

Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. IX. No. 48.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 1890.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

If "Seeing is Believing," take a look at the Mammoth Stock and Fresh Arrivals of Goods at

Crosby's Boot and Shoe House.

and satisfy yourself of his ability to fit you out in just what you want at prices to 'astonish the natives.'

THE TARIFF IS FIXED!

Our Congressmen have, with much worry and fuss, And fighting and cussing 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,

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 they go Can say

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, O. K. JANES, Proprietor. Cashier.

I have recently purchased and put into my Fire Proof Vault A MODERN BURGLAR 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 3/4 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.

Liberal rate of Interest paid on time deposits.

C. W. McPHAIL, Banker

BARN STORMING IN THE WEST.



Manager—Jerry, where's the bills?
Jerry—Here they are.
Manager—Now, where's the paste?
Jerry—I ate that.—Once a Week.

Caught On The Fly.

The "Deestrick Skule" To-night.

Thanksgiving Nov. 27th.

Wood taken on subscription at this office.

John Emmons and wife visited Caro Monday.

E. F. Marr has been on the sick list this week.

K. S. Work is new clerking in J. C. Laing's store.

John Krapf rejoices over the advent of a baby girl.

Linnell Higgins is now an apprentice in this office.

L. N. Howey is on the road nowadays selling tinware.

Henry Stewart made a business trip to Saginaw Tuesday.

Mrs. Moore's sister-in-law, of Detroit, is here on a visit.

Patrick O'Brien, of Ont., is here as the guest of David Tyo.

Old newspapers for sale at this office for five cents per dozen.

P. R. Weydemeyer left for Washington D. C., yesterday morning.

Presiding Elder Reed preached at the M. E. church last Sunday.

Rev. Tompkins filled the pulpit in the Baptist church last Sunday.

H. S. Wickware and wife visited relatives in Elmwood on Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Spencer has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Don't fail to attend the "Deestrick Skule" at the Town hall to-night.

W. Weydemeyer and Joseph Withey are hunting in Oscoda county this week.

Miss Kate Sullivan is visiting her sister, Mrs. Clark, at Oxford.

Mrs. H. Robinson is visiting her son A. Cruthers, at Crosswell, this week.

Sew your buttons on tight if you intend to visit the "Deestrick Skule" to-night.

Wm. Gougherty, the well known fanning mill agent, has moved his family to town.

Some sports hoisted a black flag on the republican pole last week Wednesday night.

T. S. Edwards, of St. Thomas, arrived on Saturday to see his daughter, Mrs. Lamont.

J. D. Brooker is in Caro this week as one of the members of the Board of County Canvassers.

The Democratic victory was celebrated last week Thursday night by a bon-fire and the firing of anvils.

Wm. Hebblewhite and E. A. McGeorge were hunting for game in Sheridan township, Monday and Tuesday.

Florence Clark entertained a number of her young friends on Monday evening, it being her tenth birthday.

Mrs. O. Hopkins left for Oscoda county last Friday to join her husband, who has been there for some time.

Alonzo Sheffer, who has been working at or near Saginaw for the past six months returned to Cass City Monday noon.

Chas. St. Mary and wife have returned from their wedding trip and intend to occupy the rooms over the restaurant.

H. T. Bottomley, of Capac, spent Sunday and Monday in Cass City as the guest by B. B. Raymond, of this office.

Michigan potatoes average eighty-four bushels to the acre. This exceeds all other states. What's the matter with Michigan?

F. R. Delisle returned from Armada last Thursday, and can now be found at his old stand, chock full of electricity and politics as usual.

The person who took the book from the table in the Cass City House last Saturday is known, and will save trouble by returning the same.

The members of the Epworth League and a few of their friends had a social time at the residence of J. H. Winegar on Wednesday evening.

A large number of sample copies of the ENTERPRISE are sent out each week, so if you receive one you can consider it an invitation to subscribe.

John Sweigler desires us to thank the friends and neighbors, who so kindly assisted him during the illness and death of his wife. He will ever remember their kindness.

Secretary Gillies again requests us to state that all those who were awarded premiums at the fair must call for them immediately as the books must be closed up. Please comply with this request.

Mt. Pleasant papers are just publishing the list of premiums of the fair that was held 60 days ago. The fair ground is a long way out, and it is supposed the list came in with some election returns.—Evening News.

Lapeer Democrat: "A family from Rich township, this county, named Conrad, drove to town one day this week and had their photographs taken. The group consisted of father, mother and eighteen sturdy German children."

The boys that persisted in making the noise in the rear part of the M. E. Church last Sunday to the annoyance of the pastor and congregation, should be instructed to conduct themselves properly while in church or stay away.

A Bay City girl looks as prim as the ancient Priscilla because she promised to wear her hair combed back in the old way for a year if Weadock should be elected. The young man bet against Humphery and thus saved his mustache.—Evening News.

Caro Advertiser—The young idea was the practical working of our new election system, at the high school, this week, and mock booths elections officers and so forth were pressed into service. The result of the election was: Republicans 56, democrats 33, prohibition 13.

This is the time to look out for defective chimneys, poor stove pipes, etc. The long winter with its hot fires is very trying on poor flues and many costly fires are the direct result of such defects. Look the matter up now, it may save your being turned out homeless in the dead of winter.

Theophilus Ahr, formerly a Cass City boy, is here with his family visiting his parents and acquaintances. It has been nine years since Theophilus left Cass City and of course he is somewhat of a stranger here now. His home is in Decatur, Indiana, where he has worked at the carpenter's trade for the past five years.

There was a law suit in progress on Monday before Justice Wales, in which John Heffebower was the plaintiff and H. P. Mahoney the defendant. The ownership of a small barn was the question to be decided. Justice Wales will render his decision this afternoon.

H. S. Wickware and Freeman H. Kitchener made the best run of any candidates on the republican county ticket. George S. Farrar and T. C. Quinn made the best run of any candidates on the democratic county ticket and R. Ducolon and C. D. Peterhans made the best run of any nominees on the industrial ticket.

The young men of this place are considering the project of organizing a reading club, to be known as the "Young Men's Mutual Endeavor to Benefit, Create Amusement and While Away the Wintery Hour Society." We think this is a move in the right direction, and if there is anything in the name of a society that further insures its permanency and excellence, we feel sure of the success of this organization.

We owe an apology to about two-thirds of our readers for being one day late last week, but when we state the cause of our tardiness we think they will excuse us. When about one-third of our edition had been run off, the cylinder of the press jumped the track and came down with a crash, smashing one end of the press pretty badly. Through the kindness of the genial and accommodating editor of the Caro Democrat, the balance of the edition was printed in that office. Our press has been undergoing repairs this week and we think is now in working order again.

There is often greater profit in a small flock of sheep, especially on a small farm, than there is in a large one. Sheep are excellent scavengers and will eat more varieties of vegetables than any other animal on the farm. In the apple orchard they are lively and quick to gather fallen fruit and will eat the earliest small wind-falls that hogs will hardly touch, even though half starved. Almost every farmer keeps a few pigs to eat what nothing else will. He might well keep a few sheep for the same purpose with better assurance that they would not eat anything that could injure the quality of their meat.—Western Rural.

As winter approaches some of the more systematic farmers are found tacking on the loose boards, repairing the stabling and planning for the health and comfort of their stock. Others appear in a reverse mood and seem disposed to let the stock shift for themselves. A man of the former class is human, sensible and prosperous; of the latter, indolent, shiftless and cruel. He who is industrious for the furtherance of his industry is not found in want, but he who feels that the world owes him a living without effort always finds a cheerless existence. The herd and flock join as a prime factor to profit for the farmer in this latitude, and the gains conform exactly with the degree of care and wisdom exercised in that behalf.

There are published in Tuscola county nine weekly newspapers, every one of which published before the election at least a comprehensive summary of the new election law, from which any intelligent reading voter must easily have learned how to prepare and cast his ballot.

Yet there were men in Vassar who went into the booths in the city hall last Tuesday with their ballots already prepared, passed through and out into the crowd without depositing their ballots with the election board. One of these when questioned, stated that he "hung the ticket up on the nail with the rest of 'em" and supposed that was all that was required of him. And still nearly every man in any community will tell you that he is "akin' more newspapers than he ought'a."—Vassar Times.

Marriage Licenses.

William J. Culbert, Fairgrove.....	27
Alta W. Bayant, Fairgrove.....	17
Wilfred C. Kitchen, Mayville.....	26
Emma Myers, Mayville.....	20
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Hattie Gilmore, Akron.....	18
Samuel F. Dietz, Fremont.....	29
Orrie D. Turner, Fremont.....	22
Edward Michael, Mayville.....	24
Mira Shaw, East Dayton.....	19
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William S. Griswold, Gifford.....	43
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EDITORS ENTERPRISE—

In referring to election returns and nominees by the leading papers in the state and political parties in Tuscola county, the Industrial party has not been fairly dealt with. Their report is not correct, probably due to their correspondent being Dem or Rep. Now Mr. Editors if you will correct the old party press statement you will confer a favor on the Industrial party of Michigan. We ask justice, not mercy, from the Democratic and Republican party and press.

Their report of Ellis as a Democrat is false; he is an Industrial man from head to foot and I have a letter in my possession from him to that effect. He received his nomination at the hands of the Industrial party, at Lansing, July 31st, 1890, and was endorsed by Democrats at Grand Rapids. The Free Press admits that Mr. Ellis ran ahead of Mr. Winans but is not honest enough to explain the truth.

Now in regard to our county ticket the Free Press makes the statement that John Baston and Travis Leach are Democrats. This is a false statement. John Baston and Travis Leach are not Democrats and the records on file in the county committee's hands are proof of the same. Both of these men renounced their allegiance to the two old parties that they had belonged to before. They were nominated by the Industrial party before either of the old parties had held their convention. They were endorsed by the Democrats.

Now the Industrial party knows what it all means: it is the party lash applied by both old parties to whip the Industrial men back into line! But Dem and Rep do you see us coming? Yes! we are coming with fifty-thousand strong, in Michigan: We defeated the Republican party and in 1892 we will make short work with the Democratic party.

Remember that the Industrial party is not Dem or Rep. Why? Because what we are contending for is directly opposite to either of them. We ask for and demand the abolition of the National Bank and a direct vote for President and Senator, while they claim that tariff is the issue and consequently the line of demarkation between the Industrial party and Dem and Rep party is so apparent that it is a matter of impossibility for any man to be an Industrial man and still adhere to either of the old parties.

The Industrial party makes their politics fit their principles. All we want is a fair count and a free ballot. This election is not a Democratic victory, but a Republican rebuke—it is the wedge that splits the log. The Industrial party defeated the Republican party in Michigan and no relief will come to the mortgage cursed farmers until the Democratic party is defeated and our principles carried into effect.

The people of Michigan have made no improvement by jumping out of a Rep hog pen into a Dem hog pen. The Industrial party is opposed to any endorsement and will not fuse with either of the old parties. The Republican and Democratic parties are like men riding backwards in a railroad train—they do not see things until they have passed them; while the Industrial party have got their faces to the enemy of this country (The Bankers) and will not surrender or be side-tracked by either of the old parties.

We have had Bunker Hill and our Shiloh and our Gettysburg is near at hand. "Don't Give up the Ship" old friends and comrades, but let us pick our old flints and try it again. Rally the old Guards and on with the fight!

Yours for Truth,
D. P. DEMING, M. D.

To all a period comes, when the storms of life are o're. "A rest for weary pilgrims found, they softly lie, and sweetly sleep, low in the ground."

Ladies!

For novelties and all the new improvements in corsets and corset-waists go to Mrs. E. K. Wickware's

Notice.

All parties owing me on notes or book accounts are requested to call and settle at once.
E. F. MAUN,

The old jail at York, Me., one of the conspicuous attractions to summer visitors, is believed to be the oldest structure of its kind in America.

It is difficult to find a mode by which judges shall be named so that the people on the one hand may know that the chosen men are suitable and the bar on the other be certain that the candidates are good lawyers as well as upright men.

There is practiced in Boston a method of putting a dyspeptic patient on a bread and milk diet—absolutely nothing else—and in two or three days the person loses all desire for elaborate dishes, and enjoys his nursery food with the keen zest of childhood.

The following "ad" recently appeared in the Liverpool Post: "Will the lady wearing spectacles, who, on Thursday evening, the 7th inst., drove a dark pony and four-wheeled phaeton, with groom behind, along Halewood road, and injured a valuable saddle horse by not taking her side of the road, kindly get a better pair of glasses and take driving lessons before she ventures out again?"

A PARISIAN dealer in foreign titles and decorations has furnished an inquirer with the pricelist of some of the commodities that he offers, and contrary to the prevailing impression the rates are surprisingly cheap.

The criticism passed upon Germany for the alleged revival of the slave trade on the southeast coast of Africa has brought out the charge that English officials in the gold regions are also responsible for the infamous traffic.

It is the duty of society, in its organized capacity, to protect the weak against the capacity of the strong. And it is particularly its duty not to employ the powers with which it is invested so as to endure the strong with additional strength, and by means of franchises and privileges enable them to impose burdens upon the many for the benefit of the few.

EVERYTHING is fair in love and war and—strikes, but the fact that a little money may always be depended upon to develop a traitor in every camp is nevertheless a shameful reflection upon human nature.

SHAKESPEARE'S plays are full of learning, and Lord Bacon was a learned man. There are Latin and French in the plays, and Lord Bacon was a linguist; so was his mother, and his entire family was highly educated.

The chaperon is becoming necessary in this country, not to protect the American girl from the wiles of our own men—for they stand ready with their life to defend true womanhood—but as a guard against the foreigner that is availing our society more and more.

A GUESS AT LABOR'S RIDDLE.

A Book That Illumines Our Modern Industrial Life.

[Special Washington Letter.] "This will come to be accepted as one of the great books of this generation."

Senator Casey, of North Dakota, recently wrote a brother Senator, "I find that this book contains all the merit which you accredited it, and I shall at once purchase a copy for my own library."

Nowhere else, in any of the multifarious political economies of our time, are the questions of our prevailing life so intelligently discussed.

On the general relations of capital and labor the work is an encyclopaedia, compact and comprehensive. The method of it is above praise. Indeed, we do not remember any other book on these desiccated topics, unless it be the treatise of Herbert Spencer, whose style is so fascinating—facts marshaled with grace and illuminated with fancy.

Dr. Denslow now lives in New York, but he is best known as a journalist. For half a generation he was the chief editorial writer on the Chicago Tribune, and his brilliant and voluminous work is an important factor in the history of that paper.

Following are some of the headings of the Economic Philosophy: Socialism; Ownership by the Tribe; Wealth Dependent on Exchange; Can Poverty be Abolished; Whence Comes Value; How Prices are Made; Land, Grants; Capital and Labor Partners; Does Risk of Loss Give Valid Title to Profit; Wealth Causes Production; Getting Rich is Doing Good; Capital as an Emancipator; Wages are Capital; True Cause of Rent; The "Wage Fund" Doctrine; Labor Agitations; Machinery; The Margin of Profit; What is Money; Whence Come Panics; Competition.

