

Cass City Enterprise.

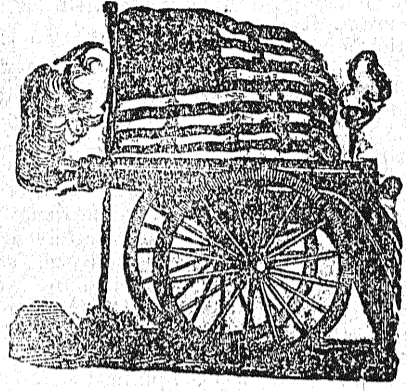
VOL. X. No. 1.

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

By BROOKER & WICKWARE.

KRISMAS IS KOMING

AND EVERYTHING



IS BOOMING!

HENDRICK'S JEWELRY STORE

Santa Clause' Headquarters.

There is nothing nicer for a Christmas Present than a Watch, a Clock, a Piece of Silverware, a Gold Ring for your best girl, Dolls for the little ones, Spectacles for those with poor sight, Chains, Charms, Gold and Silver Thimbles. I have Everything usually kept in a first-class Jewelry Store.

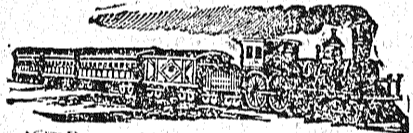
I have taken Especial Pains in selecting my Mammoth Stock and have secured all the Latest Patterns and Designs for the Holiday trade, and will sell Everything in my stock at a very small Profit.

BE SURE AND CALL

And look my stock over before purchasing your Christmas presents.

I CAN SAVE YOU MONEY!

J. F. HENDRICK,
CASS CITY, JEWELER.



Remember the Grand Excursion to my store, commencing Saturday, Dec. 13th and continuing until after New Year.

CASS CITY BANK

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

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

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

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

A liberal rate of interest paid on time deposits.

C. W. McPHAIL,
Banker

CASS CITY MARKETS.

RE-CORRECTED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	92
do No. 2 white.....	89
do No. 2 red.....	87
do No. 3 red.....	87
Oats.....	39@ 41
Beans hand-picked.....	150@ 1 75
Potatoes.....	100@ 1 50
Rye.....	45@ 50
Barley.....	115@ 1 30
Clover seed.....	320@ 3 75
Peas per bushel.....	50@ 70
Buckwheat.....	35@ 40
Pork, live weight.....	3 25
Pork, dressed.....	3 75
Butter.....	16
Eggs.....	20
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 23
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

WASTE IN THE KITCHEN.



"I'm afraid you will have to look for a new place before the first of the month, Bridget."
"What fur, ma'am?"
"Mr. Smith objects to so much waste in the kitchen."
"Lor' ma'am, if that's all, I'll lace Laisil widin an inch of me loife."—Life.

Caught On The Fly.

Vol. X. No. 1.
Good skating on the river.
Next Sunday is the shortest day in the year.
The Town Board was in session on Wednesday.
One of the brightest spots in existence—spot cash.
Chas. O'Neal is here on a visit to his many friends.
Henry Robinson and sister Ada, Sundayed in Cumber.
A. A. Hitchcock and B. B. Raymond Sundayed in Caro.
K. S. Work and family now occupy the Presbyterian parsonage.
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McGilvary expect to take a trip to Canada soon.
W. J. Gamble is expected home tomorrow to spend the holidays.
Chas. Striffler went to Buffalo with a load of cattle last week.
Mr. Toller, of North Branch, is now assisting in Wm. Elevier's store.
Mrs. D. A. Holmes, of Kingston, was a caller at this office on Wednesday.
The M. E. society have purchased a new organ, to be used in their church.
Mrs. John Leonard, of Bad Axe, visited friends in town Friday and Saturday.
Mrs. Angus McGilvary returned from her visit in Canada last week Wednesday.
Frutchey & Striffler intend shipping a car load of stock to Buffalo this week.

Geo. Stewart is in town this week.
Miss Kate Sullivan went to Oxford yesterday for a visit with her sister.

O. Muzzy, an employee on the P. O. & N. railroad, is visiting friends in the city.

About three inches of snow would have a tendency to make Christmas day more merry.

A farmer living east of this place sold 84 rabbits, (1/2 cord) to Schwaderer Bros. Tuesday.

Mrs. S. M. Gilchriese and Miss Lena Blinn returned from their visit at Milan last Saturday.

A year's subscription to the ENTERPRISE would be a good Christmas gift for a friend.

Henry Falmbe left last week Friday for New York, his native state, to make it his future home.

A. Frutchey will start a general store at Deford. John McCracken will handle the goods for him.

We learn that Elmer Hunt, of Caro, was married last Sunday. To whom we are unable to state.

Homer Edwards, of the Ann Arbor Medical College, is expected home to spend the holidays.

The band discoursed a few pieces of music in front of the council rooms Friday and Monday nights.

E. H. Pinney is selling off his farming lands in section 30, Novesta; but reserving an interest in coal underlying it.

The P. O. & N. railroad offers its patrons one and one-third fare for round trip for Christmas and New Years.

Dan'l McGilvary, who went north to work some time ago, has returned, having decided to remain here this winter.

F. R. Delisle would have gone to Clifford Tuesday morning if he had awakened in time. He went Wednesday morning.

Hugh McDermott had an operation performed on him last Sunday by Dr. Truscott. His knee-cap was misplaced.

J. D. Crosby has purchased a new double portland cutter. It is a "handy" and J. D. is anxiously waiting for snow.

Rev. W. P. Gibson, of Harbor Springs, occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday morning and evening.

Dugald McIntyre arrived in town last Saturday night from Wisconsin, and will remain with his family here during holidays.

Norman McLean and son, of Elkton, have purchased a hotel at Croswell, and therefore will not engage in business here in the spring.

Checks to the amount of \$200,000, given by our stock and produce buyers, have been cashed at the Cass City Bank alone the past season.

George Mantz's infant child died on Tuesday last after a lingering illness. The family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Joseph Frutchey, arrived home Wednesday. He has been attending the Cleary Business College at Ypsilanti for the past four months.

Services at the German Church will be conducted in English next Sabbath. We are requested to extend a cordial invitation to all to attend.

Miss Schell, who has been teaching near Yale, has come home for treatment, as her health would not permit her continuing for the present.

We notice by the Whatcom Daily Reveille that Geo. A. Cooper, once a citizen of this place, was elected first councilman at an election held there recently.

The Baptist society will have a Christmas tree at their church Christmas Eve. An appropriate program is being prepared and no pains will be spared to make it a success.

Miss Phoebe Davis, who has been stopping in town for some time having a cancer removed from her lower left eyelid by Dr. McLean, has returned to her home at Wilmot.

The ENTERPRISE will be printed on Wednesday next week, in order to give the employers and employees of this office an opportunity to enjoy the Christmas holiday.

Charles Rogers was in the city a few days last week settling up his business preparatory to moving to Durand. He was married to a young lady near Pontiac about a month ago.

Dugald McPhail will have an auction sale of stock and implements at his farm, two miles south of Freiburgers on Saturday, Dec. 20th, at 10 o'clock sharp. A. A. McKenzie auctioneers.

Wednesday was Laura Wickware's tenth birthday. Twelve of her little girl friends helped her celebrate the anniversary. The house where the celebration took place is still standing.

Landlord Gordon, of the Tennant House, announces a grand Christmas ball and supper to be given at the Tu-

nant House and rink, Christmas Eve. Mr. Gordon will spare no pains to make it a success in every way.

We forgot to mention the fact that the ladies of the Presbyterian church gave an excellent oyster supper at the residence of J. C. Laing last week. A very pleasant time was had by those who attended as is usually the case. The proceeds amounted to about \$17.

The traveling barn painters are around after victims again. Give them a wide berth farmers, they may offer to paint your barn for a "fiveer," but they will not forget to bring in a big enough bill for "paint" to more than offset the low price of the job.

If the man (?) who took the bottle of patent medicine from the postoffice on Monday noon and put it in his overcoat pocket, covering the same with his mitten, will return the property or give any good reason for taking it, he will save himself being exposed in the next issue of this paper.

Geo. Bures and family left for Glen- colin, Ont., Wednesday afternoon where they will make their future home. Mr. Bures came from Glencolin about ten years ago and settled on a farm east of here. Their many friends in this vicinity regret their departure but wish them un- bounded success in their new location.

Robert Deming and wife, of Cedar Run having decided to move to Caro, about thirty of their neighbors surprised them by assembling at their house last Saturday night, bringing with them baskets of provisions. After a very pleasant evening had been spent, the assembly dispersed, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Deming success in their new home.

There is an old saying that the extent of the winter can be judged by the length of time the first snow lays on the ground. If true, our coming winter will be no "great shakes." Last year, our first snow stayed with us but a short time and so did the winter. It remains to be seen whether or not the old adage works in all cases.

There will be a meeting of the citizens' lyceum at the Town Hall next Monday night, at 7:30 o'clock, for the purpose of selecting officers for the ensuing year, arranging by-laws for the governing of the association, selecting a question for debate and such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Let there be a good turn out.

To-day is the tenth birthday of the ENTERPRISE. Never before during the ten years of its existence has the prospects for its future appeared brighter. It has been only four months since the present firm purchased the plant, yet we feel that our efforts to publish an independent paper—a paper for the people—and one that fully represents Cass City and vicinity, has been fully appreciated, which fact is very evident from the steady growth of our subscription list.

Two would-be nimrods, led by Harry Pinney, started from this office last Saturday morning for a rabbit hunt. After traversing about twelve miles, wriggling through jungles never before penetrated by man, and fording creeks, we directed our steps homeward, weary, footsore and "gameless." We had a hunt in every sense of the word, and one that will satisfy our desire in that direction for some time. For further particulars as to plentifulness of game, etc., etc. inquire of Harry Pinney.

A paper in the northern part of Mont- calm county talks to its subscribers thusly: "This office does not like the idea of constantly dunning delinquent subscribers, but feels compelled at this time of the year to strongly urge the prompt settlement of those who owe us one or two year's subscriptions. We have been able to stand the grocer off but one year, and have split wood off from pine stumps around our office for three months, and unless a kind Providence smiles on us soon we will be compelled to melt up some of our pi into bullets, and go hunting, for the family is out of meat."

Sitting Bull, the Indian chief, who has been one of the leading instigators among the western Indians, can now take an active part in a genuine ghost dance. Monday morning the Indian police started out to arrest the old chief and met him about three miles from camp. They made a dash and caught the foxy old redskin. His followers attempted a rescue, and in the fight that ensued Sitting Bull, his son Black Bird, Catch Bear and four others were killed. Seven of the Indian police were also killed. It is thought that the death of Sitting Bull will result in the quieting of the Indians.

Next week Thursday is Christmas, and the custom of making presents is certainly a pleasant one. Gifts given, when costing comparatively a trifle, are valued by the receiver as priceless. Everybody can indulge in this pleasant custom to an extent and thus all are rendered happy for a time. It is also a practical season

to practice charity, when gifts can be given to the most sensitive without humiliating them feel humiliated by accepting. When purchasing your presents do not forget to call on our advertisers, as the man who advertises is certainly not ashamed of his stock and is enterprising enough to give you bargains.

The funeral of John McBerney, whose death we briefly mentioned last week, took place at the Presbyterian Church last Saturday, at 11 o'clock a. m. The funeral sermon was preached by a minister from Marlette, after which his remains were conveyed to the Elkland cemetery for burial, followed by the parents and a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends. The deceased was a young man but twenty-two years of age, and was always, apparently very healthy. The day previous to his being taken sick, he took a drive sixteen miles east, and the day being very chilly he caught a very severe cold which resulted in inflammation of the bowels and three days later his death. His parents, brothers and sisters have the deepest sympathy of the ENTERPRISE and their acquaintances in their bereavement.

People from far and near collected at the Town Hall last Monday night to listen to the discussion between Dr. D. P. Deming and C. W. McPhail. The question to be discussed was, as we stated last week, "Resolved, That incorporated banks are necessary for the transaction of the business of the United States." Mr. McPhail being on the affirmative side his "say" came first. He occupied the floor about thirty minutes and stated his side of the question in a brief and comprehensive manner. The doctor then "opened fire" from his breast works of manuscripts and held the fort for fully two hours, and had not the audience began to show signs of impatience he would undoubtedly have spoken an hour longer. Mr. McPhail closed the debate by reviewing and smoothing over some of the places ruffled up by the Dr. Rev. Gilchriese, Henry Butler and Jas. Higgins, who had been chosen as judges, then came forward and rendered their decision, which was in favor of the negative—two being for the negative and one for the affirmative.

School Notes.

Handed in by Principal Coulton.
School closes next Wednesday for holiday vacation.
Emma spurgeon has added her name to our high school enrollment.
Rev. W. P. Gibson, of Almer, conducted the opening exercises Tuesday morning.
Still the little folks keep coming. One hundred and three in the primary room now.
Willie Hennesey had to help build fence Monday morning and the result was he was late for school.
The biographies given by the seniors are interesting and add considerably to our morning exercises.
Some more fence builders, probably: Bessie and Maggie Miller, Alice Sells, Matilda Steinhouser, and Susan Paterson.
Our program Wednesday afternoon in the high school will consist of Christmas exercises in the line of essays, recitations and music.
On Tuesday morning the pupils of the high school listened to an excellent talk by Rev. W. P. Gibson, in which he presented many valuable and interesting suggestions.
We hope not to see these pupils names among those who are tardy again this year: Dugald Muma, Leonard Eastman, Jessie Teller, Spencer Hunt, Joseph Hennesey and May Ma Comber.
It is not very encouraging when you are striving to make a better record on the subject of tardiness to see three of the largest boys coming up the sidewalk as if they were driving snails and the last bell about to step ringing.
You will not hear us boasting very much this week about our record in the high school on tardiness. For further information inquire of Hector McIntyre, Edgar Butler, John Walmesley, Frank Woolman, Ella Bader, Bell Walmesley and Willie Zinnecker.
We have heard of several students who are expecting to attend school here the next term. We would say to you, come early, if you wish to secure a seat. Tuition was paid by some two months before they could commence this term in order to hold the seat. Some have done the same for next term.
The Orthoepy class has finished its work and we feel well pleased with the work which has been done in that subject. This subject is one of the most important in our schools and is generally most neglected, which fact can be easily discovered by the great number of words incorrectly pronounced daily. It is a nice thing to have a good dictionary always handy and a very nice thing to be able to use it properly.

