salamander from the bottom of the furnace. Miller was standing directly over the drilled hole at the time of the explosion, and was terribly torn and disfigured. Both arms were blown off. But one was found. Every effort to find the other arm proved fruitless until yesterday.

The workmen saw an object clinging to one of the stay rods that help to support and keep in position the stacks on the top of the furnace. Through curiosity they climbed up to the top, and they saw a sight that not only filled them with horror but with wonder. There in full sight of all was a man's hand with only the stub of an arm attached tightly clasping the rod above mentioned.

There can be no doubt but that the hand is that of the unfortunate Miller. The only theory known for the strange freak of the bodyless hand is that the hand was blown out of the top of the high stack, and in coming down the muscles, still active, contracted when the hand struck the rod and fastened to it with a deadly grip. From the position in which Miller was standing the hand could not have reached the position it occupied other than in the above manner. The muscles could not have relaxed much after first contracting, else the hand would have fallen.—Brazil Times.

## HOW HE "PIPED OFF" THE GANG.

Detective Lewis of the Central station says the Chicago Tribune is one of the oldest "fly cops" on the force. But there was a time, away back in the '60s, when Lewis was not so "in" in the ways of sleuthdom. The story of his first case is still told by his brother officers.

Lewis has just received his appointment to the force and was ordered to report to Capt. Hickey, who then was in charge of the Harrison Street Station. It happened that just before Lewis walked into Capt. Hickey's office a "squealer" had "peached" on a gang of burglars that was to break into a house on Michigan avenue.

Lewis walked into the Captain's office wearing a Prince Albert coat, silk hat, kid gloves, and carrying a cane.

"You're just the man I want for this case," said Capt. Hickey, surveying the well-dressed aspirant for police honors. "There's to be a burglary committed at No. — Michigan avenue, and I want you to go down there and pipe it off. Report at once to Detective Gallagher, who has charge of the case."

Lewis found Gallagher, and told him he came to "pipe off" the burglary. The old detective saw that the man who was to assist him was new in the business.

"How you got your pipe with you?" asked Gallagher.

"I've got lots of pipes, but they are all home except this small one," replied the novice as he produced a short, black "switchman" pipe.

"That'll never do," said Gallagher. "You must have a larger one."

Near by was a cigar store, in the window of which was a pipe displayed as an advertisement. It was about three feet long and the bowl would have held a full package of tobacco.

"That's what you want to 'pipe off' a case as big as this one will do," remarked Gallagher.

The pipe was purchased, together with several packages of tobacco.

"Smoke as fast as you can," said Gallagher, as the pair entered the house in question. "If you fail to 'pipe off' the gang the whole case will fall through and we'll lose our stars."

Up and down the street walked Lewis, every step being accompanied by volumes of smoke pouring from the pipe. As fast as the huge bowl emptied it was filled again till the tobacco was gone and Lewis stood trembling and pale because of the uneasy feeling that possessed him.

The house was not burglarized, and the two officers returned to the station in a carriage, for Lewis was so sick he couldn't walk. He was taken home and for three days was confined to his bed. Gallagher told the story at the station and when the captain heard it he relieved Gallagher of his star.

Lewis to this day is known as "Piping Lewis."

## THE WILD GIRL OF CATAHOULA.

It is two years since the appearance of the "Wild Girl of Catahoula" was mentioned in the press, and much space was given by Louisiana papers to accounts of her having been seen by respected citizens. Four citizens of Alexandria saw her two years ago, and that time was the first when any evidence was given to what appeared before only a fixed-up story to give interest to local papers.

Last week J. H. Hardtner, one of Pineville's prominent merchants, and his daughter Alice, aged 16 years, were in one buggy, and Emmet Walker, a merchant of Fishville, and Miss Jennie Hamilton, also of Fishville, in another buggy, going from Fishville to Pineville. When within about eight miles of Pineville they saw a white female, aged apparently about 30 years, weighing about 125 pounds, about five feet high, near the road. She was dressed in a faded home-spun dress, and bare-footed.

As soon as the wild woman saw them she retraced her steps at right angles with the road at a speed such as, all say, they never saw human being run. On reaching a point about 300 yards away, she stepped behind a tree, but as soon as the buggies stopped she started to run again, and they could all see her for about half a mile stretch.

The two gentlemen and one of the ladies were interviewed separately, and all gave about the same story. It is proposed to organize a party and attempt to capture the Wild Girl of Catahoula.

