

# Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. X. No. 3.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, JAN. 2, 1891.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

## CASS CITY BANK

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

### REAL ESTATE LOANS.

Old System.  
Make the loan due in two, three, four or five years after date with no privilege of making payments.

New System.  
Adopted by Cass City Bank.

Make the loan due on or before five years with the privilege of making small payments each year, said payments to be endorsed on note given with the mortgage and interest in the amount paid to stop. Borrower not bound to pay any specified amount before maturity of loan; but lenders bound to accept any amount, large or small, (not under \$25) which borrower may be able to raise.

Let every intelligent borrower who has a mortgage to bond with to carefully consider the merits of these two methods. It is not necessary for me to point out why the New System is by far the better, every thinking man can see its many advantages.

We are making these New Farm Mortgages at the Cass City Bank. We will loan you one-half the cash value of your land, not considering buildings, or one-third the cash value of your land and buildings, at the lowest rates.

If you are thinking of changing your loan, or for any reason are expecting to borrow money on land, I would be pleased to see you, and if I cannot save you money I shall not expect you to deal with us.

C. W. McPHAIL,  
Banker

### Professional Cards.

Dr. H. ROBINSON,  
VETERINARY SURGEON—Office at residence, Cass City.

HENRY C. WALES,  
SUPPORTER OF THE PEACE. Agent for Caro and Michigan Wrecks and Fire Insurance. Office day-Saturday.

A. D. GILLIES,  
NOTARY PUBLIC. Bonds, mortgages, etc., in care of. Office, Main street, Cass City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate also auctioneering.

DR. N. MCCLINTON,  
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. McLEAN,  
DENTISTS. Operated without the knife. Tape and plates removed in three hours. Pains, flatulency and hemorrhoids cured by a new and painless method.

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

### Lodges.

T. O. O. F.  
Cass City Lodge, No. 2031, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.  
W. B. FREDMORE, N. G.  
D. McILVARY, Secretary.

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

Tyler Lodge.  
Regular communications of TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., for 1891; Jan. 24, Feb. 21, Mar. 21, Apr. 18, May 23, June 27, June 24, (St. John), July 18, Aug. 15, Sept. 12, Oct. 17, Nov. 14, (St. John).  
HENRY STEWART, W. M.  
A. H. ALE, Secretary

## CLOSING OUT!

—I will sell Everything—  
EXCEEDINGLY  
CHEAP!  
For the next Thirty Days.

All parties in debt to me must settle either by note or cash within the next ten days, as I have rented my store and business to W. J. Campbell, and will close my books by Jan. 5th, 1891.

Large Stock of  
Cutters and Sleighs!  
Give me a Call.

JACOB H. STRIEBER.

### CASS CITY MARKETS.

RECORDED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	87
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	82
do No. 2 red.....	87
do No. 3 red.....	82
Oats.....	38@39
Barley.....	30@31
do unpicked.....	100@110
Potatoes.....	90@70
Eye.....	45@50
Barley.....	110@125
Clover seed.....	32@33
Pens per bushel.....	30@40
Rick wheat.....	35@40
Pork, live weight.....	27
Pork, dressed.....	25@26
Butter.....	16@17
Eggs.....	20
Wool, unwashed.....	15@23
Wool, washed.....	25@33

### THE CHILD-ACTRESS ILLUSTRATION.



Little Earnestine (the infant phenomenon)—Can't I leave out that lullaby song to-night?  
Her Manager—Why? It's very pretty.  
Little Earnestine—I know; but it makes me think of my husband and five little ones up in Harlem till I get the blues.—Frank Leslie's.

### Caught On The Fly.

To-morrow is "swearing off" time. A little more snow, if you please. We wish you a happy New Year.  
A. A. McKee, cash for potatoes.  
Read J. H. Strife, now ad this week.  
Warren Weyden, now on the sick list.

C. W. McPhail spent Christmas in Caro.  
Miss Eva Sheffer has returned from Saginaw.  
Now is the time to renew your subscription.  
Clark Cogswell is home on a Christmas visit.  
Lois M. Brooker spent Christmas with her parents.

Wm Seed, of Lansing, is here on a holiday visit.  
A sister of Mrs. J. D. Crosby is visiting her at present.  
Daniel Dickson, of Caseville, has been in town this week.