Dropped from the Clouds.

The Moon, Dec. 1, '90.
Mr. Elevier,
Cass City, Earth.

Dear Sir:
Please notify the Public that I shall hold High Carnival at your establishment during the month of December, and if my stock holds out it will be necessary for all the Boys and Girls to have unusually large stockings hung up on Christmas Eve.
Yours as Ever,
Santa Claus.

Every purchaser of One Dollar's worth of Holiday Goods at Elevier's Store, will be allowed to participate in the drawing of a Ladies Gold Watch, to be given away on Christmas Day.

W. ELEVIER,
CASS CITY.

QUEEN VICTORIA is only four feet eight inches in height, yet she is said to be a regal sovereign in her bearing. Singularly enough, the one place where the queen is never to be found is London, her nation's capital.

The national banking system did not receive any attention in the last congressional session and will hardly get any in the coming session. It is a melancholy but well known fact that intelligent legislation in this matter is beyond the capacity of the average congressman of either party.

The following method of making paper transparent for copying drawings has been found very serviceable: Place a blank sheet of paper over the drawing and rub it lightly with pure benzine. The tracing can then be readily made, and the benzine, upon evaporation, leaves the paper as opaque as before.

The modern advertisement is unique at least. A southern merchant heads his statement with the following query: "A branch of a tree will sustain a weight of sixty-two and one-half pounds. The boy on the branch weighs fifty-six and one-half pounds and gets a pound and a half apple in a minute and a half. How long before the boy will need his ma?"

It does seem a little strange with our favorable climatic influences, blue grass pastures all winter, and every conceivable kind of grass all summer, and a market at the door of almost every farmer, that little or no attention is given to raising mutton lambs. As a profitable investment, when properly undertaken, it is one of the safest, surest and most lucrative that a farmer can enter into.

ACCORDING to the Albany Times, "Troy is receiving orders from Central Africa for collars." Civilization is becoming altogether too common. We can understand that a Central African should want a sun umbrella and a claret cup, and a few luxuries of that sort, but what in darkest Africa does he want with a collar? Can't he be uncomfortable enough already, or is he afraid of getting his neck sunburned?

In the heat of a theological discussion; in the heat of a business agitation; in the heat of a social controversy and even in the heat of a political campaign, we constantly hear appeal to "public opinion." That there is such a thing as public opinion, no one can deny, and that it has a value, no one will be inclined to dispute. But how many know what public opinion is, or stop to think how the phrase is abused.

A PAPER read at the recent meeting of the British Association described graphically the pauper population of England as being sufficient to form a procession of four persons abreast upward of one hundred miles long. Arranged in single file the paupers of England would according to these figures, form a line upward of four hundred miles long. And yet there are people right here at home who profess to believe that America is far advanced on the road to poverty.

"NEIGHBORLY Neighbors" is the odd title of a new club which has recently been formed. Its watchword is: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Members of the "Neighborly Neighbors" pledge themselves to surrender one penny to the treasury every time they speak disparagingly of any one. The money thus raised is used for the benefit of the poor. A number of people have already received help from this novel source of revenue, which is a species of atonement to counter-balance the common failing of backbiting.

MISS IRENE HOYT, the heiress of a New York millionaire, has taken up a curious fad. She is a collector—a collector of corner lots. She has picked up a number of fine pieces of property in New York, and has made many such investments in other cities. Wherever a corner lot seems worth adding to her interesting collection she always becomes its purchaser, no matter what the price. Her highest delight is found in such acquisitions. Miss Hoyt is perhaps the first collector who has made corner lots a specialty, but there is no reason why her inexpensive and amusing fad should not be as popular as the pursuit of old coins, autographs and postage stamps.

MOST farmers of late years have done less in farm improvement than they wished, because of scarcity of money. It is comparatively easy with money in hand to do many things which will secure larger crops at less cost than the money expended. Money makes money in no business more surely than in farming, and it may often in the beginning of an era of farm prosperity pay to borrow money for the purpose of insuring a better and more thorough cultivation of the farm. But if money is borrowed it should never be in excess of what a single good crop can pay, nor be diverted to any other purpose than that of producing the crop.

IS MAN DYING OUT?

The Time Coming When Woman Will Have Things All Her Own Way.

It has long been noted that in civilized countries there is a steady decrease in the proportion of males to the whole population. The fact has been accounted for in various ways, scientific, physiological and otherwise, but no one has given the matter special thought except to mourn the necessity of here and there a woman being left without the protector nature designed for her. It was reserved for an Indianapolis reporter, however, to discover that the males are not only growing proportionately less in number but that the sex is actually dying out. The argument that he presents in support of this view is not at hand, but it is not difficult to imagine some of the points he makes. For instance, the rapid advance of the gentler sex in fields hitherto held sacred to the training woman for absolute independence. At the present rate it is not improbable that the generation now beginning life will see women in charge of all the important branches of human activity, and fully capable of managing the world without masculine assistance. The clinging vine style of femininity is giving way before the active, self-reliant and independent woman, and the chances are that the clinging business will in a few years become the exclusive property of the males.

Other reasons might be cited, but for present purposes it is sufficient to acknowledge that at some day men will be numbered with the trilobites, mastodons, megatheriums and other evidences of bygone life. This manless future will be a long time coming, and before its arrival there will be a blissful period for the few men left to enjoy it. As the proportion of males to females grow less and less, masculinity will be enhanced in value, and specimens of the sex which are now cast aside with scorn will then be worth their weight in gold. Even the inane duds and the anglo-manias will come to have a definite value, and will no doubt succeed the pug and the poodle as feminine pets. But fear of an impending scarcity of men should not lead the members of the gentler sex to take up with every male specimen that offers itself. The supply of worthy and reasonably good men is far from being exhausted, and the present alternative is not a crooked stick or nose at all. Here is one of the places where it is wise to make haste slowly and not be driven into a poor bargain because there is a possibility for a future corner in the supply.

What the Moon Saw.

Here is a delightful little story from Hans Christian Anderson: "Yesterday," said the moon to me, "I looked down upon a small court yard surrounded on all sides by houses. In the court yard sat a clucking hen with eleven chickens, and a pretty little girl was running and jumping around them. The hen was frightened, and screamed and spread out her wings over the little brood. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her and I glided away and thought no more of the matter."

"But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down into the same court yard. Everything was quiet. But presently the little girl came forth again, crept quietly to the hen house, pushed back the bolt and slipped into the apartment of the hen and chickens. They cried out loudly and came fluttering down from their perches and ran about in dismay, and the little girl ran after them."

"I saw it quite plainly, for I looked through a hole in the hen house wall. I was angry with the willful child, and felt glad when her father came out and scolded her more violently than yesterday, holding her roughly by the arm. She held down her head, and her blue eyes were full of tears."

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "She wept and said: 'I wanted to kiss the hen and beg her pardon for frightening her yesterday, but I was afraid to tell you.'"

The Rubber Eraser.

Attention has recently been drawn to an extract from the proceedings of the French Academy of Sciences for the year 1752, in which occurs the following passage relating to the erasive properties of india rubber: "Those who make use of pencils from lead mines in drawing architectural designs, plans of fortifications, etc., resort to crumbs of bread for rubbing out the pencil marks. M. Magalhenus (or, as we spell the name, Magellen), member of the academy, a worthy descendant of the great navigator who discovered the straits south of Patagonia, which now bear his name, proposes a more effectual and convenient eraser in the shape of a piece of rubber, which can always be carried about. Rubbing by this new method is found to more satisfactorily remove the marks of the pencil and all other spots which appear on the paper."—American Stationer.

Two Remarkable Accidents.

Jefferson Miller of Jeffersonville, Ind., has good reasons for his strong dislike of both rats and threshing machines. In 1872 he was feeding a threshing machine in the barn, when a rat ran across the floor. Turning to watch it his left hand was pulled off by the machine. Again, in 1887, while feeding the same machine, in the identical barn above mentioned, a rat ran between his feet. He kicked at it, slipped, and had his only remaining hand ground to a pulp in the greedy machine.

A pair of spectacles—two women in "divided skirts" riding bicycles.

THE FEET OF ACTRESSES.

Soubrettes Discuss the Size and Dimensions of Their Pedal Extremities.

A feature in fact! What visions of corns, bunions, chilblains and ingrowing nails arise before me as I write these words. Not that I am afflicted with corns, bunions, chilblains or ingrowing nails, but I've heard all about them. Last night at the Highland House, disguised as a second trombone, I overheard several soubrettes and leading ladies drinking tea—and talking about other soubrettes and leading ladies. From Pauline Hall the conversation drifted into feet.

"I'll bet I've got the smallest feet in the gang," said Eugenie Nicholson, who wears number two and a half.

"And I'm equally certain that mine are the largest," admitted Jennie Reiffert, who wears sixes.

An examination showed that Reiffert had sized her foot up correctly; but there were three or four smaller feet than Miss Nicholson's in the party. Laura Millard wears number three and a half shoes; Alice Veronias number two; Marietta Nash wears ones and a half; Mrs. Alexander Spencer wears a charming smile upon her pretty face and number two shoes, D. last on her feet.

"Did you know," said the soubrette, "that Sallie Cohen has about the smallest feet in the business? She wears thirties. And of the beautiful woman of the stage Mary Anderson probably has the largest feet. She wears fives and a half. Her feet are long and slim. Tragic cases usually have pretty large feet. Modjeska, for instance, wears fours and a half, while Janauschek and Ristori have unusually large feet. Julia Marlowe slips her well-proportioned feet into number threes and a half, while Margaret Mather wears half a size smaller."

"And how about the comic opera queens?"

"Well, they usually have nice clean feet of average size. Pauline Hall, for instance, wears fives."

"Why, Lottie!" remonstrated the leading lady, "she doesn't no such thing. She only wears fours and a half."

"Well, perhaps you'd better cut Hall down a half size then, and don't say anything about her being knocked kneed."

"Is she really knock kneed? How then does she conceal the fact?"

"She doesn't conceal it. 'Tis an impossibility. The only way for a knock kneed lady to appear unknock kneed is to be knock calved and knock thighed also. I mean by padding the calves and the thighs the little protuberances on the insides of the knees are concealed."

"Ah! And how about Hall's rivals?"

"Well, Lillian Russell wears threes and a half; Fanny Rice wears a smaller size; and the poor dear suffers terribly with corns; Marie Jansen wears threes; Marion Manola slips her dainty little foot into a number four shoe, and Isabella Urquhart, who has piano legs, wears the same size shoe; Madeline Lucette wears threes and a half; Delia Fox and Helen Bertami each wear threes, and Carola Englander and Gustie Zimmermann, the noted German actress, finds no difficulty in slipping in number two shoes; Mine, Cotrelly, who ought to wear snow-shoes, has a number six foot."

The Water Ousel.

Away up on the mountain side, where the numerous streams find their way through deep, dark canyons down to the pulse beat of old ocean, is the natural summer home of the water ousel, the strangest of all strange birds. You seldom see more than one of them at a time, according to the Tacoma Ledger. They are of a dark blue color, and are easily recognized by a peculiar quick, jerking motion, which they never seem to tire of. And as they fit from rock to rock they are continually bobbing up and down, performing such a polite little courtesy as would cause you to smile to see it.

Owing to their peculiar habits and the isolated spots they select to build their nests, no one but the most ardent sportsmen and naturalists succeed in finding them. Hence a water ousel's nest with two of their eggs in it has a commercial value among nest collectors of \$25. They always build their nests just back of some waterfall or under some overhanging bank, where they have to go through or under the water to get to it.

Another strange habit of this bird, is the deliberate manner in which they appear to commit suicide. They will start slowly, very slowly, to wade right down into the water until they disappear from view, but if the water is clear and you have a sharp eye, you can still see their little dark form clinging to the bottom in search of their morning repast, which consists of periwinkles.

Business Was Bad.

Two peddlers met in front of a nine-story tenement house in New York. "How is business, Aaron?" "Very good, indeed. And how is it with you?" "A woman just called me from the top story of this tenement. I managed to get up with my pack and found her with a baby in her arms. When she saw me she said to the infant: 'There he is now; if you're not good he'll carry you away in his pack.' She didn't buy anything. Business, Aaron, is very bad."—Philadelphia Times.

Early rising is commended by the British Medical Journal as an excellent moral discipline and as an eminently healthful habit. Early rising is synonymous in long-life histories with short sleeping, which means rapid recovery from fatigue, a sign of bodily strength.

The Abuse of Noise.

The modern protest against unnecessary noise, such as the clang of church bells in cities, the shriek of locomotives in populous suburbs, and even the crusade against street bands and hand organs, considered merely as a noise, is indicative of advancing civilization.

In London the street cries are ceasing, and the benefit of silence is coming to be generally recognized as promoting health and comfort. Those who live in cities must always protect themselves against noxious odors and useless noise. The uproar of the night before the Fourth of July has been largely suppressed. It is a savage and barbarous taste which delights in noise.

But one of the most universal and outrageous of the abuse of noise is as yet unchallenged and unremedied—the early steam whistle. New York and other cities are already the centers of factory life, and the suburbs are full of all kinds of industries which must summon their workmen at an early hour. Along the Hudson river the abuse of early uproar is in many places, were informed, almost intolerable. Brickyards at some points of the river shore begin in summer to blow their whistles as early at half past three in the morning, and with such penetrating and persistent fury that those who live miles away are disturbed.

Elsewhere other factories, at other hours, take up the fierce noise, one from another, and the harm to the sick and the discomfort to everybody are indescribable. The fabled necessity of the railway locomotive shriek disappeared before steady public remonstrance. The horrible odors that oppressed the upper part of the city have been somewhat relieved by public protest. The reasonable proprietors of factories and other industrial works ought to perceive that it is not necessary to startle the whole town or country in order to summon their workmen. Here is a reform in which all good citizens can unite irrespective of party.—Harper's Weekly.

Her Picture.

The mistakes, in social conversation, of people who have money, and apparently nothing else, may be counted by the hundred, if report speak truly. Lack of culture can never render a person ridiculous, unless he is, at the same time, boastful and assuming, and there are, unfortunately, a sufficient number of such pretenders to point many a joke.

