

# Cass City Enterprise.

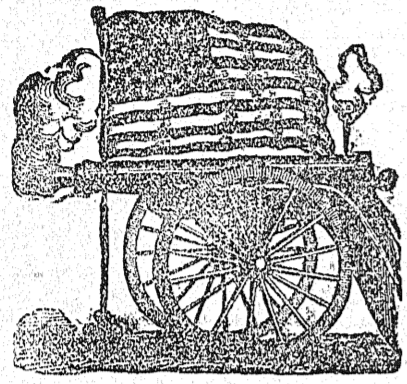
VOL. X. No. 2.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, DEC. 26, 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 Jewellery 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.

**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.

### 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 can get along with this amount, we solicit your business. We have some special advantages to offer you on this class of loans.

A liberal rate of interest paid on time deposits.

C. W. McPHAIL,  
Banker

### CASS CITY MARKETS.

RECORDED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	88
Wheat, No. 2, white.....	82
do No. 2 red.....	87
do No. 3 red.....	85
Oats.....	39 @ 41
Beans hand-picked.....	150 @ 1 75
do un-picked.....	140 @ 1 50
Potatoes.....	60 @ 75
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 50
Butter.....	16
Eggs.....	15 @ 23
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 23
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

### Caught On The Fly.

A great revolver.—The Earth. (A baby boy at Hugh Kinaird's.)  
A merry, merry Christmas to all!  
Perry Fritz is home on a vacation.  
Frutchey has opened his store at Detroit.  
R. Beach, of Gaggetown, was in town Monday.  
John Sheridan has returned from Mt. Clemens.  
Sam'l Markham contemplates moving to Bay City.  
E. F. Marr and wife visited relatives at Cumber last Sunday.  
Miss Carrie Robinson is visiting friends and relatives at Clare.  
Homer Edwards is helping W. Elevier during the holiday rush.  
Master Hugh Walters is now the apprentice in this office.  
John Koeth and family are spending their Christmas in Canas.  
Electric lights will light the way for Oxfordites in a short time.  
Joseph Frutchey is assisting Andrew Seed during the holidays.  
Albert Skriffler succeeded in killing another wild cat last week.  
Miss Gora Farrar is assisting J. F. Hendrick in his Jewellery store.  
Mrs. Frost and son Homer left Wednesday for a visit with relatives.  
Mrs. Lamont's mother left for her home in Canada last Saturday.  
J. D. Crosby has purchased a thoroughbred mare from a Pontiac party.  
W. J. Ostrander is now agent for the Upton Mfg. Co., of Pt. Huron.  
A. Bolton sold a load of pork weighing 1560 pounds to A. Howland last week.  
Fletcher Cross is home and will resume his labors here as soon as health permits.  
J. H. Winegar has recently had the interior of his meat market tastily decorated.  
Dr. Morris, of Gaggetown, was in town Monday on business relative to his profession.  
Peter Brown has returned from Pontiac and is again managing affairs at the station here.  
Samuel Markham has sold his Clydesdale stallion, "Forest King Jr." to Bay City parties.  
John B. Howel, of Caro, formerly proprietor of the Cass City Foundry, was in town Monday.

Henry Deming and son leave to-day (Thursday) for a visit with relatives at Oxford.

The North Branch Gazette proposes to publish a list of their delinquent subscribers on Jan. 20.

Twenty-one teams were counted between five and six o'clock Friday night, starting east from town.

Quite a few from here contemplate taking advantage of the cheap rates offered by the P. O. & N. railroad.

Two chimney sweeps, presumably hired by Santa Claus, were in town last Saturday ridding chimneys of soot.

Allen McDermott, who has been teaching school near Port Austin, is home enjoying a two week's vacation.

John Quirk burnt a kiln of lime last week, and it was found to be of much better quality than the common stone lime.

We are headquarters for job printing of all kinds. Our facilities are good and we guarantee satisfaction. Orders receive prompt attention.

A woman whose husband was paying an election bet by pushing a wheelbarrow twenty-five miles, told the census taker that her husband was a lunatic.

Miss Jennie McKay, teacher of the Hay Creek district, has dismissed her school for a two weeks vacation, and is now visiting at her parental home at Marlette.

E. B. Landon's straw stack tipped over last week Thursday night. Three of his calves were under it at the time. In the morning two of the calves were dead and the other was almost, but will recover.

We are the recipients of four steel plate engravings from George Stinson & Co., art publishers, Portland, Maine. They are 30x40 inches in size and retail at \$15 a piece. Very excellent pictures are they.

Now is the time of the year when you are looking around for your winter's supply of newspapers, and the ENTERPRISER should be among your selections. It gives you all the local matters and good miscellaneous reading besides.

It is curious how extremely polite some people are. We noticed a young man lift his hat and bow to the lady dummy in front of Frost & Hobbleswhite's store last week.

It is reported that not long since a man by the name of Corn was married to a lady by the name of Wheat in a church at Joseco, and the choir nearly paralyzed the audience on the occasion by singing "What Shall the Harvest Be."

P. Lamont has completed his canvassing for the season. He has sold over six hundred volumes of the "Young People's Bible," which is about one hundred more than has been sold by any other agent for the same book firm.

Ephraim Knight, of this township, from sixty-five hens, has sold four hundred and sixty-five dozens of eggs, put down and used one hundred and sixty-six dozen, making a total of six hundred and thirty-one dozen. Who has done better?

At a regular meeting of Tyler Lodge No. 317, P. & A. M., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Henry Stewart, W. M.; Elias McKim, S. W.; John Crane, J. W.; A. H. Ale, Secretary; J. Waidley, Treasurer; J. P. Hendrick, S. D.; Jas. Outwater, J. D.; W. I. Frost, T. E. Morse, Stewards; H. C. Downing, Tyler.

The Oxford Observer which has been undergoing a struggle for existence ever since it started about two months ago, has suspended publication for an indefinite period owing to lack of patronage. Bro. Fisher furnished the people of Oxford with a good, live, local newspaper and deserved to be well patronized.

In 1899 Tuscola county had 27,085 acres in wheat, from which the average yield per acre was 21.31 bushels. The average in May, 1890, was 18,625 acres. The number of acres in corn in 1889 was 13,445, with a yield of 625,731 bushels. Acres in oats, 24,362, with a yield of 931,793 bushels.

The total population of the country, including Indians, etc., will reach 63,000,000. Already the census office has actually returned in round figures 315,000 Indians and whites in the Indian territory. Those with the population of Alaska which is estimated at 38,000, will bring up the total population of the country to 63,000,000, a numerical gain of 13,000,000 for the decade.

Caro Advertiser:—"What a big bear!" every one exclaimed, as they examined the dusky form of Bruin lying lifeless in Charlie Wickware's wagon. He was killed by that gentleman on Monday last, east of Ellington and about six miles from Caro. The brute was one of the finest to be seen. It weighed 261 pounds, and had a magnificent black skin. When tanned the hide will bring a hundred dollars.

The following from the School Room is worthy of reproduction: "If you wish to be unhappy, be selfish. Have no care for anyone but yourself. Envy the one who is better off than you are. Be jealous of your friends. Speak sneeringly of every one. Be contentious and never yield a point when you find yourself in the wrong. Do some or all of these and you can't fail to be miserable and unhappy."

Dr. Deming was born forty-six years ago last Thursday and his wife resolved to prepare a little surprise for him. She accordingly invited about fifteen of their friends in to take tea and help celebrate the event. The Dr. was purposely detained down town by a friend who persisted in arguing "politics" with him, until all the arrangements for the surprise had been completed. The surprise was complete and a pleasant evening was spent.

The sons of veterans now number 150,000 members. There are 200 camps in Michigan, and they form an invincible phalanx, ready to take the place of their fathers, who so bravely defended the nation in '61. The organization of new camps in localities where the order does not exist is earnestly solicited and the sons of our soldiers can gain any desired information by corresponding with Col. Frank D. Eddy, commander of the Michigan Division, Lowell, Mich.

The advertiser who occupies a space in his local paper a few weeks in the spring or fall and then withdraws his ad until the busy season comes again, is like the man who takes in his sign from in front of his store except on fair days and when the circus comes to town. The few who patronize him on these occasions willilly compare with those of his neighbor who has his sign out the year and is continually courting the favor of the public. "Constant dropping is what wears the stone."

The Bee-keepers' convention, which was held at Bad Axe Dec. 10th, was a success in every way, a number of bees being present and much matter of interest to the bee-keeping fraternity was discussed. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, H. E. Gordon, Unionville; 1st vice president, Neil Lingsone, Holdbrook; 2d vice president, John Lang, Bad Axe; secretary, Jno. G. Kundinger, Kilmannagh; treasurer, Almon A. Endington, Verona; Mills.

A sad accident befell John Smidt last Friday while he was assisting in the construction of a log barn on the farm of Wallace Gilbert, about seven miles south-east of this place. When a large log was being rolled up the skid-way to be placed in position, a cant-hook accidentally slipped from the hands of Andrew Wilson and leaped with considerable force, striking smidt on the head and fracturing his skull. Dr. McLean was immediately summoned to his aid and he is now getting along quite nicely.

Roed City Clarion:—An editor who expects to please every one is entitled to all the sympathy he can find lying around loose, for he is sure to encounter a terrible disappointment that will wreck his young life. An editor to please every one must be a strange composition of opposites. He must write sarcastic articles, and he must not; he should give all the news and surplus half of it; he must belong to all the churches and board at all the boarding houses, and shave at all the barber shops and publish everything everybody wants free, and never ask a man for his subscription.

Marlette Leader:—Some weeks ago a woman landed in this village and announced that she was here to give the town a "write up." She represented the Industrial Farm and Fireside, published at Detroit, Toledo and numerous other places. No charge was to be made for the taffy, but every one written was to subscribe liberally for extra papers. This "write up" appeared last week and was a sickener. It took up half a column of large type and showed Marlette up as a very enterprising village and represented the business firms with four little puffs. The truth of the matter is we have over fifty business firms, but we presume enough extras were not subscribed for to get her to mention the rest of the houses. Such articles do not show a town in its best light and are of no earthly benefit.

John Marshall, proprietor of Hillside Stock Farm, five miles northeast of here, has sold from his flock of Shropshire sheep since the Caro fair, the following: Ram No. 16012, to John Bastine, Caro; ram No. 16014, to Linus Walker, Argyle; ram No. 16013 and ewe No. 12598, to A. J. Turner, Ellington; ewe No. 12600, to T. J. Bash, Unionville; ewe No. 12599, to Gottlieb Lauer, Unionville; ram No. 16011, to J. D. Wilsey & Co., Caro; ram No. 23149, to J. W. Bingham, Gaggetown; ram No. 12597, to Jacob Deeg, Sebawaing; ram No. 12598, to Dr. Morris, Gaggetown; ram

No. 23146, to Alfred Bach, Sebawaing; ram No. 23147, to James Davidson, Reese; ram lamb, to W. Wallace; two ram lambs to R. W. Donald, Elkland; ram lamb, to J. Hamilton, Novesta, and two ewes No. 6112 and 6114, to John M. West, Caro. Good stock is always in demand at a good figure.

J. D. Brooker was at Pt. Huron on Monday.

Mrs. Gundermain, of Pontiac, is the guest of Mrs. W. Luderman. Xavier Bosancency, of Muskegon, is the guest of his step-son, Chas. St. Mary.

Hector McIntyre can now be found behind the counter in Stevenson's "rap-town" store.

The band is getting more venturesome than ever. They played a few pieces on Main street Monday night.

The regular monthly meeting of the Epworth League will be held at the M. E. Church, Wednesday evening, Dec 31st. All members are requested to be present.

Two fellows were running horses east of this place last Thursday. One of them collided with a wagon loaded with grain coming west, and broke the reche, also the axle in their own wagon. Such recklessness generally results disastrously.

Miss Lilly Wickware was the recipient this week of three sheets of instrumental music, composed and published by Frank Lenzner whose home is in this place. The titles are "Village Spring Waltz," "Village Spring Mazurka," and "Village Spring Schottische." Frank is a talented and cultivated musician, and the music composed by him is very meritorious.

The following despatch regarding the trouble at Dawson, Dakota, the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman, formerly residents of this place, may interest the ENTERPRISER readers:

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 20.—The Journal's Bismarck, N. D., special gives an account of a bitter factional fight in Dawson, Kidder Co., N. D., yesterday, in which a number of the participants were injured, some of them perhaps fatally. The trouble arose over a publication in the Dawson Times reflecting on County Treasurer Roberts, who sought Editor Raymond and demanded a retraction. A refusal and a fight followed, in which a brother and a friend of the editor set upon Roberts, the editor cracking the official's skull with an iron castor. This led to a general engagement between two factions, involving the whole town, in which all sorts of weapons were used, and Joseph Coulton's nose broken and head smashed, while many others were more or less maimed. No arrests have yet been made.