Our merchants report having an excellent holiday trade.  
Mrs. J. Bador is visiting Mrs. O. Briggs at Kingston, this week.  
Miss Josie Higgins is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. Hendrick.

Miss Kate Cammel is making her aunt at Minden a holiday visit.  
J. D. Brooker attended to legal business at Caro last Monday.  
Ab. Higgins was over from Caro Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

P. W. Brown was indisposed during the beginning of the week.  
Mrs. Hutchinson, of Detroit, is visiting her sister Mrs. T. Sheridan.  
Postmaster Seed is visiting his wife's parents at Pt. Edwards, Ont.

Jennie Walmesley is spending the holidays at her parental home.  
The ENTERPRISE will not be issued again until next year—1891.  
S. E. Lynd, Prin. of Kingston school, visited Prof. Conlon Monday.

Mrs. H. Parke and daughter, of Pontiac, are guests at E. H. Pinney's.  
Geo. W. Kilo made a business trip to Pontiac the fore part of the week.  
Miss Jessie Clark, of Detroit, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Hebblewhite.

Skating at the river was indulged in by a good many last Friday evening.  
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Foster, of Bad Axe, made H. S. Wickware and family a visit last Sunday.  
Special consecration services will be held at the M. E. Church next Sunday morning.

Miss Lida Winegar is at Clifford for a two or three week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Shell Mitchell.  
J. H. Striffler has rented his store and business to W. J. Campbell, who will take possession about Jan. 5th.  
C. W. McPhail and family enjoyed their Christmas at Caro, Mrs. McPhail remaining at that place until Sunday.

Robert Walmesley is spending the holidays at his parental home.

Bert Raymond will leave New Year's for a few day's visit with his parents at Capac.

Master Claud Leonard, of Bad Axe, was visiting his little friends here over Sunday.

Henry W. Robinson is now at Austin Center, where he will remain for a couple of months.

The Detroit Times says that Sanilac people will dig for coal in Austin and Greenleaf townships.

Wm. Wright, who has been employed in a machine shop at Pontiac for some time, is home on a visit.

Digald McEnchery, who has been teaching school near Saginaw, is spending his vacation in the city.

Wm. Alwood, of Tennessee, Mrs. Koese, of Ohio and Wm. E. Hill, Jr., of Toledo, are the guests of W. E. Hill.

Rev. R. H. Munro, of Almont, Mich., delivered sermons in the Baptist Church Sunday morning and evening.

Do you contemplate loaning money? If so, read C. W. McPhail's new ad on this page. You may profit by so doing.

We get pieces of Wednesday again this week in order to give our employees an opportunity to make New Years calls.

Miss Kittie Clark is visiting her sister at Elkton. Wm. Hebblewhite accompanied her there but returned Wednesday.

Mrs. Turner and son George, and Miss Clara Smith, of Pt. Huron, are spending the holidays with Jas. McArthur and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Ausman, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Richmond, all of Pontiac, were the guests of Oscar Wood and family on Christmas.

A. G. Graham and wife, of Freiburgers, and John Graham and wife, of Toledo, spent Christmas with Mr. Alex Graham and wife.

Mrs. Lewis, of Kansas, and Mrs. Edgington, of Lansing, visited their brother Geo. W. Kilo, proprietor of the Cass City House, on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Shell Mitchell, of Clifford, spent a merry Christmas at J. E. Winegar's. Mrs. Mitchell is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winegar.

The Christmas ball given by Landlord Gordon was a very successful one. Couples from Caro, Gagetown and other places were in attendance.

The Oxford Globe raises a monument at the head of its local column in memory of seven different papers that have died in that town during the past twenty four years.

At 8 years of age we love our mothers; at 6, our fathers; at 10, holidays; at 16, dress; at 20, our sweethearts; at 25, our wives; at 40, our children; at 60, ourselves.

Geo. Johnson has returned from Romeo where he has been visiting his son. He is now giving the school rooms a thorough cleaning, preparatory for the next term's work.

Henry W. Robinson has finished his season's work in the nursery business and reports the largest sales this year of any of the four years that he has been engaged at the same.

S. Ale drove over to the coal mines at Sebawaing last Friday, and returned at 4 o'clock. He paid at the rate of 30¢ per ton for the coal.