A very ignorant and wealthy woman, who was fond of talking about her "art gallery," one day met, at the house of an acquaintance, a lady who had not called on her, although they lived in the same town.

"Come and see me, do!" said Mrs. B., the patron of art, as the other lady was taking her leave.

"Thank you very much," was the non-committal reply.

"We've got a new picture, too. That ought to tempt you to come, if I can't."

"I should be very glad indeed to see it."

"Such a lovely picture! Sometimes it seems to me I could look at it all day long!"

"What is the subject of your picture, Mrs. B.?" inquired the hostess.

"Jupiter and Ten," returned she, with assurance.

Then some one remembered that the name, "Jupiter and Ten," was probably printed on the engraving.

Low in the Class.

A student at one of our colleges on commencement day pointed out to a visitor a row of young men sitting apart. "Those are our honor men," he said. The rest of us are of no account. We won no prizes."

The head of a famous school in New England once frankly said: "I confess that the school is intended for lads of exceptional ability. We have no place for dull boys."

Here are two different views of the question, and between them both the boy of average talent falls to the ground. Yet nine-tenths of the students in our schools are not "honor men."

Pulling Against a Horse.

A curious wager, with fatal results was recently decided at Sieppring in Bavaria. A notoriously strong man, named Freytag, bet that a horse could not move him from the foot of his house. The horse was brought, and Freytag put his hands and feet against the door posts, while Stern, the man with whom the bet had been made, fixed a rope around Freytag's neck. At the first pull the rope broke. A new rope having been brought, Stern plied his whip with his might, when Freytag gave a scream and letting go, was dragged along for some yards. His neck was broken.—Vanity Fair.

ONYX.

Something About Its Workings and Its Use in House Decoration.

Onyx is coming into general use for decorative purposes. With the formation of a syndicate to work the Mexican mines and with the discovery of onyx in other places, its use has extended until it is becoming one of the most fashionable decorations in New York. Onyx is a peculiar formation caused by drippings mixed with mineral and earthy substances under heat and pressure. This is not an exact geological definition of it, but it tells what it is. Onyx is usually discovered in caves or other natural openings and in a mineral neighborhood. The most beautiful kind of onyx is formed by various kinds of minerals running through it in streaks and tints.

Onyx is the same improvement over fine marble that marble is over ordinary stone. It also costs as much more. These are two reasons why people who are putting up fine houses in this town are beginning to use it. It differs from marble in taking on a higher degree of polish, in being harder, with a greater reflection, a finer grain, more refined and delicate tints and prettier streaks. Streaked marble is not popular because it is usually not streaked in a way to add to its decorative effect. In onyx the delicate green fern, reddish and brown streaks, appear beautifully on the ivory background.

Onyx is got out in as large blocks as it can be quarried. The quarrying has to be done with wedges and saws, as it cannot be blasted or dug out with safety. The grain and streaks are so delicate that a blast might spoil thousands of dollars' worth. One cave of onyx was ruined by the use of powder. The man who owned the cave started to get out the onyx by the slow process of saws and wedges. He got out several car loads, when the thought struck him that he could take all the onyx out of the cave at one blast. So he put his men to work and drilled around the cave, arranging his blast so that he would have \$40,000 or \$60,000 worth of onyx to be shipped at once. The drill holes were charged and the blast was exploded. None of the onyx was fit for use except in mosaics and such work. There was not a sound bit four feet long in the cave. This taught the other onyx miners a lesson, and no shocks and blasts or detonations are allowed in the cave or in the neighborhood for fear that the onyx may be cracked or that some small cracks may be enlarged.

Onyx is worth in the rough from \$3 to \$15 per cubic foot. The price is not steady, as it depends on the demand and the length and shape of the block got out as well as the appearance of the onyx. The market for onyx is something like the market for meerschaum, only less regular. A man who buys a block of onyx takes it to some extent on speculation. He does not know how it will saw and polish. There may be cracks inside of it which he does not see, and the grain and streaks on the outside may not be carried through.

The onyx in its rough state looks like other stalactites and stalagmites, though it might be taken for marble by any one not in the business. It is worked much as marble is, by sawing and polishing, except that more care has to be exercised and that the polishing is more difficult. When it is worked up it will sell for \$1 to \$5 a square foot, according to its appearance and size.

Some dealers make onyx up in mantels, but even though an onyx mantel is costly, the dealers do not like to make it up in that shape, as they say it vulgarizes the onyx and will end in cheapening it. Onyx is beautiful for tables, mirrors, and panels. There are only four or five dealers in it now in New York, but when the new syndicate begins shipping here steadily onyx will be pushed. It is no more rare now than the finer marble used to be.—N. Y. Sun.

The Discontented Man.

Truly was he an honest gentleman, but hard to live with, and much given to discontent and fault-finding. So it came to pass that tradesmen were little inclined to sell him wares. The tailor would have his doublet turned back on his hands because of a seam, or belike, because the cloth of the cape was not of Flemish dye, and with his shoes and hose he never was satisfied. The cook because the meat was too much or too little roasted, or the sauce not to the master's taste, was sorely troubled, and the groom was often roundly held to task on account of the hides of the horses. My lady's stomachers and farthingales caused him much vexation of spirit, as did his children's garters. And when he went to heaven, and St. Peter took from his own stores a halo and bid him wear it, but, being as over-particular in heaven as he had been on earth, quoth my fine gentleman: "Prithce, is this the last fashion hereabouts? It does not fit me. See you not it falleth down over my ears? The gold of the halo wants refurbishing. It looketh for all the world like unto brass. I fear me it is not of the Tower stamp. I deem some low person hath worn it before and shabbled it, and I came not here to wear what is second-handed." And so he went on complaining sore.

To stop his clatter, which was unseemly in heaven, St. Peter said unto him: "It is well, thou man hard to please. Thou shalt have thy earthly frippery." And so the bonnet he had worn when he was alive was brought unto him and he was made to don it, and a pitiful sight was he, for in time his worldly habitment became old and tarnished, and a sorry sight did he look like.—The Stranded Humorist.

Editorial Dueling in Hungary.

Journalistic criticism is a dangerous calling in Hungary. An article which appeared recently in a journal at Klausenberg gave so much offence that it led to no fewer than thirteen duels. The editor of the paper fought four duels, in one of which he killed his opponent; the author of the obnoxious article passed safely through three encounters, and the sub-editor took the lion's share with six combats.

Realty of a Spectacular Play.

A great spectacular play, which to an audience moves in all its complexity as smoothly as a simple pair of wheels over a concrete pavement, represents an immense amount of engineering skill, and what is going on behind the beautiful paintings and costumes and tinsel and fittings and the dramatic action of the play, which the audiences sees, bears no apparent relation to the mass of properties, scene pieces, lights, coryphees and actors and scene-shifters and supers and the hundreds of diversified element which move about on the very verge of all the glittering order and symmetry before the footlights.

Take, for instance, the third act of "Around the World in Eighty Days." An interesting feature is the locomotive and sleeper on the Pacific road. This piece of rolling stock is in effect a folded screen, and when it is not running on schedule time it is stuck away in a very small space. The locomotive is less compressible, however, but "behind the scenes," unless a diagram went with it, the novice would scarcely discover its identity. It has the same steam stomach which supplies the Suez Canal vessel, and the same four men who hauled that craft through the arid desert also pulled the train across the plains beyond the Rockies. It may not have looked that way to the audience, but it was that way just the same.

Then came the water scene, with the ship going to pieces. A wild, weird effect, which the scene shifters produce by pulling the painted water up and down three sections, called "waters," first, second and third numbering back from the first piece, which looks as if it would splash right over the footlights and put them out preparatory to floating off the big drum and the bass fiddle and driving the entire orchestra to the fuse of life preservers. As the waters rise and the ship drops out of sight, the passengers plunge into the seething vortex of wave duck their heads and walk off the stage with much ease and dryness as one would walk through a back yard on wash day, while those who were drowned outright have probably gone to their dressing room some time previously. The way a stage manager dances around and stirs up things in order to keep the ocean in perfect position and prevent the waves from lying right down on the floor in a state of collapse would remind anybody of an untamed Congressman during a revival in the House.—W. J. Lampton in Washington Star.

Excusable Paternalism.

The government of the United States has taken steps to keep the Indian wards of the nation from hiring out to the managers of "Wild West" shows. A circular which has just been addressed by the acting commissioner of Indian affairs to the Indian agents throughout the country states that if the managers of such enterprises hereafter apply to the Department of the Interior for authority to obtain Indians from reservations for the purpose of exhibition, such authority will be promptly refused. The circular goes on:

Your attention is invited to the office circular of March 8, 1890, advising agents of the ruinous evils generally resulting to Indians who leave their reservations and engage in enterprises of the character indicated, and instructing them to impress upon the Indians the danger of such practice, and urge them to remain at home and engage in more civilized avocations. You are instructed to again lay the matter plainly before your Indians, and advise them that if any should hereafter attempt to leave their reservation for exhibition purposes it will be regarded as an open defiance of the authority of the government and that prompt measures will be adopted to detain them.

The agents are also urged to be on the alert to discover showmen or their emissaries who may enter the reservations for the purpose of luring the Indians away, and to do everything to thwart their schemes. Thus, it will be seen, the Great Father at Washington intends to exercise care that the welfare of his red children shall not be sacrificed by going into the histrionic arena.

Jessie Benton Fremont.

There was an incident which occurred in Plymouth Church in the days before the war, when Henry Ward Beecher was preaching one of his eloquent and powerful sermons—which he preached so often, and which once heard were never to be forgotten—for the ransom of the slave. A slave woman stood on the platform. Her price in gold must be paid to her captors or she must be returned to the land where human flesh was a chattel. At the close of the sermon plates were passed. Mrs. Fremont sat in the pew of George B. Lincoln, afterwards postmaster of Brooklyn. She had no money, but hastily pulling from her finger a gold ring with a B engraved on the stone, the gift of Col. Fremont, she laid it on the plate. The ring was recognized, and was sold at a very high figure and presented again to Jessie Fremont. The slave it is needless to say, was ransomed.—From the Albany Journal.

Exchange Bank.

E. H. PINNEY, BANKER. RESPONSIBILITY \$33,000.

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

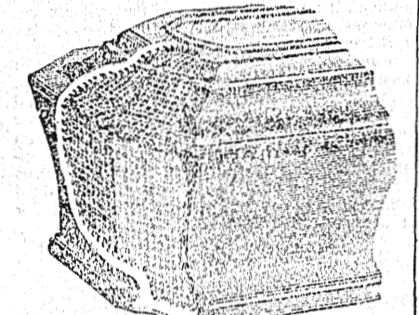
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A. H. ALE, Cashier. Pintey's new block, Main St., Cass City.



UNDERTAKER And Funeral Director.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and Undertaker's Supplies on hand. INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET. (PATENT.)



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

Three Cent Column.

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

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

FOUND FOR SALE—A first class rabbit and fox hound. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

CUTTER—New cutter to exchange for wood. Inquire at THIS OFFICE.

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

FOR SALE—One cord dry hard wood buys a second hand heating stove. Inquire at THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE—A yearling colt, cheap, fair size, color bright bay. JOHN McCRACKEN, 2 miles east and one mile south of Deford.

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

FOR SALE—I will sell very cheap and on easy terms the W. K. W. Co. Nov. 9, 1890. 10-16-10wks. N. E. McLaughlin, M. D., 310 1/2 North Main St., Findlay, Ohio.

FOR SALE—A four year old Clydesdale brood mare, good worker. 12-19-11. E. H. PINNEY.

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. Inquire of J. C. LAING, 9-12-11. 3 miles north of Cass City.

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

FOR SALE—A brick store now occupied by C. H. 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. 10-24-11. G. M. LIVINGSTON, Holbrook.

TO TRADE—A pacing horse for a good work horse, one that will weigh 1500 pounds and good life. The pacing horse is a good driver and sound and weighs 1600 pounds and can race in three minutes. A woman can drive him. Call on or address, 12-16-2wks. J. D. OWEN, Owendale, Mich.

Strayed from my premises about the last of July, one small red yearling bull. Finder will be rewarded by informing the owner. RALPH BALLGAGH, Owendale, Mich.

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

LOST—One leather belt, somewhere between county line and Wm. Morris 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. \$2000 buys 40 acres, unimproved, or swamp. \$1500 buys the brick block occupied by Glass, 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. BOUTON, 7-11-11. Three miles north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of good farming land. The east half of the west half of the s. w. quarter of section 31, township of Austin, San Jo county; about 20 acres cleared. Small payment down, balance on time. DUNCAN McDUGALL, Argyle, P. O.

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

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

Professional Cards.

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

HENRY C. WALES, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Agent for Cass City, Marble Works and Fire Insurance. Office day—Saturday.

A. B. GILLIES, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Deals, mortgages, etc. in real estate. Office, Main street, Cass City, Mich. Money to loan on real estate so as to accommodate.

DR. N. M. LINTON, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and DENTURIST. Graduate of V. M. University 1865. Office first door over Fritz's drug store. Specialty—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

DR. J. H. McLAN, (CANCERS) Cured without the knife. Tape worms removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas and hemorrhoids cured by a new and painless method.

INSURANCE. Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, issues policies to males or females, for ten, twenty years or for life at very low rates. J. E. THATCHER, State Agent. J. H. McLEAN, Medical Examiner.

Lodges:

I. O. O. F. Cass City Lodge, No. 209, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. B. PREDMORE, N. G. D. McGLIVARY, Secretary.

M. 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 of Cass City, beginning on or preceding the full moon of each month. The following are the dates: Jan. 4, Feb. 4, Mar. 4, Apr. 5, May 2 and 31, June 24, (St. John), June 28th, July 27, Aug. 23, Sept. 27, Oct. 25, Nov. 20, Dec. 20, (election of officers) Dec. 27, (St. John). T. HENRY STEWART, W. M. A. H. ALE, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CARO.

L. A. Cooley is visiting friends in Flint. The orster supper at the Baptist Church was largely attended.

Rev. Schodihoven, formerly of this place, was in town Wednesday.

W. J. Gamble, of the University of Ann Arbor, was in town last week.

Mrs. P. W. Welsh arrived home from a two week's visit with her sister at Bay City.

A meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion was held at the M. E. Church Sunday afternoon.

Miss Alice Chapin and Miss Annie Denyes, of Chicago, are visiting friends at this place until after holidays.

Christmas is nearly here and the shop windows show a fine display of holiday goods. The children are happy.

The play entitled the "Jones Family" will be acted in the Opera house Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Presbyterian church.

J. W. Beach, of Lexington, is supplying the place of Walter Reason in the circuit court this week. Mr. Reason is attending court at Pontiac.

OWENDALE and CREEL.

John Taylor made a business trip to Cass City on Saturday last.

John Ballgagh, of Teeswater, Ont., is the guest of his many friends here.

Wm. Burriss drove over to Tyre on Sunday and returned the same day.

Plenty of frost but not much snow, is the cry of the lumbermen in this locality.

George Lisbon is suffering at present from that pleasant sensation, the toothache.

Toney Hughes has traded his oxen for a pair of horses with a gentleman from Sheridan.

Wm. Burriss and Ross Burriss exchanged horses the past week. One got the youth and the other the tin.

Miss Aggie McCullough is visiting at her parental home at present. Aggie's many friends are glad to see her return.

J. D. Owen, of this place, purchased a handsome horse the past week from Jas. Wills, of the State Road, for \$125, cash.

Rev. F. Packer, of Detroit, stationed minister of the M. E. church at this place, now occupies the residence of R. Ballgagh.

Joseph Rivers is taking orders for the construction of cutters at present. Before purchasing call and see Joe, he will give you a good deal.

C. S. Graves has an idea to accommodate his many customers by furnishing them fresh beef at the shortest notice. Call and get a bargain.

John Gillis is suffering from a severe hurt on the foot which he received while loading a train at camp No. 3. We hope he will soon be able to be on the turf again.

Rev. Gray, of Gagetown, is holding revival meetings in the P. M. Church south of here at present. We have not learned how long the good tidings will be proclaimed.

A ten meeting will be held at this place, in the M. E. church on the Tuesday evening before Christmas for the salary. Admission 25 cents. There will be a good program arranged for the occasion as there has not been one held here for some time.



GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT SALE!

We will begin on Monday, Dec. 15, 1890, a VERY EXTENSIVE SALE of CHRISTMAS GOODS. Our Xmas Gifts comprise one of the Finest Lines of Ladies' and Gent's Handkerchiefs at prices from 5cts to \$1.00 The Richest and Largest line of Gent's Neckscarfs ever shown in the city. Beautiful Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets and Dressing Cases at 25 percent less than wholesale prices. Linen table spreads, linen napkins, towels, mats, rugs, ladies and gent's fur and plush caps in a Great Variety.

Don't Buy Until you see our Big Display!

Don't Buy Until you get our Low Prices

DON'T BUY Until you have seen our BIG DISPLAY and exceedingly Low Prices! -2-MACKS-2-



Wilmot.

Jas. McCallum is in Detroit on business this week.

Cyrus Hendrick, of Clifford, was in town Tuesday.

John A. Teskey is surveying in the southern part of the county this week.

Thos. Graves, of Potts, is visiting his parents and many friends here this week.

N. Hart went to Pontiac Saturday and brought home with him a fine team of horses.

The fall term of school closed Tuesday and Mr. Ferguson is engaged for the balance of the year.

GAGETOWN.

George Gage is erecting the nicest barn in town.

James Mosler returned from Caro on Saturday last.

Joseph Carr has caught 12 foxes this fall and winter.

R. Bolton left Friday evening last for Union, Ontario.

Mrs. Sarah Johnson was a caller at Caro on the 11th.

Mrs. Gamble, of Cass City, was in town on the 11th.

Our blacksmiths are the busiest men in town now-a-days.

Miss Mary Williams returned from Unionville Saturday.

From present indications we may look for a gray Christmas.

I. Waidley and wife, of Elmwood, were among the callers in town this week.

Oscar Outen will have a shooting match and raffle at this place, Dec. 23.

John Williams received \$34 from one and a quarter acres of Barley, this season.

Mrs. Thos. Watson and Mrs. H. A. Whipple were visiting in Cass City on the 11th.

John McGrath and wife made a flying trip to Canada, on business and returned last week.

Finkle and Martin are putting in a five and ten cent counter. All right, the more the merrier.

S. O. Sherrard, A. J. Palmer and R. S. Brown will be in attendance at the regular meeting of the Masonic Lodge at Cass City on the 20th.

Dr. Maires sold two turkeys to E. Henesey, that weighed as much as ten others purchased of another party. That speaks big for the Bronze turkey.

GREENLEAF.

Our Photograph gallery has gone. Emmet Holecomb's children are very sick at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Leslie visited at Marlette last week.

Mr. Brooker, of Marlette, is visiting his children in these parts.

Mr. Osborn has bought the house and blacksmith shop at Shubbona from Mr. Pinney, we understand.

There is to be a Christmas tree at Proctor's school house, on Christmas Eve. A splendid program consisting of readings, recitations and singing, is being prepared. Come out everybody and have a good time.

I am thankful to the Indian of Grant for the interpretation of his name in English, as it would appear by his recent correction in the ENTERPRISE, small man —. I am not so much surprised now at his having so much trouble to get the roof on his wigwam and how he pointed me to Hosea to read and get enlightened; and also quoted for my information, "Resist not evil twice" Now to show the honest thinking public how dishonest a skeptic is, not withstanding the unasked for interpretation sent in by the Deford correspondent of the word skeptic, read with me St. Mathews, Chap. 5, verses 37, 38 and 39: But let your communications be, yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a

tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also." You see that these are Christ's own words in the sermon on the mount. Now is it not an awful thing for a man to try to misconstrue the meaning of these beautiful words of our savior. Now I would say to Mr. — please read the last chapter of the revelations of Saint John, the divine, carefully, and I would say to you be careful. Now Mr. Editor don't you think it would be better for correspondents to leave such things out of their writings? Now anything alluding to this subject will be ignored by me hereafter, but if my friends has anything more to say on this subject, let them come and see me and I will talk with them and try to enlighten their poor, dark deluded minds.

GRANT.

Sick horses at Anthony Doerr's at this writing, but they will be kindly cared for by Tony, as that is his nature so to do.

Fifteen acres of clover threshed for M. H. Eastman turned out five bushels of seed. How is that for a good chance to become a millionaire on quick time.

The difference between the wood seller and the coal seller is this. The one asks what he can get for his wood and the other gets what he asks for his coal.

Will some one give the true origin of this so called CHRISTMAS? Beliefs of the dark ages should be abandoned for something more modern and intelligent.

Oh how those merchants are going to squander their goods to the public about these Xmas times. Can we not keep them at those terms the whole year around?

A social hop at Thos. Walter's on the 11th, where the youths enjoyed themselves as well as the aged in the trips-corean art, until the wee sma' hour beyond the 12.

Rather gloomy prospects of good sleighing just now. The owls and hogs say look out for a storm before many more full moons, and as hogs nose a good deal why just watch ye out.

Yes, brother of Deford, yourself has a good opinion of our lady teacher. If the officers are of the same opinion, she will teach two or more terms up here and not charge her with broken seats either; but we do not all think alike, you know brother of Deford.

Some one near Karr's Corners says that the music of Jack Castle's threshing crew and machine was sounded at Wm. Randall's. Now this is the first we have heard of Jack Castle having a musical threshing crew or a musical machine. We would like to know if Jack has a calliope or a steam-driven organ, or a musical wonder, connected with his threshing machine. Which, John Castle?

Marvin H. Eastman, of Grant, has just received from Messrs Smith, Powell and Lamb, of the Lakeside Stock Farm, near Syracuse, N. Y., a thoroughbred Berkshire Boar. All those interested in hog breeding would do well by visiting Mr. Eastman as it is something much wanted in Grant and the neighbor town Elkland. Now is the time to improve your hog stock. Mr. Eastman lives just five and one-half miles north from the Tennant House corners, Cass City. The name of the porkship is "Lakeside Fredrick."

Not long since an invalid left Pontiac for home up in Grant, but not having money to pay his fare on the cars he thought he would ask a ride to Cass City on time to pay it, but the liberality of a railroad company was such that the poor invalid was obliged to get off at the first station and get to Cass City the best way he could, and he did so, and arrived home on Sunday evening. Nowadays everything traveling scarce of money is called tramps or something else. Now who is it that should be enthusiastic about giving bonuses to railroad companies to build roads? "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

HARD FACTS

Meaning the price of course. Prices until after Christmas that will beat even our own record for selling cloaks cheap.

CLOAKS CUT HALF IN TWO!

No finer goods can be had than those we are now showing, made in new and fashionable styles.

Our Stock of Underwear is Complete!

And at Prices to suit the most Fastidious.

Why Shiver with the Cold?

When you can get a Good Blanket for only \$1.00.

OUR STOCK IS UNSURPASSED!

We have about 1,000 yards of excellent Print, which we offer at 5cts. per yard. We always carry a Complete Line of Dress Goods, Hosiery and Notions. We also carry a full stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods, Groceries Crockery and glassware.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.



IS COMING,

FRITZ BROS.,

—Have Just Received a Complete Stock of—

HOLIDAY GOODS

Their long experience has enabled them to select the BEST GOODS and buy at the Lowest Figures. They intend to give you BARGAINS in Holiday Goods. Remember the place when you want any Albums, Toilet Cases, Work Baskets, Work Boxes, Smoking Sets, Mirrors, Photo Frames, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Books, Bibles and many other articles that will make

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

EA VETROUGHING + A + SPECIALTY

If My Wife Taught School.

If I had a wife 'at taught school I would go to a faraway country. I'd fish from the Po in a gay gondola and the plish o' my oar would be heard by the natives around Singapore.

JOE ROGER'S MOTHER.

If you have never been in the valley of the Tennessee—I mean that part of the famous valley that stretches southward from the great Sand Mountain to the picturesque table lands of Mount Sano—you have missed a scene.

Not many miles to the north is Lookout Mountain and the battle-fields of Mission Ridge and Chickamauga. Further to the south and west, on the same great trunk line that passes within the shadow of the heights on which Hooker fought the "battle in the clouds" is that already famous young city of phenomenal growth, Decatur, and beyond that the new Sheffield and war-scarred Corinth.

Back from the Tennessee, in a cove protected from the northers by the broad back of Monte Sano, a hardy mountain farmer had built a house of uncut stone—a poor place at best, but a home for the sake of what was in it.

"Among the negroes 'Colonel' John was looked upon with some disdain. A man who 'worked' his farm without a single black 'boy' was not likely to win the respect of 'the quarters' at the big plantations on the river.

News travels slowly in the country. In those days few newspapers found their way into the Tennessee Valley of Alabama, and the first shock of war at Fort Sumter was too far away to affect the tranquility of the people by the great river.

There are brave hearts here at home who remember those sad farewells, when the boys in blue went far away to fight and die on those Southern battlefields. There were the same sad partings in many a Southern home, and the war left hundreds of decimated families in that fair valley.

Months passed, and then years. Occasionally letters from the absent soldier boys came to the old folks in the cove, but they were few and very far between. They had gone north and enlisted in the Army of Virginia. They had been at Bull Run, and had been on the Peninsula in the check-board operations of McClellan's campaign. The latest letter, scribbled in pencil and written in haste, and read in that little home with aching yet thankful hearts, told of good health and Confederate success. Side by side the brothers had fought, as yet unhurt. Now they were to go with Lee into the

land of promise—the rich, corn-growing valleys of Pennsylvania. Gettysburg came, and the Army of Virginia, rudely awakened from its victorious security, was hurled back across Maryland and into Virginia again by the military genius of Meade. In the carnage of the first day the older brother was killed. The younger, while retreating with his decimated regiment from an unsuccessful charge, was taken prisoner. In company with several other Alabama soldiers, young Rogers, even then a mere boy, was brought to Philadelphia, and from there sent to Fort Delaware as a prisoner of war. There he remained until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House.

The sad news of the battle of Gettysburg was slow in reaching the little home by Monte Sano, but when it did come it broke the spirit of "Colonel" John and turned still whiter the head of the sweet-faced mother; for it was said that in the battle both boys had fallen under the shower of Federal balls. It was not long before there was a "burying" from the house in the cove, and the body of "Colonel" John was laid to rest among the pines he loved so well.

And the mother? She too would gladly have died, but nature was too strong. The time came, moreover, when she was glad that death had spared her, for there came to her from far away Fort Delaware a letter from her surviving boy, telling of the older brother's death and the younger one's imprisonment. She read the letter many times, and as the tears rolled down her sunken cheeks she fell on her knees and thanked God that one son at least had been spared to her.

Traveling was slow. Weeks passed before she was enabled to get through the opposing lines and into Washington. At last, dying from want, sorrow and fatigue, she stood in the commandant's rooms at Fort Delaware with written permission to see and speak with the boy she loved so well.

By some means a rumor had gained credence in the prisoner's barracks that something of the kind was to take place, while the impression prevailed that special vengeance was to be meted out to the soldiers of Alabama, because of alleged outrages committed by regiments from that state. Young Rogers was not a coward, but he had no desire to meet so unsoldierly a death.

The rumor that retaliatory measures were in order struck consternation to many a brave heart, and when, for any reason, a Federal orderly came to the prisoner's barracks and called the name of "Johnny Reb," there was a general feeling of misgiving, and an effort made, when possible, to discover for what purpose the prisoner was wanted before answering to his name.

"Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers!" rang through the long corridor, and the orderly seemed to be unaware that Rogers had failed to answer to his name. He went away, and on the records it was written that Joe Rogers had been transferred—as even the officers thought—to be hanged.

A sad look came over the face of the commanding officer when the white-haired woman gave him the slip of paper that to her meant so much. "Rogers is not here now," he said finally. She looked at him, dazed by the intelligence. "Not—here?" "No; he has been transferred."

"Where?" "Where?" "The officer had a heart. 'I—I do not know,' he said. He could not tell the sad-eyed woman what he believed to be the truth. But he could not deceive her. 'He is dead!' she cried, wildly, and tottering forward she clasped her hands across her breast and sank into a chair.