These titles are suggestive; but it will perhaps be more interesting to the reader to copy the last two pages of this remarkable contribution to the solution of current problems:

"The reader should also be admonished against the sophistry of assuming that simplicity and even beauty in the statement of a policy are to be mistaken for simplicity and beauty in its operation. A policy which may be extremely simple in its statement may be infinitely complex and painful in its operation.

"But time would not avail to caution the student against the multifarious forms which fallacy may assume. Fallacy, like fraud, defies accurate definition in advance by wearing a new coat every time it appears. Hence it is that economic works, however ample, truthful, and explicit may be their content—and very few of them are either ample, truthful, or explicit—can never brace the student certainly and finally against error.

They are useful in cultivating the habit of detecting error, but in their use there must arise the new men who are wiser than the old books, and who are as the new wine that can not be held in the old bottles. Such men will see in each exigency, as it shall arise, the facts which distinguish it from all preceding cases, and will detect in advance that right way which books can only point out after it has been trod.

of emanation or of evolution. To this extent, as Dr. Henry C. Carey was wont to say, political economists can make books, but books can never make political economists. It must be in the man. So must all art, power, inspiration, and success. But not in one man absolutely. All men know more than one man. The highest school of economic thought must always be the aggregated consensus of opinions of the world's best business men, producers, workers, whom, as forces, the statesmen and instructed thinkers marshal and generalize. The writer has tried to bring this book abreast of the

moving host, to tune it to the living pulses of the active world. If he has succeeded, he has caught the impress of the marching host, their flying banners, and their fervid cause, for a moment. That moment past, the economists of the future in their march sweep by, and again raise life above the book. These real economists include those who conduct the world's industries and legislation, rather than those who instruct in this particular art. The claim to be endowed with the gift of prophecy as to future economic developments often springs from being out of sorts with existing economic conditions. Those who adapt themselves with most facility and tact to the demands of their environment can usually see as far, or farther, ahead than the unsuccessful. Economic philosophy is yet in its nascent and plastic state. It is born, but it is only beginning to grow. The science will proceed according to its inward law, and will have its own mode of growth. It will be a factor in the world's progress as momentous as could be wished. But it must bide its time. Its period of ascendancy over mankind will not be that of its first youthful impulse, but of its sober second thought. At present the honest study of society, in its economic aspects, will tend to impart to its students a tone which may be defined thus: In observation, industry; in generalization, modesty; in criticism, equity; in nationalism, harmony; in internationalism, purity; in cosmopolitanism, sincerity. By these signs ye shall know the true economists." W. A. C.

TO EUROPE IN FOUR DAYS.

The Project of Building an American City Near Halifax.

Canadian and New England papers are having considerably to say about a prospective city on the Atlantic coast. It is to be built at a point on the Strait of Canso, and the name already given to it is Terminal City. It is within five miles of the present terminus of the Nova Scotia branch of the great Intercolonial Railway, and surveys have been made with a view of laying tracks to it. It is claimed that a harbor exists there that is superior to almost any on the Atlantic coast. Its entrance is 13 miles wide without an island or a shoal. The water in the harbor is deep. Fogs are of very unusual occurrence. On the Island of Cape Breton, but a short way off, are some of the finest coal mines in the world, and it is claimed that fuel for steamships can be obtained cheaper there than at any port on the Atlantic. The average rise and fall of the tides at this point is only five feet.

It is believed that steamers can make trips from this place to British ports in two days less time than from any Canadian or American port. A company mostly composed of British capitalists has purchased a large territory both on the mainland and the Island of Cape Breton. They have obtained a charter from the legislature of Nova Scotia "for the purpose of founding and fostering the growth of a large commercial, manufacturing, and fishing center near the eastern terminus of the Strait of Canso." To bring the property to the notice of manufacturers and shippers special trains are to be run. The members of this company are following the example of Western land speculators in "booming" the great seaport of the future. Some profess to believe that a city larger than Halifax will be built there within 10 years.

Such may be the case, but it seems somewhat strange that the wonderful advantages of this place were not discovered sooner. The men who first sail along the coast of a country generally find the best harbors and fix the sites of great commercial cities. Before Western capitalists invest much money in lots at Terminal City another town may be built on Cape Breton Island which will shorten the voyage to Europe another half day. The Cape Breton Railway is nearly completed, and it is claimed that it will touch three harbors. It is also well to remember that the attempt to make a great shipping port of Milford Haven, in Wales, has not succeeded. Its harbor is excellent, and it is easier to reach than Liverpool. But it is difficult to build up a new shipping point when there is an established trade with old and large cities.—[Chicago Herald.]

The Open Port Hole.

An English bishop was homeward bound from the United States, traveling luxuriously in a double cabin with Mrs. Bishop. It was a hot night, thunder in the air, and the Atlantic liner slipped through the water, the cabin being lit up with lightning flashes. Mrs. Bishop could not sleep for the heat. Bishop, appealed to, lumbered out of his berth and opened the port hole. Suddenly there lobbed in through the port-hole a wooden ball attached to a string. Bishop was perplexed, but he tied it up, coiling the string by a nail in the wall, and then retired to rest. The ball was an apple of discord in that peaceful cabin, for it hit against the side of the vessel as she lurched, and Mrs. Bishop grew querulous and disturbed. Up started the poor bishop again, and to end matters he uncoiled the cord and put the ball under his pillow. There was a heavy thunder storm, but the bishop slept soundly that night. Next morning at breakfast, the captain presiding, he told the tale with a good deal of episcopal solemnity and detail. The captain laughed immoderately. Bishop laughed, too, thinking his story a good one. Then the captain told him that the ball was the end of the lightning conductor.

Be Careful About Signing Papers.

Don't sign any paper for any one except those with whom you are acquainted and know to be honest. A new swindle is being carried on in Connecticut by means of a double fountain pen, one end of which is filled with good substantial ink, the other with ink that fades away in a day or two. The sharper writes his agreement contract, or whatever particular lay he may have chosen with the ink that fades and his victim signs with the other end of the pen in the ink that lasts. In a few days he has a slip of paper with nothing on it but a good signature, over which he writes any sort of a note that he can, most easily turn into cash.—[Boston Herald.]

A HEROINE OF SIXTEEN.

The Extraordinary Swim From the Quetta.

In the history of this country there has, perhaps, never been known an instance of greater courage, endurance, and pluck than that shown by Emily Lacy, a young girl under 16 years of age, at the time of the wreck of the Quetta. As Miss Lacy is related to some personal friends of my own I have asked permission to publish a few more particulars about her. She and her younger sister, aged 13, were coming to England to complete their education. When the crash came Emily immediately rushed to the cabin to try and rescue her younger sister, and the two succeeded in reaching the deck where, however, they were at once separated; and they never met afterward. Miss Lacy says that as the vessel was going down a gentleman in whose care the girls were said to her: "You look after yourself and I will take care of May." Both this gentleman, however, and the little sister were drowned.

"When we got aft," she writes, "the ship suddenly went down, and as I was drinking in the salt water I thought I was going to be drowned. But I came up again and was surrounded by Cingalese and sheep. I felt myself being pressed down by them. It was terrible. Then I saw a raft a short distance out, and was dragged on it by the purser, who was very kind to me. We were attached to a bigger raft crowded with Cingalese. When we got away some distance, as the Cingalese became very noisy, we cut our raft adrift, and I remained on her with the purser for a long time, till we were, as I thought, 2 miles from the shore; and, as he told me that he could not swim, I left him and swam for the shore, but I did not reach it, as it was so far away. I went on swimming toward the land, and saw another raft, on which were two Cingalese, to which I made my way, and got to it, but as they were very rude and excited, and I thought they might be drunk, I left it and took to swimming again."

When lifted out of the water she could not have kept up for another half hour. She was quite without clothes, and burned nearly black with the sun. Before lifting her out of the water a sailor threw his jacket over her, and then laid her tenderly in the bottom of the boat. For 20 consecutive hours she had been swimming and floating, sometimes on her back, sometimes on her side. She spoke of the heat as so intense that she had continually to keep her head under water to escape sunstroke. She says that she had never any conscious fear of death, either from drowning, or from a worse or more terrible enemy, sharks, but she often felt her powers of endurance giving way, and it was only the thought of the agony her death would have caused her parents which enabled the heroic girl to continue her exertions. The wreck took place at 9 p. m. on Friday, February 28, and Miss Lacy was not rescued until 8 o'clock on Sunday morning. Twelve hours out of that time she spent with the chief officer, Grey, who had got on a raft. As he could not swim, the brave girl swam by the side of the raft and tried to tow it toward land. Finding, however, that she was making no progress, she left him, hoping to reach land, which did not seem far away, and so got food and water for herself and him. She soon, however, got into cross currents, and when the Albatross rescued her she was drifting out to sea. Miss Lacy is now recovering from the fearful shock she has undergone, and has before now returned to her home. She expressed a great dread of going again on the water, and it is scarcely likely that the intrepid girl will ever visit England.—[G. T. Meade.]

Bear and Blacksmith.

Little Billy Parott, originally a blacksmith, then a sailor, had drifted to a Bengal indigo plantation, where he had charge of the machinery. He was a good natured fellow, as strong as a bull, and a splendid wrestler, having learned every trick of that sport from the many wrestling matches he had engaged in while living in England. One day several of the English planters joined in a bear-shooting excursion, and Billy accompanied them. On arriving in the jungle they were posted along the edge of a precipitous gully, on platforms in the trees, about fifty yards apart, where they waited until the coolies, beating the bush, drove up the game. What happened is narrated by Mr. Inglis in his "Tent Life in Tigerland."

"After several deer had been shot there was a long, silent wait, while the coolies were beating another part of the jungle. Billy had left his platform and was talking to the occupants of another, when some one shouted, 'Look out, you beggars, there's a bear.' A great she bear rushed through the bushes, accompanied by her cub, and grunting savagely. She came close to Billy, but would not have attacked him, had not one of the hunters splintered her lower jaw by a shot from his revolver. Then with a growl she rose up and rushed for Billy. He started to run, but his foot caught in a vine and down to the ground he fell. In an instant the bear was upon him. The brute was powerless to bite, because of her broken jaw, but she got Billy in a close hug and rolled over and over with him in her arms.

"Here Billy's strength and his knowledge of wrestling tricks served him. He twisted his strong, bony legs round the bear's hind-quarters, thus keeping the brute from tearing him with her hind claws. His left elbow he got right under the bear's throat, a favorite wrestling trick, by which he kept the bear's mouth from his face, and, with his right fist he dealt the bear in the face and ribs blow after blow that sounded above even his own mad shouts.

There was no chance for the other hunters to shoot or to stab, as they might have hurt Billy instead of the bear, who was tearing the man's shoulders with her fore claws. Over and over they rolled, writhing, panting, struggling, and approaching the edge of the precipitous gully. "The sportsmen were alarmed, but

powerless. As the wrestlers rolled perilously near the precipice Billy's friends rushed forward to save him. They were too late—over went man and bear. The hunters looked over the verge and saw the black, jumbled mass bound from an overhanging ledge, and disappear down the gloomy chasm. Not one of them expected to see Billy alive again.

"Moody and silent they went down the steep descent, accompanied by the coolies, to find poor Billy's body. At last they got to the bottom of the ravine.

"A sound caused them to pause. From the cavernous bottom of the ravine they heard Billy crouching softly his favorite chorus: "Twanke diddle oh! Twanke diddle oh! Twanke diddle, iddle, iddle, oh!"

"Turrh!" shouted again and again the delighted hunters, and then rushed down, over rocks and through creepers. They found Billy alive, but torn and bruised, sitting on the mangled carcass of his late enemy. But he was sound in wind and limb, while the bear's ribs had been crushed in, as a man crushes an egg shell. She fell first on the jagged rock, and thus saved Billy from being smashed into a mangled heap. One of the party was a doctor, and by evening Billy, propped up on a camp bed, was again singing his chorus, 'Twanke diddle oh!'"

Safe Shelter.

Gen. F. A. Walker's "History of the Second Army Corps" is a thoroughly serious and workman-like piece of writing, but even in his account of the battle of Fredericksburg, with its horrible and seemingly useless slaughter, he cannot forbear to mention one of those amusing performances of the "raw recruit," which so often provoked a smile even in the very presence of death:

In order to draw the enemy's fire from one of the Federal columns, General Couch took his stand, with his staff, in a conspicuous position on the bluff. The effort was eminently successful, and the staff were soon the target of many guns; but as the distance was considerable, no damage was done beyond splintering horses and men with mud thrown up by the plunging shot.

Just at this moment it happened that some members of the band of a new nine-months' regiment, whose colonel had ordered "the music" to remain behind while the fighting men went over the bridge, strolled up the bluff, attracted by curiosity; and the fellow whose business it was to beat the big drum set it deliberately down, and cast his eyes in an interested way over the exciting scene—the river wreathed in the smoke of a hundred guns, the city beneath, torn by their bursting shells, the broad plain, and the heights beyond bristling with intrenchments.

Altogether unused to war, the genia recruit had no conception that, at such a distance, he could be in any danger, until suddenly the fire of a battery was turned upon the corps staff close by.

When three solid shot had struck the ground, throwing the mud ten feet into the air, and as many shrapnel had burst in front, sending their fat-spreading fan of bullets whistling over the bluff, a sense of the situation struck our new friend, and, with ludicrous precipitancy, he encased himself behind his drum, where, though the case would not have shed a pistol-shot, he cuddled up with an apparent feeling of relief and security which, fortunately, was not disturbed by the impact of a three-inch ball.

The Foods of the Future.

One of the savants has discovered that there is less danger than is popularly supposed of the supply of food running short, for the reason that when our country becomes densely populated we shall be able to get our fat food from trees. As for our "flour foods" the outlook is still better. "Land that gives 100 pounds of potatoes," he says, "will yield more than 4,000 pounds of bananas, and three acres of bananas will supply 25 men."

This statement ought to attract the attention of our farmers and set them raising bananas. They would need boat houses, of course, and the culture would be costly as compared with the culture in lands to which the banana is native, but with a sufficiently heavy duty the foreign grown banana could be shut out and the home market secured for the American producer. Just where the consumer would get the money to pay for the home grown banana is a question of some difficulty, but the protective duty does not concern itself with such problems.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Value of Green and Dry Foods.

In discussing the nutritive value of green and dried foods relatively it is said by the Maine Station that it has been repeatedly demonstrated that carefully dried grass is as digestible after as before drying, and the same of fodder corn dried and as ensilage. Experiments show that a pound of digestible matter in ensilage, with its accompanying seven or eight pounds of water, can do only practically the same work as a pound of digestible material from timothy hay, with its water nearly all dried out. Science has given practice no safer or more useful conclusion than that cattle foods have nutritive value in proportion to the digestible dry matter which they contain. There is, however, a small difference in favor of ensilage and a chance for the exercise of good judgment in combining foods.