## How Stuart Robson Shaves.

Recently I was being shaved in the St. James Hotel barber shop when I noticed Stuart Robson sitting next to me with a waxed haired razor wielder standing idly, yet interestedly, looking on. The famous funny fellow was shaving himself, and the sound of the blade traversing the stubblefield of his physiognomy was like unto the gentle touch of a small boy, a short stick and a paling fence. He won't allow the barber to divest him of that hirsute wire which adorns his face, and the greatest joke about this idea is that he doesn't know how to shave himself. He looks like he needed a shave, no matter how often the habit has been indulged in during the week. Another strange feature of this juggle is that, instead of Mr. Robson shaving himself down, as other mortals do, he persistently pushes the sharp steel up against the grain of the beard. The barbers all stand back aghast and wonder how he survives such an ordeal, but no one is more complacent than he when the job is done. The clever comedian then seeks the washstand, allowing the bowl to be filled with cold water, into which he plunges his whole head and face, holding his breath as long as possible. After this the poor barber gets a chance at him. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

## History of a Letter.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot over it. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "o" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where "j" is now employed—the distinction between the two having been introduced by Dutch writers in comparatively modern times.

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

**GOING NORTH.**

STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed	Pass.
Pontiac.....	8:30	9:40	8:15
Oxford.....	10:12	11:20	9:40
Byrdon.....	11:52	12:58	11:18
Inlay City.....	12:08	1:18	11:32
North Branch.....	1:40	2:50	12:04
Clifford.....	2:16	3:26	12:40
Kingston.....	2:58	4:08	1:22
Wilnot.....	3:18	4:28	1:42
Deford.....	3:53	5:03	2:17
Cass City.....	4:40	5:50	3:04
Gagetown.....	5:11	6:21	3:35
Owendale.....	5:35	6:45	3:59
Berne.....	6:15	7:25	4:39
Cassville.....	6:46	7:56	5:10

**GOING SOUTH.**

STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed	Freight
Cassville.....	4:15	5:25	5:00
Berne.....	4:51	6:01	5:36
Owendale.....	5:22	6:32	6:07
Gagetown.....	5:51	7:01	6:36
Cass City.....	5:26	6:36	7:10
Deford.....	5:49	6:59	7:35
Wilnot.....	5:51	7:01	7:50
Kingston.....	6:01	7:11	8:15
Clifford.....	6:20	7:30	8:50
North Branch.....	6:30	7:40	9:10
Inlay City.....	7:15	8:25	10:10
Byrdon.....	7:30	8:40	11:50
Oxford.....	8:00	9:10	12:20
Pontiac.....	8:40	9:50	12:50

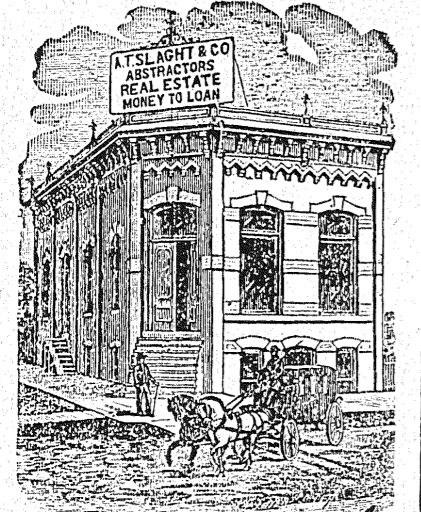
Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 run daily except Sundays. Train No. 5 will run Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Train No. 6 will run Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

\*Flag stations, where trains stop only on signal.

**CONNECTIONS.**  
Pontiac, D. G. H. & M. and Mich. Air Line Division G. T. R'y.  
Oxford, Detroit and Bay City division of M. C.  
Inlay City: C. & G. T.  
Clifford: P. & P. M.  
Berne Junction: S. T. & H.

**JAMES HOUSTON Superintendent.**

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



**MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTGAGES.**

— IN SUMS FROM —  
**\$50 TO \$5,000!**

For long or short time.  
Office across from Medler House.  
**CARO - MICH.**

**KARR'S CORNERS.**

The sun is shining again.  
Mr. Marcus Karr is on the sick list.  
Jas. Muma was in Caro on Saturday last.  
Mr. Ward has his new house about completed.  
Miss Grace Karr has gone to Oscoda county where she will teach school.  
Now is the time to pull your turnips husk your pumpkins and pay your debts.