"My poor boy!" she sobbed. "I loved you too, and yet I was too late!" The parched lips closed over the sad grey eyes; the tired head fell forward; the nervous fingers relaxed their hold. "Come," said the officer kindly, "you must go now. I can not permit you to remain here."

were kind hearts among the boys in blue, and they took the body of the dead mother across to New Castle, and there in the old church yard reverentially laid it to rest. Rogers managed to escape detection for the few weeks remaining before the close of the war. After the surrender he was liberated and returned to Alabama. There he lives and there I met him. He told me this story, and I repeat it because it comes so near home. It interested me and I think it will you.—Philadelphia News.

STARTING A PIPE LINE.

Exciting Phenomena Attending the New Plan for the Transportation of Oil. When the first pipe line was started in its work of conveying oil from the vicinity of the wells in Pennsylvania to the seaboard some peculiar phenomena were noted. The prospect that oil may soon be transported in a similar manner to Denver, not only from Morrison, but also from the Florence oil fields, will add interest to the recital of these phenomena. The story is told by John Ward, one of the watchmen on duty along the new pipe line. He was cautioned to watch a certain hollow where the pipe, coming over one eminence, passed down through it and up over a mountain to the eastward.

"I imagine my astonishment when I saw the place I had left a short time before so tame now hissing at ten thousand points. Jets of oil were flying twenty feet high and hundreds of barrels were flowing down Hiner's Run, never to see a market. 'I thought the pipe was gone up, sure. At first I was afraid to approach it, but soon grew valiant, and with a calking chisel I set to work to stop the leaks. I made poor headway; it was a dark night and I dared have no light. I had taken off my coat, the whizzing oil carried away my hat, and I very soon became drenched with oil. My pockets, my hair and my eyes were full, and if I was not then an oil man I would like to know what constitutes one. I sat length grew sick, and supposed I would have to give up and all would be lost, and instead of an out-pressure I could hear an in-drawing, a suction of air.

"I now realized the fact that the oil had been climbing the up-grade, but was now on the descent for Pine Bottom Run. This caused a suction and relieved the hollow at the springs. I again waited some time, when I received word to hasten to Haneyville, that the pipe was bursting. When I arrived there the people were greatly excited. The pipe was throbbing and wheezing at every pore. McClure Spring was nowhere. The oil was spouting from the pipe for miles. I knew from experience that the oil had reached, and was climbing another high mountain, and the pressure was so great that I feared every moment the pipe would burst.

"We all stood still and looked on. Suddenly, as quick as thought, all motion ceased except a sucking in of air, and I heard the oil passing rapidly along the pipe. I knew that it had crossed the last mountain and that the oil line was an established fact."

The Coming Ocean Steamer.

Here is a very clever picture from the Pall Mall Gazette: She will be over a quarter of a mile in length, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in thirty-six hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity and in such a fashion as to keep railway time despite storm or fog. Passages can be secured by flash photo—Edison's patent—and the ticket will include an opera stall or a concert ticket or a seat in a church pew, the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will be provided and a racing track for tennis troters. A base ball ground and fistic courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes, on the vibration system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system.

A spacious conservatory, containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis. As at Monaco and Monte Carlo, a suite of apartments will be laid out for play, to be kept open all night—a sumptuous supper with the choicest wines free. English tailors and shoemakers will be in attendance, and clothes will be made and finished during the passage. The millinery department will contain the French fashions of the previous day, and costumes will be confectioned while the ship is en route and delivered complete on arrival at dock. Accommodation will be furnished for 10,000 passengers.

A Story of Josh Billings. A few years ago, riding up town in a Madison Avenue car, I was seated opposite the gentleman who is best remembered as Josh Billings. The rear platform was somewhat crowded, and in the course of our ride one of the passengers stepped off and on several times, in order to assist the lady passengers. Finally, when the car was just comfortably filled, and the courteous gentleman had taken his seat inside, Josh Billings, seeing an opportunity for a joke, beckoned to the conductor, and pointing to the stranger, said, "Don't you charge for every ride on this car?"

"Yes, sir," answered he. "Yes, I've seen that fellow get on this car six times, and you have collected only one fare from him."—Harper's Magazine.

Waldorf and the Astors.

The little town of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, where John Jacob Astor, the first, was born, has received, according to the German papers, 50,000 marks from William Waldorf Astor. The money is to be applied to the Astor memorial in the memory of Mr. Astor's father. William Waldorf Astor has been elected an honorary citizen of the town.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Had Adam let the apple be Had Eve kept clear her skirts, To-day we would not know the bliss Of wearing flannel shirts. —Dallas News

The flannel shirt from store to son In straight descent must go, And by his junior 'will be won When it shall shorter grow; When on the youngest son it daunts, His tender mind is vexed, By this one thought which ever haunts—'Now who will wear it next?' —Washington Post

Many would-be betters will be better off if they don't bet at all.—Buffalo Commercial

P. T. Barnum is very rich for a man who always has had an elephant on his hands.—Courier Journal

"A good lathering is the first requisite of a good shave." "It is also the best thing for a bad shaver."—N. Y. Herald

A South Orange man calls his dog Waterbury because he is a watch-dog and cost only \$5.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser

A man who bought Tolstoi's latest book was greatly disappointed in it, because it wasn't Sonata as he expected to find it.—Texas Siftings

One of the most effective social restraints that were ever thrown around a boy is the old-fashioned twisted cowhide painted blue.—Dallas News

The man who says he is going to get there, and don't you forget it, makes more noise about it than the man who is actually there.—Acheson Globe

"I know why it's so hot in summer," said Willie. "Why?" "Because the ministers all go to Europe and the devil just turns the heat on."—N. Y. Herald

If a large number of newspapers can bring it about "electrocution" will be the word to designate the judicial act of execution by electricity.—N. Y. Herald

"Why do you sit so far away from me?" "She—" "So as to be near you." "He—" "What do you mean?" "She—" "Everybody says you're way off."—N. Y. Sun

It is quite likely that Longfellow's hero was engaged in the chase; his breath came in Hiawatha pants, though the poet neglected to mention it.—Terre Haute Express

Two Georgia editors passed through Atlanta recently. They were on a trip for their health; but they report the walking bad, owing to the late heavy rains.—Atlanta Constitution

"What kept you out so late, George?" "He—" "We had a little game of freeze-out down at the club." "She—" "How very extravagant, when ice is so dear."—Munsey's Weekly

"I don't believe in allowing domestic to get the upper hand. I make my servant keep her place." "You are lucky. Ours never does for more than three weeks."—American Grocer

Wife—"I'm writing to Mrs. Van Courtlandt Lake, dear; shall I put in a word for you?" Husband—"That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of course."—Puck

When a man hears that others dislike him he thinks they know him too well; if a woman finds out that she is disliked she thinks it would not be the case if they knew her better.—Acheson Globe

Chicagoan—"Did you notice those two statues in Lincoln Park—La Salle and Schiller?" "Stranger—" "Yes. Ah—who were they?" "Chicagoan—" "They discovered the two Chicago streets that bear their name."—America

We return thanks, writes a Georgia editor, "for the finest watermelon of the season, but, brethren, do not think that we can live on watermelons alone. We require at least a bushel of corn and a cord of wood, occasionally."

A Wisconsin man advertises that if the person who stole one of his shoes will call at a stated address the loser will consent to shake dice for the possession of the pair and all will be forgotten and forgiven.—Detroit Free Press

"Who is that well-dressed distinguished-looking gentleman over there?" "That's a summer resort hotelkeeper." "And that shabby-looking person?" "That's an ex-millionaire who used to stay at his hotel."—St. Joseph News

CENTRAL AFRICAN COOKERY.

Queer and Palatable Dishes Eaten Without Much Ceremony. As a rule only one principal meal is eaten in Central Africa, in the early part of the evening. It usually consists of parrot soup, roasted or stewed monkeys, alligator eggs (also well liked by Europeans) and birds of every description. They also have moambo, or palm chops, and fish. A great delicacy, so considered by Europeans and natives alike, is elephants feet and trunk. These have somewhat the taste of veal. To prepare them the natives dig a hole about five feet deep in the sand and in it build a large fire. After the sand is thoroughly heated the fire is removed, leaving only the ashes in the hole. The trunk and feet are placed in this hole and covered with leaves, and afterwards with hot sand. In two hours they are done.

All carcasses of animals which are to be cooked are placed on a block of wood and pounded until every bone is broken, care being taken not to tear or bruise the skin. They are then boiled or roasted on an open wood fire or in hot sand or ashes, without removing the hide or feathers. The cooking is of a very inferior grade, the only spices used being salt and pepper. The kitchen utensils consist of common earthen or wooden ware. Very little time is taken for setting or decorating the table; knives, forks and napkins are dispensed with.

Africans have several vegetables well liked by Europeans. N'gutti-n'geugo is a dish eaten all over Africa. It consists of egg plant, small fish somewhat like our sardines and the roots of the cassava or manioc plant (called n'gutti), which have a knotty appearance and often weigh as much as twenty pounds.

As the latter contains poison, the manioc is soaked in water for three to four days to extract the poisonous substance. It is then cut and sliced and small tomatoes are added. All is placed in a vessel with water and seasoned with salt and pepper and boiled. Moambo, or, as the Europeans call it, palm chops, is also a favorite dish. The palm nuts are first boiled in water until the pulpy substance loosens from the pit, then the shell, which contains a very delicious oil, is placed in a wooden mortar and crushed to obtain the oil. Whatever the meal consists of, meat, fish, mustels, is put in a vessel, adding the oil and the pulpy part of the palm nut, also red pepper and salt, and is boiled. Roast or boiled squash (loenge) is generally eaten with it. Sweet potatoes (mballa bengua) are more farinaceous and sweeter than ours, but do not taste so good. They are boiled or roasted.

Bananas (bitaabe) weigh about half a pound each and are about 15 inches long. When half ripe they are cut in slices and boiled in water with salt and pepper. N'sensi is a little red bean, which is boiled in water without salt or pepper, and is freely eaten. For peanut bread (chisulu) the peanuts are first roasted and then crushed. This mass is then rolled and put into the skin of a banana, adding a little pressure, forming it into a body. It readily retains this shape from the pressure of the oily substance in the peanut.

The Sunshine Came Again.

We were waiting at a railroad depot in Louisiana, and there was a likely lot of colored people hanging about "to see de kivered cabs" come in, when a black woman suddenly jumped off the platform and laid herself down across the track.

"Heah, you Lucinda, what you doin'?" called a colored man as he leaped down after her. "Gwine ter git smashed to squash," she replied. "What yer gwine to git smashed to squash fur?" "Kase you dun doan' like me no mo'."

"Hut! Who said I dun didn't like you no mo'?" "I seed it wid my own eyes." "What you see, Lucinda?" "Seed you dun luff at Miss Fox. Let de engine hurry up an' run ober me and squash me all to muss!" "Hut! You is foolishness. I nebber luffed at Miss Fox. Come away from dar."

"I dun seed you." "No, you didn't. Gin you my right a'm if I dun luffed at nobody. What I dun luffed fur?" "Kase you doan' keer fur me no mo'."

"Hut! Tze dvin' fur you." "Fur shore, Moses!" "If I dun ain't den I want to be struck dead wid thunder." "Honest?" "If I was lyin' den let de thunder come."

"Den I won't let de engine smash me to squash." "Dat's mo' reasonable. Take my han'."

A Shrieking Desert.

Already the area of California's desert lands is shrinking like the waters of Lake Tulare, and it will be only a few years before it will no longer be seen on the maps of the state. Every day people are finding out that desert does not mean irremediable, and that underneath the gray and drab desolation of these lands lies the richest fertility. All the elements of productive ness are latent there, and only need the revivifying influence of water to wake into activity and usefulness. Eastern capitalists have not been slow to see this land and to act accordingly. The latest evidence of this comes from Chicago, where, it is said, a gigantic scheme is on foot for irrigating 300,000 acres of this desert land in southern California. This is to be accomplished by impounding the water from the mountains in immense storage reservoirs, whence it will be conducted to the land by a system of pipes, ditches, and flumes. This is just what has been done at Riverside, Redlands, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Fresno, and a score of other places, where the results have been most gratifying and the profits ample.—San Francisco Chronicle

WINGED MISSILES.

The number of Italians in New York city is roughly estimated at 40,000. Berliners may be a little slow, but they have buried all their telegrams and telegraph wires. A Toronto paper figures out that the drunkards of that city lost \$101,083 in wages last year. The English never much liked the Scotch, yet it is said there are more Scotch in London than in Edinburgh.

There is an old and widespread notion that the mirrors must be removed from a room in which a corpse is lying. Dr. Brown-Squard claims that his dixer has cured intermittent fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia and leprosy. England is not much of a wheat producer. Seven out of every eight loaves of bread eaten in London are made from foreign wheat.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

To THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady who will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours Respectfully, DR. J. B. MARCHESE, 153 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

A \$2.50 Paper for \$1.75.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION gives so much for the small amount that it costs it is no wonder it is taken already in nearly Half a Million Families. With its fine paper and beautiful illustrations, its Weekly Illustrated Supplements, and its Double Holiday Numbers, it seems as if the publishers could not do enough to please. By sending \$1.75 now you may obtain it free to January and for a full year from that date to January, 1892. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Our side is always the right side of any question.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from one to four grains. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Paid to date—the postage stamp canceller.

About Pearline.

From Watchman, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1892. Every one knows about Pearline, almost everyone uses Pearline, but we wonder if all the housekeepers who use it know full well that can be done with it. We wonder if they all know what some of the best ones have discovered, that those mountains of dish-washing—the greasy pan and kettle—may be reduced to molehills of the smallest size by the judicious use of Pearline. Fill the greasy pan, as soon as the greasy has been poured from it, with cold water, shake in a little Pearline and set on the stove. By the time the rest of the dishes are washed, all the grease is dissolved and the pan can be washed as easily as a plate. Treat the kettle in which anything greasy has been boiled in the same way, and besides clean utensils you will have a clean sink, the use of the Pearline rendering it safe to pour such dishwater into it. Sinks regularly treated to a bath of Pearline and scalding water will seldom need the services of a plumber.

Talking of patent medicines

—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure everything—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in everything.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription, Pleasant Pellets, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear. In 1023 cases, all the water (all symptoms removed). Send for free book (testimonials of miraculously cured). Ten days treatment free by mail. If out of order, send 1c in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GIBBS & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. You order trial return this advertisement to us.