A Snow Plant From the Sierras.

One of the rarest plants known to botanists has been brought to this city by E. L. Swartz, and is now on exhibition in the windows of a snow town florist. It is known as the snow plant, and was found by Mr. Swartz growing near snow banks in the Sierras, 6,500 feet above the sea level. The plant is indigenous to high and frozen altitudes, and is a variety. It grows to the height of 4 or 5 inches, and when it blooms, which is soon after the spring thaw, it bears the appearance of a dark reddish pine cone set upright on the ground. It emits an odor that is not unlike that of the honeysuckle. The value attached to it is on account of its rarity, and the plant secured by Mr. Swartz is doubtless the first ever brought to this city.—[San Francisco Examiner.]

GOLD BEATING.

An Industry Represented by but One Shop in Cincinnati.

In a basement on Third street is the only gold beater's shop in Cincinnati. It has been there for 11 years, and every day of those 11 years the bang, bang of the beater's hammer has gone on, yet few people know there is a representative of the "ancient and honorable" trade in our city. Ancient it is indeed, having been in existence among the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians. Whether they used the same processes as those now used or not is not known, but it is thought they were very much like those of to-day. The first record of gold beating is that of a German monk named Theophilus in the twelfth century.

The gold used in gold beating is pure gold alloyed with copper and silver to suit the color required. When the gold is any lower than 23 carats fine it is alloyed with pure silver, as copper makes it too harsh to beat. Sixteen carat gold has so much taken the color of silver that it would be mistaken for that metal.

The gold is melted in crucibles of German sand. It is then poured into ingots, forged and rolled about as thin as writing paper. This is then cut into little pieces about one inch square, weighing about 2 1/2 ounces. Each man gets \$50 worth of these twice a week. These are placed in what is known as a kutch, which is simply a package of French paper about four inches square. This French paper is a sort of imitation parchment and is used in the first process because the gold is then too thick to put in books of so called skin. In this kutch, which is fitted into an envelope of parchment, the gold is beaten with a 16 pound hammer until about four inches square. This beating is done with a peculiar motion. The hammer comes down and is allowed to rebound to about the height of the beater's head. He then seems to catch it and throw a little higher, and allows it to come down without any apparent effort. The beater stands at his work and moves the upper half of his body with the hammer.

These four inch pieces of leaf are taken out of this "kutch" and cut into quarters. This is done with what is known as a "wagon," a little sled like arrangement with the runners made of split reeds, sharpened with a knife. They are exceedingly sharp and cut with great ease. Then these quarters are put in a "shoder," which is a book of "skin," as it is called. This skin is made of the intestines of bulls and is very expensive. Here it is again beaten until it is about four inches square. It is then quartered and beaten again in "skin" books or "molds." Each mold contains 1,000 leaves.

To clear these leaves of skin of the gold that adheres to them they are sprinkled with "brime," which is to be burned and ground up and then brushed with an English hare's foot. The American rabbit's foot isn't fine haired enough. After the leaf is taken from the mold, having received its third beating, it is trimmed carefully until 3 1/2 inches square. These are then put in little books, 25 leaves to a book. Twenty books of 25 leaves each make a pack, which sells for about \$7. When the leaf is ready for sale it is so thin that it takes 280,000 leaves, placed one on the other, to make a solid inch.

To learn the goldbeater's trade requires an apprenticeship of four years. It is indeed more a science than a trade. Machinery has been introduced in some places to do the beating, but it can only be used in the first and second processes, as the third requires the skill and knowledge of just how hard to strike owing to the different weights of the gold. The beating is done on "stones" of Italian marble set in the floor. On account of these stones the business can not be carried on in any but a ground floor.

The sweepings are all kept and refined for the gold dust that is in them. The broken crucibles, too, are kept and the gold gotten out of them. Everything must be kept perfectly dry, so as to prevent the leaf from sticking. In handling the leaf a pair of boxwood pincers is employed. The foil would stick so to the fingers as to make it impossible to handle them.

The foil is used principally for signs and for gilding the edges and binding of books. One of the largest users of foil in this city is a playing card firm, who use it for gilding the edges of their cards. Dentists' leaf is made of pure gold and is not made in this city at all.

To get the parchment needed the Cincinnati firm buys up old deers, indentures, and the like. They have a roll of parchments down there that would make an antiquarian's eyes sparkle. Most of them are English and of the eighteenth century, although sometimes one of the sixteenth is come across.—[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

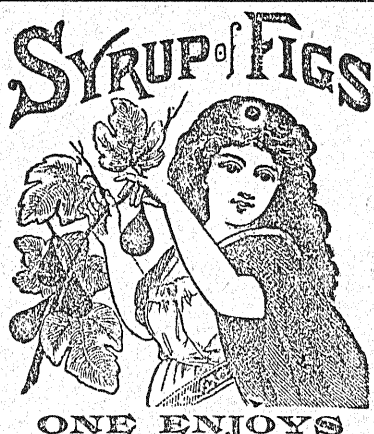
The Word "Nigger."

"Nigger" is not, as generally supposed, a corruption of "negro," but it is regularly developed from the earlier form of "neger," which is derived through the French from the Spanish-Portuguese "negro," from which the English "negro" is taken directly. "Nigger" is more English in form than "negro," and was formerly used to some extent still used without opprobrious intent; but its use is now confined to colloquial or illiterate speech, in which it generally conveys more or less of contempt.—[Century Dictionary.]

The Most Popular American Book.

The most profitable book ever printed, at least in this country, was Webster's Spelling Book. More than 50,000,000 copies of this production have been issued, and could Dr. Webster and his heirs have enjoyed the royalties from it they would have found it more valuable than the cave of Monte Cristo. Yet Dr. Webster wrote it that he might procure the means to support himself while engaged in other work, notably his dictionary, which was really an elaboration of the spelling book.

Waterville, Pa., is proud of several things, among them a ladies' orchestra, in which the little fiddle, the big fiddle, and the horn are all manipulated harmoniously by maidens young and fair.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it.

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INVALID LADIES.

Dr. M. HILLER'S home treatment is guaranteed to cure Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, etc.

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DRINK LION COFFEE. A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO.

Picture Card Given With every pound package. For Sale everywhere.

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

Different Methods of Following the Infatuation, "Love One Another."

Do men ever fall in love with each other? Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriton, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Presson, of that city, July 14th, 1900, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick. I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by the same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better.

WINGED MISSILES

Artificial musk is a recent chemical achievement. Athens, Ga., has a cat that weighs sixteen pounds.

A machine for making shoestrings out of paper is a recent Philadelphia invention.

It is curious that there are no direct descendants of Napoleon, Wellington or Walter Scott.

Marriages of convenience, which have been a social bane in France, are said to be on the decline there.

Paris has a bad touch of Englishism. The Anglomaniacs of that city send their linen to London to be washed.

The present Sultan of Zanzibar is only 37 years old. He is thought to be an able young man, for that country.

Three Tampa, Fla., hunters in two days' hunting killed two deer, four turkeys and 100 each of quail and squirrels.

A rattlesnake died in ten minutes after biting a colored man at Lumpkin, Ga. The man suffered no serious results.

One police court in New York in three hours disposed of 120 cases—an average of a minute and a half to each case.

Labor is cheap in Ceylon. The coolies there can live on \$1 a month, and are glad to get 13 1/2 cents a day for their work.

A new mania for collecting has broken out. This time it is not snuff boxes or canes, but shaving mugs. What next?

Locks were used by the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Chinese. Du Cange mentioned locks and padlocks as early as 1381.

At Montichiari batteries of artillery using smokeless powder kept up a fire for half an hour without their position being discovered.

A "peeping Tom" at Martinez, Cal., was caught in a tree the other night and was played on with a hose until he begged for mercy.

It is not generally known—in fact, popular prejudice points the other way—that the last carriage in a railway train is the safest.

Henry Walker, of Waylonza, Fla., is the owner of a pig that has six feet and twenty-four toes, while a neighbor has one with only two feet.

The Atlanta, Ga., fair association offered premiums for rat scalps and one farmer brought 4,300, locked on his farm, and got the first premium.

It is estimated that the 200,000 bushels of cranberries which New Jersey will send to market will realize to the farmers a round million of dollars.

A wild sweet potato found growing near Paulsboro, N. J., measured 20 inches in circumference and weighed twelve and one-half pounds, it is said.

Germany sent to the United States last year beet root sugar to the value of \$10,000,000. Two years ago the amount was less than a million and a half.

A colored man living in Worth county, Georgia, is the owner of a little red steer that recently trotted twenty-two miles in four hours to a cart.

A man stood on a street corner in New York recently and offered to bet \$500 to a cent that "behind the clouds the sun is still shining." He had no takers.

The explanation of the peculiar density of thunder clouds is said to lie in the fact that the vapor is partially condensed into drops by the electrical action.

This country is not the abiding place of the Chinese. Hosts of them left New York the other day for China, having achieved a competency for their own land.

A method of rendering tobacco smoke harmless to the mouth, heart and nerves without detriment to its aroma is claimed to have been discovered at Vichy.

An expert says the Florida phosphates, though immense in extent, are disappointing as to richness, and the proportion of high grades is exceedingly small.

Why not save your clothes, by using the best, purest, most economical soap, Dobbins' Electric. Made ever since 1854.

40,000,000 tons of plums are exported from Bosnia yearly.

"Is the swimming teacher busy?" "Yes, my dear," he's immersed in his business just at present."

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar: read what he says: Toledo, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

THE MOTHER IN FICTION.

She is Chiefly Conspicuous by Her Absence, and is Not Always Admirable.

A vigorous search has recently been made in novels for the admirable mother in fiction, and it gave the searcher a shock that she failed to materialize. The father, the brother, sister, cousins, aunts, and even grand-mother, are often drawn with a loving pencil, but the mother is always a subordinate character if introduced at all.

"Our Mutual Friend"—Mrs. Wilfer (outrageous).

"Domby and Son"—Mrs. Skewton (a libel on the sex).

David Copperfield's mother is an amiable fool; Mrs. Steerforth impossible and horrible; Mrs. Heap a mate for her husband; Mrs. Micawber a caricature.

"Bleak House"—Lady Dedlock the mother who abandoned her child; Mrs. Jellyby one who neglected her children for a hobby.

"The Tale of Two Cities" the mother dies before the story begins.

Then there is Mrs. Coleman (a criminal), Mrs. Merdle and Mrs. Gowan (worldly), and Mrs. Meagles (nice but not meant in "Little Dorrit"). Dickens' mothers are all objectionable.

Thackeray's only concession is Mrs. Pendennis. Mrs. Edmonds' maternal qualities are not strong.

Who does not love the gentle Year of Wakefield and his homely, tender philosophy? His gentleness is illustrated by his constant excuses for his nagging wife.

George Eliot ignores mothers. Mrs. Poyser is the most successful, but she comes of the lower order. Mrs. Harleth and her whole family are ruled by Gwendoline. Mrs. Tulliver and Mrs. Beane in "The Mill on the Floss" are almost imbecile. The wonder is that they had such remarkable children.

Jane Eyre has two thoroughly cruel and offensive, Lady Ingram and Mrs. Rhead.

Pisistratus' mother in Balzer Lytton's novel, "The Caxtons," is a tender and loving woman—an exception to the rule. Charles Reade has one respectable mother, Mrs. Little ("Put Yourself in His Place"), but Wilkie Collins falls in with the custom very naturally.

Quida's mothers are nearly all detestable.

Robert Elsmere is the one exception. The tiresome hero of that novel would have done well to have been endowed with his mother's intellect, cheerfulness, and vigor. But interesting as she is, her maternal influence did not go far. Amelle Rives has a cruel and heartless mother in "The Witness of the Sun," who sacrifices her son's happiness to satisfy her selfish passion. In Mrs. Catherwood's stories the mother is conspicuously absent. And so on and so indefinitely.

Mr. Depew's Eloquent Left Leg.

"It's lucky that nothing serious resulted from that trouble Chauncey M. Depew had with his leg a while ago," said a friend of the President of the New York Central recently. "for I verily believe that had such a thing as amputation been necessary Depew would never have been able to make another speech."

"What has his leg to do with his ability to make a speech?" asked a gentleman who overheard the remark.

"It's got just this to do with it, that if Depew were to lose his left leg his speech-making days would be over. I've heard him make a hundred speeches, and have watched him closely, and I've reached the conclusion that he grinds his speeches out of his left leg. Have you ever watched him sitting on a platform waiting for his turn to come? No? Well, you should at the next opportunity."

"Just as soon as Mr. Depew sits down he will cross the left foot over the right knee and begin to wiggle it. He puts it through all the gestures of an orator, bows to the audience, moves it to the right and left, and then swings it vigorously. He watches it all the time intently and seems to be conversing with it. If you ask him a question then he won't answer you, for ten chances to one he don't hear you. He is getting his inspiration, and he's drawing it from his left foot. I tell you if it was cut off I don't believe he could say a word."—N. Y. Times.

A Case of Disrespect.

A colored man at Augusta, Ga., having been hired to drive a party of New York and Boston gentlemen out to a plantation five or six miles away, felt his head swell accordingly. Half way out the road was somewhat obstructed by an ox cart which had broken down. There was plenty of room to pass, but the colored Jehu saw a favorable opportunity to show off, and so he drew rein and exclaimed:

"Yo' pussion dar!"

"What yo' want?" replied the other.

"What yo' destructin' dis road fur?"

"I ha'n't. Pass on."

"Yo' move dat cart!"

"Shan't do it!"

"Look-a-heah, Moses; does yo' reckon to desist me?"

"Gem'len," said Moses as he came nearer and removed his hat. "I wouldn't dun desist nobody, but I leab it to yo' if dar ha'n't sagacity nuff to rotate dis keerdige past dat obstructed-shun?"

The party decided that there was, and ordered the driver to drive on. He obeyed, but turned to explain:

"I knowed dar was, gem'len; but if yo' doan' disrespect some o' dese country niggers dey won't disrespect yo'."

Postage-Stamp.

The Berlin Boersen Courier estimates that there are 13,000 different kinds of postage-stamps in the world. Last January the imperial postal museum possessed 9,500 sorts, and is now supposed to have at least 2,000 more.

In nearly all Russian factories the employs are required to work thirteen hours per day.

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LADIES can have smaller feet. Send for my Free Book of Remedies and cure yourselves at home.

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence, causing premature loss of vitality, lost manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of cure, which he will send (confidential) FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address: J. H. REEVES, Esq., Box 330, N. Y. City.

DYE TO LIVE. Book on Cows, Horses, and Dogs, one Book on Horses, Cows and Poultry, and one Book on Cows, Horses, and Dogs. Dr. PHOENIX, 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Inventor of the best Horse, Cattle and Poultry Food in the world. Keeps papers 25 cents 1/2 mail, outside U.S.