Here local on last page.

### Notice!

The annual meeting of the Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac District Fair Association will be held in the council rooms, Cass City, on Tuesday, the sixth day of January, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of receiving the annual report of the secretary and treasurer, and such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

A. D. GILLINS, Secretary.  
Dated December 20, 1890.

For the exact depth and temperature of the water under the ice in the Cass river, inquire of B. Raymond at this office.

Now comes the saddest time of year when types all the lines with sorrow, this is the young man did not fear, His clothes will be dry tomorrow.

### What Will the Harvest Be?

Albert Freeland, Watertown.....	28
Mary Ruple, Watertown.....	29
Henry E. Sweet, Fremont.....	26
Ella A. E. Southworth, Fremont.....	21
Alexander Lawler, Koylton.....	29
Eliza Martin, Koylton.....	30
Leslie White, Reese.....	26
Clara C. Pattenour, Reese.....	19
Edward Quinn Jr., Caro.....	22
Mary Spears, Caro.....	19
Edgar E. Moss, Little Rock, Ark.....	32
Cynthia R. Mills, Mayville.....	34
Schuyler Cook, Unionville.....	21
Emma Dufort, Unionville.....	22
Lafayette Sheffer, Tuscola.....	27
Winnie Dierck, Tuscola.....	22
Dennis Whittaker, Koylton.....	24
Margaret Howey, Koylton.....	26
Woody Smith, Fremont.....	21
Cora Applebee, Fremont.....	19
Charles Tader, Columbia.....	24
Anna Layam, Columbia.....	28
Elmer L. Hunt, Caro.....	21
Lizzie Klinger, Columbia.....	17
Fernand Reynolds, Millington.....	25
George Beals, Millington.....	20
William J. McPhail, Madison Wis.....	29
Jda A. Root, Vassar.....	29
Robert Brown, Novesta.....	26
Ida May Moshier, Novesta.....	19
Charles Schriber, Almer.....	22
Alice Arnold, Almer.....	19
Aspen Masoner, Caro.....	43
Phoebe Moore, Caro.....	30
Alvan Leach, Arbel.....	32
Ida Hossler, Millington.....	31

## WAS HE A CRANK?

A MAN WHO HAD A CHANCE TO STEAL MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

He Never Stole a Cent—Died a Bankrupt—His Queer Habits and Manners. A Master of Invention—An Excitement on Broadway—Boss Shepherd's Right Hand Man—Paul Lantrop and His Revenue—Babies That Paid Their Way.

(Special Washington Letter.)

The cranks are all alive. There are no dead cranks. If there were any, thousands of intelligent men would speak of A. B. Mullett, who was once supervising architect of the Treasury, as a crank.

His last act in life was certainly insane. He put a revolver to his head and noisily slipped off into the Great Beyond, leaving wife and children and as many acquaintances as, perhaps any American. Possibly I might say that he left friends: in opinions and preferences he was inflexible, relentless, dogmatic, declamatory. He was emotional, and perhaps affectionate; but a man who never yields anything to others is likely to have plenty of room.

Mullett was an architect, and he left a score of monuments in a score of the largest and finest buildings in the country, including the War, Navy, and State building here and the great post-office in New York city. At the beginning of the war he came here a young man, brim full of enthusiasm and push, and Secretary Chase made him the official architect of the Government. He had the reputation of being cranky and honest, and he justified his credentials. During twelve or fifteen years \$50,000,000 passed through his hands and not one cent stuck. He might have stolen a fortune with impunity, but he was so



A. B. MULLETT.

straight that he leaned over backward, and finally he perished by his own hand, made crazy by the fact that he could not pay his debts. If there is a Heaven where honest men go, Mullett ought to have a royal welcome.

I do not think he was quarrelsome, for I never heard of his having a fight, but he was one of the most irascible men I ever saw—always mad at a large number of people and ready to denounce them as thieves and scoundrels whenever anybody would listen to him. I met him on Broadway, New York, 10 years ago. I had not met him in two or three years, and to me he poured out his griefs. The burden of them was John Sherman, and concerning him he stormed in two languages—the English and the profane. He shouted his maledictions so they could be heard a block. He danced around me in a perfect frenzy of rage, swinging his fists madly and attracting attention from all the passers by. A dozen or so halted and looked and listened, evidently expecting that he was about to thrash me, and wanting to see the fun. I hushed him up and tried to quiet him, but he shouted the louder, seized hold of my coat, dragged me across the sidewalk, and acted as if he wanted to climb up on top of my head and annihilate me forever. In one of his jumps he came face to face with a big Irishman who had paused to inspect him, and, no doubt, to see him "lick the feller," whereupon he interrupted himself long enough to yell, "Well, you ape, what are you grinning at?" The fellow went from a grin into a laugh, in which both I and Mullett joined, and the burst of passion was over. It was a very ludicrous scene.



A MATRIMONIAL PROPOSITION.

Mullett really thought he had been seriously wronged by three or four men, and he felt that he could not say enough mean things about them in one short life. He tried hard to, though. Sherman and Bristow were two of them.

For 12 years Mullett was supervising architect of the Treasury Department, and he put up more public buildings than any other man has ever done. He was not so mercurial then as he recently became. He had much more self control. I remember one queer artist whom Mullett employed at that time—a Dane named Paul Lantrop. He was a genius.

He had rare talent. When he landed in this country he couldn't speak a word of English, and in four years he owned \$8,000. His office work was brilliant, but Mullett couldn't quite comprehend him, looking upon him with somewhat the same anxiety that a hen shows for a duck that she has inadvertently killed. Mullett used to come up and

watch him at his work in silent admiration. He was about the only man in whose presence his superior officer was ever silent. Lantrop married shortly after going in the office. He was getting \$5 a day and wanted more because he had "a family to support."

"Very well," said Mullett, "that's reasonable. Now I'll do the fair thing. For every living child you have I will increase your wages \$1 a day. Now don't talk to me any more."

At the end of the year the brilliant Dane got a raise by the rule laid down, and when he left, five years later, he had six children and was getting \$11 a day!

Paul is now, I believe, in Chicago—getting twice \$11 a day, no doubt.

The fact seems to be forgotten that Mullett was Shepherd's right bower in the memorable Board of Commissioners that reconstructed this city of Washington—found it mud, and left it concrete. Mullett was responsible for most of the regrading, and it was he that gave the city its superb parks and its 75,000 shade trees. It is a great record to have made. Some time a monument will be reared here to the memory of Shepherd and Mullett. TOWNSEND.

## MEN AND WOMEN.

The late Senator Beck's wife, who died a few years ago, was at the time of her death the nearest living relative of George Washington.

Miss Agnes Lowe has been awarded the first prize in the oratorical contest of the Wisconsin University. She is described as an attractive young lady with a fondness for pretty clothes.

General Fremont never wore glasses. His eyes were as sharp and clear as a young man's. He was perfect physically and appeared at least 20 years younger than most men of his age.

Christina Rosetti, sister of the poet, lives in London and gets \$50 a piece for her verses. She is a young old lady, with white hair, which silver tint is carried in her dress the year round.

Senator Sherman, it is reported, has said that he will retire from political life at the close of his term, in 1893. He will be 70 years of age at that time, and will have been 33 years continuously in public office.

The Moldavian Princess Cusa is an unworldly girl. Her young husband, who died not long ago, left to her all his property, worth about \$600,000. She is devoting the whole of her yearly income to charities, and is a nurse in a children's hospital at Jassy.

Miss Helen Gould owns the finest collection of orchids on the Hudson. More than that, she knows the name of every weird and fantastic blossom, and when at home delights her father by escorting him through the long walks of the Tarrytown conservatory.

Robert Louis Stevenson will probably return to London in October. About that time he will completely wind up his affairs in Scotland. He intends to sell off his house furniture, carry his books with him, and fix his home permanently in Samoa. His island estate is said to be very lovely, with no less than six waterfalls on it.

Captain Frank Cunningham, collector of taxes at Richmond, Va., intends to sing at his own funeral. He has sung at 385 funerals during the last two years. He intends to sing certain songs into a phonograph and let the instrument officiate at the ceremonies preceding his burial. He has chosen "Home of the Soul" and "Good Night" as the songs to be delivered at that time.

## Dress Making as a Profession.

While the lot of a dress maker's apprentice is not an enviable one, there are few trades for women that offer such prizes as making clothes for other women. The chief dress maker of a Bond street establishment will command a salary of £250 to £300 a year. What is more the supply is not equal to the demand. A good head woman will always have a dozen places open to her if she leaves a situation. Naturally this encourages a spirit of independence that is often fatal to long continuance in one place. A chief hand's work is confined to cutting out, overlooking the other women and conferring with the designer. The designer is the rock over which most of them split, for if he wants too many alterations the dressmaker rebels. The hours of a chief are not heavy, and no Paris education is necessary, as many suppose. If French ideas are needed a French woman is imported. The best houses prefer an English hand who is thoroughly English. (Pall Mall Gazette.)

## Concise.

A Western man who owned a great farm in Dakota was obliged to cross the water for business purposes. For three months he had left in charge of the farm, and at last he became somewhat disturbed. He was an illiterate person, though a capital farmer, and the writing of a telegram was a matter of some difficulty. At last he sent off the following comprehensive message: "Is things all right at the farm?" Impatiently he awaited the answer. It would be expensive, he felt sure, whether it brought good or bad news, judging by his own experience. But his trusty foreman was a person of few words and strict ideas of economy, and the envelope which his anxious employer received as soon as possible contained simply this message: "Things is."

## A Pretty Mole Brings Good Luck.

According to the New York Sun, a mole doesn't mar a woman's beauty; per contra, it brings good luck. A very well known French woman has her gowns cut extremely low in the back that she may display to her admirers a large black mole, which is a little lower than midway between her neck and her waist. The Arabs, wanting to describe a beautiful woman, say of her: "Her face is like to the moon in the fullness of its glory, her cheek is like jasmine with moles on it, her hair is like the horses' tails."

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is the third man who has been elected for a fifth term in the United States Senate. The other two were Benton, of Missouri, and Anthony, of Rhode Island,

## THE DREADED MAFIA.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ITALIAN ASSASSINS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Origin of the Mafia—Its Rise and Progress in This Country—Its Methods and Acts of Vengeance—Bold Actions of Chief Hennessy.

(Special New Orleans Correspondence.)

The murder of David C. Hennessy, chief of police of the city of New Orleans, by order of the "Mafia" (a gang of Sicilian thieves and cutthroats who have made the great Southern metropolis their headquarters), has startled the country with the possibilities of crime and public danger involved in the wholesale importation of European paupers and criminals to this country.

What is the "Mafia"? It is a secret organization composed entirely of Sicilians, and was founded by an Italian cutthroat boasting the name of Mafia at Palermo about 100 years ago. Mafia was a noted thief, counterfeiter, and brigand, and the object of his society was to organize all representatives of his ilk, so as to protect, by threats, terrorism, and secret assassination such members as might be brought to the bar of



DISCUSSING WAYS AND MEANS.

justice for their crimes. The "Mafia" soon came into notoriety. Swift vengeance followed the efforts of the public authorities to punish any of its members. Crimes of inhuman cruelty and barbarity became frequent, and the arm of civil justice was almost paralyzed by the boldness and vindictiveness of the assassins.

For the better part of a century, during the reign of revolution and despotism in Italy, the "Mafia" flourished and had pretty much its own way. It was undoubtedly at times in alliance with the police powers of the government, and brigandage and robbery reigned supreme in Italy outside of the large cities, and often in the very centers of population.

Of late years, however, the restoration of a stable government in Italy has led to the gradual suppression and expulsion of the Mafia. Undoubtedly members of the gang came to this country and established an organization here.

Vincenzo Arditi was one of these. For some grievance he set fire to a house in New Orleans, seeking to burn the owner to death at the same time. He was sent to the penitentiary; organized a branch of the Mafia among his fellow criminals; escaped from prison, and was next heard of at St. Louis, where he committed a murder. He next went to Chicago, opened a saloon, organized a gang of cutthroats there, and left a fellow countryman whom he suspected of treachery, lying dead on the floor of his room, using a knife so long that it stuck out from both sides of the dead man when he was discovered where he fell.

Arditi escaped to New York, opened a store, which he fired to obtain the insurance, and, failing his purpose, horribly mutilated a fellow countryman whom he believed to be instrumental in causing his defeat.