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We have the Largest Stock and Finest Assortment in the State of HOLIDAY GOODS. GAMES. CHRISTMAS CARDS. BOOKS OF ALL KINDS. PHOTOGRAPHS. FLUSH AND FANCY GOODS. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC STATIONERY. At Lowest Wholesale Prices. THE DETROIT NEWS COMPANY, Cor. Larned and Wayne Sts., DETROIT.

When summer kindles purple fires,
That run along the foxglove spires
And set the meadows all aglow
With blazing torches in a row,
Those July days beneath her feet
June grass that once was fair and sweet
Grows crisp and sore, then quick she flies
The humming of her belted bee,
And sets within her meadows glad
A host of fellow emerald clad.
These were musicians of the field,
When nesting birds no song-burst yields,
Take up the strain, and from their bow
In tiny tide the music flows:
A minnie music, shrill and thin,
Breathed out from elfin violin.
Then "Katy" comes with her old ways
And argues through the August days,
And last in dumbek and drest
The summer's very latest guest.
He winds his clock and counts the time
That sunny fields and skies may rhyme,
For well he knows, the old-time friend,
That summer's reign is at an end,
And numbers with his tick, tick, tock,
Each day of grace. The little clock
Beats out the long September hours,
Beats out the death of all the flowers,
Numbers each falling leaf and brown
Until it, too, at last is down;
And then with vanished bird and bee
The summer fits across the seas.
—Annie Bronson King, in Harper's Weekly.

JACK'S TELEGRAPH LINE.

STORY for boys
by Lieut. John C.
Walsh, of the
United States army.
"You can't do
it, Jack."

"Can't I? Well,
sir, I am going to
try very hard, any-
how."

The speaker was a chubby, curly-haired little fellow with sapphira eyes and hair of pale gold, but with square, determined chin which showed perseverance and will power.
"I hope you will succeed, my boy," said his father, with a smile of encouragement; "if all of us tried very hard the world would be so much the richer."
Mr. Ford was an engineer in the service of a large railroad company and had settled down on a Colorado farm in order to give his invalid wife the benefit of the pure fresh mountain air, the odor of the pines and the invigorating influence of the Colorado climate.

He had two boys, one about 17 years old, who filled the position of telegraph operator at a small station in the mountains on the Denver and Rio Grande railway, and little Jack, the ruddy-cheeked ruler of the household.

Their home was situated on a spur of the great Mount Ouray, whose summit towered in the clear atmosphere and whose rocky sides were covered with tall pines. It was built about two miles from the village, and in seasons when the snow lay deep on the mountains was isolated and lonely.
In Ned Ford's occasional visits to his mother he often lamented this isolation, and once sighingly regretted that he could not have a line to the house. In some of his leisure moments he had taught his brother, a stout, curly-headed youngster of 12, the Morse alphabet by tapping a thin-bladed knife between the tines of a common table fork, and Jack was quite expert in the code.

His brother's words sank deep in the boy's mind, and for a few days Mr. Ford noticed that the noisy, mischievous boy was silently engaged in mentally working out some plan.

Suddenly he started his father one day by asking him what his pet cow was worth in dollars and cents.
Mr. Ford smiled. What was his boy at? What was the busy brain trying to compass? He had been ransacking the few books they had brought to their mountain home, and evidently was bent on some great achievement from the unwonted seriousness of his chubby face.
"Why, probably \$30 would be a fair price for Queenie," said Mr. Ford. "I always thought she was your dearest pet."
"So she is," said Jack, mournfully, "but I want to sell her. I want the money to build a telegraph line to Saluda."

Mr. Ford whistled. "Pshaw!" The murder was out.
"That's quite an undertaking, my lad, for a little fellow like you; but do you know how to build a telegraph line?" said his delighted father, with an indulgent smile.
"Yes, sir. I have been studying at it."

Queenie was a beauty, but not a good milker, and Mr. Ford was not sorry to sell her, though he would have done so except with Jack's consent. So the handsome cow was sold and Jack Ford went to work. He visited Saluda, and at the hardware store there bought five coils of telegraph wire—No. 9—each coil containing a half-mile of wire. He then engaged Dan, the farm hand, to cut down poles along the route he had selected away from the timber.
The poles were stout young pines, which, when trimmed were about 18 feet long, 10 inches in diameter at the base, and six inches at the top.
Dan cut them down with a few strokes of his great ax and trimmed off the branches neatly.

This work was done in the evening and he soon had thirty poles to each mile lying on the ground near the line Jack had laid out.
The young line builder inspected his work every day after school with growing importance, and when the poles were all cut and ready he

whittled out some pegs and marked the points where Dan was to dig a hole eighteen inches deep for each pole—about sixty yards apart.

Of course Ned heard of the project and he laughed at it first, but after a little consideration he soon fell in with Jack's idea, and the gentle mother's smile was also an encouragement to the boy.
There were several boxes of old insulator pegs in the railway storehouse at Saluda and Ned wrote to the superintendent requesting to be allowed to purchase them, but he received a curt refusal and was in despair.

Jack looked at one of the pegs a long time and hid his disappointment as well as he could, but did not allow himself to be too much discouraged. In a few days with Dan's help he whittled out of soft fresh pine an insulator peg. On the top he screwed one of the glass insulators, and the hard glass thread of the screw inside indented the soft peg so that the insulator was held firmly.

He immediately set Dan to work, and in a few days he had 150 pegs. Then he borrowed his father's auger and bored two holes in each. Ned inspected the work and declared that they would do. He wrote to a firm in Denver to send him 150 glass insulators, and the bill amounted to \$7. He also purchased at a hardware store 10 pounds of nails at 15 cents a pound, and sent them all out to the farm in Dan's wagon.

Then Jack went to work with a hatchet and cut off a patch of the bark near the top of the pole and made it flat. On this he nailed cleets to the pole about 18 inches from the top. He then screwed on the insulators.

This took him three days, as he did all the work himself after school hours, and then he was ready for the real hard work of his life.
Mr. Ford, who now saw the feasibility of the boy's project and considered the money well spent in the useful lessons of economy, forethought and constructive experience for the young engineer offered to assist, but Jack jealously declined. It was to be his line, he said, and it was to be built inside the appropriation of \$40.

The digging of the holes was the hardest part of the work, but Mr. Ford secretly arranged with Dan that he was to be paid extra for that labor.

Jack also constructed a heavy mallet to tamp the earth around the poles when they were up, in order to make them secure against high winds. But the mallet was too heavy for the brave little fellow, and Dan did that part of the work also.

When his poles were all set up the next problem for his youthful ingenuity was how to string the wire. He borrowed an old piler from the railroad line repairer and learned how to make a splice between two pieces of wire.

When he had mastered this accomplishment he began to construct a reel on which to coil his wire. After having made a rude reel he set to work and coiled his wire and put the reel on one of his father's wagons.

A light stepladder used in the barn was taken along and he mounted the first pole, and attached his wire by means of a small piece of wire called a tie, around the insulator, which secured the line firmly.

He then trotted along to the next pole after the wagon and Dan lifted the wire, which was secured as before with a tie.
Here Dan's strength was useful to keep the wire stretched until it was secured to the glass insulator.
Glass is a substance through which electricity will not pass. It is called a non-conductor, and when the current is running on the wire none of it escapes by contact with the glass.
In three days he had strung all his wire, and then looked with pride at his work.

So far he had acted as engineer-in-chief and constructor. His man, Dan, and himself, were quite competent to perform all the work, he said; but now a new difficulty stared him in the face. He consulted his books, but they gave him no comfort.
The line was all ready, but his father saw that there was a hitch somewhere. He prudently said nothing, however, and the boy was left to his own resources.
There were several glass jars in the cellar which had held preserves, and Jack obtained permission from his mother to use them as he liked. Then he went to the village drug store and bought ten pounds of sulphate of copper, which is commonly called blue vitriol, at 15 cents a pound.
Mr. Ford was going to Denver on business, and when he came home he brought the boy six pieces of zinc which had claws, by which they were hung on the sides of the jars.
All Jack now wanted for his battery was coppers. He went to the village blacksmith, and that obliging Hercules cut him out six pieces of thin copper about four inches in diameter, and soldered a piece of wire to each.
He placed these pieces of copper in the bottom of the jars, and put a handful of the blue vitriol over them. Then he hung his zincs in the jars and poured water over all until it covered the zincs.
All the jars were then placed on a small table in his room, and his battery was almost ready.

He put them on the table in a row and twisted the wire from each copper around the zinc of the next jar.

Then he spliced a wire from the end jar to a long piece of wire which he carried out and spliced to his telegraph line. He connected the zinc at the other end of his row by means of a wire to a large piece of copper which he buried in the ground near the stable, where it was always moist

with water from the horse's watering trough.

When this was all done he contemplated his work with entire satisfaction, but alas! there was much yet to be done.

He had now to consult with Ned, who was at last to be taken into partnership.
Ned agreed to introduce the Saluda end into the office and connect it with a telegraph key and sounder and thence with a piece of copper buried in the ground. He also made Jack a present of an old key and sounder which he had bought when he first began to study telegraphy.

Jack took them home with a flutter of joy in his boyish heart, as he had now all the machinery for a telegraph line complete.

When he arrived at the farm his face was grave, however, for it was too soon foretold that perhaps the lines would not work and that would be dreadful. His little heart went pit-a-pat, and he began to tremble with anxiety, but he kept up an appearance of supreme confidence.

He cut into his line near the table and screwed it to the sounder. Then he connected the sounder and key together with a piece of wire and connected the key with his ground line. He could hardly breathe from suspense and awaited developments. His face was pale and the perspiration stood out on his forehead in large masses.
Perhaps the insulation was not perfect, perhaps the line was leaky—that is, that the electricity generated in his battery would run out of the wire to the ground through the poles instead of going on like an obedient and faithful genie of force to Ned's sounder in Saluda.
If it did behave unruly he was going to try very hard to harness it better and make it do his work.

For a few minutes perfect stillness obtained in the little den, and his face expressed the most acute disappointment; but hush! What was that? Click! click! dash! dot!
Ecstasy! She was O. K., and Ned was sending a message.

Jack ran to call his father and mother. Then he wrote out Ned's telegram: "Love to mother! She works all right, Jack."
For several days the weather had been warm and the snow on Mount Ouray had been melting.
Mr. Ford had glanced up the great white fields now and then with some anxiety, but his business cares were pressing on him just then, and he dismissed his fears.

A few weeks after the line was completed and in good working order, he was sitting with his wife in the little parlor and listening to the click, click of his boy's instrument, when suddenly an awful roar was heard and the man staggered to his feet with a blanched face.

In an instant the air was dark and the crash of the mighty avalanche struck the dwelling. Timbers cracked and bent as if they were reeds, and they were immersed in thick darkness. A terrible heaving, groaning crushing was going on overhead as the mass of snow settled on the doomed dwelling, but the house was solidly built of stout logs which resisted the weight of the snow, though they creaked and groaned under the pressure.
"We are lost!" exclaimed Mrs. Ford, with a despairing cry.

The darkness was intense, but her husband had some matches in his pocket and when he struck a light the first object that met her eyes was a boy, standing in the door, pale but resolute.
"Thank God!" devoutly cried the mother; "our boy is safe."
Mr. Ford bitterly upbraided himself for not heeding his fears and moving his family in time, and for an instant lost courage, sinking despairingly to his seat.

Then he was startled by hearing a brave little voice say calmly: "Shall I telegraph Ned to send us his assistance, papa?"
A thrill of joy went to the engineer's heart and he jumped to his feet with a glad cry.
"Can you do it, boy? Quick!"
"Yes sir, if the line will work."
Mrs. Ford prayed silently and clung to her husband, who spoke encouragingly. "We may be saved yet if the timbers will hold out."
When little Jack sat at the key and clicked out the message a glad and proud light shone in the mother's eyes.

"God bless you, my child," she said tenderly; "the idea of your telegraph line must have been inspired by some good angel."
Help came, too, and willing hands were set at work on the mountain of snow. They followed the direction of the wire, and after hours of arduous labor the imprisoned family was taken out.

It is needless, I hope, to say that little Jack was the hero of the day.
He is to-day an honored and trusted servant of the great Western Union Telegraph company, with a large salary as the reward of his motto of trying very hard.

About Vegetarians.

The vegetarians are without doubt the worst enemies of vegetarianism. For myself, I am a very small eater. I do not doubt that a large number of my fellow-countrymen would be both healthier and wealthier were they to reduce their butchers' bills by, say about 75 per cent. But whenever I direct my attention to the public discussions or utterances of vegetarians I become convinced of the intimate connection between abstinence from flesh and weakness of intellect. This drives me back in alarm to my flesh-pot. So it is doubtless with many others.—London Truth.

"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The squire called attention to the excellent shooting and the rare sport they would have at Christmas time.

"I tell you," warning to his subject, "the snipe swarm there like bees. Why, there was one winter here—was it last winter, now?" meditatively. "Norah, what winter was it that the snipe were so plentiful round here?"
"It was five winters ago," says the Duchess, with a little nod.

"Five? Was it now? Well, there's nothing so deceiving as time! Anyhow," turning again to Denis, "whatever winter it was they were as thick as peas, and so tame you could sweep them off the hall door steps in the morning!"
This astounding announcement is given without a blush. Denis, who is delighted with it, and the teller of it, laughs out loud.

"Ah! you may laugh if you like; but you know, don't you, Norah?" giving his daughter's ear a loving pinch. Norah remains discreetly silent.

"She doesn't," says Denis mischievously, looking at her with such persistency that he gains his point and compels those sweet, expressive eyes to seek his own.
"What! Duchess! Turning traitor?" cries the squire, catching her hand and pulling her forward. "Why, don't you know yet, after all I've taught you, that when your father tells a terra-diddle it is your duty to back him up! Alas! the hours I've wasted on your education! You must excuse her, sir," turning to Denis, "with an irresistible air of apology. "She is still sadly deficient in many little ways!"

CHAPTER V.

"And grace that won who saw to wish her stay."
Last night some rain had fallen, short and youthful showers, leaving small rain in their tracks, and leaving a deeper brilliancy to branch and bough and waving grasses, that all look the fresher for their midnight bath.
"Green grow the rushes, O!"