A lawyer being seriously ill, made his last will and gave all his estate to fools and madmen. Being asked the reason for so doing, he replied: "From such I had it and to such I give it."

"Ah!" said a conceited young parson, "I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses." "Then that is the reason you always call them beloved brethren?" replied a strong-minded lady.

All parties having paid their taxes to Treasurer A. A. McKenzie before Saturday, December 27, are requested to return their receipts and have them rectified. The number of the township should be fourteen instead of twelve.

In a conversation with an old farmer about the heavy wind on the night of the 23rd, last, he remarked that he verily believed his house would have been blown away only for the heavy mortgage that was on it. Who says mortgages are not beneficial?

The marriage of Miss Effie McDermott and Rev. Ephraim Sedwick, pastor of the M. E. Church at Reeco, took place at the residence of the bride's parents, in Grant township, on Christmas Day, Rev. Gilchrist performing the ceremony. A large number of guests were present and participated in the festivities of the occasion.

The newly married couple were presented with some beautiful and costly presents by the guests in attendance. They have the best wishes of the ENTERPRISE for their future prosperity and happiness.

Miss Kate Sullivan is on the sick list. P. Lamost leaves for St. Thomas this Wednesday.

Amos Bond, of Fair Grove, was a Cass City visitor Monday.

The small boy and the snuff ball makes it dangerous to be abroad nowadays.

Miss Lizzie Monroe, who has been teaching school at Sebawaing, spent Christmas with her mother. She returned on Monday.

Wm. Elevier proposes to dispose of a showcase full of presents by selling two hundred numbers at twenty-five cents each. Every fourth number will draw a prize. The numbers are selling rapidly, and if you wish to participate you had better purchase a ticket at once.

Prof. Conlon was presented with an elegant plush album last Wednesday by the members of the high school, as undisputable evidence of their appreciation of his work as Principal the past four terms. The recipient desires us to extend his thanks to the scholars for the album which he values very highly as a present from his pupils.

Dealers whose stocks of manufactured tobacco and snuff in unbroken packages amount to 250 lbs. or more, are entitled to a rebate of 2 cents per pound. The necessary blank forms for application and full instructions can be had by addressing the deputy collector of internal revenue of the division in which the business is carried on.

G. S. Farrar left Monday for Lansing, where he will immediately enter upon his duties in the office of the Auditor. Mr. Farrar is known to everyone in this vicinity, and all his acquaintances are his friends. His departure is a loss to this village of a generous man and an enterprising citizen. No one regrets his leaving more, nor wishes him better success, than the ENTERPRISE.

A new fable is being worked on farmers in some counties by a couple of alleged hawksters. They call at a residence and proclaim that one of their chickens have got into the farmer's flock. They get permission to catch it and soon have one of the farmer's hens in their wagon, they having lost none at all. In this way two men gather up a good-sized load of poultry every day. The farmers whom they visit are out a hen apiece.

Under the Act of Congress of October 1st, 1889, (which Act prior to its passage was the more or less celebrated McKinley Bill) provision is made for the payment of a bounty on sugar to persons manufacturing 500 lbs. or over. Maple sugar is included in the schedule, and manufacturers residing in the six counties of Huron, Sanilac, Tuscola, Lapeer, St. Clair and Macomb, who will be in this class, should apply at once to the deputy collector of internal revenue at Sand Beach, for necessary information relative to licenses, etc.

Christmas Eve was appropriately observed at the Baptist Church this year. A shapely Christmas tree, loaded with presents and beautifully illuminated with Roman candles, adorned one end of the stage. The exercises consisted of appropriate songs and exercises by the little ones. Santa Claus was also there with his great fur coat and bundle of presents. He spoke for some time to the children and then departed on his way to Caro, leaving the distribution of presents to the committee. Elder Denning made a few remarks to the children and pronounced the benediction.

The citizens' debating society was re-organized last week and the following officers were elected:

President—Prof. Conlon.  
Vice-Pres.—A. D. Gillies.  
Secretary—Wm. Bentley.  
The question selected for debate at the Town Hall next Monday evening, Jan. 5th, was, "Resolved, That reciprocity between the United States and Canada would be more beneficial to the United States than annexation." T. A. Conlon, E. F. Marr and Jas. McArthur are the speakers on the affirmative side and Henry Cutler, Dr. Truscott and S. Jamison are the negatives. As this is an important question everyone should be interested enough to attend. Debate commences at 7:30 sharp.