He invited his victim to a private apartment to have a glass of beer, offered a beaker with one hand, and with the other, by one stroke of the razor, laid the poor wretch's face open for his forehead to the point of his chin. When the wounded man, almost by a miracle, recovered, and was able to leave the Chambers Street Hospital, he was afraid to complain against Arditi, who went scot free.

In October, 1883, Antonio Flaccio was assassinated in the shadow of the Cooper Union Building, in New York city. Flaccio had been adjudged a traitor to the organization, of which at one time he was a prominent member. The cause of his assassination was the testimony that he gave shortly before



THE VENGEANCE OF THE MAFIA.

his assassination against some of his countrymen, who were counterfeiter, as well as brother members of La Mafia. Flaccio was sentenced to death, and two brothers, Carlo and Vincenzo Quaranta, were selected to kill him. The former plunged the stiletto into the doomed man's heart.

The secret service of the United States has been aware for several years of the operations of La Mafia in this country. Their counterfeiting, which is their diversion, as well as a part of the duties of their profession and crime, could not fail sooner or later to bring them before the eye of the Government detective force. Sebastiano Lanza, who held meetings with a regular group at 85 Thompson street, New York city, sold Mafia counterfeiters at 40 cents on the

dollar to colored people, boys, girls, his own countrymen, and any American, he could find simple minded enough to buy. Each counterfeit distributor organized a group around him and turned his revenues into the general Mafia treasury. Lanza was watched and arrested on the charge of counterfeiting.

Eight out of the ten of the Mafia murderers committed in this country were ostensibly done in the heat of passion over a game of cards. Flaccio had been playing a game of cards called trincroia shortly before he went to his death on the fatal Sunday night in the shadow of the Cooper Institute. But that is a ruse of the Mafia in a majority of cases. The killing and quarreling are alike arranged beforehand. The murderer has no fear of his fellow countrymen appearing in court as witnesses against him. They dare not testify against him, much less accuse him.

The Mafia probably made a mistake in locating in this city. There still exists here and throughout the Southwest a sentiment of personal honor or "chivalry," as it is called, that leads society generally to abhor the secret assassin. True courage and grit is honored. The man who faces his enemy in a fair fight is a hero.

Such a man was David C. Hennessy, chief of police of New Orleans. He was a type of the cool and fearless Southerner. He was born in this city. His father "died with his boots on," having fallen by a pistol shot in an affray in a well known bar room. "Dave" grew to manhood a delicate and slender strapping, but with the cool courage and fearlessness of a lion. He had a special talent for detective work, and before he was twenty, was a special officer on the police force in this city.

In 1879, Michael Hennessy, a cousin of D. C. Hennessy, was shot by Thomas Devereaux in a saloon in this city. Hennessy happened to enter during the brawl, and, as his cousin fell dead, pulled his pistol and blew Devereaux's brains out. He was tried for murder and acquitted.

After this he rapidly rose in his profession as a detective. One of his most notable feats was the clever capture of Exposito, the famous chief of Italian brigands, and the promptness with which he secured the arrest of the Provenzano gang, after the attempted assassination of a number of Italians at the corner of Claiborne and Esplanade streets, was warmly commended by every law abiding citizen of New Orleans.

From this time he set himself to root out the Mafia, of whose organization and existence here he had the fullest knowledge. He knew that his efforts would lead to his assassination, and often stated that he expected death at any moment. His reckless bravery was



A VISIT FROM THE MAFIA.

well known, however, and, although he was of moderate stature and slender figure, and continually went about day and night unaccompanied, the desperadoes hesitated to attack him.

It is pretty well settled that Hennessy's murderer was Macheca, a prominent Italian fruit vender. Of late years he had not prospered in business, and it is surmised that he joined the Mafia and resolved to handle counterfeit money, and that he suspected Chief Hennessy of having obtained knowledge of his operations.

Public sentiment is thoroughly aroused here, and there is no doubt that the Mafia will be thoroughly ferreted out and crushed so far as this city is concerned.

The police authorities here have obtained some very interesting facts in regard to the history of the Mafia from the Italian counsel.

La Mafia is a modern organization based on medieval sentiment. It is related to the Camorra, of Naples. It is a society confined not to Italians, but to Sicilians, the baser kind of Greeks, who bring their national customs, their secret societies and traditions of murder with them. If a Sicilian believes that he can provide for the protection of his person and property without having recourse to law that person is a Mafia.

Murder is the corner stone of the social fabric of Sicily. A Sicilian wishes to sell a farm. A Copo Mafia wishes to buy it. Nobody dares to bid against him. If anybody is so foolhardy he would be shot next day from behind a wall or the corner of a house. If a Copo Mafia runs for the majority of a village nobody runs against him. He invariably has a unanimous election. His hands may be red with a dozen murders, and his pockets filled with blackmail. Not a servant can be discharged without reference to the unseen Mafia. The Mafia rule their districts as despots. If they have rivalries the knife decides it.

With the advent of Victor Emanuel the power of the Mafia began to decline. It still has a hold in Naples and throughout Sicily, and occasionally its power is made known by secret assassinations. Most of the prominent members of the society, however, have been compelled to flee from Italy.

The organization in this country has begun its struggle with Anglo Saxon law and order. There is happily no question as to the result. ST. CLAIR.

A cat at Tombstone, Arizona, is rearing three young wildcat kittens that were captured in the woods by her master. She takes the best of care of them.

## WILD DUCK SHOOTING.

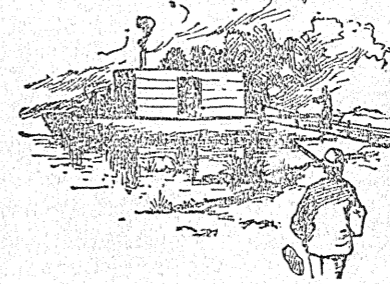
SPORT THAT IS CONSIDERED RARE BY THE BEST HUNTERS.

Methods of Capturing the Web Footed Game—How Ducks Are Protected—Shooting on the Chesapeake—Experience of a Novice.

(Special Correspondence.)

No form of sport is more enjoyed by the experienced hunter than duck shooting. The wild duck is one of the most widely spread in its habitat of game fowls, is strong of flight and generally difficult to get a shot at, and the hunter who bags a canvasback, redhead, shoveller, or blue winged teal, has secured a prize of which he can well boast. In the judgment of the great majority of sportsmen and gourmets, the canvasback duck is the king of fowls, and very large prices are paid at times to secure the prized birds for banquets and the tables of the rich.

Duck shooting begins in summer and early fall in Canada and the northern parts of this country. In October the



A POTOMAC SHOOTING BOX.

ducks begin their southern flight, and appear on ponds and streams, where they are eagerly pursued by sportsmen. Large numbers frequent the Great South Bay of Long Island, the shallow waters of the New Jersey coast, and the estuary of the Delaware during this month, and in November vast flocks appear on the waters of the Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River.

Wild ducks are divided into two families, river and sea ducks. They mingle together along the Atlantic coast, however, and frequent the same feeding grounds. The sea ducks, of which the canvasback, redhead, ringneck and scaup, or blackhead, are the chief representatives, are the real game birds to secure which the hunters direct their chief attention.

The great feeding grounds of these ducks is on the Chesapeake Bay and about the mouths of the Potomac River and Gunpowder Creek, and here alone by feeding on wild celery they acquire that fine flavor for which they are famous, even the canvasback being tough and fishy in taste before it fattens up on the wild celery, and again losing its flesh and flavor when it reaches the coast of North Carolina.

The sea ducks are well protected by the laws of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, and by the regulations of the shooting clubs that control the shores of the waters where they feed. Such is their avility for the root of the wild celery that they can not be driven from the feeding grounds by any amount of slaughter. They would soon be destroyed were it not for the legal protection afforded.

Duck shooting on the Chesapeake is permitted only three days in each week, beginning on the 10th of November. Hunters are restricted to the use of an ordinary shotgun, and heavy penalties are enforced against the use of swivels, traps, nets, etc. Agents of the law are constantly on the alert during the open season, and the "bushwhackers," as the illegal hunters are called, have little opportunity to ply their trade.

In spite of all precautions the canvasback ducks are growing fewer every year. Swift and strong of flight though they be, these ducks have a remarkable and fatal curiosity, which can be taken advantage of to their destruction. The hunter builds a screen along the shore, and employs a trick dog or some other method of attraction, and, so totally are they blinded by their curiosity, that they can be shot down as they approach, and they seem utterly regardless of danger so long as the hunter lies concealed. This is called "tolling."

Another prohibited method is night hunting with reflectors. A stand is



KILLING DUCKS BY FLASH LIGHT.

erected for this purpose, and the light from a reflecting lamp flashed over the water, when the ducks will approach to investigate and are easily shot, a dog being used to retrieve.

The most popular way to shoot ducks is from a "blind" or "sink box." Anybody can enjoy this method of sport who is willing to pay for it, as it is protected by law and enforced by all good sportsmen. It is said that \$200,000 are invested in shooting paraphernalia on the Chesapeake alone. Many large sloops, or "shooting boxes," are owned at Harrods Grace, provided with all the appurtenances of the sport and a sufficient crew, and these can be hired by the day, week, or month at a cost of about \$10 per day. All boats are required to leave the shooting grounds at night fall, and can not cross "the line" again before 5 o'clock in the morning of the second succeeding day.

The novice having made his arrangements, goes on the boat at night, alone or with one or two friends, and is soon asleep in the cozy cabin, dreaming of the sport of the morrow. Few boats accommodate more than four hunters. In the morning he is aroused betimes, and goes on deck to find the captain waiting with watch in hand to give the

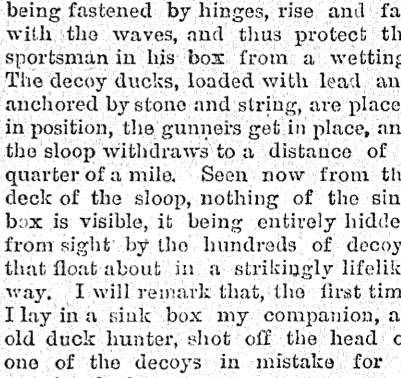
word to "cross the line." It is still deep night, and glimmering lights appear here and there on the bay where other boats are waiting to join in the race for the ducking grounds. A race it is to be, for the first boat to arrive has the choice of position, and it is the law of custom that no other boat shall anchor nearer than a mile.

At last the captain gives the word. The anchor is hauled up, the great flapping sail is hoisted, and two strapping fellows seize long poles and assist the progress of the boat by poling against the shallow bottom.

At last you reach the ground, and the captain, by what appears an exercise of instinct, selects a position amidst the dense fog that is sure to cover the bay.

The "sink box" and decoys are now got ready, and put in the water. The sink box is the exact size and shape of a coffin, when intended for one person, but is made double width with a partition if intended for two. The box is water tight, and is set into the middle of a fine board platform about 7 by 11 feet in size. The top of the box is nearly level with the top of the platform, and is secured thereto with knees and braces underneath. Around the outer edges are secured wings covered with canvas, which lay upon the water when open, and, being fastened by hinges, rise and fall with the waves, and thus protect the sportsman in his box from a wetting. The decoy ducks, loaded with lead and anchored by stone and string, are placed in position, the gunners get in place, and the sloop withdraws to a distance of a quarter of a mile. Seen now from the deck of the sloop, nothing of the sink box is visible, it being entirely hidden from sight by the hundreds of decoys that float about in a strikingly lifelike way. I will remark that, the first time I lay in a sink box my companion, an old duck hunter, shot off the head of one of the decoys in mistake for a genuine duck.

Reader, were you ever in a sink box? If so, you probably found the "sport"



HAUNT OF THE "BUSHWHACKER."

pretty tiresome at first. It is a cold and damp morning. The thick fog hangs around you. You lay cramped and still in your coffin like box, with your half cocked gun across your knees, every nerve strained in preparation for the shot which you hope soon to have a chance to make. Your companion gives you points, describes the swift flight of the duck, and hopes you are "quick on the trigger." You are to take care of your side of the water. You lie still, and listen, as through the gray fog come sounds that grow more and more significant. "Quack, quack!" You heard that before, but you did not notice it. Now the "quacks" float in through the heavy air in every direction. A beating of the water and a whir of wings almost causes you to start up. The report of a distant gun sounds from the shore, and another and another from the water.

Ah, the fun has begun. But where are the ducks? You hear their discordant calls in every direction. Once or twice you have seen a dim black body cross in swift flight far up in the foggy atmosphere. What is that? A sound like the beating of innumerable paddles on the water, the whir of thousands of wings, and a rush through the air that fairly takes your breath away. "Only a rank of ducks rising," says your companion.