**DEFORD.**

Muddy streets.  
Politics just rearing.  
Henry Haltz is building a new stable.  
George Walker has bought a fine cow from Orrin Stowell.  
Old Mr. Harington, of Almont, is staying with his family for a time.  
Mrs. Andrews, of Pontiac, is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. Terry.  
Edward Lackwood has adopted two little boys, aged six and eight years old, respectively.  
Frank Sole is confined to his bed most of the time. He has been failing very rapidly of late.  
Boney Daugherty and Chas. Gawen went up to the Gagetown country last week in search of birds. Did not learn their luck.  
We have taken the figures to the best of our ability and find but one Democrat and four Republicans in the township of Novesta.  
The Holtz case against the P. O. & N. R. R. was decided just right in our opinion; but the R. R. company went to the circuit for her decision in the case.  
John McCracken raised one-hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes from three bushels of seed. The seed was distributed over nearly one acre of land, one piece in the hill. The hills were three feet and eight inch apart each way.  
There is a jewel rare, which all may win, in this scared land of liberty: 'Tis a pass-part in society; respect it commands. It cannot be lost nor stolen by dishonest hands. It will fit us in life for every station; 'tis a useful and not an ornamental education.

**OWENDALE and CREEL.**

Mrs. C. Joynt is reported quite ill at present.  
Dan Ferson starts for the north woods Monday.

Jethro Ross was over to Caro on business Friday.  
R. Hughes was over to Killmanagh on Monday on business.  
Rev. A. Poss, of Brant Mission, visited friends here last week.  
Hugh Crawford was at the county seat on Friday and Saturday.  
George Taylor, of Elmwood, dined Sunday with his parents, south of here.  
Thomas Cozgrove, of east Town Line is quite ill at present with malaria fever.  
Christy Joynt had the misfortune to lose one of his best cows one day last week.

Frank Smith, of Killmanagh, made our town's Treasure, R. Hughes; a call on Saturday last.  
N. Bentley, of Armada, but recently of Petersburg, Va., was the guest of R. Ballagh last Saturday and Sunday.  
John McKinnon had a logging bee on Wednesday last. John got a number one job done and treated the youths to a merry hop at night. Gillis and Johnston's string band furnished music for the occasion.  
Benjamin McKillen, of Bad Axe, will address the farmers of this town in the interests of the Industrial party, on Friday evening, Oct. 24, in the Wooley school house. He will also speak at Grant Center on Saturday evening, Oct. 25. Let their be a Grand turn out, boys, as Ben is a Hustler and a kicker from away back.

Loney Hughes and Edgar Tindall are a committee to procure from the farmers the necessary number of cows to run a cheese factory on the premises of Mr. Tindall the coming season. Mr. Tindall offers to put up the factory and manufacture the cheese; a number one article, at two cents per pound. Such enterprise is worthy of appreciation.  
Hugh Crawford, of this town, is candidate for Register of Deeds in this county on the industrial ticket and Simeon Sharrard of Grant is the candidate for county Clerk on the same ticket. Their many friends will use their best endeavors to elect the boys, as both are worthy of the position and capable to do the business with one third less salary.

**Current Topics.**

The Chinese tear up the railroads as fast as they are built, believing that the floods of the last few years were sent as divine judgment upon the people for permitting such institutions in the Empire.  
The fact that English bank directors require that their clerks shall not marry on a salary less than \$750, and that Austrian bankers are employing married men only, is considered somewhat remarkable.  
UNLESS one has made the computation, he will be rather surprised to see the statement that the Government must purchase every month more than 140 tons of pure silver in order to comply with the silver law.  
DR. RUBEN SAMUELS, husband of the mother of Frank and Jesse James, is one of the best housekeepers in Missouri. He can cook, bake, wash and iron, and employs his time mostly in the performance of domestic duties.  
W. R. JENNINGS, of Marshall, Texas, has discovered a very effective and simple means of getting rid of roaches. It is simply to put a toad in a room that is infested with them. Last summer a toad got into the post-office and remained there over night. Afterward the office was clear of roaches.  
THE ways of the auctioneer in different parts of the world vary greatly. In England and America the seller bears the expense of the sale, but in France the purchaser bears the cost, five per cent being added to his purchase. In Holland it is still worse, the buyer being required to pay ten per cent additional for the expense of the sale.