GOOD HOMES IN SOUTH TEXAS. where FRUIT, GARDEN, HICK, CANE and GENERAL FARMING PATS. No better location for dairy and Stock Raising. The best of Health, Good Water, Mild Climate. Unsurpassed markets near.

For full information address Secretary of the Galveston, Harris and Brazoria Counties Immigration Bureau, Galveston, Texas.

SEALSKINS & FINE FURS. We are the oldest established Fur House in the West and carry a tremendous stock of all kinds of Furs. Call on us when in the city or write us for catalogue. We make a specialty of Seal Garments, Gentlemen's Fur Overcoats, Robes, Caps, Gloves, Caps, etc. We also buy all kinds of raw Fur. Write for price list. Mention this paper. THE W.C.L. PERROT & CO., London. Reasonable Furriers, 87 Washington St., Chicago.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Illustrated Serial Stories. The Serial Stories engaged for the year will be of unusual interest and finely illustrated.

Through Thick and Thin; by Molly Elliot Sewall. Nepigon; by C. A. Stephens. Kent Hampden; by Rebecca Harding Davis. Suleika; by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. The Yeagood Tea Service; by Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

Army Life and Adventure. Naval Life and Adventure. A Phenomenal Scout; by Gen. O. O. Howard. Adventures of a Middy; Admiral David D. Porter. Reading Indian "Sign"; by Gen. John Gibbon. Powder Monkeys; by Admiral S. B. Luce. Hunting Large Game; by Gen. John R. Brooke. A Chat about Samoa; by Admiral L. A. Kimberly. In Dig Horn Canon; by Gen. James S. Brisben. Overland in a Man-of-War; Admiral J. H. Gillis.

Latest Discoveries in Science. This Series of Papers explains in a simple manner the recent researches of the greatest Specialists in Science.

The Stars; by J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. The Moon; by Prof. E. S. Holden. The Earth; by Prof. N. S. Shaler. The Ocean; by Camille Flammarion. The Sun; by Prof. C. A. Young.

College Athletic Sports. How to Choose a College. By Harvard, Princeton and Yale Captains. Four Articles of great value to any young man considering a College Education; by Pres. Seth Low. Hon. Andrew D. White. Prof. Goldwin Smith. Prof. Merrill E. Gates.

Important Articles. The Success at the Bar of Famous Lawyers; by Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England. Incidents in the Lives of Famous Surgeons; by Sir Morell Mackenzie, M. D. Railway Stories by Railway Men; by Prominent Railroad Officials. Jules Verne's Boyhood, telling how he became a Story Writer; by Jules Verne. Among the Highland Peasantry; by The Marquis of Lorne. Illus. by The Princess Louise.

The Girl with a Taste for Music. Thrown on Her Own Resources. How can She make the most of Her Voice? A remarkable series of papers written expressly for THE COMPANION by the following famous singers: Madame Albani. Miss Marie Van Zandt. Miss Emma Juch. Miss Emma Nevada. Madame Lillian Nordica.

What can a Girl of Sixteen do? A Series of Four practical and helpful Articles, which will prove suggestive and valuable to any girl; by Amelia E. Barr. "Jenny June." Mary A. Livermore. "Marion Harland." And other Favorite Writers.

Weekly Editorials on Current Events at home and abroad. A Charming Children's Page Every Week. Household Articles will be published frequently, giving useful information in the various departments of home life.— Art Work, Fancy Work, Embroidery, the Decoration of Rooms, the Care of Plants, Cooking, and Hints on Housekeeping.

THIS SLIP FREE TO JAN., 1891. WITH \$1.75

To any New Subscriber who will cut out and send us this slip, with name and Post-Office address and \$1.75, we will send The Youth's Companion FREE to FIVE DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS and all the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS. Send Check, Post-office Order, or Registered Letter.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass. Comes Every Week.—Finely Illustrated.—Read in 450,000 Families.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

BROOKER & WICKWARE EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

Our job department has recently been increased by the addition of a large quantity of new type, making it complete in every respect. We have facilities for doing the most difficult work in this line and solicit the patronage of the public. Office in the new Pinney brick block, over the Exchange Bank.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

A Jewish boy in Russia who stole a pear was brutally punished. The word "thief" was branded on his forehead in three places.

HOSEA BROWN, of Linn County, Ore., aged one hundred and two years, and a veteran of 1812, has just been awarded a pension of forty dollars a month.

"OLD SACRAMENTO," the cannon taken across the plains by General Fremont in his first expedition, is an object of interest at the Kansas State Capitol.

Miss EMMA S. TRAPPER made an investigation and found that out of fifty New York hotels visited in eighteen of them female servants were required to sleep in rooms under the ground. In one hotel the ceiling of the sleeping-room was four feet below the sidewalk.

A SENTENCE in Massachusetts in 1663, discovered in a search of old records: Robert Coles fined £10 for "abusing himself shamefully with drink," and enjoined to stand with "A Drunkard" in great letters on a white sheet on his back, "soe longe as the court thinks meete."

LEUT. ALPHEUS ROBERT FRENCH, the sole survivor of the Black Hawk war, died in Baltimore recently, aged eighty-one years. After the Black Hawk Mr. French re-enlisted and was ordered to Florida during the Seminole war. He was badly injured in different battles and given up for dead on several occasions.

ACCEPT it or not, as you please, the statement is made by a purist in English that the most common misquotation in the tongue is: "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Properly it reads: "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," and was written by an Englishman named Nathaniel Lee about the year 1700.

THE American Analyst says that there are \$2,000,000,000 invested in the dairy business in this country. That amount is almost double the money invested in banking and commercial industries. It is estimated that it requires 15,000,000 cows to supply the demand for milk and its products in the United States. To feed these cows 60,000,000 acres of land are under cultivation.

THE Edison phonographic doll has now got up to one hundred and thirty-five words in speech. For a long time only seventy words could be packed into the compact little frame, and it was therefore deterred from saying a great many interesting things. In course of time the wizard of Menlo Park may make his dolls talk as freely as human beings. It is all a matter of combination.

YEARS ago in Japan there was a coin called the menseng, which was worth only about one-two hundred and twenty-fourths of a penny. It was an iron piece. In England we have had a piece worth no more than a quarter of a farthing, and a very pretty piece it is. A piece of one-third of a farthing was also minted in the reign of George IV. and William IV. If in good condition it is now worth a shilling as a curiosity.

GENERAL FURLONG, a noted American traveler, tells a reporter for the New York Press that the longest word on record is "Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwrdrobwillandisillogogoch," which is the name of a parish church he visited once while in that country. If General Furlong was merely in search of a longer name than his own he could have found it without going outside of his own land. Why didn't he hunt up General Miles?

A VERY acrimonious discussion has developed in Alabama in regard to the mutilation of Rube Burrows' body before or after death, many marks of violence being visible. Whatever mutilation there was of the late Mr. Burrows must have been done after death, as he took particular pains that nothing of that kind occurred during his life-time. Indeed, his great ability to prevent any thing of the sort had much to do with his long and busy career.

HENRY FRANCIS MOORE, a blacksmith, still living at Medford, Mass., is said to be the original of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" who stood under the spreading chestnut tree and the muscled of whose brawny arms were strong as iron bands. The poet was often in Medford previous to writing the poem and was fond of chatting with Moore. The blacksmith is now sixty-one years of age and is himself of the opinion that Longfellow had him in mind when he wrote his poem.

THE inevitable upheaval that is destined to occur in Russia does not seem to be very far off according to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Telegraph. He says: "The Minister of the Interior has received very alarming reports concerning the state of the country. The prisons are crowded with suspects, chiefly young men of the educated classes. Disaffection is spreading in every locality, incendiarism is rife, and there have been conflicts in a great many places between the peasantry and soldiers." No wonder the Czar is afflicted with insomnia.

At the State fair in Birmingham, Ala., Thomas J. Mims and Miss Gertrude Pitman, of Brewton, Ala., were married in front of the grand stand in the presence of ten thousand people. Rev. S. M. Adams performing the ceremony. The young couple then stepped into the car of a monster gas balloon and, with Aeronaut Baldwin, sailed off on a bridal tour. The balloon took a southerly direction, and at a height of some mile and a half went over the Red mountain. The balloon bridal party landed on top of a mountain seventeen miles from Birmingham after a pleasant trip of about an hour.

School Notes.

Handed in by Principal Conlon.

Don't miss the school entertainment Thanksgiving night.

The new seats have been put in the primary room.

We were visited this week by Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. Work and James McArthur.

A very interesting and strongly contested discussion on the McKinley Bill took place in the high school room last week. Some excellent articles were presented.

The old story over again. Just as we were congratulating ourselves on the fact that the cases of tardiness were being greatly reduced, several pupils, whose names appear below, had to put in their appearance late: Eva Wickware, 2; Fred Schwarzer, 2; Edgar Butler, Willie Zinnecker, Chas. Seed, John Koepgen and Dell Schenk.

Program of the school entertainment to be given at the hall Thanksgiving night:

- Invocation..... Nelson McClinton.
Music..... Charles Seed.
President's Proclamation..... Charles Seed.
Governor's Proclamation..... Charles Seed.
Origin of Thanksgiving..... Rev. S. M. Gilchrist.
Music..... Rev. S. M. Gilchrist.
Two Notable Thanksgivings..... James Muma.
Recitation..... Ella Bader.
Song..... Harry Outwater.
Declamation..... Harry Outwater.
Recitation..... Carrie Predmore.
Music, Medley..... Lily Schenk.
Extracts from a speech of Evert..... William Predmore.
Recitation..... Irene Pinney.
Song..... Irene Pinney.
Discussion:—
"Resolved, That science has done more than the press for the advancement of the United States."
Affirmative, Violet Hopkins; Negative, Belle Walmsley.
This discussion will be decided by judges and a prize given to the victor. In the decision the manner and delivery will be taken into consideration as well as the arguments presented.

When the Millennium Comes.
Husband (drowsily)—For Heaven's sake, Emily, put out that gas and come to bed. It must be twelve o'clock.
Wife (meekly)—Yes, dear; when I put a few more stitches in the neckband of this shirt. It must have irritated your neck dreadfully.
Husband—It did; but it's getting near midnight.
Wife—It still wants ten minutes of you. You know, it's never too late to mend.—Light.

Editor (to Miss Oldgirl, aged about forty)—Your work shows promise, madam, but do you know that good literary work is seldom done by a woman until she is thirty or thirty-five? Several years hence you will be able to write available articles.
Miss Oldgirl (as she leaves)—That was the most delightful man I ever met.—West Shore.

Very Accomplished.
Miss do Muir—How charming you look to-day!
Miss do Meanor (slightly dyspeptic)—I regret that I can not say as much for you.
Miss do Muir (sweetly)—You could, dear, if you were as accomplished a liar as I am.—Pack.

He Was Born There.
Emaciated Invalid (just arrived at the springs)—Is it true that drinking these waters produces fat?
Native (weight two hundred and fifty)—Produce fat? Why, stranger, when I came here I only weighed eight pounds, and look at me now!—Texas Siftings.

CORNS and BUNIONS ARE POSITIVELY CURED BY Mitchell's Cure-all Corn and Bunion Plasters. ONE TRIAL will make a eripple dance for Joy. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail for 9c. per box. Novelty Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass.

Save \$36.50 on Your Ticket to California. J. C. JUDSON & CO.'S personally conducted California Excursions in broad gauge Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, via Denver & Rio Grande R. R. (the scenic line of the world) leave Chicago via Chicago & Alton R. R. 12:00 noon Saturday of every week, each excursion in charge of an efficient and gentlemanly excursion manager. Pullman tourist sleeping berths, etc., call on or address, J. C. JUDSON & CO., 115 Clark Street, Chicago.

LAND FOR 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, Ower.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the electors of the township of Elkland, in the county of Tuscola, and state of Michigan, that the next ensuing general election will be held on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, being the fourth day of said month, at the Town hall, in said township, at which election the following officers are to be chosen, to wit: A Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Auditor General, Commissioner of the State Land Office, Attorney General and Superintendent of Public Instruction. Also a member of the State Board of Education, in place of James Ballou, whose term of office will expire December 31st, 1890. Also a Representative in Congress for the Tenth Congressional District of this State, to which your county belongs. Also a Senator for the Seventeenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Ingham and Tuscola. Also a Representative in the State Legislature for the First and Second Representative District for your county. Also an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of James V. Campbell. The term of office for which said Supreme Justice is to be elected will expire December 31st, 1895. Also a proposition for a convention for a general revision of the Constitution of this State, as provided by Act No. 169 of the Public Acts of 1889. Also the following officers are to be elected for Tuscola county, viz: One Sheriff, one County Clerk, one County Treasurer, one Register of Deeds, one Prosecuting Attorney, two Circuit Court Commissioners, and one Coroner. The polls of said election will be opened at seven o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as may be, and will be continued open until five o'clock in the afternoon, unless the board shall, in their discretion, adjourn the polls at twelve o'clock, noon, for one hour. Dated at Elkland, this 21st day of October, 1890 J. D. BROOKER, Township Clerk.

ENCOURAGE Home Industry —By Buying Your— SPRING and LUMBER WAGONS —OF— H. S. WICKWARE Each wagon is of my own make and sold under a guarantee. I also keep in stock the OVID BUGGIES —AND— Road Wagons. On which I Defy Competition. REPAIRING neatly executed on short notice. BLACKSMITH SHOP in connection. When in the city give me a call, see the work and get my prices. H. S. WICKWARE. Abstracts of Title. To all Lands in Tuscola county. A. T. SLAGHT & CO., MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTGAGES. IN SUMS FROM \$50 TO \$5,000! For long or short time. Office across from Medler House. CARO - MICH.

PROBATE ORDER— State of Michigan, County of Tuscola—ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Tuscola, made on the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1890, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Daniel A. Holmes, late of said county, deceased, and that all claims against said estate are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the village of Caro, for examination and allowance, on or before the thirtieth day of April next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Monday, the twelfth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days. Dated October 11th, A. D. 1890. JAMES M. VANTASSEL, Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE— Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1888, and executed by Hugh McDerrott and Catherine McDerrott, his wife, to John Marshall and recorded in the office of the register of deed for the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, on the eighth day of August, on page 275, on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1888. That default has been made in the conditions of said mortgage and in the payment of the principal and interest due thereon and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of three hundred and nine dollars (\$390) that under the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1890, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, this being the place wherein the Circuit Court for the county of Tuscola is held) and that said premises are described in said mortgage as follows to-wit: The east half of the north-west quarter of section eleven in township number fourteen, north of range eleven east, which said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest, that may accrue thereon after this date and up to the time of sale aforesaid, including the cost of foreclosure. Dated September 26th, 1890. JOHN MARSHALL, Mortgagee. J. D. BROOKER, Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHANCERY NOTICE—State of Michigan, 24th judicial circuit in chancery. Suit pending in a circuit court for the county of Tuscola, in chancery, at the village of Caro, on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1890. OLIVE A. HEATH, Complainant. vs. WILBER E. HEATH, Defendant. It satisfactorily appearing by affidavit on file, that the defendant, Wilber E. Heath, is a resident of this state, but is now absent from his place of residence and that his present whereabouts are unknown. On motion of J. D. Brooker, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, Wilber E. Heath, cause his appearance to be entered herein within four months from the date of this order. And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof, the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that she cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendant, Wilber E. Heath, at least twenty days before the time prescribed for his appearance. TACIUS P. ZANDER, Circuit Court Commissioner, Tuscola Co. Mich. J. D. BROOKER, solicitor for Complainant. A true copy. PETER P. DAWSON, Register.