You wait and wait. How tiresome it is! You are shivering with cold, and cramped with pain. The fog has grown thinner, and you see an occasional small flock of ducks crossing the sky far above you. The reports of distant guns grow less frequent. You get dull and indifferent. Ha! Your companion suddenly rises, and fires—bang! bang!—directly across your body. Down tumbles a duck right among the decoys on your side.

"That was your shot, but I had to take him," he says. Now you are aroused and all excitement again. Every nerve quivers, and your heart thumps so that you think your companion must hear it. The leaden minutes drag on. Suddenly a dark object crosses your sight and you raise and fire both barrels aimlessly and recklessly after it as it disappears in the gloom. You sink back disappointed, feeling that you have missed.

"He's a sailor," remarks your companion, who has been peering intently through the fog. "A sailor! What's that?" "You hit him all right, but his wings were spread, and he sailed off obliquely to the water. We'll find him after a while."

You now feel secure and confident. You are no longer cramped or cold, and you wait cheerfully and alert for your next shot. It comes again—you miss. The next time, however, you score a hit. Then you call for the boat, and change places with your waiting companion on the sloop, while one of the crew rows about and picks up your floating game.

Such is duck shooting when you have luck. Sometimes you don't have luck, and there is no excitement, and no recompense for cramped limbs and chilled frame.

There is no sport more exciting than duck shooting when the ducks are plenty and not too wild. The writer has seen at one time three or four ranks of ducks on the Chesapeake, each a mile long, and composed of innumerable thousands of fowl. When one of these ranks crosses the air was darkened by flying wings and the noise was almost like that of a Niagara. G. H. B.

My Uncle Ephraim was a man who did not live in vain. And yet, why he succeeded so I never could explain.

By nature he was not endowed with wit to a degree. But folks allowed there nowhere lived a better man than he.

He started poor but soon got rich; he went to congress then, and held that post of honor long against much brainier men.

He never made a famous speech or did a thing of note. And yet the praise of Uncle Eph welled up from every throat.

recollect I never heard him say a bitter word. He never carried to and fro unpleasant things he had heard.

He always doffed his hat and spoke to every one he knew. He tipped to poor and rich alike a genial "how-dy-do."

He kissed the babies, praised their looks, and said: "That child will grow to be a Daniel Webster or our president, I know!"

His voice was so mellifluous, his smile so full of mirth. That folks declared he was the best and smartest man on earth!

Now father was a smarter man, and yet he never won such wealth and fame as Uncle Eph, "the deestrik's favorite son!"

He had "convictions" and he was not loath to speak his mind. He went his way and said his say as he might be inclined.

She had opened a dancing school. Now there seems to be something very bold and unfeminine about teaching a dancing school.

I couldn't understand it at all, for the Abbeys had always got along so far, and it was particularly odd when Morton, the eldest boy, had been given a place in a commission house in Cincinnati by an uncle or cousin or something of the sort.

I wrote to Tom, hoping he might remonstrate with her. I am always moderate in the expression of my opinion, so I simply said: "Gerarda is looking very badly."

All this dancing and racketing around is not good for her. But the young people of the present day have no discretion. Modesty seems to have gone out of date along with veneration for their elders."

But it seemed to have no effect, for Gerarda still went on teaching. She began to look worse and worse. All the color left her face; even her lips were pale, and her mouth got a pinched look.

One day I was walking along the beach. Winter was beginning to break up, and there were bright patches of green to be seen here and there.

I had had a very trying morning. In the first place I had been to see Mrs. Jones. When I went into the sitting-room there was a fire crackling on the hearth, and I could see through the door that there was one burning in her room also.

"Dear me, Mrs. Jones, I shouldn't think you could afford to have two fires burning at once—and such a mild day too."

She turned as red as a beet and pressed her lips tight together, but she didn't say anything. I fear Mrs. Jones is far from being sweet-tempered.

Then I went on to Sister Harriet's. Her daughter Ella had just met with quite a severe accident, having been thrown from a buggy, while out driving, and her arm broken.

"Thankful for having been nearly killed!" she cried. "Really, Aunt Maria, my gratitude is not so easily aroused."

I sat down on the bed beside her. Perhaps I may have drawn this cover rather tightly over her feet, but she need not have given such a founce.

of the church to meet at her house and talk over the new altar-cloth. When I stepped upon the gallery the front door was ajar, and a sound of voices came from the parlor; but no one seemed to hear my knock.

Mrs. Paulding is one of those people who are moral fly-blisters to all their friends and acquaintances. "Yes," said another voice—it was that deceitful Margie Hoffheimer—"I always think it was fortunate for Job's reputation for patience that he did not know her."

"And the worst of it is that she has a good heart, and one can't quite hate her." "You are right," replied Gerarda Abbey's voice, "Mrs. Paulding has one of the best hearts in the world."

"Well, I should think you would be the last—" "But I did not wait to hear more. I was so angry that I did not know exactly where I was going when I walked away."

"Not unless you take care of yourself. You ought to get Tom to prescribe for you." She hung her head and murmured something that sounded like: "Tom doesn't care."

I asked what she meant and she answered: "Tom and I are not engaged any longer. I did not write to him that I had undertaken the dancing school, for fear he would say the work was too hard for me."

"But, my dear, why did you teach?" "Why, you see, we had had so much expense in fitting Morton out for Cincinnati, and Jenny's long spell of typhoid got us into debt. I don't know how to do anything but dance, and it was my only chance to earn money."

"Well, Gerarda, if you have never hated me before I am afraid you will hate me now," I said, and remembered the illusion I had made to her dancing, which Tom's jealousy had clearly misunderstood.

"But suppose he's fallen in love with some other girl in the meantime, said Gerarda with a sob. "Bless you!" said I, "he hasn't done that—of course not! He is too much the son of his mother to change his mind in a hurry."

A sudden idea struck me and took away my breath. "Well, Gerarda, if you have never hated me before I am afraid you will hate me now," I said, and remembered the illusion I had made to her dancing, which Tom's jealousy had clearly misunderstood.

When I reached home I dispatched a hasty note to Tom saying that a patient in Paschal needed his immediate attention; and this brought him on the wings of the wind.

When I had made the necessary explanation he gave me a bear-like hug and then rushed off to see Gerarda. Of course they kissed and made friends.

"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"I wish you could cure yourself." "I can't cure myself," said the Duchess, "but I can't even laugh comfortably." "I wish you could cure yourself," said the Duchess, "but I can't even laugh comfortably."

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—oh" laying her hand upon her bosom—"dreadful!" "But you wouldn't be alone. I shall be there!" says Delaney, the very slightest suspicion of a grievance in his tone.

"Why, so you would," says she, slowly, as if suddenly awakening to a hitherto forgotten fact. "I never thought of that; but still you are not dead, you know."

"This is indisputable. Beyond all doubt she has taken an unassailable position. Acknowledging this fact, Delaney gives up argument."

"I won't listen to another objection," cries he, gayly. "Not one. I insist on carrying you off bodily and introducing you to the lot of them, whether you will or not."

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blush imaginable. "Really, now mind—honestly, do you think me pretty?" "It is too poor a word!" says the miserable Denis, so far forgetting the stern role allotted to him as to take the little thin fingers from the long-suffering button and press them to his lips.

"Oh, now!" with a little pleased laugh, "that is going too far. But tell me my mother was beautiful, but that I do not resemble her much; that I'm like dad's people. You, perhaps? How strange that would be! Am I like you?"

"I dare say I have frequently flattered myself," says Denis, laughing. "We all do it; but I think I can honestly say never to that extent."

"Well," persists the Duchess, positively, "now that it has occurred to me, I am sure I reminded myself of somebody this morning when I was doing my hair before the glass. It must have been you. Come over here," slipping her hand into his and drawing him to where a deep pool lies drowsily in the sun's sunshine, encompassed by ferns and mosses.

Over this she bends, scrutinizing the faint, imperfect reflection of her charms it throws up to her. Delicate, vague, unsatisfactory it is, yet sweet withal. Denis, standing behind her and gazing over her shoulder, can see the quivering image that so maligns her pure and perfect beauty, and turns with impatience to the living original beside him.

Then she laughs, and with his arms still encircling her she looks back at him over her shoulder with parted lips and brightened eyes. Her attitude brings her head almost to his shoulder. She was never yet so near to his heart. Was she ever yet so lovely? His pulses are beginning to beat madly, his eyes grow warm. The laugh is still fresh upon her lips.

My love whose lips are softer far, Than drowsy poppy petals are, And sweeter than the violet. But the smile has died from his face. There is a quick, irrepressible movement. He bends over her—nearer—nearer still; and then he loosens his hold of her and stands back, a crown upon his brow, his face a little pale.

"Are you frightened?" asks she lightly. "Did you think I was really going to fall in you? But you should know that I am sure-footed as a goat; that I seldom catch myself tripping."

She is evidently puzzled a good deal by the change in his manner, which has gone from "grave to gay, from lively to severe;" without a second's warning, and would perhaps have subjected him to a rather embarrassing cross-examination, but that at this moment the appearance of a woman at the lower end of the path attracts both their attention.

CHAPTER VIII. To mortal men great loads allotted be. But of all packs no pack like poverty. She is a woman, withered, old slightly bent, and wretchedly dressed, as are all poor Irish peasants. Her petticoat, made of a thick blue flannel, is short, and patched liberally here and there. No stockings cover her legs, no boots her feet, which though wonderfully small are hard the path itself and roughened by work and exposure.

An old jacket, worn at the elbows and very much the worse for wear, covers her body, and over her shoulders a dingy little red and black shawl is thrown. Clothing enough certainly for a hot day, in July, but alas! terribly insufficient for the frosts and snows of winter; and when they come there will be nothing extra to cover that poor, frail body.

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MRS. PAULDING COGITATES.

WONDER why sons will never marry the girls their mothers pick out for them. The perversion of human nature, I suppose. But it seems to me that if any one pointed out the proper line of conduct to me I would follow it.

I had never much of a fancy for Gerarda Abbey. Her lips and her cheeks always seemed to be too bright-colored, and her dark hair curled and flew about so. And then her eyes danced and shone in a totally undignified manner.

"Tom," I used to say at least once a week. "I wonder you don't admire Margie Hoffheimer. She has such dignity, such repose of manner."

"So has an iceberg—and an oyster," Tom would retort. "Well the young men of the present day have strange taste. She is just my ideal of a woman. She never covers her forehead with foolish bangs and frizzes."

"Pity she doesn't!" said Tom. "It has such a lumpy look." Tom is my only child. I love him dearly, but he has always been a great weight on my mind.

For instance, in spite of all my entreaties he would go to Fairview to settle, though every one said there was a fine opening at home, in Paschal, when old doctor Johns died. What a dear, good old man he was—but somehow he never came to see me professionally that he did not make me sicker than ever.

I told him so once, and he did not take it in good part at all. Strange how few people can bear to hear the truth. Well, as I was saying, Tom would admire Gerarda and wouldn't admire Margie. Now, I am not mercenary, but I do think it is better for a young professional man to marry a girl with a nice little fortune of her own than one with a widowed mother and five younger sisters and brothers and just enough to get along on.

"You'll never succeed, Tom," I cried in a pet, "if you marry a girl with a pack of mothers and sisters clinging to her skirts." "Strictly speaking," said Tom, in his provoking way, "Mrs. Abbey can't be called a pack of mothers."

A Wily Cobbler.

A cobbler at Forfar, Scotland, who was an old offender, was sentenced to a fine or imprisonment. To be imprisoned he had to be carried to the jail at Perth. As he had business at Perth he expressed no unwillingness to go. When arrived and about to be locked up he offered to pay the fine, which the governor was obliged to take. Then he demanded his fare back to Forfar, which the governor, after hesitating and looking at the law, found that he was obliged to pay. The fare alone amounted to five cents more than the fine imposed.—Ram's Horn.

Green Haired Men in Nevada. There is a curious effect wrought on the hair and beard of men engaged in the Martin White mine at Ward. The ore is roasted, but no disagreeable perfumes arise from the heating process, yet there is some unknown substance that changes the hair, beard and eyebrows as green as grass. The hair is not injured, but retains its softness and gloss. It is probable that the fumes of the green tint of copper contained in the ore change the hair to that color.—Virginia City Chronicle.

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"REALLY, DO YOU THINK ME PRETTY?" She even draws a little nearer to him, as if about to speak, and then, as if overcome by a little access of shyness, stops short, and taking hold of one of the buttons of his coat between a slender finger and thumb twists it round and round again without any apparent reason.

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

An Independent Newspaper.