**Lead Poison Cured.**

I am a painter by trade. Three years ago I had a bad case of Lead Poison, caused by using rubber paint. I was cured in a short time by S. S. S. The medicine drove the poison out through the pores of the skin. When I first commenced taking S. S. S., my system was so saturated with poison that my underclothes were colored by the paint being worked out by the medicine through the pores of my skin. I was cured entirely by S. S. S. I took nothing else and have had no return since.  
C. PARK LEAK, Waynesville, Ohio.  
**Our Little Child.**  
Our little girl, Jessie, had Scrofula for six years. We tried the best physicians of New York and Philadelphia, also Hot Springs Ark., without avail. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured her.  
D. B. WAGNER, Water Valley, Miss.  
Treatise on Blood and Skin disease, mailed free.  
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.  
The great Dr. Boerhaave left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool and the bowels open. Had he practiced in our day, he might have added, and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

**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.

**"I'm Just Going Down to the Gate"**  
and 36 other Popular Ballads, in book form, size 8 1/2 x 11. Sent, post-paid, for **ONLY FOUR CENTS.** Name to **AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 6200 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**A Great Event**

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of Scrofula is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alternative,

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with good effect that less than one bottle

**Restored My Health**

and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious. — Frederico Mariz Fernandes, Villa Nova de Gaya, Portugal.  
"For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine." — H. Brandt, Avoca, Nebr.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

PREPARED BY **DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by Druggists. \$7.50 a box. Worth \$3 a bottle.

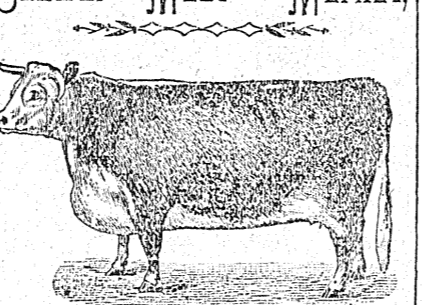
**FOR SALE, VERY CHEAP.**

**LAND ON THE Most Liberal Terms!**

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

**A. T. SLAGHT & CO. CARO, MICH.**

**Central - Markt - Market.**



**J. H. WINEGAR, Proprietor.**

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

**TRY - OUR - CUTS - AND - SLICES.**

**DID YOU HEAR**

**The News?**

**Finkle & Martin**

—Are now Selling—  
**FARMING TOOLS, HARDWARE, VARNISHES, PAINTS, OILS, ETC**

—OF THE—  
**BEST MAKE**

—AT—  
**PRICES**

That will Astonish you. They wish to inform you that they have secured the services of a

**GoodTinner**

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.  
**FNIKLE & MARTIN, GAGETOWN, MICH**

**Three Cent Column.**

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

**SHINGLES** for sale. Inquire of **HALL BROS.,** 8 Wicks-st.

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

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

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

**FOR SALE**—One thoroughbred short horn Durham cow, 3 years old. **W. O. MARSHALL, 10-16-11.**

**FOR SALE**—I will sell very cheap and on easy terms the w 1/2 in e 1/2 sec 9, Novesta, 10-16-10wls. N. L. McLaughlin, N. D., 210 1/2 North Main St., Findlay, Ohio

50,000 brick for sale. Inquire of C. Crank, N. E. corner Tuscola county.

**FARM FOR SALE**—80 acres with 45 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Easy terms. Apply to **J. C. LAING, 9-12-11.**

**FOR SALE**—One good farm horse. Enquire of **A. E. BOULTON, 3 miles north of Cass City, 9-12-11.**

**MARE FOR SALE**—Cheap, or will exchange. **A. A. MCKENZIE, 9-12-11 for copy.**

**PRAYED** into my enclosure on Wednesday of last week, a bay mare 5 years old, formerly owned by me. Owner will please call, pay charges and take animal away. **REV. J. McARTHUR.**

**FOR SALE**—A brick store now occupied by Chas. St. Mary, excellent living rooms above and basement below, will sell cheap. **10-24-11, J. H. McLEAN.**

**FOR SALE**—A young horse, sound and a good driver. Cheap for cash. **G. M. LIVINGSTON, Holbrook, 10-24-11.**

**I WILL SELL**—One four-year-old horse, a lot of improved, known as the Doying farm. Good workers, on time to suit purchaser. **J. H. STRIFFLER, 7-1-11.**

**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. B. BOULTON, 7-1-11, Three miles 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 McDOUGALL, Argyle P. O., 6-13-11.**

**SAVE MONEY**—By calling on the undersigned when wishing to purchase a sewing machine cheap. I have secured the agency for the celebrated American sewing machine, which I am selling cheaper than ever before in this country. Yours respectfully, **CHAS. D. STRIFFLER, Cass City, Mich., 6-13-11.**

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

**CARO Marble Works**

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

**JUST RECEIVED!**

**25**

**NEW-MONUMENTS**

—Of the Latest—  
**Designs.**

A full line of all colors and shades constantly on hand at the works.