FORECLOSURE SALE— Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the fourteenth day of July, 1888, was executed by Bertha A. Reilly to William J. Cooper and recorded in the register of deed office in Tuscola county, and state of Michigan, in liber 64 of Mortgages on page 399, on the fourth day of July, 1888. That default has been made in the conditions of said mortgage and the payment of principal and interest due thereon and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of seven dollars and seventy seven cents, that under the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of October, 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro in said Tuscola county, and that said premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: all that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the township of Alton, in the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the north-west corner of Section thirteen, running thence east seventy (70) rods, thence south fifty-six and one-half (56 1/2) rods, thence west seventy (70) rods, thence north fifty-six and one-half (56 1/2) rods, to the place of beginning, and containing twenty-five acres of land, more or less, and will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest, that may accrue thereon after this date and the costs of foreclosure. Dated August 15th, 1890. WILLIAM J. COOPER, Mortgagee. T. C. QUINN, Attorney for Mortgagee.

THE RUSH.

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

FOR 30 DAYS DATED, OCT. 3 '90.

ENCOURAGE Home Industry —By Buying Your— SPRING and LUMBER WAGONS —OF— H. S. WICKWARE Each wagon is of my own make and sold under a guarantee. I also keep in stock the OVID BUGGIES —AND— Road Wagons. On which I Defy Competition. REPAIRING neatly executed on short notice. BLACKSMITH SHOP in connection. When in the city give me a call, see the work and get my prices. H. S. WICKWARE. Abstracts of Title. To all Lands in Tuscola county. A. T. SLAGHT & CO., MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTGAGES. IN SUMS FROM \$50 TO \$5,000! For long or short time. Office across from Medler House. CARO - MICH.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom. \$5.00 \$4.00 \$3.50 \$2.50 \$2.25 \$2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN. \$3.00 \$2.00 \$1.75 \$1.75 \$1.75 FOR LADIES. \$1.75 \$1.75 FOR BOYS. \$1.75 \$1.75 FOR MISSES. W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain. The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers. \$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commands itself. \$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf shoe unequalled for style and durability. \$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress shoe, at a popular price. \$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc. All made in Congress, Burton and Laco. \$3 & \$2 SHOES LADIES. have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices. Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertisement price, or postal for order blanks. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. J. D. CROSBY: Agent.

Fritz Brothers. Holiday Announcement. Next Week.

SPECIAL PRICES OUR FALL STOCK OF DRY GOODS JUST RECEIVED! WE SHALL PUT ON SALE ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, All Wool Dress Flannels at 25cts. worth 35. All Wool Dress Flannels, 54 inches wide, at 50c. worth 65. 1000 yds. of New Styles in Plaid Dress Flannels, 36 inches wide, at 25cts. worth 35. 10 pieces of Wool Faced Cashmere. Latest Shades, 34 inches wide, at 22cts. worth 25. 50 pieces Double Faced Satin Ribbon, No. 9, at 10cts; No. 12 at 15cts. worth 30. 1000 yards of Standard Dress Prints at 5 cents per yard. CLOAKS NEWEST AND LATEST STYLES CLOAKS Ladies and Gents Underwear in all the different Grades at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES! Highest Market Price paid for Butter and Eggs. Frost & Hebblewhite.

NEW STORE AT GAGETOWN! I have recently Purchased a Fine Stock of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES &c. I am located in the R. S. Brown store building. It will pay you to call and see my Mammoth Stock before purchaseng elsewhere. Yours Truly, A. J. PALMER.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE! We have concluded to sell or Exchange our ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Boots and Shoes, embracing a complete assortment of Ladies' Shoes made at the New Factory of A. C. McGraw & Co., and Warranted to be of Superior Excellence. WE WANT TO DISPOSE OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK, and will SELL or EXCHANGE it for Butter, Eggs, Greenbacks, Silver or Gold. Our reason for doing this is to make room for New Goods that are constantly arriving. A Large Stock of Dress Goods just received that are Sure to please you both in Style and price. J. C. LAING, Cass City.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROOKER & WICKWARE.

Professional Cards.

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

HENRY C. WALES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Agent for Caro
Marble Works and Fire Insurance. Of-
fice day—Saturday.

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

DR. N. M'CLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur.
Graduate of Vic. University 1865. Office
first door over Fritz's drug store. Speciality—
Diseases of women, and nervous debility.

DR. J. H. M'LEAN,
CANCERS Cured without the knife. Tape
worms removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas
and fissures cured by a new and painless
method.

INSURANCE.
Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Phila-
delphia, issues policies to males or females,
for ten, twenty years or for life at very low
rates.
J. E. TRATHIER, J. H. M'LEAN,
State Agent. Medical Examiner.

Lodges.
I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
W. B. PREDMORE, N. G.
D. MCGILVARY, Secretary.

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

Tyler Lodge.
TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., will hold
its regular communications for the year 1890
in the Masonic hall on Saturday evenings or
preceding the full moon of each month. The
following are the dates: Jan. 4, Feb. 1, Mar. 1,
Apr. 5, May 3 and 31, June 24, (St. John), June
28th, July 25, Aug. 23, Sept. 27, Oct. 25, Nov.
20, Dec. 22, (election of officers) Dec. 27, (St.
John).
HENRY STEWART, W. M.
A. H. ALE, Secretary.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

RECORDED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	88
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	84
do No. 2 red.....	91
do No. 3 red.....	85
Oats.....	41 @ 44
Beans hand-picked.....	150 @ 1 75
do unpicked.....	100 @ 1 50
Potatoes.....	45 @ 50
Rye.....	45 @ 50
Barley.....	110 @ 1 20
Clover seed.....	360 @ 3 85
Fans per bushel.....	45 @ 60
Buckwheat.....	25 @ 20
Pork, live weight.....	3 58
Pork, dressed.....	4 50 @ 0
Butter.....	15
Eggs.....	19
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 23
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

CORRESPONDENCE

KINGSTON.

H. S. Youngs has gone on the road
canvassing for a book.
D. C. Briggs of North Branch, visited
with his brother on Tuesday.
Miss Ella Ryckinan has so far recovered
from her sickness as to be around
again.
Mrs. John Roy, who has been quite
sick, is able to attend to her business in
the shop again.
Mrs. E. Weston, of North Branch, has
been assisting Mrs. J. Roy in her mill-
inery work for the past week.
Mrs. H. M. Anderson, of Bay City, and
Mrs. E. A. Huggett, of Chagnie Falls,
Ohio, are visiting with their sister, Mrs.
O. A. Briggs.
A few of Kittle Briggs' friends and
schoolmates made her a pleasant sur-
prise on Thursday evening of last week
as it was her sixteenth birthday.
Chas Tallien a comrade and bunk-
mate of O. A. Briggs in the army, called
on him on Tuesday. It was a pleasant
surprise for both as they had not met
since the war closed.

Wilmot.

N. Hort was a Cass City visitor Wed-
nesday.
James McCallum is at Detroit this
week.
John Crocker, of Cass City, Sundayed
in Wilmot.
Mrs. Murcheson has moved into John
Cook's house.
Wm. Summers was in Cass City Wed-
nesday on business.
A number of our boys are working on
the gravel train this week.
The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos.
Berry died Tuesday morning.
Mathew Tallman and Andrew Jones
were visiting friends in Canada last week.
Andrew and Tim Tallman have come
home from Flint, where they have been
working this summer.
Which one of the Leaches was elected
Representative to State Legislature for
second district, Travis Leach on the In-
dustrial ticket, or Travers Leach on the
Democratic ticket?

DEFOED.

DIED—At his home in Novesta on Nov.
5th, Frank Dudley Sole, aged 19 years,
7 months and 18 days.

Our news this week is indeed solemn.
A family circle has been broken; a young
life has gone out from among us; a
brother and sister weep; an aged father
sorrow; a mother's heart is wrung with
poignant grief, because a familiar form
has been laid away in its narrow home.
Through it all they feel to say, "They
will be done." Deceased was born in the
township of Kingston, this county,
March, 17th, 1872. He has never been
very strong physically and about two
years ago he began to show marked de-
cline in health. He was treated by sev-
eral doctors, but all to no purpose. He
wasted away until his life went out as
gentle as the closing of a summer day.
He was buried in the Lamotte cemetery,
on the 7th inst, followed by sorrowing
kindred and a large concourse of friends
and neighbors. Rev. Karr of this place
officiating.

GRANT.

Industrial and democratic tickets
crowded the ballot box at Grant Center
on election day, so we hear. There is
now three political parties. Which will
have to go down?

The walls of the new domicile still re-
mains roofless and with very little pros-
pects of having any, and the sufferer by
fire is rather too sensitive to go out ask-
ing alms, knowing how cold the world is.

A reward of one hundred dollars will
be paid to any one that will furnish suf-
ficient evidence to convict the person
that fired the house on the night of the
14th of October. This is a bonafide
offer.

The best oats of this season were taken
to the elevator on Saturday, the 8th,
from Grant. Eight bags weighed a little
over 24 bushels. W. Richards was the
raiser of the cereal, for which he received
forty-three cents per bushel.

Our Evergreen friend seems to think it
is listening to the sceptical talk of the
Grant Indian that influenced that wretch
to fire the house. But no Indian that
ever tramped the wilds of America could
ever teach any worse precepts than that
which says, "Resist not Evil." For fur-
ther information to my Evergreen friend
I would advise him to read that part of
holy writ called "Hoesa 13th" verse 16,
and then ask himself the question if it
is possible to have any worse examples
laid down to corrupt the minds of peo-
ple. No wonder that it is said, "Alas
for the Rarity of Christian Charity." I
tell you my christian friend of Evergreen
that such precepts are enough to make the
blood run cold in the veins of a sensitive
man or woman. Read my friend and be-
come Enlightened.

OWENDALE and CREEL.

J. T. Owens was in the Burg on Wed-
nesday last.
D. McGregor contemplates building in
the near future.
Arlie Hildy, of Grant, is visiting at
C. Crawford's at present.
Miss Maggie Ballagh returned to Pon-
tiac on Tuesday of this week.
Richard Hughes will work the Wm.
Kelley farm the next year.
E. Owens, of Grant, has finished his
contract of R. Hughes's barn.
Wm. Sage and wife, of Elmwood, called
on friends in this part Thursday.
Thomas Cosgrove is now able to be
around again, after his severe illness.
Johnnie Taylor and sister Bella visited
friends in Elmwood on Sunday last.
The addition to the residence of John
Gibson, looms up in good shape, on the
quarter line.
Joseph River's smiling face is again in
our midst. He hailed from the Garden
on Monday last.
R. Ballagh is building a neat dwelling
on the east side of the town line. Who
will the "Birdie" be, Rafe?
Wm. Torrance, of East Saginaw, made
his rounds in time to poll a vote for the
industrial party on the 4th.
Mrs. Wooley and Miss L. Schartrand
is at the present writing quite low, the
latter suffering from malarial fever.

Quite a number of our youths attend-
ed a party at James Quinn's, on the
county line, Monday evening last. A
merry time was had by all.

J. D. Owen can boast of one of the
most handsome carts that we have seen
for some time, the rig probably cost \$60,
and is a complete piece of workmanship.

John Henderson will attend the
county canvass at Bad Axe, on Tues-
day. We probably will learn then the
correct report of the county election, as
there has been so many democratic re-
ports.

ELLINGTON.

Cass river still continues to rise.
Lots of hunters prowling through the
woods now.
William Dykins of Ludding, Mich, is
spending about a week with the Bailey's.
Libbie Colwell returned to Pontiac
Tuesday, She expects to work in the
asylum.
Gertrude Zander returned from her
visit with her sister, Mrs. Frank Philips
last week.
Darius Gould returned up north last
Wednesday with provisions for the com-
pany with him.
Darius Gould writes home that he shot
a deer since he returned to the hunting
ground last week.

Walter Geron and O. R. Hutchinson
returned home from their hunt up north
last week Wednesday and report killing
three deer while gone.

Election being over now it is to be
hoped that there will be less abuse of
one another upon the stump as well as
up a tree, for the next two years to
come.

Al Darling, it is said, will move his
family back here in about two weeks,
going in to the last wing of Charles
Wickware's house, where he lived when
he moved up north.

Preston Cooley goes to Watrouville
this week to make arrangements for
moving there in about two weeks. He
expects to teach the Watrouville
school in place of Will Walton, County
Clerk elect.

A good many candidates for office have
been defeated and some of them felt
rather sore over it. Do not take it to
much to heart this time, you may do
better or worse next time; and if better,
then you can crow over some one else.

I learn from H. A. Baily that William
Dykens received a telegram from Milwau-
kee, Wis., stating that his mother, Mrs.
John Baily, was very sick and but little
hopes of her recovery, and calling him
to her bedside at once. He left for there
Tuesday morning from Caro.

STATE NEWS.

Niles has a new daily. The Sun.
Hillman is to build a \$2,500 iron
bridge.

There are 26,852 people in Michigan
who draw pensions.

The state produced 402,977 barrels of
standard salt last month.

Marquette is to build a summer hotel
bigger'n two like Mackinaw's.

George A. Crites, of Ada, gets \$2,705 in
back pensions. He is 81 years old.

Diphtheria is epidemic at Holland,
whole families being down with the
plague.

The condition of wheat in the state at
present is 102 per cent, or better than it
ever was.

The farmers of the state have sold 5-
548,664 bushels of wheat during the last
three months.

John Byestrom went skating at Ish-
pening Monday and the ice was too thin.
His body has been found.

Coryell, Brock & Co. are driving the
twelfth coal test at Sebawang, and every
one so far has discovered good veins.

Bert Kase, of Lockwood, has lived 19
years and concluded life was largely a
fizzle. He blew his brains out with a
shot gun. He was the son of a wealthy
farmer.

Wm. Reebles, 50 years old, a well-to-
do farmer of Adrian township, hanged
himself early Monday morning in his
barn. The reason for his suicide is un-
known.

Frederick Golden shot his eye out with
a Roman candle, at Flint, during the
democratic celebration, and is so jubi-
lant over the victory that he doesn't
mind his loss a bit.

"Nick" Kearn, 30 years old, who has
seen more of prison life than any other
man of his age in Lenawee county, is in
jail again at Adrian for about the 30th
time. This time it's for assault.