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

## BROOKER & WICKWARE

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

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

FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 26 1890

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

### SCIENCE CLIPPINGS.

A GERMAN named Lillenthal, after experimenting for twenty-three years with artificial wings, has succeeded in raising himself, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, with the aid of a counter weight lifting eighty pounds. How to raise the other eighty pounds is still beyond him.

A new shell has lately been invented by an Austrian for the purpose of scattering oil over the waves during a storm. It is a wooden cylinder lined with shellac to keep the oil from penetrating the wood, and it carries in addition a calcium light, which illuminates the water for a considerable distance.

M. EFPEL is now utilizing his famous tower and a balloon for aerial telegraph purposes by night. It is intended to ascertain by the experiments at what distances the lights on the tower can be perceived from a balloon and to what height from the summit of the tower an aerostat can be seen and communicated with by signals.

BACTERIA of various kinds have been found in ice and snow, and Dr. Fontin, a Russian observer, has now proved that halitones are not free from them. He has found that the water produced by the melting of halitones contains on an average seven hundred and twenty-nine bacteria per cubic centimeter. Neither yeast fungus nor mold was present, but nine different kinds of bacteria were found, five of which—B. mycoides, liquefaciens, luteus, sarcina lutea and rantiaca—are already known. As the ordinary dwelling place of the bacillus mycoides is the earth, we are confronted with the fact that microbes of terrestrial origin may be carried up into the air, and thus rain, snow and hail may be the direct means of conveying infection.

A MACHINE for making wood wool is being used in England. According to the Commercial Advertiser, wood wool is coming rapidly into favor among manufacturers of glass, cutlery, confectionery, etc., for packing purposes on account of its cleanliness and non-hygroscopic properties, but its adoption is hindered, among other things, by its comparatively high price. The new machine is intended to reduce the price, for it is of such size and design that every manufacturer can have one working on his premises, and can thus turn out his own wood wool. Very little attention is required by the machine, and all the parts are easy renewable. Timber of any convenient length can be cut, and waste pieces can also be utilized.

WHEN gems were to be used as seals they were engraved at an early age of the world, says the Keystone. A square signet of yellow jasper, engraved about 1450 B. C., is in possession of the British Museum. It has engraved upon it the horse and the name and titles of Amenophis II. Herodotus informs us that the Ethiopians engraved signets. In Judea, the breast plate of the high priest was adorned with twelve precious stones, with the name of the twelve tribes engraved upon them. Strange to say, however, no Hebrew engraved gems older than the fifth century are known to exist. The Babylonians and the Hindus are the other Oriental nations of antiquity that engraved gems. The Chinese, early in their history, used gems, soapstone and porcelain for seals, with devices in relief.

To Keep Iron Pipes from Rusting. A simple and economical way of tarring sheet iron pipes to keep them from rusting is as follows: The sections as made should be coated with a coal tar and then filled with light wood shavings, and the latter set on fire. It is declared that the effect of this treatment will be to render the iron practically proof against rust for an indefinite period, rendering future painting unnecessary. In proof of this assertion the writer cites the example of a chimney of sheet iron erected in 1866, and which, through being treated as he describes, is as bright and sound to-day as when erected, though it has never had a brushful of paint applied to it since. It is suggested that by strongly heating the iron after the tar is laid on the outside, the latter is literally burned into the metal, closing the pores and rendering it rust proof in a far more complete manner than if the tar itself was first made hot and applied to cold iron, according to the usual practice. It is important, of course, that the iron should not be made too hot, or kept too hot for too long a time, lest the tar should be burned off. Hence the direction for the use of light shavings instead of any other means of heating.—Mechanics News.

A Substitute for Tobacco. Many different vegetable substances used as stimulating beverages in widely-distant parts of the world have been shown to contain caffeine as their active principle. Only one substitute for tobacco has, however, as yet been discovered. This is the leaves of the Duboisia hopwoodii, a shrub growing in Australia, the leaves of which are chewed by the blacks in the same way and for the same purpose as tobacco is chewed. The leaves contain an alkaloid, piturine, which is said by certain chemists to be identical with nicotine, but more prob-

ably is only closely allied to it. Messrs Langley and Dickinson have recently shown that the actions of nicotine and piturine are in every respect identical.—British Medical Journal.

Deep Mining. The mine at St. Andre du Poirier, France, yearly produces 300,000 tons of coal. The mine is worked with two shafts, one is 2,953 feet deep and the other 3,083 feet. The latter shaft is now being deepened, and will soon touch a 4,000 foot level. A remarkable feature of this deep mine is the comparatively low temperature experienced, which seldom rises above seventy-five degrees Fahr. In the gold and silver mines of the Pacific coast, at a depth of less than half that of the French coal mine, much difficulty is often experienced in keeping the temperature low enough to admit of working. In some levels of the Comstock lode the temperature rises as high as one hundred and twenty degrees Fahr.

## NOTHING BUT RHEUMATICS.

How the Old Skipper Relieved One of His Seaside Passengers.

It hadn't been out of the bay ten minutes, and had just got fairly to lousing and bobbing on the ground swell, when I was seized with a suspicion. The captain of the fish boat had assured me by all that he held sacred that I wouldn't be seasick—couldn't possibly be if I tried my hardest. It now occurred to me that he had made a sad mistake. My stomach began to roll, my head to swim, and as I hastened to stretch out at full length on my back, he queried: "Chill coming on?" "Chill! I'm seasick—sick from head to heel!" "Can't be—can't possibly be," he calmly replied. "I noticed that you had a bilious look when you came down this morning. Ought to look out for your liver."

"But I tell you I'm in an awful way! I can't wait another minute. Here I go. \* \* \* \*"

"Haven't the first symptoms of seasickness," he said, as he bit off an inch of plug tobacco. "Why, you ought to have seen the man I had."

"Say! How much will you take to go ashore?" "Now, hear him! This shows what imagination can do."

"Would a thousand dollars be any object to you?" "Now, then, get out those fish-lines and open a few clams for bait. We'll be among 'em in less than five minutes."

"Great Jupiter, man! but my head whirls like a top!" "Can't possibly whirl—couldn't do it for money. There isn't sea enough on here to spill a glass of water."

"And my stomach! Lands \* \* \*!" "Get out those clams!" "Clams! Clams! I wouldn't look at a clam for ten thousand dollars! Take me home! Take me into a swamp—up a tree—under water—anywhere to get out of this! Shall I make it fifteen hundred—two thousand?"

"What's the matter now?" "Matter? I'm dying."

"Can't be—can't possibly be. Not the slightest symptom of even being sick. A little bilious, and the glare of the sun does the rest. I'd try a pint of salt water."

"Heaven! but do you want to see my boots go overboard? Say, I'll give you \* \* \*"

"Oh, well, if your head aches you might lie down for awhile, but don't get any foolish ideas into your brain. Ocean a perfect mill-pond—not the slightest heave—boat seems to be specked to a rock. Try a sandwich? No? Have a chew? No? Like a raw clam to sort o' settle things? No? Well, lay down and keep quiet. I take out babies occasionally, but this time I forgot my nursing bottle. Did you bring a rattle-box?"

"Say, captain."

"Yes."

"I feel better."

"Certainly."

"And I'll—I'll get up."

"Of course. Now, then, over with that line; keep your eyes on the water half a mile away, pucker your lips into a whistle, and that rheumatism will go off. That's what it is. Can't possibly be anything else. I'll give you some shark ile to rub your joints when we get ashore. There you are—you've got a whopper-pull—whoopel!"—N. Y. Sun.

He Knew What He Needed. Mr. Hackensack—Have you any bars for windows that will keep mosquitoes out?

Store-keeper—Yes, sir; here you are, just the thing.

Mr. Hackensack—What, those wire nettings? Why, bless your soul, man, I want iron bars! I live in New Jersey.—Puck.

## A KID-GLOVE STRATEGIST.



Banks—I worked in my garden nearly all last week. How is that for the "horny hand of toil," eh?

Brown—But what in the world did you do it for? You'll ruin your hands.

Banks—That's all right, my boy. You

know I'm running for Congress, and tomorrow I have to meet and shake hands with a delegation of working-men. I'm going to capture their votes, sure.—Munsey's Weekly.

She Had Asked Him. Little Edith Brooks, aged three summers, was asked by her mother whether she had said her prayers, and owned that she had not. "But," said the unwise mother, "God will be very angry with you."

"Oh! no, mammy; God 'ont."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh! I know, 'cos I ast Him and He say: 'Don't mention it, Miss Brooks'—Life.

A Perfectly Valid Excuse. Judge Duffy—Prisoner, you were very drunk last night. Can you explain it?

Prisoner—I can not, sir. I passed a very quiet evening at your club, and—

Judge Duffy—Sufficient, sir. You're discharged.—Texas Siftings.

## WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-lands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

## A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with their hair looking like a frosty porcupine should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—The Sunny South, Atlanta Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From Economical Housekeeping, by Eliza R. Parker.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

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

## NEW MEAT MARKET

OLD FACES IN NEW PLACE. WE HAVE JUST OPENED! OUR NEW MEAT MARKET

In the Red Front building. We have any kind of meat that you want. Give us a call.

Schwaderer Bros.

Save \$36.50 on Your Ticket to California. J. C. JUDSON & Co.'s personally conducted California Excursion is a grand chance for all who desire to see the world's wonders. Leave Chicago via Chicago & North Western on Saturday, at every week, each excursion in charge of an efficient and gentlemanly excursion manager. Routes to San Francisco and Los Angeles. For rates, reservation of seats, call on or address, J. C. JUDSON & Co., 105 Clark Street, Chicago.

MORTGAGE SALE. Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1888, and executed by Hugh McDermott and Catherine McDermott, his wife, to John Marshall, and recorded in the office of the register of deed for the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, in liber 61 of mortgages, on page 275, on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1888.

WARRANTY NOTICE.—State of Michigan, 24th Judicial in chancery. Caroline Fisher, Complainant, vs. William H. Fisher, Defendant.

Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Tuscola in chancery at Caro on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1890. In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file, that the defendant, William H. Fisher, is not a resident of this state, but resides in the state of Tennessee, in motion of J. M. Torrey, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, William H. Fisher, cause his appearance to be entered herein, within four months from the date of this order, and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on him of a copy of said bill and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant. And it is further ordered that within twenty days of the date of this order a notice of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least six weeks in succession, or that the cause may be tried on this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant at least twenty days before the time prescribed for his appearance.

WATSON BEACH, Circuit Judge. (A true copy.) J. M. Torrey, Complainant's Solicitor.

## ENCOURAGE

Home Industry

By Buying Your SPRING and LUMBER WAGONS

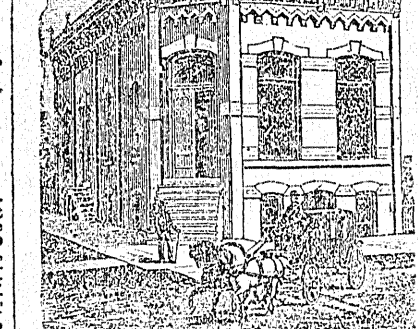
OF H. S. WICKWARE

Each wagon is of my own make and sold under a guarantee. I also keep in stock the OVID BUGGIES

AND Road Wagons. On which I defy Competition. REPAIRING neatly executed on short notice. BLACKSMITH SHOP in connection.

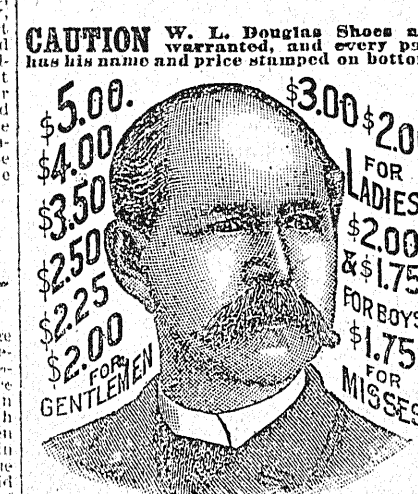
When in the city give me a call, see the work and get my prices. H. S. WICKWARE.

Abstracts of Title. To all lands in Tuscola county. A. T. SLAGHT & CO.,



MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTGAGES. IN SUMS FROM \$50 TO \$5,000! For long or short time. Office across from Medler House. CARO - MICH.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are guaranteed, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. Five Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain. The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers.

\$5.00 FOR LADIES \$3.00 FOR BOYS \$2.00 FOR GIRLS \$1.75 FOR MISSES \$1.50 FOR GENTLEMEN

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. J. D. CROSBY Agent.