Merrily, blithely, skinn the swallows through the velvet air. Cool Cool sigh the wood doves from the dark entrances to the plantations beyond; and through all and above it comes the swish-swish of the waves as they break upon the beach far down below.

A heavy bunch of creamy roses, wet still with glistening rain drops, is flung by a small but unerring hand at the casement of Delaney's room. It is as yet early morning, and Denis, coming to the window in answer to this perfumed command, stands revealed in his shirt sleeves, and armed with two brushes that have as yet hardly succeeded in receding his hair to order.

"Come out! Come out!" cries a fresh, sweet voice. "What! Not dressed yet? Why, what do you think I have already done? I've been down to the beach. I have had a swim. I have come back again and am now regowned! Oh, what a lazy boy you are!"
Indeed, it may all very well be true. So sweet a picture she makes, looking up at him with her pretty head thrown back, and her face, fresh as the morning and as a lily fair.

"I'll be out in a moment," says he, not without a thought of his present rather orthodox costume; but such thought he allows after a swift glance at her is a cruel waste of time. There is no mock modesty about her; no massive haughtiness anywhere. Is he not her cousin, and is not a cousin a sort of half-brother?

"You should have been out an hour ago. The air then was delicious. Hurry now, do, and put on your coat, and we'll have a run before breakfast. Here," flinging him a rosebud, "but that in your button-hole, and hurry, hurry!"
There is scarcely need for such injunction. Never in his life before did he hurry through his toilet in such frantic haste; and presently he had his reward. Long, long years afterward he can recall to mind the strange wild happy sense of utter enjoyment that clung round that morning hour spent with her, ere the dew was lifted from the flowers or the heart of the day was opened.

Then comes breakfast—a merry meal—as neither the squire nor his daughter can refrain from giving way to a spontaneous gaiety that affects one sympathetically, and draws one into the swift current of its own sprightliness. And after breakfast there is half an hour with the squire, who insists upon his guest following him round the extensive nutty farm yard and giving his opinion upon this and that. And finally there is the Duchess to cope with for the rest of the delicious, lazy, sultry afternoon.

"You play tennis?" asks Denis, idly, when they have sauntered through the old world garden, and gathered themselves in a desultory fashion a very ideal bouquet.
"Yes! Oh! yes," with a brightening eye.
"Have you a court?"
The Duchess colors.

"A—sort of one," she confesses, "—I— hanging her head, "I'm afraid it isn't the kind of one to which you have been accustomed."
This is probably a second's reflection assures Denis, but he refrains from saying so.

"Lead on!" he says instead, with a severe glance. "You are evidently trying to shirk the contest, and I am bent (I warn you) on giving you a beating that will last your lifetime."
"An! So!" cries the Duchess, her Irish blood taking fire at once, forgetful of her late fears. "Come on, then!"
The court, when he comes to it—half reluctantly led thereto by the Duchess, whose desire for battle had cooled again as the march commenced, knowing what the intended field looked like—is of so unusual appearance that it needs all his self-command and good breeding to keep him from evincing his surprise. It is indeed meant for a court because it is partitioned off by an extremely rustic railing from the field beyond—a stubby field—yet but for the railing it might have belonged—been part and parcel of the stubby field. In fact it was—last month!

"It is horrid; you won't like to play on it!" says the poor little Duchess, plaintively, who had been enduring agonies of shame on the way hither. There is indeed such a wealth of misery in her expression as would have made a worse man swear he would play in it or die.

"Is that your plan of getting out of your beating?" says Denis, scornfully, waving his racket aloft. "If so it's a vain one, my good child; you'll get it in spite of all your efforts to the contrary. Come, let's begin. I thirst for the fray!"
This indeed he thought his thirst is considerably quenched after the first draught. The ground may be bad—nay, it is inconceivably so; the balls abominable; but the Duchess, at all events, is an unconquerable foe. Now here, now there she darts, swift as a flash of lightning, taking his hardest balls as though they were child's play to her; giving him balls impossible—in

effect "taking the shine out of him" altogether, as they say down here.

Is she a spirit, or an imp, or a girl? Was there ever so light-footed a creature, or one so sure of her stroke? And was there ever one who at the end of a set (won literally off her own bat) could look so cool, so lovely, so little triumphant?
"You're a swindle!" says Denis, who is as hot as she is cool, as crimson as she is pale. "You are," changing his tone, "a marvellous creature!" He says this in a praising tone, from where he has flung himself exhausted on the grass. It is no joke, you see, playing a single game on a hot day in July. "Why don't you look surprised?" he goes on. "You might, if only for generosity's sake. Why don't you jeer at me? Are you not proud of yourself?"
"Well, no," says the Duchess, mildly.

"To tell you the truth, I generally beat everybody!"
Denis, as if amused by this naive remark, which is rich in truth, gives way to sudden laughter.

"You'll bring them down a peg or two at the Castle," he says, inadvertently. Then—"Don't sit so far away from me over there; you might as well be in the next county. Come over here and enjoy with me the shade of this hospitable tree. I'd go to you, only you have knocked me up so completely."
"Poor thing!" says the Duchess, with deep compassion. She comes to him at once and slips down on the grass beside him, and generously pulls out a corner of her gown that he may rest his head upon it.

"Who thought you to play tennis in that masterly style?" he asks, when he has settled himself comfortably, and as close to her as circumstances will permit. "I thought you told me you had no neighbors!"
"What a melancholy thought! We are not quite so destitute as all that. I think what I said to you was, that there were no young men here; but there are plenty of girls. That," with a little laugh, "is bad enough, isn't it, without adding to it?"
"I don't think girls could teach you to play as you do."

"Well, there are some old men, too. Dad can take most balls, and the rector is no mean foe. And Lord Kilgarraff, when he is off at home, gives me lessons; but he is so far away."

"Lord Kilgarraff," turning lazily on his elbow to look at her; "who is he? Another old neighbor?"
"The oldest we have. I remember him quite as long as I can remember anything."
"Oh! foggy evidently," thinks the young man, with an unconscious pleasure in thus thinking. "Where is he now?" aloud.

"Abroad. Somewhere in Germany. I forget the name of the town. There was a professor of something or other there whom he wished to see."
"Musty old pedant beyond doubt," decides the lady, still carrying out that first satisfactory train of thought. "Bookworm, I suppose," he says civilly, if superciliously. "That sort is generally a bore, don't you think? One can hardly fancy an old fellow devoted to his 'Aldines, Bodonins, Elzevirs,' wielding the frivolous racket. By the by, how old is he? Old enough to be your grandfather—eh?"
"Well—hardly, perhaps," with a treacherous uncertainty of tone. "Let me see. On his last birthday he was, I am almost sure—"

"Ninety-nine?"
"Twenty-five!"
"What!" says her cousin, sitting upright and coloring warmly. Then, as though the absurdity of his extreme astonishment strikes him, he sinks back again into his former position and alters the expression of his face. "I fancied him a modern Methuselah. I scarcely know why," he says indifferently. "A friend of my uncle's rather than yours."
"His father was dad's greatest chum down here. They were at college together and when he died a year ago dad fretted after him very much. Otho is now the Earl."

Otho! Somehow the word, so sweetly uttered, so plainly familiar, grates upon his ear.
"He is abroad," he says abruptly. "For long?"
"No, he returns next week."
"How do you know?"
"He told me so in his last letter," replied she, simply.

Silence follows this ordinary answer. Denis, lying back with his hands clasped behind his head is, to all appearance, gazing with idle attention at the pale white clouds floating in the dazzling blue of the sky overhead; and yet—and yet—what is this curious sense of dissatisfaction, this contraction of the heart, that is almost a pain? It is sharp enough at all events to rouse him to a clear understanding of his own position, and with the rush of memory comes back the knowledge that he of all men has no right to feel anything but unconcern about the girl's affairs—this lovely child, who, whilst he is working out the right and wrong of it all, is employing her little, busy brown fingers upon the adornment of his head.

Surely it is true that "satan himself some mischief still for idle hands doth"
Through and through the few short hairs that his barber has left him she is threading pieces of grass, pulling them out again and re-arranging them as fancy dictates, carelessly, dreamily.
Denis, with this new strange fear in his heart, lifts his own hand and, taking hers

from his head, puts it away from him with a Spartan determination.
"Do you know," he says, sharply, with a rather forced smile, "that—that the effect of your fingers going in and in like that—is—is maddening?"
"Don't you like it?" asks she, genuine surprise in her tone. She stoops over him and gazes into his half-averted face as if to assure herself that he really can mean it.

"Why. Otho loves it! He says it is soothing as a cigarette."
"An ass Otho. It does not soothe me," says Denis, with that unnatural assumption of pleasantness. "So far from it that I believe a continuance of it would be danger-

ous—for me—not for you," smiling.
As though to place temptation beyond his reach, he seizes upon his hitherto discarded hat, and with quite a heroic air crushes it down upon his head, lo! even to his brow.

"Oh, you needn't lecture me about it," says the Duchess, with a little offended glance from under her long lashes; "and you needn't put on your hat like that. I am not going to touch you. I don't want to stick straws in your hair, believe me. I was merely looking it to please you because Otho says—"
"Oh! confounded Otho!" interposes her cousin, impulsively; and a second later is covered with confusion. What in Heaven's name is the matter with him this morning? What must she think of him? The enormity of his misdemeanor is clear to him; but it is not so clear as to how he shall apologize for it; how explain away his unreasonable burst of irritation about what has, or at all events should have, no element of annoyance about it? Whilst stricken with remorse he is casting about him for some decent excuse to offer for his conduct the Duchess, striking boldly into the situation, makes an end of it.

"You are cross," she says calmly, regarding him with a judicial eye. "You are indeed," with severe meaning, "extremely queer altogether. Do you think the sun is too hot for you, or the flies too troublesome? If you think you are going to have a sunstroke or—anything of that sort, I should be glad if you would give me timely warning. It is evident that she is rather disgusted with him.
"I fling myself upon your grace's mercy," returned he with a smile that is very imploring in spite of the lightness of his tone. "If you will believe me, I don't know what is the matter with me." This is strictly true. "I have, I suppose, a wretched temper, and I lost it, and—"
"And a very good thing, too," cries she, gaily. "If it is so wretched as you say you may be congratulated on your loss. There, don't look so miserable. I forgive you."
"It is more than I deserve them. By and by," taking the little hand he had so rudely repulsed and tenderly smoothing it, "you will remember me only as an ill-tempered fellow who—"
"No! No, indeed!" sweetly. "You must not think that. Shall I tell you something?" bending down and looking at him with such a lovely, earnest gaze. "I like you already—already, mind, you—much better than any one I have ever yet met. Always excepting dad, of course."
"What! Better than Kilgarraff?" asks he, unable to refrain from this question.
"A thousand times better!" frankly.
"Though, indeed," with sudden contrition, "you must understand that I am very fond of Otho, too."
Delaney, who is watching her with eager eyes, sighs impatiently. Oh, that she were a little less frank, a little more reserved. He would that he could have seen some faint hesitation in her tone, the lightest suspicion of a blush upon her pretty cheek. But there is none—nothing.

And then once again comes the rush of memory, and with it the now fear and the angry self-contempt.
Why should he wish her less frank? What should he hope from any new-born shyness? Has he forgotten honor, everything, in two short days and part of a third? It is all a mere touch of folly, a veritable mid-summer madness. He will fling the thought of it far from him.
But alas! almost this is easier said than done.

And in the silent watches of the sleepless night, when most things are laid bare to us, he knows that at last fair love has caught him in its coils, and that for want of woo—nay, worse, for a certainty—he is a slave for evermore. At the feet of her who but a few days ago was as nothing to him, his heart lies wounded—stricken—hopeless

CHAPTER VI.
"My valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off."
"Hill! Norah!" says the squire, in a subdued tone, putting his head cautiously outside the door of his own favorite den and beckoning her to come in, great mystery in all his bearing. Drawing her in he crosses the door carefully behind him and regards her with an anxious eye.
"Is it the next morning and there is much sign of an embarrassed mind about the squire. He looks puzzled, "perplexed in the extreme," and his hair has taken that pronounced stage generally caused by the running through it of nervous fingers.
"He'll stay the week!" he says at last, getting it out with rather a jerk. "The whole week, to a moral. I told you how 'twould be."
A little thrill of pleasure rushes through Norah.

"Well! You aren't sorry, are you?" she asks reproachfully. "Remember all I said about the duties of hospitality and the—"
"Nonsense, now, Norah! What way is that to speak? Sorry is it? Why, it's delighted I am? I wish he could stop a month, only—why, I never met a nicer fellow—never. Did you, now?"
"Never," says Norah, sincerely.
"Isn't that at all—but—but, Noddle, kids," sinking his voice to a whisper, "do you think they will hold out?"
"What?" stutters she. "The chickens—the mutt?" Even if they don't we can get—"
"Oh, bother take the chickens and the mutt," cries the squire in a frolicsome tone.
"Who's thinking of them? Isn't this the dinner that's troubling me, Duchess—fit the clothes!" He grows almost apologetic in his endeavors to whisper and still give to his words the emphasis they deserve. "Oh, Norah, darling, last night I thought I'd have died in 'em. Specially the coats I felt bursting!"
"That's how you looked, too," says the Duchess, with deep sympathy. "Why not leave them off, dad, darling? I'm sure you look ever so nice in your Sunday ones. Quite lovely, indeed, when your hair is cut."
"Never!" says the squire, heroically. "I've begun and I'll finish in 'em, though they be the death of me. D'ye think I'd let him go back to the castle, to madam, my own sister-in-law, and say I dimmed my fustian?"
"He wouldn't," says Norah, indignantly. "What do you take him for?"
"It might come out all the same, and then we'd be disgraced for life. But what I was thinking is this," regarding her anxiously. "If I were to ease them a bit. Eh? To give a little snip to the stitching under the arms, you know. It would be a great relief to me—and—and he'd never see it. Eh, now?"
"Not for the world!" declares Norah, vehemently. "Cut one stitch and the whole thing will go. Why, dad, think of their age! They were made before I was born. They must be twenty years old at least."
"Thirty, my love, I think," says the poor squire, with much dejection. "It is a great blow to him that that 'snip' has been forbidden. And you really think I couldn't ease them? It's great agony, Norah. I assure you, my dear, there was a moment last night when I felt as if I was going to sneeze. I'll never forget it."