Cyrus Gaul, of Bay City, shot his daugh-
ter Gertrude Tuesday. He knew it was
loaded, but his fool carelessness will prob-
ably cause the girl's death. The ball
lodged in her spine. She was 18 years
old.

The total ore shipment from the min-
ing country will reach 8,000,000 tons this
year. The Norrie has put 1,000,000
tons upon the market, the largest out-
put of any mine in the world in the same
time.

Charles Spangler, or Breckenridge,
mysteriously disappeared Saturday
after selling a load of hogs in Saginaw.
His team reached home without him Sun-
day and his wife is distracted by his
prolonged absence.

The two Pontiac robbers extradited
from Canada, James Saseco and George
Redpath, go to Jackson for four years
each. John Ward, an accomplice, turned
state's evidence, and he will live at
Ionia for a year.

Wm. Carry, of Saginaw, had a little
son boiled to death the other day. The
little fellow was pushed into a pail of
boiling water by his older brother. The
mother was out of the room at the time,
and the baby remained in the water for
some time. He was terribly burned and
died in a few moments.

A bevy of Menominee pretty girls were
occupying a seat pretty well in front at
the revival meeting the other evening
and seemed to be quite well contented
with their lot and condition in life, when
they were startled by the preacher point-
ing his index finger at each one in turn
and solemnly repeating, "You're goin' to
hell." They blushed, got mad and left
in a body, declaring the preacher was a
mean old thing.

A Bay City groceryman tested the
youthfulness of eggs about to be bought
by shaking them. A wise old farmer
stood the rule for one box, smiled benig-
nly, and carried about half of them home.
The next day the same farmer appeared
with another box, and the shaking test
failed to rattle a single egg. But the
groceryman was rattled later in the day,
when a lady sent back a basket saying
she wanted raw eggs and not boiled ones.
The honest farmer is still at large.

Wm. Howe and the wife and two chil-
dren of Lewis McCordle, of Sturgis, elop-
ed and in a novel way. William is a tin
peddler, and whether the McKinley bill
affected his affections does not appear
in the warrant, but he stowed the wom-
an and children away in the tin wagon,
and arriving at Chesaning he met and
had a half hour conversation with Mc-
Cradle, drove 15 miles further, stayed
over night, and the last trace the officer
has is that they were floating down the
Shiawee river in a rowboat. They are
evidently bound for Saginaw.

An Old Sore Healed.

I had a painful, annoying sore on my
leg, near the knee, that troubled me for
over two years. I tried various remedies
but the sore, instead of healing up, con-
tinued to grow larger, and to cause me
more pain until I began to look for a
cure. Through the advice of a friend,
who was cured of a similar trouble, I
took S. S. S., and in a few weeks was
entirely cured. The sore healed up, and
there is not even a scar left to mark the
place.
CHARLES A. SUMNER,
May 10, 1890 Mt. Vernon Ohio.
Treatise on Blood and Skin disease.

mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Hall's Hair Renewer is free from alco-
hol and dyes that injure the skin. It
is scientifically prepared, and will restore
gray hair to its original color and vigor.

Both air and water abounds in micro-
bes, or germs of disease, ready to in-
fect the debilitated system. To impart
that strength and vigor necessary to
resist the effect of these pernicious atoms
no tonic blood-purifier equals Ayer's
Sarsaparilla.

The combination of ingredients found
in Ayer's Pills renders them tonic and
curative as well as cathartic. For this
reason they are the best medicine for
people of costive habits, as they restore
the natural action of the bowels,
without debilitating.

Exchange Bank.

E. H. PINNEY, -- BANKER.

RESPONSIBILITY \$33 000.

Commercial Business Transact-
ed.

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

Accounts of Business houses and
Individuals Solicited.

Interest Paid on time Certificates
of Deposit.

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

DENTISTRY.

I desire to say to the people of Cass
City and vicinity that in connection
with my eight years' experience in den-
tistry I have just completed two prac-
titioners courses in Chicago schools of
dentistry; one with Drs. Haskell &
Stout and one at Chicago College
of Dental Surgery, both of which I
have certificates to show, and invite
you to give me a call when in need of
dental work. My prices are reason-
able and work guaranteed satisfactory.
I would say here that Dr. Haskell is
known as one of the best Prosthetic
dentists in the world, with about 40
years of experience.

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

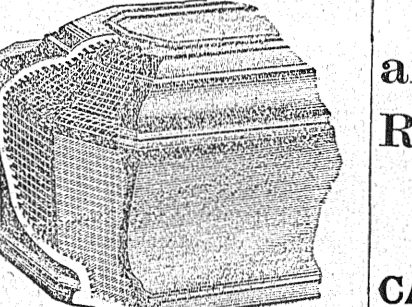
A. A. McKenzie,



UNDERTAKER And Funeral Director.

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

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET,
(CEMENT.)



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

This space belongs to
McDougall & Co.,
The Wide-Awake Clothiers of Cass City.

Howe & Bigelow,

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

- Great Reduction Sales.

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

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

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

RAVETROUGHING & A SPECIALTY

Mrs. E. K. Wickware.

Fashionable Millinery.

We have all the Latest Fall
and Winter Styles, at prices as
Reasonable as ever.

Opposite Lenzner Bros.

CASS CITY, MICH.

HOW INDIANS FIGHT.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT FIGHTING ON THE PLAINS.

Trouble to Find the Enemy—Indian Strategy—The Savage Knows Where He's Been—Records of Heroism.

Wonder is often expressed that our Army, with the resources of the Government at its back, is habitually compelled to make a long, difficult, and costly campaign in order to subdue even a few score Indians upon the warpath. The explanation is furnished by General Wesley Merritt in an interesting description and discussion of three such campaigns furnished to Harper's Magazine. He shows that making war on American Indians is unlike any other war making in the world, and that a great part of the advantage which the Army would have in contending with an equal number of white men is neutralized by the Indian's mode of fighting.

The chief difficulty in an Indian war is to find the enemy. The theater of operations in any campaign, whether in Wyoming, Dakota, Texas, or Arizona, is "about as large as the New England States, with New York added;" and this area, although an uninhabited wilderness and unknown to the white man, is "to the Indian as familiar as the paths of the home orchard are to the farmer and his children." There are other things to be noted about these theaters of Indian warfare. They are "without roads, and often impenetrable for hundreds of miles because of arid deserts or impassable mountain ranges." The Indian has no fixed habitation in these trackless wilds, and on finding the white troops at hand the direction of his flight is a matter of indifference to him. "Where night finds him is his home, and his subsistence and clothing are always with him." In war, too, the Indian, whatever his previous advance toward civilization, resorts to savagery, as can well be understood, since war under any refinements is savage enough.

General Merritt does not hesitate to say that it is a mistake to suppose that Indian wars now arise from inherited hatred of the whites:

"It is worse than nonsense to urge that the Indian regards the white intruders as the descendants of those who, two centuries or more ago, came to this country and by might deprived the Indians of their lands and hunting fields, and are through their children pursuing the red man toward the setting sun." The Indian's knowledge of history scarcely extends beyond one generation. His white enemy is served in war as is any other enemy, and for the same reasons. He has no inherited animosities dating from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, nor does he feel gratitude for kind usage shown to his ancestors or to himself.

While Indian campaigning has always been difficult, it has become much more so, in General Merritt's opinion, since the civil war, because while formerly it was "an unwritten law of the frontier, religiously observed, that arms and ammunition should never at any price be furnished to the Indians," now the trader's cupidity supplies them with the best of both. The result is that "the Indian today is a more dangerous foe than would be a like number of veteran soldiers." He adds the most approved breechloader to the advantages in his mode of fighting already spoken of.

Although for the most part hostilities with the Indians are a record of constant labor and watchfulness, and sometimes great privations, now and then ending in a massacre like that of Custer's command or in capture and a horrible death, yet it has occasional features of romantic glory, pleasant to dwell upon. One of these was furnished by General Merritt's march to the relief of Captain Payne in the Ute war of 1879. The news reached Fort Russell that Major Thornburg had been attacked and killed on Milk Creek, that many of his men had perished, and that the remainder, under Captain Payne, were surrounded by the hostiles. There was a distance of 170 miles to be marched after going by rail to the station nearest the scene, and no one could say whether the menaced command might not meanwhile be destroyed. For five terrible days and nights Payne's men held a rifle pit which they had hastily constructed. Once the Utes set fire to the dry grass to windward, and made a furious attack under cover of the smoke, but were repulsed. Then they settled down to watch their prey and starve them out, occasionally fighting the detachments sent to the creek for water. Meanwhile the relief column drew near, and when the guide, after a long night's march with the advance, was satisfied that it must be near the right spot, a bugler was ordered to sound with his trumpet the call known as officers' call, as a sign of recognition to prevent Payne's men, on hearing the tramp of their horses, from mistaking them from foes. The result is given in Captain Payne's words:

"Believing it just possible for help to reach us next morning, I had directed one of my trumpeters to be on the alert for the expected signal. And so he was. Just as the first gray of dawn appeared our listening ears caught the sound of 'officers' call' breaking the silence of the morning and filling the valley with the sweetest music we had ever heard. Joyously the reply rang out from our corral, and the men, rushing from their rifle pits, made the welkin ring with their glad cheers."

This dramatic incident in our Indian campaigning recalls the famous story of the relief of Lucknow, and like it is worthy of the attention of painter and poet.

Why the Leaves Change Color.
"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old-fashioned idea is that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, the causes are these: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the au-

turn, and the natural growth of the trees ceases, oxidation of the tissues takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red, under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. The difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure, and soil. A dry cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of Scotland and England. There are several things about leaves that even science can not explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall, and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have lightest colors."

HOLMES ON OLD AGE.

He Says He Is Cheerful, but He Talks Very Lugubriously.

"I was a little over 20 years old," writes Dr. Holmes in the July Atlantic, "when I wrote the lines which some of you may have met with, for they have been often reprinted:

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

"The world was a garden to me then; it is a churchyard now."
"I thought you were one of those who looked upon old age cheerfully and welcomed it as a season of peace and contented enjoyment."

"I am one of those who so regard it. Those are not bitter or scalding tears that fall from my eyes upon 'mossy marbles.' The young who left my side early in my life's journey are still with me in the unchanged freshness and beauty of youth. Those who have long kept company with me live on after their seeming departure, were it only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around me, as if every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them; their voices echo about me as if they had been recorded on those forgotten cylinders which bring back to us the tones and accents that have imprinted them, as the extinct animals left their tracks on the hardened sands. The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it which only the sad experiences of life can lend a sad soul. But there is a lower level—that of tranquil contentment and easy acquiescence in the conditions in which we find ourselves; a lower level in which old age trudges patiently when it is not using its wings. I say its wings, for no period in life is so imaginative as that which looks to younger people the most prosaic. The atmosphere of memory is one in which imagination flies more easily and feels itself more at home than in the thinner ether of youthful anticipation."

Army Life Is Not an Easy One.

The supposition that army life is an easy one is the civilian's delusion. No occupation on earth is more exacting. The reveille is sounded at daylight, and the soldier must be up and ready. Between reveille in the morning and "taps" at 9:30 at night, he has to attend to the majority of 33 daily bugle calls, and be on his feet most of the time till "retreat" at sun set. The officers are busy at nearly all times over new military problems. They are called to mount and manage artillery that would have struck dire dismay into armies like those of Caesar, Hannibal, and Alexander. To-day war is a science, requiring all the skill of the best navigators, the most able engineers, and the finest electricians. All the known means of defence and destruction are availed of, even down to the last electric triumph, the telephone. In future battles, according to the Baltimore American, the commanding generals will open their engagements with "Hello!" to their subordinates. If beaten they will either say "Good-by!" or reserve the syllables of "Hello!"

The Quebec Horse.

A movement is on foot in Quebec to preserve from decay the old breed of horses peculiar to that province. We presume that the animal indicated is that which has long been known by the name of the French Canadian pony. Whatever differences there may be on other points, all will agree that the French Canadian pony is a Quebec institution which should be maintained. His quality of endurance, his tractability, and his power of adapting himself to circumstances mark this pony as a thoroughly useful animal and one whose degeneration ought not to be encouraged. —Toronto Globe.

How Much We Eat.

A curious calculation of the amount of food consumed in a lifetime of 70 years has recently been made by M. Soyer, a French savant, now chief of the Reform Club of London. Among other things, M. Soyer says that the average epicure of threescore and ten will have consumed 33 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 2,200 fowls, 1,000 fish of different kinds, 30,000 oysters, 5,475 pounds of vegetables, 243 pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs, and 4 tons of bread, besides several hogheads of wine, tea, coffee, etc. This enormous amount of food will weigh but little short of 40 tons.

Hence His Generosity.

The Rev. Dr. Primrose—I was delighted to receive those cast-off garments for the poor of my parish. It shows that there is still some hope of your becoming a Christian.

Brown—Well, you see, the old clothes man offered me only six shillings for the lot, and I would sooner have thrown them in the fire than be cheated like that.

Workers in the oil fields declare that wherever you find petroleum you may be sure that there will be no mosquitoes.

ARE YOU A DOOR-BANGER?

Don't Say "No" Too Quickly, But Just Think Over Your Sins.

"Are you a door-banger?" asks a writer in the Milwaukee Wisconsin.
This question, addressed to every person with whom we come in contact would probably be met by an indignant negative, yet if they paused to glance even half-way backward they would instantly regret that involuntary fib.

The art of door-banging is one that apparently comes by divine right to every human being, and that art is more carefully developed than many other natural gifts that would, with proper cultivation, enable the happy possessor to make quite as much noise in the world and with less inconvenience and annoyance to others.

Most houses are peculiarly adapted for the display of the door-banger's ceaseless activity, a fact which the man who set the fashion for portieres had doubtless in consideration when he first made up his mind to introduce that innovation. To him, indeed, we should be very grateful, for the fewer doors there are the less likelihood of an opportunity for such Wagnerian discord.

The man or woman who would not take your life under the greatest provocation, does not hesitate to imperil your hearing, and the worst of this sort of thing is that we meet with it generally at the hands of those who are nearest and dearest.

The relative who is up first in the morning—well, that's the one who has the best show at the door, and the arms of Morpheus must exert a double-horse-power pressure if they would guide your slumbers successfully through that reverberating bang. It is true that in sickness an effort is usually made to subdue this peculiar instinct, or to repress this native talent; but behold, when the sufferer is convalescent, the pent-up energy once more displays itself in the direction from which it momentarily lapsed, and the music of the present once more offers odds to any that the great German masters can originate.

People who are evolutionists can doubtless trace the early development of this historic disposition to bang. They will point to far-off ages when man in his natural state used to close his jaws with a far-echoing snap upon the human flesh he devoured; to a little later period, when, in a more enlightened state, he swung heavy prison doors upon his captives; to even a later age, when, his first musical inclinations beginning to blossom, he heralded to his victims their approaching death through the enlivening strains of the tom-tom.