## REMOVAL!

I wish to extend a cordial invitation to all to come and see me in my new quarters, in the room formerly occupied by H. C. LaFlamboy as a Hardware Store, where I will endeavor to entertain and show you a Grand Display of Drugs, Medicines, Etc.; also a large invoice of Holiday Goods, Toilet Cases, Photo and Autograph Albums, Mirrors, and a fine line of Silver Ware, which I can guarantee will give satisfaction. Come and convince yourself of my low prices on all goods.

Respectfully,  
CHAS. MAYNARD, Druggist,  
Gagetown, Mich.

## Did You Ever? No, Never!

See Such a Stock of Holiday Goods As is Shown at Stevenson's 2 Stores.

Be sure and ask for a ticket on the Silver Lamp—sure thing no lottery.

## FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

—We have concluded to sell or Exchange our—

## ENTIRE STOCK

—CONSISTING OF—

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

## J. C. LAING, Cass City

## YEARS OF VARIED EXPERIENCE

and SUCCESSFUL METHODS, that we Alone own and Control orders of

In the Use of CURA. For all Diseases.

Who have weak or undeveloped, or diseased organs, who are suffering from nervous prostration, and any Excesses, or any other ailments, send for a FREE BOOK, and receive a FREE TRIAL, and learn the truth for a LIMITED TIME FREE.

Who are Nervous and Undeveloped, or who are suffering from nervous prostration, and any Excesses, or any other ailments, send for a FREE BOOK, and receive a FREE TRIAL, and learn the truth for a LIMITED TIME FREE.

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

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

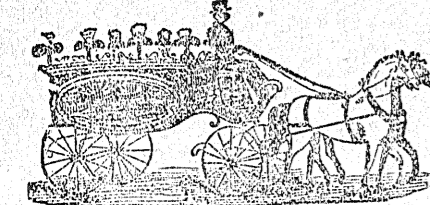
Exchange Bank.

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

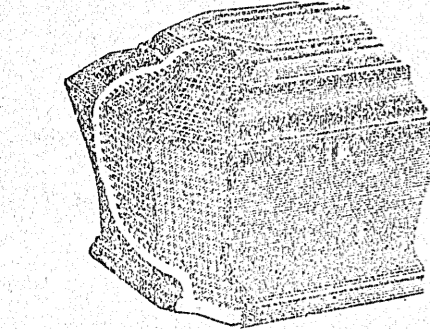
Commercial Business Transacted. Drafts available Anywhere in the United States or Canada bought and sold.

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

A. A. McKenzie,



UNDERTAKER And Funeral Director. A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and Undertaker's Supplies on hand.



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—An A No 1 yoke of working oxen 6 years old. Inquire of WM. 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.

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

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

FOR SALE—I will sell very cheap and on easy terms the w 1/2 in 1/2 sec. 1250 sq. ft. N. L. McLaughlin, M. D., 310 1/2 North Main St., Findlay, Ohio.

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 A. E. BOULTON, 3 miles north of Cass City.

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

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

FOR SALE—A young horse, sound and a good driver. Cheap for cash. 12-15-29ks G. M. LIVINGSTON, Holtbrook.

TO TRADE—A pacing horse for a good work horse, one that will weigh 1250 pounds and good life. The pacing horse is a good driver and sound and weighs 1050 pounds and can race in three minutes. A woman can drive him. Call on or address, 12-15-29ks J. D. OWEX, 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 BALLAGH, Owendale, Mich.

I WILL FILL—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. STRIPPLER.

850 BUYS 40 ACRES.—Clear, good house, 5 fences and water, known as the H. Wexmouth place. \$200 buys 40 acres, unimproved, no swamp. \$1500 buys the brick block occupied by Chas. St. Mary.

DR. McLEAN.

FOR SALE—A house and one acre of ground in the village of Cass City, known as the Wm. Walker property. Will take stock as part payment. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 9-12-11 Three miles north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of good farming land. The east half of the west half of the 2. W. 1/4 of section 14, township 30, N. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4 of section 30, N. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4 of section 31, all in Novesta township; E. 1/2 of N. W. 1/4 of section 14, Ellington; N. E. 1/4 of N. 1/2 of section 36, Ellkland. Terms—One dollar per acre down, balance to suit purchaser. Also 40 acres green timber for sale. 12-29-4 Wks. E. H. PINNEY, Owner.

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

FOR SALE—A splendid improved farm of 100 acres, good buildings, 1/2 miles northeast of Cass City and known as the Jacobs farm. This farm must be sold at once to close an estate, and it will go cheap. Apply to Administrators C. J. LOWME, Detroit, Mich. J. MARSHALL, Cass City.

FOR SALE—A splendid improved farm of 100 acres will buy your choice of the following descriptions in 400 acres, viz: S. E. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of section 1, W. 1/2 of N. E. 1/4 of section 2, W. 1/2 of S. E. 1/4 of section 30, N. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4 of section 31, all in Novesta township; E. 1/2 of N. W. 1/4 of section 14, Ellington; N. E. 1/4 of N. 1/2 of section 36, Ellkland. Terms—One dollar per acre down, balance to suit purchaser. Also 40 acres green timber for sale. 12-29-4 Wks. E. H. PINNEY, Owner.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

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

DR. J. H. McLAN, DENTIST. Gums without the knife. Tape work removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas and fissures 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. TRATHER, State Agent.

J. H. McLEAN, Medical Examiner.

Lodges. I. O. O. F. Cass City Lodge, No. 204, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. B. FREDMORE, N. G. D. McGILVARY, Secretary.

M. C. 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, URGENT KEEPER. JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER.

Tyler Lodge. Regular communications of TYLER LODGE, No. 317, P. & A. M., for 1891; Jan. 24, Feb. 21, Apr. 21, Apr. 18, May 27, June 29, June 24, (St. John.) July 18, Aug. 17, Sept. 12, Oct. 17, Nov. 14, (election of officers) Dec. 12. HENRY STEWART, W. M. A. H. ALE, Secretary.

Kingston. Newton Youngs has been quite sick for the past week.

We are having beautiful spring weather and good roads.

Mrs. Briggs and daughter Kittie were in Caro on Tuesday.

There is a good deal of sickness among small children around here.

Great preparations are being made for a Christmas tree at both churches.

Our new minister, Elder Keyers, is stopping at H. H. Miller's. He is expecting his family after the holidays.

S. E. Lind, principal of the Kingston school, started Saturday evening for a trip through the holidays. He expects to take in Cass City and several other places.

The marriage of Miss Nancy Fulford, fifth daughter of Mr. Fulford, one of the old settlers of Kingston, Tuscola county, to Mr. George Blauvelt, of Algonac, at M. E. church, Kingston, on Wednesday, 17th inst., was largely attended by relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed at 4 o'clock p. m. by Rev. J. G. Sparling, of North Branch. Miss Torrey presided at the organ and rendered the wedding march as the bridal party proceeded down the aisle to the altar which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and white roses. The couple were attended by Miss L. Avery as maid of honor and Mr. W. T. Fulford as best man. The bridesmaids were two little nieces of the bride, Misses Maggie and Tressie Wells, and the ushers were Messrs Edward and Richard Fulford. A wedding supper was provided at the home of Mrs. Roy, sister of the bride, after which the happy couple left for Detroit, followed by the congratulations and best wishes of many friends.—North Branch Gazette.

GRANT. Push your philosophy into action E. Bellamy, that we may have happiness while moving on the crust of this mundane sphere.

On the summit of a hill is a palace, and on the north side of the little peep is the place where poor tenant bodies, scant of cash, repair to fork over their annual tithes.

Brother of Deford let us repair to the region of Greenleaves and get our Bro. to enlighten our dark and deluded minds, for he is about to treat us with silent contempt, as he has done before, and that you know is equal to ecommunication.

Hugh Ballagh passed through Hard-scrabble the other day looking after a prodigious bovine of the masculine gender, about one year old and of a red color. Mr. Ballagh lives near Owendale, Brookfield. Anyone having a stray animal of this description should inform Mr. Ballagh, as after this notice it will be considered stolen.

Mrs. Mathew Smith, of Oliver, one day last week gave her little ten-months-old baby a small vial to play with, and as children of that age are in the habit of putting most everything into their mouth, this one did so and shortly the little one was taken with convulsions and died. The bottle contained enough arsenic to kill it which the mother was ignorant of and Mrs. Smith is in a precarious condition on account of the loss of her infant child.



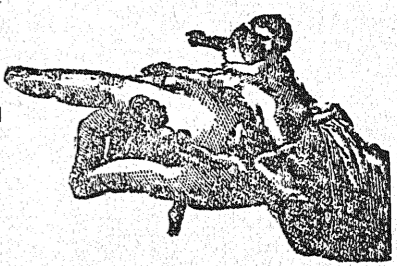
Don't Buy Until you see our Big Display!

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 have seen our BIG DISPLAY and exceedingly Low Prices! -2-MACKS-2-

Don't Buy Until you get our Low Prices



I tell you it was laughable to see a short legged man heel it down the center line the other day because a loose bolt came out of J. Castle's boiler while it was passing up north. The escaping steam made a great noise and Johnnie took leg bail for safty against bursting boilers. But boilers do not give warning enough to run Johnnie, when they burst they burst.

KARI'S CORNERS.

Henry Blade has painted his house. Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

A. E. Boulton converted his swine into pork on Friday.

Dr. Truscott conducted the services at the M. E. church last Sunday.

Richard Clever has set the posts for a straight fence. This is a good winter for fixing up the farm.

For a little better than two years school district No. 3 has been endeavoring to get a well. They've got one now.

The Elkland Lyceum was a success in 1888 and promises to be so in 1890. Don't forget, Friday evening, Jan. 2, at 7:30.

Those farmers who have clover seed around here realize about five bushel to fifteen acres. Over production makes low prices.

Mr. Dewy departed from his home at about 9 o'clock a. m., last Friday, carrying with him a pick and shovel. At 5 p. m. he returned carrying the pick and shovel and seven skunk pelts.

DEFOED.

Freutchey's store is in full blast. Business is booming at the grist-mill. J. D. Brooker, of Cass City, was in town on Saturday last.

Emma Jarvis has been quite sick, but lately is recovering from her illness.

Josie McCracken, whose health has been very poor, is much better lately.

Mrs. Gibbs returned on the 18th from an extended visit in Oakland county.

Scarlet fever patients better. Samuel McCracken is still on the sick list.

Wm. Calliway had the misfortune to cut one of his hands with an ax one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin have gone to visit their former home near Port Huron.

Dr. Morey has moved in the house which he recently purchased on Main street.

Edda Pelton who has been very sick with the scarlet fever is able to be out again.

Mr. Smith and wife, of Oxford, were visiting at H. H. Miller's a few days last week.

Lewis Miller returned from Detroit and expects to remain at home through the winter.

An infant child of S. Matthew's died on Friday, of last week, with inflammation of the lungs.

Mrs. Heartt, of Wilmont has been dangerously sick but under the care of Dr. Simenton is improving.

John Millikin has moved in his new residence on Pine street. Mr. Cable will soon occupy the house which he vacated.

ELLINGTON.

Jas. Dorman Jr., has been hauling wood to Caro with two teams.

Syremons H. Gould has let his farm to his son Cyrus to work next year.

George Walrod, of Bad Axe, has been visiting for several days past with Eugene Allord.

Hiram P. Perry was appointed supervisor in place of Hon. Travis Leach, who resigned.

Samuel Bell is lumbering the timber on the s. w. 1/4 of s. w. 1/4 of section 14, for John F. Seeley, of Caro.

Miss Eva Hutchinson arrived home from Wisconsin Wednesday, the 10th.

Mrs. Henry B. Dunn left for her daughter's, Mrs. Martha Corliss, the 10th.

John Bastone, of Almer, went to Bad Axe, Tuesday, on business with his constituents.

H. A. Bailey and son are cutting and skidding logs on the s. 1/2 of s. 1/4 of sec. 21. They have 3,000 cut.

We have been called away for two weeks in succession on business and was too late to send in our items.

Mrs. Henry Pedro is now doing the housework for H. A. Bailey, while Henry works with the hands cutting logs.

John Hubbing, of Frankemuth, is engaged with a number of hands cutting and skidding logs in eastern Ellington.

Mrs. T. C. Frost and children are spending a few weeks visiting with Mrs. Frost's sister, Mrs. Richmond, at Almer.

Cyrus Gould has moved into the shanty on his fathers forty, on section 21, and talks of building a house next year.

The M. E. society, of Ellington, has raised seventy dollars to build a large shed west of the church and have it enclosed and will soon have it shingled.

A large black bear was captured Monday by Chas. Wickware, Darius Gould, Ormond Mallory and Winfield Wilber and brought safely home with Wickware's team.