**COME AND SEE**

The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by

**W. L. PARKER.**

**To Builders!**

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 everything in the line of Planing Mill Work.

**LONDON, ENO-&KEATING,**

Near the Depot.

**LAND SALE**

N. E. 1-4, of N. E. 1-4, 36, 14, 11, being within 3 miles of Cass City, on Main street east, soil clay loam, cheaply cleared, good drainage and good spring of living water running across south end of place. Price and terms reasonable. **E. H. PINNEY, Owner.**

**GREAT BARGAINS, BARGAINS!**

**We are Offering:**

**Boys' Overcoats \$1.50, Worth \$2.50.**  
**Youth's " \$2.00, " \$3.00.**  
**Boys' Suits \$1.50, Worth \$2.00.**  
**Youth's Suits \$3.50, Worth \$5.00.**

**Special Drives in Men's Suits and Overcoats.**

**DO YOU WEAR SHOES?**

We have 100 pairs of Mens' fine Shoes— Sizes 5, 5 1-2, 6, 6 1-2, 7, 7 1-2, 8, 9, 10 & 11. We will sell this lot at a discount of 20 per cent from regular prices! Dont buy till you see these bargains.

**CLOAKS!**

Our Cloak room is full of Desirable Goods in all the latest styles. PRICES AND GOODS TO SUIT ALL.

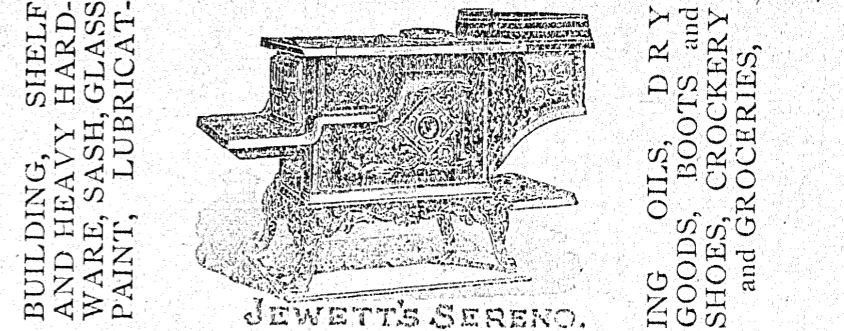
**UNDERWEAR!**

We have a very large stock of Ladies and Gents Underwear, at prices that will surprise you. We invite you to call and examine Our stock and get Our prices.

**-2-MACKS-2-**

—FOR—  
Quality, Quantity and Incomparably Low Prices—

—ON S. JEWETT'S—  
**COOK AND PARLOR STOVES,**



**JEWETT'S SERENO.**

—CALL ON—  
**J. L. HITCHCOCK, OF CASS CITY,**

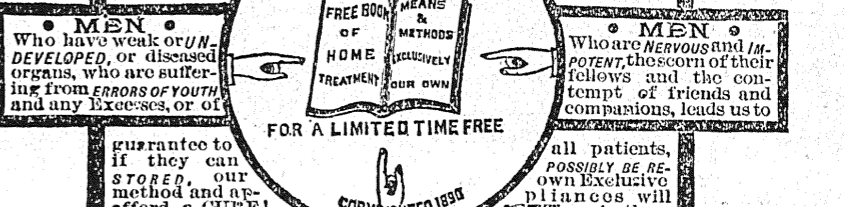
Who will offer for the next Ten Days the following Special Bargains—  
100 Pairs Ladies' Shoes Worth \$3.00 for \$2.50 and \$2.12  
50 Pairs Men's Boots Worth \$2.50 for \$2.00.  
Screen Doors Worth \$1.50 for 90 cents.

Window Sash, Oil Stoves, Barri Door Rollers for wood track, Farmer's Anvils, Drills and Many other Goods in My Immense Stock at their ACTUAL COST.

**J. L. HITCHCOCK.**

**YEARS OF VARIED EXPERIENCE**

In the Use of **CURA.** we Alone own for all Dis-  
**TIVE METHODS,** that and Control, orders of



**FREE BOOK** MEANS & METHODS OF HOME TREATMENT FOR YOUR OWN. FOR A LIMITED TIME FREE

guarantee to if they can stored, our method and afford a CURE!  
all patients POSSIBLY BE RE-own Exclusive Diseases with There is, then

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our **HOME TREATMENT**, as set forth in our **WONDERFUL BOOK**, which we send sealed, post paid, **FREE**, for a limited time. **GET IT TO-DAY.** Remember, no one else has this method, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the **MONOPOLY OF UNIFORM SUCCESS.** **ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.