Now in this age of seeming cultivation, the foregoing methods of proclaiming our immediate personality are happily forbidden, but there is no law, written or unwritten, against that evil which is apparently inherent and irrational. But perhaps that Utopia, toward which present writers declare we are progressing, will be a land innocent of other than tent-like accommodations for family life, where, consequently, the restlessness which has hitherto found vent in door-banging may spend itself in pursuits which will be beneficial, not annoying, to the human race.

Names and Designation of Teeth.

The proper names or designation of teeth may be learned by a child in five minutes, yet a multitude of generally intelligent people go through life with no better method of designating any particular member of the dental family than by opening the mouth and placing the end of a finger upon the offender. Beginning at the center of the adult jaw, the mouth which is fully equipped contains four sets of eight teeth each; and as these sets correspond, one side of either jaw may be taken as an object lesson. Each set contains two incisors, one cuspid, two bicuspids and three molars, in the order named, beginning at the front. The first incisor is known as the central, the second as the lateral; the cuspid, if in the upper jaw, is familiarly known as an "eye-tooth," in the lower jaw, as a "stomach-tooth." The bicuspids are simply called the first and second, while the molars are known as the "six-year," "twelve-year," and "wisdom teeth," respectively. Add the designations, right or left, upper or lower, and any tooth can be instantly and unmistakably specified. A half-dozen other semi-technical terms in this connection may be frequently found useful. The labial surface of the teeth is that toward the lips; the buccal, that facing the cheek; the lingual, that next the tongue; on the lower jaw, the palatal, that facing the roof of the mouth. The approximal surfaces are those facing neighboring teeth; of these the distal being those facing toward the center, the mesial those looking toward the center of the jaw. —Good Housekeeping.

The Growth of Trees.

The correlation that for a long time was supposed to exist between the number of "annual" rings formed in the trunk and the age of the tree has been refuted on the best of evidence. M. Charency, the French explorer who visited the ruins of Plenek, Mexico, in 1859 and again in 1882, and therefore at an interval of twenty-two years, found that trees that had been cut by him in the first-named year had, in the short space of less than a quarter of a century, grown new trunks which exhibited no less than 230 of these so-called "annual rings," an average of nearly ten a year.

From observations made by M. Bousseaud it would appear that equatorial plants often form no less than twelve concentric growths in the space of a year, two of which are usually much more developed than the remainder, which appear to correspond to a period of maximum circulatory activity. —St. Louis Republic.

Narrow Dwelling.

The narrow dwelling-house in Brooklyn is to be built this summer. It will measure 7 1/2 by 50 feet. The lot upon which the building is to stand is on one of the best streets in the city and has been thought by many to be almost worthless because of its small size.

RARE AND RADIANT BEINGS.

Men and Women Who Honor New York by Living There.

New Yorkers are like Parisians, says a New York letter in the San Francisco Argonaut—they won't admit anything tolerable outside their own metropolis. They look upon the west like English people, as "characteristic;" they look upon New England as "repressed;" they look upon the south as "used up." The United States is to them New York. The Chicagoans' "sister metropolis" galls their proud spirits. If they have a sister metropolis it may be Paris. To go deeper, a New Yorker will not believe there is anyone in his own country as nice as himself. He will admit that there have been geniuses, great men, in other parts of the republic, but for pure, consummate style and finish he is the man.

The west, if he is broad, is full of "apes;" if he is narrow, of "hayseeds." He likes to welcome and study the types, feeling the while that he is studying humanity from the ground up. The more unusual and impossible the types are the more he glories in them. "These fellows are so original, after one's own gaze," he observes, complacently sufficed with satisfaction that they should be different from his own gang. When any member of the gang meets an outsider who is like himself he resents it bitterly. He feels as if his sacred rights had been abused, as if some one had "jump'd his claim." Can it be possible that anything but types are going to come from the wilderness beyond the Mississippi? Can it be possible that the wild and woolly west is going to produce rivals? Hiccups thought!

The women—of the same rich, narrow class—are a thought worse, as naturally having no reasoning faculties and taking their cue from the more knowing and experienced male. Boston women, who are always looking for "material" whether they write or not, delight in an outsider from any point of the compass. New York women simply look to see if he be do more mode, and if he is not better for him that a milestone were tied around his neck and he were cast into the sea. Such enlightenment in this refulgent nineteenth century is sad. Moreover, the poor things never know what they lose in renouncing the acquaintance of the American Lochinvars, but go blindly on through life, cutting off their noses to spite their faces. The English women who come over here are always on the lookout for dashing, daring, unconventional males, like the cowboys in the Wild West show, or "those splendid creatures you read about in Broke Hart"—gamblers, and road agents, and things. These are just like the men we meet everywhere else! But the beautiful metropolitan can be horrified by anything. She, in the flower of youth and beauty's pride, would as soon have tender relations with a tight-rope dancer as bow to a man on the avenue who wore his hat on the right side when the Fellows—with large capitals—wore theirs slightly tilted to the left. Thus are the artistic perceptions of Gotham hopelessly blunted. For these reasons do they fail to see the "good in everything" which the banished duke recommends as a safe line of conduct throughout life.

Handy Young Women.

A correspondent of the Englishwoman's Review writes: "Here is Eboracum, old and crochety, a walled town in all ways, where both sides of a six-pence are viewed before spending, and novelties and heresies are one woman earns an energetic living by going out paperhanging with her girl apprentice! I have heard of her from the principal of a ladies' school, and it has struck me, and more, that a bliss it would be to lessen the dirt and delay of men in the home, by substituting handy young women. Many can whitewash, paint, do a bit of plumbing and lock-doctoring, and only want some training to be quite efficient domestic artisans. I know of one woman who shaped, from rough wood, a capital circular water-bat lid, another who tars out asphalt with gas-tar, and one who slings her buckets on a rope from the middle of a tall ladder and goes up, like a cat, between heaven and earth, to scrub the outside paint, ten or twelve feet from the ground! Why should it be amazing if she went up to paint?"

His Dog Gave Him Away.

"Is that an intelligent dog? Looks like one." The response was quick and angry: "No, sir! That dog is seven-year-old different kinds of a fool. I'm engaged, you know, to Miss A. She's profoundly jealous of Miss B., to whom I formerly paid attention."

"Well, the other evening the dog was with me when I happened to meet Miss B. I walked home with her and stood for a moment at the door."

"While we chatted the young woman I belong to passed by on the other side of the street, without noticing us, and then the beast walked out of a sound sleep, gave a tremendous bark, rushed over to Miss A. and then back and forth between us, until an electric light couldn't have made things any clearer."

"Say, would you drown him or poison him?" —Boston Times.

A Legend of the Sioux.

A strange legend comes to us from the Sioux, who alone can tell the true history of that deadly ambushade. They say that on the hillside where Custer fell now grows a plant never seen there before—a curious plant with tall, slender leaves, curved in the exact form of a sabre, with edges so sharp as to inflict keen wounds upon unwary hands, and those who pluck it once soon drop it, so strangely cold and clammy are its leaves. It bears a golden-hued, heart-shaped blossom, and in the center is one small spot of brilliant red, like a drop of blood. The Indians regard it with superstitious awe. They call it "Custer's heart," and cannot be induced to touch it, claiming that the blossom crushed in the hand leaves a blood-red stain impossible to remove. —Denver Republican.

London consumes over one hundred million pounds of butter a year.

A FAVORITE AUTHOR.

A Man Who Is Deeply in Love with the Writings of Horace.

Many readers remember what old Rogers, the poet, said: "When I hear a new book talked about, or have it pressed upon me, I read an old one." Happy the man who finds his rest in the pages of some favorite classic; he knows no reader more to be envied than that friend of mine who for many years has given his days and nights to the loving study of Horace. Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Atlantic, after a certain period in life it is always with an effort that we admit a new author into the inner circle of our intimacies.

The Parisian omnibuses, as I remember them half a century ago—they may still keep to the same habit, for aught that I know—used to put up the sign, "Complete," as soon as they were full. Our public conveyances are never full until the natural atmospheric pressure of sixteen pounds to the square inch is doubled, in the close packing of the human sardines that fill the all-accommodating vehicles. A new-comer, bow-tied, well-mannered and well-dressed, is not very welcome under these circumstances.

In the same way, our tables are full of books half read and books we feel we must read. And here come in two thick volumes, with uncut leaves, in small type with many pages, and many lines to the page—a book that must be read and ought to be read at once. What a relief to hand it over to the lovely keeper of your literary conscience, who will tell you all that you will most care to know about it, and leave you free to plunge into your beloved volume in which you are ever finding new beauties, and from which you rise refreshed, as if you had just come from the cool water of Helicon! The stream of modern literature represented by the books and periodicals on the crowded counters is a turbulent and clamorous torrent, dashing along among the rocks of criticism, over the pebbles of the world's daily events; trying to make itself seen and heard over the hoarse cries of the politicians and the rumbling wheels of traffic. The classic is a still lakelet, a mountain tarn, fed by springs that never fail, its surface never ruffled by storms—always the same, always smiling a welcome to its visitor. Such is Horace to my friend.

To his eye, "Lydia, die per omnes," is as familiar as "Pater noster qui es ipse calis" to that of a pious Catholic. "Integer vici," which he has put into many English, his Horace opens up to Watt's hymn book opens to "From all that dwell below the skies." The more he reads the more he studies his author, the richer are the treasures he finds. And what Horace is to him, Homer, or Virgil, or Dante is to many a quiet reader, sick to death of the mending train of bookmakers.

Forty-Two Rattles and a Button.

Robert Jones, a colored man who lives near Henderson, in Houston county, told the Record about a big rattlesnake he killed a few days ago. He relates that he was in the field near his house at work. His dog near by was barking at some object, and as he turned to look he saw his dog jump at three feet in the air then yell as if painfully hurt. The dog started to him, and when within a few feet began to reel and fall, and in five minutes he was dead. The face of the dog was skinned from above the eyes down to the nose by the fangs of the mad-dened serpent. He told his boy to go to the house and get his shotgun and pistol. When the boy returned they started to look for the snake, but could not locate him for some time, as the rattle sounds as though it was in every direction at the same time.

The snake was found and the contents of the gun fired into him at short range, while still in his coil ready to strike again. The load did not stop him from rattling, and the pistol then put two balls through his body, but it did not diminish the singing the least bit. They finally got two poles and had to strike him at least a dozen hard blows before life was extinct. His body was as large as the crown of a Derby hat, five and a half feet long, and had forty-two rattles and a button, making it 48 years old. His den was under a large rock, and Jones thinks there are a great many more of them in the den. It is the largest snake killed in this part of Georgia. —Montezuma Record.

United States Leads in Physicians.

There is certainly no more anxious social phenomena than that of the extraordinary popularity of the medical calling in this country as a means of securing a livelihood.

The subject is one that is often dwelt upon, but we doubt if many yet realize the grotesque disproportion which medicine in the United States holds to other bread-winning occupations. Here are some of the naked facts in the matter.

France has 88,000,000 of population, 11,995 doctors, while it graduates 624 medical students in one year.

Germany has 45,000,000 of population, about thirty thousand doctors, and graduates 935 students in one year. The United States has about sixty millions of population, nearly one hundred thousand doctors, 13,091 medical students, and graduates 3,740 students in one year.

Germany, which has relatively less than half as many doctors as America, is already groaning over its surplus. When one compares France with this country, the excess of medical men here seems most astonishing. A comparison of the United States with European countries, in whatever way it is made, leads one to think that there is something almost morbid in our medical fecundity. —Medical Record.

Distress in Milan.

The laboring population in and around Milan is in still greater distress than it was last year. Thousands of laborers, out of work, march through the streets of Milan, accompanied by their wives and children, clamoring for bread.

A syndicate of New York capitalists has secured control of the Mexican onyx mines.

RICH COLORED MEN.

Examples of Ex-Slaves in the South Who Have Grown Wealthy.

It will probably be surprising to know that in Galveston there is a colored man who is worth over \$350,000. His name is Silvester, and he has a fine mansion in the most desirable residence portion of the city. And, what will most surprise northern people, his wife employs none but white servants. How did Silvester get rich? Well, he got a start in politics, then ran a saloon and a gambling-house for colored people for a few years, then went into real estate and speculated. He is shrewd and successful. One of the most successful and wealthiest real estate men of Houston is a colored man. His name is Milton Sterrett. He owns a fine residence, surrounded by immense grounds, all terraced off and planted in the finest flowers and shrubbery, and keeps a landscape gardener to attend it. He was a waiter on the boats between Galveston and Houston before and all during the war, and made everything he has in real estate deals during the last twenty years. He owns several large plantations, and is worth at least \$400,000.

Then take Senator C. N. Burton, of Fort Bend county. When the war closed and he was freed he lived on a plantation belonging to his mistress, whose husband and two sons were killed, leaving her alone in the world. She had given him a good elementary education, he was shrewd. By attention to business he soon acquired a good farm. In a few years he added to it, and bought in the plantation formerly owned by his mistress, and had two other large ones on the Brazos in ten years more. His old mistress being reduced to poverty he undertook to care for her. He said, when he was elected to the State Senate, that he owed all he was to her kindness, and that he felt it his duty to care for her. And he sent her back to her native state—Virginia—and regularly remits to her—and has done so for fifteen years—\$150 every month. He is popular with whites and blacks, Democrats and Republicans, and studied law so that he could depend on himself to manage his immense plantation and ranch interests. Senator Burton is worth over \$500,000.

Then Henry Black, the great sheep and cattle ranchman of Tom Green and Peecos counties, is worth nearly half a million. He has made it all in less than fifteen years. Are these men Southern negroes? Yes, every one of them.

But the largest plantation owner and the heaviest farm-land taxpayer in the rich county of Lamar was a light-colored mulatto named Harvey. He died a few weeks ago and left a widow, who will be able to pull through probably, as her husband left four large plantations, a fine stock farm, some city property in Paris, and a big bank account. Besides this he left her a snug little insurance policy on his life for \$18,000.

He Found the Schoolmaster.

He was sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Niagara Falls, when I noticed the man on my right looking sharply at the man on my left, and presently he got up in an excited way and walked about. After a bit he halted before the other man and asked:

"Isn't your name Graham?"
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.
"Didn't you used to teach school at Elmira?"

"Yes, sir."
"In 1863?"
"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember a boy named Godkin?"
"Very distinctly, sir."

"Do you remember that he put a package of firecrackers under his desk and touched them off?"
"As if it happened only yesterday."

"And you basted him for it?"
"I did. I licked him until he could hardly stand, and I've always been glad of it."

"You have, eh?" said the other, breathing fast and hard. "Do you know that boy swore a terrible oath?"
"I presume he did, as he was a thorough young villain."

"He swore an oath that he would grow up and hunt for you and pound you within an inch of your life."
"But I haven't heard from him yet."

"You hear from him now! He stands before you! I am that boy!"
"Well?"

"Prepare to be licked! My time has come at last!"