Jas. Dorman Jr., killed a number of hogs last Monday, eighteen in all. The most of them were taken to the Bay City market, starting Tuesday morning. He also carried a large number of dressed fowls.

Mrs. A. B. Humers' sale netted her the sum of \$1,500. She sold several head of full blooded short horns. Andrew Campbell, Andrew Turner and Robert Willson each bought a cow and John Medall bought a horse.

Ormond Mallory, Chas. Wickware, Winfield Wilber and Frank Gould had their photographs taken with the bear captured last Monday. Darius Gould took it for them. S. Lazell afterwards had his taken with a big knife in one hand and the other hold of the bear's ear.

We wish the editors and employers of the ENTERPRISE a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. May their hearts be gladdened and all prosper and happy over a large increase in subscribers to the ENTERPRISE. We would also wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all of the readers and correspondents of the same.

WEST GREENLEAF.

(Last week's Correspondence.) Good roads now.

Levi Bardwell is home for a short time.

Geo. Darling smiles. A great large boy at his house.

H. Madill, of Canada, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. M. Jones last Sunday.

A writing school will be taught at Wickware this winter by Prof. Vanderbilt.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bond visited their daughter, Mrs. H. T. Pardo, at Elmwood, this week.

A. G. Houghton and Henry Eutler delivered an address in the McConnell school house last Saturday night on the signs of the times.

The social held at the McConnell school house the 12th, proved a success. The amount taken in was \$8.46, therefore we get a dictionary.

About eighty young people spent a very agreeable evening at Geo. Beards' farewell party last Monday. They intend starting for Canada next Thursday. They have our best wishes.

The special quality of Ayer's Hair Vigor is that it restores the natural growth, color, and texture of the hair. It vitalizes the roots and follicles, removes dandruff, and heals itching humors in the scalp. In this respect it surpasses all similar preparations.

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.

THE TIME IS COMING,

FRITZ BROS.,

—Have Just Received a Complete Stock of—

HOLIDAY GOODS

VALUABLE PRESENTS!

Howe & Bigelow,

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

Great Reduction Sales.

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

HARDWARE, MACHIE OIL, BELTING LACE, PAINTS & OILS, GAS PIPE, TINWARE, STOVES, & PUMPS.

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

RAVETROUGHING + A + SPECIALTY

THE Slameso have great regard for odd numbers and insist on having an odd number of windows, doors and rooms in their temples. There must be an odd number of feet in the height of all steeples and minarets.

THE question of abolishing the grand jury system is now being agitated in Canada. The abandonment of the system everywhere as a useless incubator would be in accord with public sentiment and with the need of simplifying the administration of law and justice.

AN illuminated cat is among the curiosities of the patent office at Washington, D. C. It is made of pasteboard or tin painted over with phosphorus, and it is intended to frighten away "rats and mice and such small deer," in the darkness of cellars and garrets.

AS HAD been predicted, the steamship companies have decided that ocean racing is a poor advertisement and have arranged their schedules for next summer on a much better basis. The crack ships will now alternate with each other, and the objective point will be the rapid delivery of the mails.

THE Washington monument has suffered severely from bad weather. It has become dry and gritty, and a professional "steeples climber" has been engaged to give it a coat of grease. American weather is more than even monuments of bronze and granite can sustain, and it is probably on account of the weather that the Grant monument in New York has been postponed.

VARIOUS European countries are now disputing for the privilege of excavating the ancient city of Delphi, where stood the temple of Apollo, and where the oracle gave out her mysterious revelations. Professor Norton, of Harvard University, feels confident that treasures are hidden there which surpass those of Olympia, and he urges the American government and people to take measures to secure them.

MANY of our writers insist that the United States should be ready for war, and so applaud the cruisers and the big guns; but they say nothing of our army and militia, which is totally unready for war. True, our bright and brave young men would soon learn to fight with the best of them. But modern fighting in the field calls, more than ever, not only for skilled commissioned officers, but for thorough training of even the corporals.

THE Atlantic steamship lines have determined to put a stop to ocean racing, and the excitement of beating the record will no longer be one of the pleasures of the steamship traveler. It is doubtless just as well that this crazy amusement has come to an end. It is true that no accidents have resulted from it, but it involved extra risks, and the cautious traveler will hereafter feel a greater sense of safety, while the reckless tourist, to whom it has been a new delight, can find a compensation for its loss—perhaps, in gaining an additional day or two of poker and champagne?

ANOTHER point to which legislation might be directed with the most productive results is some law which would operate to make it impossible to form trusts and combines, such as those which now dominate the business of our land. The forces of competition in trade should be unhampered. They should be as free as possible, for in the freest and fullest competition alone will be found one of the most potent remedies for the evils of centralization. Trusts are organized and maintained to destroy competition, or to so regulate it that it shall be shorn of its natural and inevitable tendencies. It is, therefore, imperative that some legislation be had, if possible, that will crush out this hydra-headed enemy of the people.

CANADA has several problems of an interesting and far-reaching character which are engaging the attention of the people. The first and widest of all is what is to be her destiny. At this moment, with five millions and more of people, with great wealth, rapidly developing industries, with two of the greatest railway systems in America or the world, and with all the elements of national life, Canada is nothing but a "colony," an "appendage" to the British crown. This position is humiliating, but it pays. The people of Canada have all the advantages of British prestige for their protection. All the ministers and consuls of the empire are the servants of the Canadian people without cost, and they have been able to work out large problems of domestic economy undisturbed by any haunting sense of foreign aggression, or any responsibility for the happenings of the world at large. But it is absurd to say that Canadians will be content much longer to hold the position of colonists. The hour is approaching when this question will come up for serious and definite settlement. All thoughtful persons recognize this.

HE WAS ONLY A LITTLE CHAP.

The Conductor Tells How He Came to Be So Soft-Hearted.

"I know," said the conductor, as he finished counting up and lighted a cigar, "that most people consider us a hard-hearted lot, but we've got to be, or at least appear to be. A railroad company has little to do with sentiment and a great deal to do with business. I can't afford to let people ride at my expense, and so what am I to do?"

No remedy being suggested he smoked away in silence for two or three minutes, and then continued:

"I didn't use to have so much heart about it, only excusing myself on the plea of duty; but one night about three years ago something happened which has kept my heart pretty soft ever since. It was on the run out of Buffalo, and when I came to take up the fares I came across a woman and child. She was pale-faced and poorly clad and she had a world of trouble in her face. I saw that in a general way, but it was not my business to pity her. The child with her, a boy of 7 or 8, was lying back on the seat, with her old shawl for a pillow. She offered me one full-fare ticket to a point about forty miles below, but I demanded one for the boy. 'Please, sir,' she said, 'we are very poor, and he's only a little chap and I'm taking him home to die.'

"That was no excuse, and I plainly told her that she must pay for him or he'd have to get off. I thought she was trying to beat his way, but in that I was mistaken. It was a dark and rainy night, and she'd never had got ready to leave the train at the next stop if she'd had money to pay for the boy. I felt a bit ashamed when I saw her making ready, and it hurt me to see her lean over him and both cry together, but one of our men had been discharged only the week before for overlooking a one-legged soldier who only wanted a lift for ten miles."

"And no one offered to pay the boy's fare?"

"For a wonder, no. There was a full crowd in the car but all seemed to look upon the pair with suspicion. I hated to put them off, and I was hoping the woman would make one more appeal and give me a show to back water, when the train ran into — and she made ready to get off. The least I could do was to help her with the boy. I picked him up and started to follow her out, but I had scarcely taken notice of his white face and tear-wet cheeks when he uttered a shriek of fear, straightened out in my arms, and next instant I knew I held a corpse. Yes, sir, the life went out of him that cry, and the mother turned on me with a look I can never forget and cried: 'He's dead! He's dead. And you have killed him!'

"I don't like to think of it," whispered the conductor after a long silence. "I had my month's wages in my pocket, and I gave her every dollar of it and the passengers raised as much more, and when I left her with her dead at the next station I had done everything I possibly could, but that didn't clear me. I had been too harsh and cold. She had told me the truth and I had doubted her. She had asked for mercy and I had ordered her out into the night and storm with a dying boy in her care. She has never forgiven me, and never will, and try as hard as I may I can never forgive myself."

He Wasn't Extravagant.

Cautious people are sometimes too cautious, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. The story of a man who considered seriously for a week whether it would be wise for him to pay \$500 for a lot, and, after deciding in the affirmative, learned from the real-estate man in a more careful conversation that it was \$500 per front foot, is a case in point.

A few days ago a stranger, while passing a haberdasher's store, was attracted by a display of shirts, which were further distinguished by a placard on which was printed the legend, "These are 75 cents." It happened that in the same case were a few silk umbrellas, which command about \$3 each on a pleasant day, with a slight tendency to rise if clouds gather. The pedestrian gazed long and earnestly into the window; then he wandered away, only to return soon and gaze again. This was repeated several times. Finally he entered the store and asked to look at the umbrellas. One was brought out and he opened and examined it with the utmost care. It seemed to suit him exactly and he turned to the proprietor and remarked: "I'll give you an even 60 cents for it." The proprietor evidently didn't think he understood aright, for he leaned forward and said, "What?" The stranger again informed him "I'll give you an even 60 cents for the umbrella." The proprietor was dazed. Then he began to recover.

"How much do you think it costs?" he inquired.

"Seventy-five cents."

"And you have been debating all this time whether you would give that amount for a silk umbrella?"

The stranger said he had.

The proprietor led him gently but firmly to the door. "My friend," he said, tenderly, "you a too far from home and you'd better scot before some hungry car-horse gets a chance to nibble at you and make a funeral of you before the mistake is discovered."

Domestic Intimidation.

The following story has been going round the world for the last few months: She was milking the cow, and the mad bull was coming down the meadow, looking for somebody to assassinate. Still Betty did not stir, but milked on placidly. An observer from a safe position saw, to his astonishment, that the bull, when he got within a few yards of maid and cow, pulled up suddenly and went off to assassinate some one else.

"Weren't you afraid? Why did he run away?" asked everybody of Betty.

"He got scared," said Betty going on milking; "this cow's his mother-in-law."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Few women consider that they carry some forty to fifty miles of hair on their head; the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning.

"Let the Buyer Beware."

The Supreme Court of Minnesota has made a ruling which may be considered as an extension of the old doctrine of "caveat emptor," or "let the buyer beware."

Six years after his marriage a citizen of the beautiful State of a Thousand Lakes, found that the wife of his bosom was a confirmed kleptomaniac, and had been so before his marriage, and that the fact was carefully concealed from him by her friends and relatives at the time he was wooing and winning her. He applied for dissolution of the connubial bond on the ground that it was a fraud which vitiated the marriage. The case finally reached the Supreme Court, which, while admitting that the husband had been deceived, refused the decree of annulment, because the husband should have informed himself thoroughly in regard to his wife before marrying her. Then he took her for better or for worse, and must stand by his bargain. Said the Court: "Generally speaking, concealment or deception by one of the parties in respect to traits or defects of character, habits, temper, reputation, bodily health and the like is not sufficient ground for annulling a marriage. The parties must take the burden of informing themselves by acquaintance and satisfactory inquiry before entering into a contract of the first importance to themselves and to society in general."

Washington's Possessions.

Gen. Washington possesses 10,000 acres of land in one body, where he lives; constantly employs 240 hands, keeps twenty-five plows going all the year, when the weather will permit; sowed in 1,787,600 bushels of oats, 700 acres of wheat, and prepared as much corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc.; has near 500 acres in grass, and sowed 150 with turnips. Stock, 140 horses, 112 cows, 235 working oxen, heifers and steers and 500 sheep. The lands about his seat are all laid down in grass; the farms are scattered around at the distance of two, three, four or five miles, which the general visits every day unless the weather is absolutely stormy. He is constantly making various and extensive experiments for the improvement of agriculture. He is stimulated with that desire which always actuates him to do good to mankind. In 1786 he killed 150 hogs, weighing 18,500 pounds, for his family use, exclusive of provision for his negroes which was made into bacon.—From an Almanac of 1790.

Ancient Rocks.

All the magnificent buildings of Paris are made of limestone taken from quarries near the city, says St. Nicholas. These quarries are composed of layers made entirely from the tiny shells of microscopic animals. No less than one hundred and thirty-seven species exist in these limestone beds. There were other little beings, not so small, that did an enormous share of rock building. They have received the name "nummulites," from the Latin word "nummus," meaning money, because their shells resemble coins. In Germany they are commonly called the "devil's money." They are so perfectly formed that one cannot help thinking, on first looking at them, that they have been stamped with a die. In some places mountains of great height are made of their shells. In Egypt the layers are of such extent that since centuries before Christ the rock has been used for building purposes. The ancient pyramids and the Sphinx are made of the rock.