The Detroit News is not yet through with the distribution of the Russian Wedding Feast, and are already out with the announcement of their next great offer to subscribers. They will publish a beautiful quarterly magazine called "The Quarterly Register of Current History," and present it free every three months to all regular subscribers to The Evening and Sunday News. The book will be full of interesting reading and the choicest pictures. The expense of this undertaking is enormous when it is considered that they must give away 45,000 copies to supply their regular subscribers, not counting the thousands who will now

take The News to secure this beautiful book every three months, but The News was never known to stop at expense when they undertake to do anything.

A large number of notarial commissions will expire in a few weeks and as the last legislature made some changes in the law relative to the application for such office, we give the section of the law relating thereto:—The governor may appoint one or more persons notaries public in each county of this state, who shall hold their office respectively for four years from the date of their appointment, unless sooner removed by the governor. No person shall be eligible to receive such an appointment unless he or she shall be, at the time of making application for appointment, of the age of twenty-one years, a resident of the county of which he or she desires to be appointed notary public, and a citizen of this state. The person desiring to be appointed shall make a written application, stating the age of the applicant, which shall be indorsed by a member of the legislature, or some circuit or probate judge of the county, district or circuit of which the applicant is a resident, and be presented to the governor, accompanied by a fee of one dollar.

Here is another scheme worked by three sharpers to fleece any one willing to be gulled. The first two appear at the house and want to leave a piano so the farmer can display it to his friends. A representative of the company follows. He will board with the farmer and teach his children music, and if the farmer succeeds in selling a certain number of pianos he shall have one free. All he has to do is to simply sign a contract that he has taken the piano on these conditions. Of course the contract turns up an order in the hands of another party and the farmer is forced to pay for the piano. In time farmers will have to keep out a regular line, as they do in war times, to warn them of approaching danger. A farmer is naturally hospitable, sociable and honest, and every good-for-nothing loafer in the country is scheming to take advantage of these excellent traits in his character. But we venture the opinion that where one is fooled twenty cannot be touched by any such humbuggery. Generally speaking there are no better posted men anywhere than the farmers of Michigan.

### Orange Blossoms.

The marriage of Miss Netta Brown and Jesse W. Withey took place last Wednesday at 11 o'clock a. m., at the residence of the bride's parents, one mile west and one and one-half miles north of this place. It was a happy occasion and a brilliant affair, over fifty guests being present to witness the ceremony. Rev. S. M. Gilchrist performed the ceremony after which the assembly partook of an excellent dinner prepared for the occasion.

The bride and groom were the recipients of a beautiful collection of presents, a list of which follows: Set of glassware, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hebblewhite; large lamp, Mr. and Mrs. E. Marr; bible stand, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Withey; silver table castor, Orlando Withey; pair of vases, Miss Mary McCollough; glass water set, Will Brown; rustic frame and looking glass, Perry Withey; large photograph album, John and Albert Brown; pair of vases, Lydia and Bessie Wright; three fruit plates, Dr. and Mrs. Truscott; two china cups and saucers, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Egan; little brown teapot, Miss Lena Blinn; case of silver knives, forks and spoons, for two, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy; silver tooth pick holder, Mr. and Mrs. Travis Schenk; one-half dozen silver teaspoons, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Armstrong; plush picture frame and easel, Mr. and Mrs. R. Parr; bed spread and pair of towels, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Withey; large lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Withey; pair of towels, Mrs. L. Wright; large glass preserve dish, Mrs. W. Smithson; large vase and mat, Miss Lilly Wickware; fruit plate, Mrs. Geo. Wright; pair of vases, Laura Withey.

Mr. and Mrs. Withey departed on the afternoon train for Glen Williams, Ont., former home of the bride, where they will spend the holidays, after which they will return and take up their residence near here. The ENTERPRISE joins with their many friends in wishing them a successful voyage through life.