He made a dive for the old pedagogue, but the latter evaded him, made a half-turn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went over a chair in a heap. Then the whilom schoolmaster pled on to him and licked him until he cried "Enough," and it didn't take him over three minutes to do it. Then he retired to get on another collar and replace some buttons, and I helped Godkin up and observed:

"You didn't wait long enough, I guess."

"Say! That's where I made a mistake!" he replied. "I see now that I ought to have held off until he got about 150 years old. The old devil is all of 70 now, but he licked me right off the reel, and I'll never have the sand to stand up to him again. Here's thirty years of waiting for vengeance knocked into a cocked hat in three minutes!" —N. Y. Sun.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Wonderful Bed.

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt is said to have the most imposing bed in New York. It revives the ancient style of posts and canopies, and it stands enthroned, as it were, on a raised platform, two steps high, in the center of her room, which has four windows looking out, two on Fifth avenue, and two on Fifty-second street. The bedstead is of rosewood and the canopy used to be lined with an enormous plate-glass mirror, so that the sleeper could see her face and figure as long as she kept awake, but this vulgar thing has been removed and is now replaced by the more conventional panel of old-rose satin. —Chatter.

Queer Canine Mania.

There is a dog in Philadelphia that has a mania for tearing off door-knobs and plates and wrecking the woodwork of the doors generally.

NEW YOU AS A BOY.

True, 'tis said no man's a hero... You may win the warrior's laurels...

THE MUMMY'S TALE.

BY L. DONOVAN MASON.

The wind and snow blew against our windows in such fierce gusts that Jack and I decided to spend the evening in our den... "I'll read you that odd manuscript I was telling you about," said Jack...

that I have can know the torture of such years of confinement? And as she spoke a tremor of fear passed over her... "At that moment the gong sounded four. I stepped to the window and could see the first streaks of day coming over the distant hills..."

"HILLS THAT SMOKE."

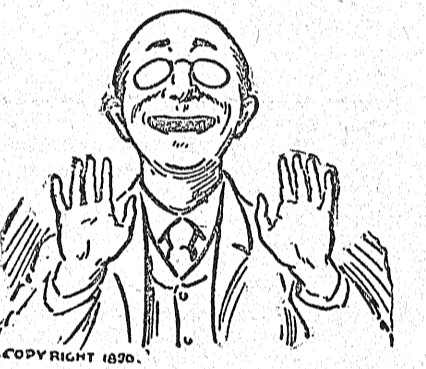
TALMAGE'S SERMON ON JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

Remarkable Features of the Dead Sea Due to Volcanic Influences.—A Young Man Baptized in the Jordan.—Sodom and Gomorrah Prototypes of American Cities.—The River of Death. BROOKLYN, Oct. 26.—Dr. Talmage preached the fifth sermon of the series on his tour in the Holy Land in the Academy of Music in this city this morning...

some from Europe, and some from Asia, they resounded. "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters... "The hills that smoke" are a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before this...

Don't!—If a dealer offers you a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup without wrapper or labels, or in a mutilated condition, don't touch it—don't buy it at any price, there is something wrong—it may be a dangerous or worthless counterfeit. Insist upon getting a perfect, unbroken, genuine package.

Female Weakness Positive Cure. The queen's favorite wine is pale sherry. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children. A Patent Leather Shoe. Irish bacon is held in great esteem by French people. "Well! Well!" That's the way you feel after one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets...



HUMOROUS STUDIES. The sheet of spray is hemmed by the shore. Getting up a woman's club—raising a room. People who talk dollars generally trade in pennies.

SICK HEADACHE! CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION and all Bowel Disorders. Price 25 Cents.

ON 30 DAYS TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS. I prescribe and fully endorse this Elastic Truss as the only specific for the certain cure of all cases of Hernia. Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.
TIME TABLE NO. 2.

GOING NORTH.			
STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.	PASS.
Pontiac.....	A. M. 8:20	P. M. 5:45	A. M. 8:15
Oxford.....	10:10	7:45	9:40
Dryden.....	11:32	7:38	9:36
Inlay City.....	12:08	7:56	9:52
North Branch.....	1:40	8:43	10:34
Clifford.....	2:16	9:02	10:52
Kingston.....	2:58	9:24	11:12
Wilnot.....	3:18	9:36	11:23
Deford.....	3:33	9:48	11:31
Cass City.....	4:30	10:10	11:40
Gagetown.....	5:00	12:05
Owendale.....	5:20	12:19
Berne.....	6:00	12:44
Caseville.....	6:30	1:04

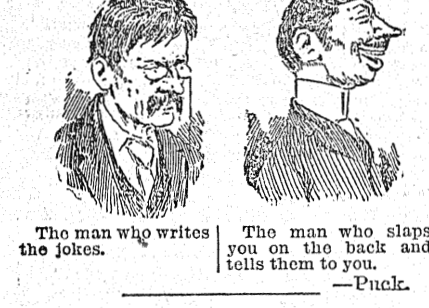
GOING SOUTH.			
STATIONS.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Caseville.....	3:10	5:00
Berne.....	3:28	5:30
Owendale.....	3:54	6:05
Gagetown.....	4:08	6:20
Cass City.....	4:30	5:20	7:10
Deford.....	4:48	5:38	7:35
Kingston.....	4:57	5:48	7:55
Wilnot.....	5:09	6:02	8:15
Clifford.....	5:30	6:26	8:50
North Branch.....	5:46	6:49	9:10
Inlay City.....	6:28	7:02	11:10
Dryden.....	9:44	8:09	11:50
Oxford.....	7:26	9:39	1:26
Pontiac.....	8:05	10:30	2:30

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.

Connections. Pontiac, D. G. H. & M. and Mich. Air Line Division G. T. Ry. 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.

CONTRASTS.



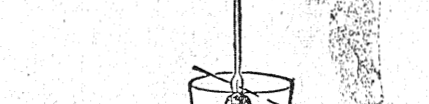
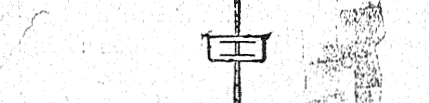
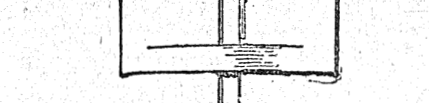
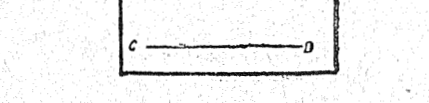
The man who writes the jokes. The man who slaps you on the back and tells them to you. —Puck.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO MAKE A METRONOME.

A Very Useful Little Instrument and How It May Be Made. At the very outset somebody will ask: "What is a metronome?" Of course a thorough musician will not ask this question, but for the benefit of others not musicians, it is well to explain that a metronome is an instrument used for measuring the quickness or slowness of musical compositions. It is contrived on the principle of a clock, having a pendulum capable of adjustment by moving the bob up and down upon the rod.

If you would like to know how to



NO. 1.

make this efficient and useful little instrument, I can tell you how I made mine.

You will admit it is cheap when I say that the materials cost me nothing, and are such as can be found in any house. It is quite simple in construction, and is such as any handy boy could easily make in an hour. It can be set a-going with a single touch, and continues moving for several minutes. It indicates any rate of movement with perfect accuracy, and it can not get out of repair.

I shall now describe how I made it. I first got a piece of lead to form the bob of the pendulum; I cut and hammered it to the size and shape of a half-dollar, only very much thicker, for it weighs three ounces. I then bored a hole through it from edge to edge; this hole was made large enough to admit a pocket-book pencil.

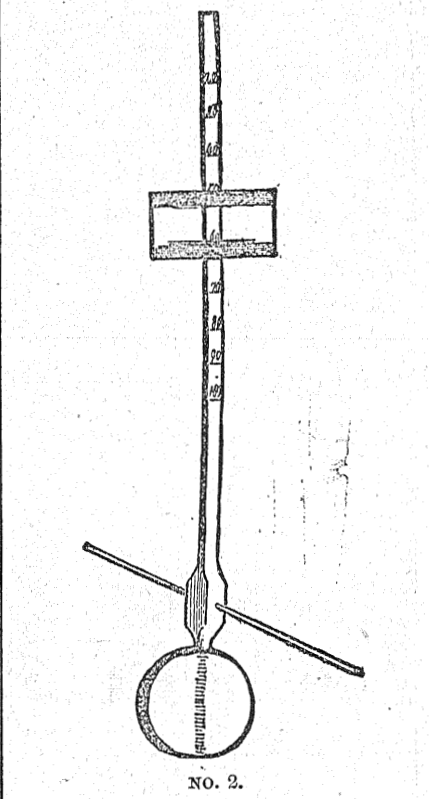
The next thing was to procure a small piece of hard wood—oak was what I used—but the kind is immaterial. This piece of wood was thirteen and three-quarter inches long and rather less than three-eighths of an inch thick each way. I then pared the greater part of it quite thin, leaving only two inches untouched at one end. The little rod was now, for all but these two inches, rather less than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, the breadth remaining as before, rather less than three-eighths of an inch.

The next proceeding was to pare one and one-quarter inches of the thick end so as to fit in tightly into the hole in the leaden bob. This was then fitted and fastened in, the flat sides of the rod being parallel with the flat sides of the bob. The arrangement by this time looked very much like a common pendulum.

I next measured exactly one and five-eighths inches from the lower edge of the bob, and bored a small hole through

the square part of the wooden rod. This hole was at right angles to the plane of the bob. I next drove a piece of common knitting wire about six inches long into the hole and through until it projected equally on each side. This wire had to be rather larger than the hole in order to fit tightly.

The next thing was to form the counter-poise, or regulator. This I made of



NO. 2.

a small piece of tin plate, clipped with a pair of ordinary scissors from an empty tin can. The size of the piece was two and three-fourths inches by one and one-fourth inch.

I then cut with a chisel two slits (A, B, C, D), and bent the part between slightly backwards and the parts above and below slightly forward, so as to admit of the regulator being slid onto the thin wooden rod.

To make the regulator more readily visible in all lights, it is well to paint the upper and lower part red or blue, and leave the middle part bright.

Having slid on the regulator, trial may now be made to see how the pend-

How She Proved It.

Mrs. Tangle—I never knew before that coffee would make a man drunk. Mr. Tangle—And pray how did you find it out?

Mrs. Tangle—As I rode on the cars this afternoon I sat next to a man who was very tipsy, and he smelled strong of coffee.—Light.

A Rude Dog. "I don't think that dog of yours is very polite," said the tramp. "Why?" asked the dog's owner. "Because he made me get off the grass and then took my seat," answered the tramp, adjusting his coat-tails to make them cover as much space as possible.—Puck.

Another Idiot. Jack—Didn't you have your revolver in your hand when you saw the burglar? Tom—Oh, yes! Jack—Well, why didn't you shoot at him? Tom—I didn't know the confounded thing was loaded.—Puck.

Utilization. Foreman of Daily Paper—This cut of "Before using Higgins' salve," is flattened out so that it won't print. Editor—Run it on the first page and mark it "Mrs. Langtry in the dark;" we've got to fill space to-day, anyhow.—Judge.

A COUNTER-ACCUSATION.

Police Justice (to Chinaman)—The officer says he caught you hitting the pipe. What have you to say? Hip Lung—Well, Mlister Judge, p'liceman hit it too.

"How's that?" "With his club!"—Texas Siftings.

The Tailor-Made Girl. Though you're a flat she minds not that, You find each time you woo; But if your pocket-book is flat She has no use for you.—Judge.

The New Discovery.

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

The First Step.

Perhaps your are run down can't eat can't sleep, can't think, can't do any thing to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at Fritz Bros.' Drug store.

make this efficient and useful little instrument, I can tell you how I made mine.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine. "For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamalpais, Mexico. "My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. \$1.00 per bottle.

FOR SALE, VERY CHEAP.

AND ON THE Most Liberal Terms!

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

J. D. BROOKER, CASS CITY, - - - MICH.

Central - Meat - Market,



J. H. WINEGAR, Proprietor.

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

TRY - OUR - CUTS - AND - SLICES.

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FARMING TOOLS, HARDWARE, VARNISHES, PAINTS, OILS, ETC

—OF THE—

BEST MAKE

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PRICES

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

Good Tinner

And are now Prepared to do all kinds of work in that line on the Shortest notice, when in need of anything in the line of

REPAIRING

Give us a Call.

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Three Cent Column.

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FOR SALE—An A No. 1 yoke 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. CONLON, Cass City.

WILL SELL—1 span gray horses, weight 2,800, for \$250. LEWIS P. MUNTZ,

WILL SELL—A good farm of 80 acres one mile south of Cass City, good barn, good house all improved and I will sell cheap. SAM LITTLE.

FOR SALE—I will sell very cheap and on easy terms the w 1/2 ne 1/4 sec 9, Novesta. 10-16-10wks N. L. McLaughlin, M. D. 310 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 65 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.

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

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, Helbrook, 10-24-11

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

MY WIFE, Sarah A. Hartzell, having left my bed and board without just cause, I here, by forbid anyone trusting her on my account as I will not pay any debts contracted by her after this date, Saturday, Nov. 8th, 1890. 11-14-2wks ELIAS HARTSELL.

OST—One leather belt, somewhere between county line and Wm. Martins corner, center line. Finder will be suitably rewarded. 11-14-11 ED. BROTHERTON.

850 BUYS 40 ACRES.—Cleared, good house, fences and water, known as the H. Weymouth place. \$200 buys 40 acres, unimproved, no swamp. \$1500 buys the brick block occupied by Chas. St. Mary. DR. McLEAN,

FOR SALE—A house and one acre of ground in the village of Cass City, known as the Wm. Walker property. Will take stock as part payment. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 7-4-11 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, Sanguine county; about 20 acres cleared, small payment down, balance on time. DUNCAN McDOUGALL, Argyle, P. O.

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

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NEW MONUMENTS

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Designs.

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

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

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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 Plaining Mill Work.

LONDON, ENO & KEATING, Near the Depot.

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.

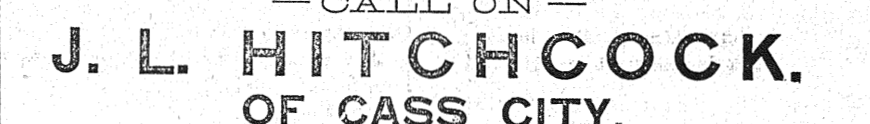
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Quality, Quantity and Incomparably Low Prices

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COOK AND PARLOR STOVES,



BUILDING, SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE, SASH, GLASS PAINT, LUBRICAT. ING OILS, DRY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, CROCKERY and GROCERIES.

J. L. HITCHCOCK, OF CASS CITY,

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

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• MEN • Who are Nervous and Impotent, the scorn of their fellows and the contempt of friends and companions, leads us to

guarantee to if they can STRENGTHEN our method and afford a CURE!

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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 the methods, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the monopoly of UNIFORM SUCCESS. ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 N. W. ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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