The Destroying Sand Wave.

Born of the wind and the sea, on the sandy beaches of Capes Hatteras and Henlopen is a curious natural phenomenon. A mammoth wave of sand, that towers aloft like a sea-wave, even curling over in places like a huge breaker, is rolling inland irresistibly, and lacking only the element of speed in its career to carry such terror to the hearts of the inhabitants as is inspired by the sea-waves that follow an earthquake, for the destructiveness of the sand-wave is limited only by its scope. Though similar in origin, substance, and motive power, there is yet some difference between the two waves in form, extent and speed of travel, and in the actual destruction of property, that each is a study in itself. Especially noticeable is the difference in the devastation wrought, for while one is laying waste a forest of small value, the other is burying inexorably a hundred lowly homes.—John R. Spears, in October Scribner.

The Sentiment may be Mutual.

There's a story of a schoolboy of 11 who, with a precocity that is not unexampled, fell in love with a pretty Miss of 10 and used to pay her bashful attentions whenever the opportunity presented itself. She reciprocated his sentiment, and walked with him at recess and going home from school. One day when they were on their way homeward he saw a bevy of their companions advancing, and sheepishly said: "Please let go my hand. They'll see us." This prudent speech did not suit the little maiden, and she sharply responded: "Yes, I will; and you needn't think I ain't just as much ashamed as you are!"

THE SUN WORSHIPERS.

A Stone Roadway Built by Them 1,200 Feet up a Mount.

Charles J. Wimple, one of the wealthiest miners of Mexico, is a recent arrival in San Francisco. To a representative of the Call he told the following wonderful story.

"You have asked me to give an account of the interesting mountain my friend, Jesse D. Grant, and myself saw during our trip through Mexico en route to this city. Well, that mountain is at once one of the most gigantic exhibitions of man's handiwork, and something almost beyond credence were we not already familiar with the works of the Aztecs.

"Just imagine a valley forty by thirty miles in area, and from its center rising a mound over 1,200 feet in height. Then you can realize the first effect created upon our minds, when we came before the hill I am to describe. My foreman was with us, and had partly prepared us for the surprise, but we had treated his story with incredulous remarks, and had by no means suspected he had but given a modest description of the mound.

"We gazed to the top and allowed our eyes to follow the windings of a road down to the base. We went around the base and conjectured it was about one and a half miles in circumference. Then we started for the summit. The roadway was built of solid rock clear to the pinnacle, and was from thirty to forty feet in width. A wall of solid rock formed a foundation and an inside wall at the same time. The outer edge of the road was unguarded. These stones weigh all the way up to a ton each, and are not cemented. The roadway is as level as a floor, and is covered with broken pieces of earthenware water vessels.

"Half way up the mountain is an altar cut in solid rock; in the niche is a boulder which must weigh at least six tons. The boulder is of different stone from that used in the walls. The rocks in the walls are dressed by skilled workmen, but are not polished. We saw no inscriptions; in fact, we had no time to spare in making a searching investigation. We did look for arrow-heads or other warlike implements to satisfy ourselves that the mounds had not been used for defensive or offensive purposes. Nor was there any evidence to prove that the roadway had been built for the purpose of witnessing bull fights and other sports in the valley. I could only conclude that the Aztec sun worshipers expended years of labor on the hill in order that they might have an appropriate place to celebrate their imposing festivals, inasmuch as the roadway was strewn with broken earthenware, and those scions of a bygone and notable race were known to carry at sunrise large quantities of water in earthenware jars to an eminence and then pour out the liquid and smash the vessels.

"When we descended we brought with us a number of small sea shells which had petrified, and if you look at these on my table you will see how they have been perforated by the Indians. We again took a long look at the mountain and saw it was oblong in shape and that the upward road commenced on the eastern side. I have traveled on both sides of the mountains from British Columbia to Central America, and on either side of the Sierra Madres where the cliff-dwellers have left such remarkable mementos of their skill and customs, but I have never witnessed anything so wonderful and magnificent as the mound which I have been telling you about.

"The valley is about 600 feet above the sea level, and is about seventy miles from the coast. It is situated in Sonora, between the cities of Altar and Magdalena, and near the Magdalena river. We called the curiosity Falisade mountain, and it was named."

They Care for Scarabs.

Mankind—civilized mankind, of course—may be roughly divided into those who care for scarabs and those who do not. The former are a select minority; the latter are dwellers in outer darkness, and so ignorant that they are even ignorant of their ignorance.

Scarab art, like all the arts of ancient Egypt, had its decadences and renaissances. It was at its best under the Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty; but it betrays no sign of archaism when we first make its acquaintance in the time of the very ancient kings of the third and fourth dynasties. The scarabs of that remote period are actually better cut, made of finer pottery, and coated with a more imperishable glaze than those of a more recent epoch. Scarabs older than the time of Nebka, Nefkara, and Nefekara, the predecessors of Khufu and his dynasty, may yet await the explorer; but we look meanwhile in vain for examples of the infancy of scarab art. At the same time, no art was more fluctuating. The scarabs of Khufu, of which Mr. Petrie gives eight examples, show a greater firmness and amplitude of style than those of the third dynasty kings, while the scarabs of Khafra, his immediate successor, are inferior as regards both glaze and execution.

With the sixth dynasty there comes an extraordinary change of style, beginning with Pepi Nefekara, sixth king of that line. This change is apparently an archaic revival of some very early school of which we at present know nothing. The cutting is coarse, the hieroglyphs are rude, yet feeble; the style is intentionally barbaric. "Se Ra" (son of Ra.) as a royal title, now makes its first appearance in scarab art; and the scroll, of which only two previous examples are noted, begins to assume importance as a border pattern. It is confined, however, to the sides, dividing the field of the scarab into three parts, the center division containing the name and titles of the king. It is not till the time of the twelfth dynasty that we find the scroll carried round as a continuous ornament.—The Academy.

Clubs in New York.

Clubs have increased rapidly in New York, and it is estimated that they now have a membership of 100,000. Every club has an ambition to get a building on fifth avenue.

She Declined the Play.

From a New York Exchange.

Bronson Howard had for some time been a prey to a lady amateur who wanted him to write her a play. Howard pleaded a crush of work, sickness, deaths in his neighborhood, anything, everything, which seemed to offer a cat hole through which to crawl. That would-be actress was firm. The dramatist must write her a play. She knew she would succeed in it. They should both be illustrious. So she used to haunt him every other day and write him notes on the off days.

"Madam," at last said the desperate playwright, "I will write you a play, but I strongly fear me it will not suit."

"Oh I'm sure it will. Can you give me any idea of the plot or incidents?" said the embryo Ristori.

"This must be emotional and dark, and I must be the star you know."

"It shall be dark indeed, madam, and you shall be the central figure," said the author. "It shall be in five acts. The first scene shall be a dark and deserted battlement scene. In the foreground stretches the grim arm of a gallows, to which stretches an expectant noose. A clock strikes 12, and on the stroke three sullen executioners appear, 1, u. c. dragging you. They go at once to work so plainly painted in the hour and scene and hang you. Tremolo music by the orchestra. This ends the first scene. The second scene opens on a picnic by the balance of the cast. They are—"

"But I don't really die?"

"Certainly you die."

"But don't I come to life again?"

"Never, madam, never," said the dramatist, with great energy. "But," he continued insinuatingly, "this play presents many new and what I should think would be attractive features to a star. You can, after the hanging, go around in the front and see the play; a privilege not often vouchsafed the star. Or you can go home or attend some other theater while your production is being run through the other four acts. Or you—"

But the lady scornfully withdrew with the blighting information that she did not like the plot and he need not mind writing it at all.

A Large House.

Every American, European and Oriental country has its scores of public and private mansions, yet Vienna, Austria, has the giant of them all. The Freihaus (freehouse), situated in Wieden, a suburb of the city just mentioned, is the most spacious building on the globe. Within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work, sleep and eat. It contains in all between 1,200 and 1,500 rooms, divided into upward of 400 dwelling apartments of from four to six rooms each. This immense house has thirteen courtyards—five open and eight covered—and a large garden within its walls. A visitor to the building relates that he once spent two hours in looking for a man known to reside in the house.

Scarcely a trade, handiwork or profession can be named which is not represented in this enormous building. Gold and silver workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging-house keepers, bookbinders, agents, turners, hatters, officers, locksmiths, joiners, tanners, scientific men, Government clerks, three bakers, eighteen tailors, twenty-nine shoemakers and many other tradesmen live in it.

The house has thirty-one staircases, and fronts on three streets and one square. In one day the postman's delivery has amounted to as many as 1,000 pieces to this single but titanic house. To address a letter to the house and to the person it is intended for does not assure the sender that the person to whom it is addressed will ever receive it.

In order to "make assurance doubly sure" all letters addressed to the "Freihaus" must be provided with both the given and surname of the person for whom intended, the number of the Court, the number of the apartment; otherwise it is apt to go astray, as though addressed to a city unprovided with directions as to street and number.

At the present time 2,112 persons live in this immense building and pay an annual rental of 100,000 florins.—Colorado Exchange Journal.

The Colonel Hinted.

Ned Grimes wore a sad countenance. He was often asked what was the matter, but no satisfactory answer was forthcoming. At length an intimate friend obtained the following particulars of him:

"You know," said Ned, "I have been courting Sally W. a long while, and so we had a great notion of getting married, when that darned old Colonel—"

"Go on, Ned, don't be a boy; what about Colonel?"

"Why, you see, Sally said I had better ask him, and so I did, as per like as I knowed how."

"Well, what reply did he make?"

"Why, he kinder hinted round as if I wa'n't wanted there!"

"Well, Ned, let us know what the hints were—what the colonel said to disturb your mind so."

"Why, he said if he catched me there again he would cowhide me till I hadn't an inch of skin left on my back; darn his old pictler!"—New York Ledger.

WINGED MISSILES.

Ten ordinary eggs will weigh a pound. Railroad statistics show that no one can get a train is safer than another.

A New York dude is going to have an illuminated shirt front. A French artist is constructing the concern.

The police service of New York costs the city 5 million dollars, and the city is not very well governed either.

The Pope does his ordinary writing with a gold pen but his pontifical signature is always affixed with a white quill.

The Hawaiian government has applied to the Japanese government for 5,000 more immigrants, and they will be sent.

There is a tremendous activity in the toy division of the patent office, especially in automatic toys that can talk and walk.

An electrical gyroscope has been devised in Paris and applied to show the rotation of the earth and to correct ship compasses.

The Austrian minister of public instruction requests masters of public schools to cultivate a taste for athletics among their boys.

A snuff-box containing three gold rings was unearthed in the excavation for an annex to the Niles works at Hamilton, Ohio.

A doctor says women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of age than men have, but fever afterward.

Half a dozen New York ladies are said to earn a handsome living by holding conversation classes and giving private lessons in that art.

Married persons live longer than single ones, and as a rule the tall ones have a better chance for length of days than those of short stature.

Currency is reported as being so scarce in parts of Bolivia that citizens are recutting the notes into pieces and passing these as fractional currency.

Near-sightedness is becoming alarmingly prevalent in France. Among the older boys in the different colleges more than 46 per cent are near-sighted.

The average duration of life is greater in Norway than in any other country in Europe. This is attributed to the uniform cool temperature of the climate.

King William has some idea of material progress as well as of political advancement. He thinks of introducing American cars on the railroads of the empire.

Iron collars for heavy work horses are coming into use. They weigh less than seven pounds, and the advantage of their use is said to be immunity from sore necks.

Two fig trees in California are thirty feet high and bear 1,000 pounds of fruit each year. The man who owns them very naturally thinks there is money in the fig business.

Brazil is larger than the United States, but in the whole twenty states which make up the republic there are not as many people as we have in New York and Pennsylvania.

An organization modeled after the American Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has been organized in Great Britain, under the name of the National Home Reading Union.

The floating island in Sadawga Lake, in Whittingham, Vt., contains over 100 acres, and it actually floats on top of the water. It is not attached to the main land on any part of the lake.

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

Failures are with noble minds the stepping stones to success.

Deserving of Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROW'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Croup and Colds should try them. Price 25 cents.

Love and courage are spirits' wings raising to noble actions.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when cough or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Better suffer a great evil than a little one.

To love and be loved is the greatest happiness in existence.

Consumption Can Be Cured!

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper, healthful exercise, and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, which contains the healing and strength-giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed by Physicians. Take no other.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy.

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. MARCHESI, 183 Genevieve St., Utica, N. Y.

Nothing divine dies; all good is essentially reproductive.

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer the Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.