### Monthly Report.

Report of Dist. No. 3, Elkland, for the month beginning Dec. 1st and closing Dec. 26th, 1890: No. of days taught, 18; No. enrolled during the month, 52; Aggregate No. of days, 774; Daily average, 41. Alfred Karr, Susie McCanley, Clark Maharg, Louis Maharg, Alfred Maharg, Samuel Blades, Willie Battel, Clara McCanley, Eddie Muma, Edith Marshall, Hazel Randall, Nellie Randall and Ralph Lemunyon were present every day during the month.

MARY BATTLE, Teacher.

### SHOOTING AT MINDEN.

Archie Mooney Perhaps Fatally Shot by John M. Cole.

From the Crosswell Democrat:—  
The good people of Minden were congratulating over the excellent success of Christmas eve, entertainments and enjoying the proverbial references to Santa Claus and his mystic pack, at about 10 o'clock on Wednesday night, when three reports from a revolver in quick succession startled all in hearing to excitement. The sound of the reports attracted many to the direction of Mulley's drug store, near which the most heart-rending scenes ever brought to light in the village, made those present shudder.

Immediately following the discharges Archie Mooney was heard to cry out "My God boys, I am done for." John M. Cole, village marshal, had fired at Mr. Mooney with a 32-caliber revolver the three shots as above. The first two took effect in the breast. The third was aimed at the head but failed of effect except to graze his ear. So close was the weapon that the powder scorched Mr. Mooney's face. The suffering man was carried to his home and the wounds were dressed by Drs. Healy and Johnson.

Neither of the bullets passed through his body and it is thought that one is lodged near the shoulder blade. The patient suffered intense pain all night and at last reports seemed to be gradually sinking. But little hopes of his recovery are entertained.

As to what should prompt Cole's rashness remains a general query, except that an old grudge it is said existed between the two men is chargeable. Shortly before the event, the same evening, Mr. Mooney interceded against a brawl between Cole and John Donnellon, at which some harsh words were exchanged. Cole is of a passionate disposition and is inclined to hasty means in soothing his anger. These natural propensities, coupled with the influence of an immoderate use of liquor on the evening, tend to explain his deliberacy against the life of Mr. Mooney.

Cole was at once placed under arrest and held in the custody of deputy-Sheriff Proctor, until the arrival of the Prosecuting Attorney and Sheriff, last evening.

### Council Proceedings.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS.  
Cass City, Mich., Dec. 23rd, 1890,  
Regular adjourned meeting called to order by the president, J. H. McLean.  
Present—Trustees Ale, Schooley, Stevenson, Hendrick and Marr.  
Absent—Trustee Outwater.  
The meeting of Dec. 2nd and Dec. 16, 1890 were read and approved.

The following bills were read and referred to committee on claims and accounts.  
Henry Butler 8 months services as village attorney.....\$ 26.66  
J. W. Higgins, labor on streets..... 1.75  
J. F. Hendrick, 88 feet of lumber..... 7.00  
J. L. Hitchcock, 17 1/2 lbs. spikes..... .53

The above bills were recommended by committee on claims and accounts and trustee Stevenson moved that bills be allowed as recommended and orders drawn on the treasurer. Carried.

Trustee Ale moved that an extension of thirty days from Dec. 31, 1890 be allowed the marshal for collecting the village taxes. Carried.

Moved that council adjourn. Carried.  
J. H. McLEAN, President,  
O. K. JANES, Clerk.

### Ladies!

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

### Notice.

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

### 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 p. 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. GILLIES, Secretary.  
Dated December 20, 1890.

### The New Discovery.

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

The apostles would never have believed that the gospel would be carried to the heathen at the rate of forty miles an hour, yet that fact is accomplished by Bishop Walker's railroad cathedral.

So soon as it is understood by men who have the lives of human beings in their keeping that any neglect of theirs means something worse than a discharge from position, means arrest, conviction and punishment for a crime, the harvest of railroad accidents will be materially lessened.

The cities cannot continue forever to grow at the expense of the country. There is bound to be a swing in the other direction some time, and with nearly one-third of the people in the cities now, the time cannot be very far distant. Farm lands in New England and the Middle states are probably lower now than they ever will be again.

You can track a bear, and hunt a tiger, and kill a lion, but a lie evades the skill of the huntsman. God help us all when a dangerous lie is let loose in the world by an unscrupulous tongue. A good record may be yours and a blameless reputation, but let the hungry wolf of a lie get on your track and nothing short of a miracle will save your good name from the fangs.