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

GOING NORTH.			
STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.	Pass.
Ontario	A. M. 8:30	P. M. 5:45	A. M. 8:15
Oxford	10:19	6:45	9:00
Dryden	11:32	7:38	9:36
Inlay City	12:08	7:55	10:52
North Branch	1:40	8:43	10:34
Clifford	2:16	9:02	10:52
Kingston	2:58	9:24	11:12
Wilmet	3:48	9:36	11:23
Deford	3:33	9:48	11:31
Cass City	4:30	10:10	11:49
Gagetown	5:00		12:05
Owendale	5:20		12:19
Berne	6:00		12:44
Caseville	6:30		1:00

GOING SOUTH.			
STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed.	Freight
Caseville	P. M. 4:10	A. M. 5:00	
Berne	3:28	5:30	
Owendale	3:54	5:05	
Gagetown	4:08	5:20	
Cass City	4:30	5:20	7:10
Clifford	4:48	5:38	7:25
Wilmet	4:57	5:48	7:50
Kingston	5:00	6:02	8:10
Deford	5:30	6:26	8:50
North Branch	5:46	6:49	9:40
Inlay City	6:28	7:40	11:10
Dryden	7:18	8:00	11:50
Oxford	7:26	9:39	1:25
Pontiac	8:05	10:30	2:30

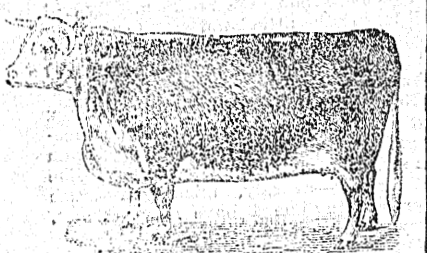
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CASS CITY, - MICH.

KARR'S CORNERS.

James McKenzie is still suffering severely with his leg.

The frog ponds are froze over and the little boys are having a good time.

The number of scholars is increasing very rapidly and the teacher is kept busy.

Mr. and Mrs. Mumma are visiting friends in Melyin. Mrs. Landrigan is keeping house for them during their absence.

Zack Battle is helping Peter Gage separate the clover seed from the chaff. Lots of chaff, but not much clover seed.

The people are preparing for a Xmas tree at the M. E. church on Christmas Eve. A grand time is expected. Everybody come.

Chas. Karr went to Sebawaing last week and purchased a ton of fine coal for one dollar. How much cheaper do you want it?

Mr. Dewy is manufacturing rails to build fence with next season. Although he only has one arm, he can lay out as many as the next one.

The roads are good and are made good use of by those persons who have wood to sell, and the blacksmith is kept busy sharpening shoes.

Some unknown visitor entered Pat Landrigan's cellar last week and instead of taking from; they added two nice pieces of beef to the contents.

On account of the snow, the man with a gun and the dog with long ears, the fox has to run. But few escape the sharp eyes of our hunters and when once seen they are no more.

It is an old saying, "we are never sure of anything until we get it in our throat and can't get it up nor down." Such was the case with Mr. Profit's steer and a piece of mangle. The steer was not so sure after all for the owner thereof cut his throat and got the mangle out.

DEFORD.

Our school is closed.

Scarlet fever in our midst.

Nume Mott, of Lapeer, is here visiting friends.

Kindreds from Lapeer are visiting with Mark Curless.

Our new Dr. has been very busy for the past week.

Samuel McCracken is out of danger at present writing.

John Retherford has returned from the pine woods.

Mrs. James Cooper who has been seriously ill is much better.

There is more sickness in this locality at the present time than has been known for years.

John Annin and Henry Weaver are lumbering on John Whales place, section 12, Kingston.

John McCracken has been treating his favorite colt several days, for some unknown disease.

There is three weeks vacation, commencing Dec. 15th, in school district No. 6, Kingston.

Deford has an eastern wing attachment added this week that will help her to sail into the sea of commerce without shipwreck.

Kingston M. E. circuit has a new pastor appointed by the general conference. He is a young man and makes a good appearance.

School report for term ending Dec. 12, 1890, in district No. 6, Kingston: Number of pupils enrolled, 15; average daily attendance, 10.52; those who have not been absent during the term are Josie and Minnie Retherford.

BERTHA PUTMAN, Teacher.

We learn that the air of Cass City is so impregnated with political gas, or something else that our brother scribe of Evergreen forgets everything when he visits said municipality. Come up to the high lands of Deford, brother, and tarry with us and we will do thee good.

Verily we know not the hold that politics has on the mind of men. Not long since a personage of Snore Island visited our city and brought an old friend, a quadruped, in a bag. He transacted his business and talked till the long hours were drawing nigh setting forth the glorious of the industrial party. Being so absorbed in his subject that when he started for home instead of carrying home his sack, he returned to his far famed island carrying a piece of carpet gently folded over his forearm. Now the King of Snore Island is one bag short but his stock of carpet is enlarged.

Before the next issue of the Enterprise Christmas of 1890 will have passed, never to return. Christmas, that period hallowed in commemoration of

the greatest gift ever vouchsafed to a fallen world; and while we realize that all have received a boon of more infinite value than mortals can bestow, let each one at that time strive to make the bond of friendship with us stronger, the day of life more cheerful, the remembrance of the period one of the pleasant recollections, by some memento though it may be of little cost, that worketh a world of love because of the spirit in which it was given. Ever remembering "Not what we give but what we share, For the gift without the giver is bare; Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three, Himself, his hungry neighbor and me."

STATE NEWS.

A. D. Sprangler & Co., of Saginaw, fruit dealers, have failed. Their debts are about \$9,000.

A bass weighing four pounds was the obstruction which caused a Niles water hydrant to be useless.

The Bay City high school youngsters will star-gaze through a \$317 telescope, imported from England.

Gordon Lott robbed the Bristol post-office of \$8. His penalty is \$200 fine and two years in prison.

Seth Alken, of near Manistee, shot Chas. Brown in a saloon row, and the jury convicts him of manslaughter.

Three highwaymen are in jail at Meconine for assaulting an old man. August Letter, and robbing him of \$75.

Bay City salt shippers are a month behind in their orders because the railroads cannot get enough cars to them.

Over 1,200 woodchuck scalps have been settled for by the Adrian township treasurer in the past six months, at 15 cents per scalp.

A man named Rider was killed in the woods, near East Jordan, by an iron wedge springing from a log and cutting an artery in his neck.

Saginaw has a colored dramatic club. It talks of producing Hamlet, with a black Ophelia and a blacker ghost. Shades of Shakespeare!

Thomas Murphy, of near Mason, preferred death to life and used Paris green. He was a farmer, had had trouble, and left a widow and five children.

Mrs. J. B. Brown, of Big Rapids, sent to a drug store for sweet spirits of nitre. The clerk sent back nitric acid, and Mrs. Brown will be an invalid for life.

Henry Bell, treasurer of Saginaw township, has vanished, and the treasurer of the county has asked that he be arrested, to explain where \$1,333 have gone.

A company of men from Chicago and Toledo has bought the Wagoner stock farm, near Marshall. It will be improved and the number of horses increased to 125.

Dan Fraggle, aged 70, disappeared from Fulton Gratiot county. Foul play is suspected, as he had about \$100 on his person, and officers are chasing up the matter.

A patron writes from Bangor as how he hopes his brothers in the next legislature will use their influence to have a law passed prohibiting bees from carrying concealed weapons.

Gov. Luce has 60 prison men on his list who want pardons. He says he will not let all of them out, but several will get his approval for pardon before his last official day as governor.

H. A. Miller, editor of the Mt. Pleasant Democrat, is a candidate for the position of clerk of the house of representatives at Lansing. Mr. Miller was formerly editor of the Vassar Times.

Samuel Edison, of Fort Gratiot, is the father of Thomas A. Edison, of electric fame. The old man is 86 years old and just as hale and hearty as he used to be. He leaves next week for a long trip south.

A bold thief entered the home of W. Wonderlich, of Woodland, while the family were eating supper, found his way to the bedroom and extracted about the price of a cow from the farmer's wallet.

That famous "block house" near bad, busy, bustling Potts has been burned to the ground, with all the contents save the outcasts who occupied it. It was the most infamous den in the upper woods, and can be spared like a book.

Towns are being manufactured so fast in northern Michigan that names are running short, and they will probably have to resort to one of Stanley's books or take up the Oliver Twist style to discover names that do not run foul of the matured locations.

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. MARR.

Remember that in connection with my large stock of jewelry, clocks, silver ware, watches etc., I have the largest and finest stock of Dolls of all kinds and I can give you better prices on them than you can get elsewhere in the city.
J. F. HENDRICK.

Don't forget the Dolls at J. F. Hendrick's jewelry store. They scooped them all for Christmas.

Be sure and look over the Mammoth Stock of fine goods at the jewelry store of J. F. Hendrick, before buying.

Tell you it beats anything you ever saw in a small town and the prices beats everybody, they are so low at the jewelry store of J. F. Hendrick.

Take Notice.
I will be at the McConnell school house on Saturday Dec. 27, from 10 until 2 o'clock; at Jas. McNeals store, Monday Dec. 29 and at Hugh Hunter's store on Wednesday Dec. 31st, to receive taxes.
D. SUMMERVILLE
Township treasurer of Greenleaf.

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

A Wonder Worker.
Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made." Jessie Midlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health. Try it. Sample bottles free at Fritz Bros.' Drugstore."

Electric Bitters.
This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys; will remove pimples Boils Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For Headache, constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at Fritz Bros.' Drugstore.

From St. Joseph Hospital.
A young girl here had been suffering for 12 years with Blood Diseases until she had lost the use of her limbs, and was subject to many troubles incident to the disease. The physicians declared her case incurable, and predicted that her life would come to a speedy end. After taking S. S. S. she recuperated so fast that it was plain that she had obtained a new lease on life, and she has continued to grow better until her permanent cure is assured. Many other patients in our hospital have obtained signal benefit from S. S. S., and it has become quite a favorite in our house.
THE ST. JOSEPH HOSPITAL,
Highland, Ill.

Cured Herself and Her Child.
S. S. S. has relieved me of a terrible Scrofula, from which I had suffered for years. It affected my nose first as catarrh, then carried off the bone, and continued to eat until it destroyed the soft bone in the right side of the nose, then went to my throat, and later unto my lungs, and it looked as if I was doomed. S. S. S. has cured me, and has also cured my little daughter of the same disease.

Mrs. N. RICHNEY, Mackey, Ind.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

Did you ever buy a horse and not have some misgivings as to his points till they were fully tested? Not so with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; you may be sure of it at the start. It never disappoints those who give it a fair and persistent trial.

Nearly all colds are slight, at first, but their tendency is to lower the system that the sufferer becomes a ready victim to any prevalent disease. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the beginning of a cold, would guard against this danger.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn \$3,000 a year in your own locality. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$2000 a month. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

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

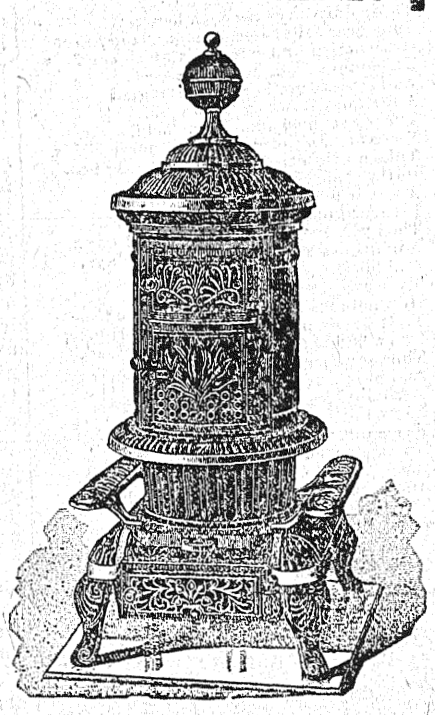
J. D. BROOKER,
CASS CITY, - MICH.

\$3000.00 a year is being made by John B. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for six hours, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn \$3,000 a year in your own locality. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$2000 a month. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

Wanted! Sing little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and John Jones, Toledo, Ohio. See our list of those who are doing well. Why not you? We start you with \$10.00 a month. You can do the work and live in your home, wherever you are. Even if you are a stranger, we will send you to the work. All in new. Great pay \$100.00 for every worker. We start you with \$10.00 a month. EASILY, STEADILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address once, STANSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

STOVES and ZERO WEATHER!

Peruance of the fact that in Zero Weather nothing adds more to the Comfort and Happiness of a home than a
Perfect Heating Stove!
I have added to my IMMENSE STOCK of Wood, Parlor and Cook Stoves, two series of S. S. Jewett's Coal Heaters, ranging in price from \$6.50 to \$12.50 and from \$25 to \$50, which I Guarantee to be the
Most Perfect and Economical Heaters in Existence.



I have also increased my stock of Hardware, Second Hand Stoves, Stoves, Drums, Boots, Shoes, Felt, Rubbers, Dry Goods, Crockery and Notions to suit the demands of the consumer for the general and Christmas trade. Yours with respect,
J. L. Hitchcock.
Three tory Brick.

LET US REASON WITH YOU.

PERHAPS you buy part of your goods from us, but why not more? We aim to carry, and we think the result warrants us in saying that we have a stock of Men's Furnishings that covers every range of quality and price. We also sell Neckwear in amount second to none. Our Hosiery and Handkerchief stocks are selected from the best mills in the United States, while our Underwear assortment cannot be surpassed.

In selecting your seasonable suits and overcoats it may be to our mutual interests if you will look through our stock of new goods just received for the Xmas trade.

McDOUGALL & Co., Cass City.

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.

CARO To Builders! Marble Works

Invites you to call and see stock and prices before purchasing.
JUST RECEIVED!
25
LOWEST PRICE.

Doors we can furnish from 75cts. to \$1.10 and upwards to \$6.50.
Order your Window and Door frames now.

We are prepared to do every thing in the line of Plaining Mill Work.
LONDON, ENO & KEATING,
Near the Depot.
The works for yourselves.
Located op. Caro Exchange Bank
Owned and operated by
W. L. PARKER.