An eminent authority says: "It is extremely difficult to commit the crime of murder in such an accurate and honest way that it shall satisfy the specifications of the statute. Unless the would-be murderer take legal counsel beforehand and follow instructions minutely he will fail nine times in ten, however sincerely he may try. Anybody can kill a man, but he cannot do it in first-degree-murder style without counsel and care."

There is an art and propriety in the giving of presents which it requires a natural delicacy of disposition rightly to apprehend. You must not give too rich a gift nor too poor a gift. You must never make a present with any expectation of a return; and you must not be too eager to make a return yourself when you accept one. A gift must not be ostentatious, but it should be worth offering. On the other hand, mere costliness does not constitute the soul of a present.

We were all of us born honest, but it doesn't take a dozen years to develop the most of us into hypocrites. Few souls have half a chance to grow sunder in this world. The innocent candor of childhood is discountenanced and punished; a child is taught to be polite first and sincere afterward. Enthusiasm is placed under the ban of "gush;" the demonstrations of love are discouraged as silly, and individuality is made to conform to what is conventional and false and insincere.

To preserve a sound mind in a sound body is conceded by physiologists everywhere that exercise is necessary. The man of strictly sedentary habits who shuns all forms of physical exercise is apt to become more or less mentally warped. The child whose mind is developed at the expense of the body grows lop-sided and is likely to early sicken and die. Some of the best thinkers of the world have found that a moderate amount of exercise has largely contributed to their mental success.

The problem of university discipline is one that does not grow easier as doctors grow old. The brutal tradition that it is mainly to become a ruffian under some circumstances and be a gentleman under others has permeated school life so thoroughly that its eradication is scarcely to be expected. The cultivation of athletics to excess in the colleges has increased the tendency to mobbish displays of force by youths too old for parental control and scarcely criminal enough for police jurisdiction.

It is a great pity that the nihilists, instead of placing bombs where they do so good, cannot persuade the czar to take a place on the road to Siberia. His imperial eyes could see manglings of human beings every day in the year, not by insane horses, but by his own officials. The victims of these human brutes are not circus performers, who know the risk they run, but men and women, citizens of their native land, and condemned to worse than death for the suspected holding of political opinions, contrary to his imperial majesty's notions.

He is an exceptionally happy man who can keep to old age, through all the disappointments and sorrows of life, his faith in and his love for his fellowmen. There are men who do it, and these retain in later life the chief advantage which youth has over age. Lack of love for men is the direct result of this disbelief in their manhood, and its capacity for much higher development than man has yet attained. It is, we believe, much the same sort of scepticism as men have toward the Deity, and is more closely related to it than many may think. To hate or despise men is therefore one of the worst kinds of practical infidelity.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR US.

What's a Christmas in the tropics Or on the other side the earth, Where the crocodiles, and creatures Of a like outlandish birth, Are in summer suns disporting Without music, without mirth?

ONE CHRISTMAS.



No matter where—no matter when—I once had the noise of factory wheels, with their grinding cogs and whirring belts, dinning into my weary ears by day—into my dreams by night. I could not escape them. I can not escape them yet; for even now the shrill whistles heard in manufacturing districts at morn, at noon, at night, cause me to start with alarm. I may be late! I can not rid myself of the notion that they are signaling me, that the overseer will not bring a pair of ugly, vicious, black brows together if I am a few seconds behind time.

I was poor enough those days; but hours blacker than these stole like dread spectres from the charnel house of time.

One day I was discharged. I was late for the tenth time—"for the tenth and last time," the overseer said, as he pushed the little wages due into my hand. "For the tenth and last time, girl! I've been tolerant of your fine lady ways long enough—you are discharged—march!"

The twins comforted me that night as best they could. After a long fatiguing walk in vain search for work it was sweet at twilight to sit alone with my treasures and have their dear arms fold about my neck. I was so young too; it seemed as if I had actually been a child with them when our widowed mother lived; but when we saw the cold earth take her to its bosom, I aged with my great grief, and now a drear lifetime of experience and sorrow lay between me and the brown-eyed children, who, at nine years of age, comprehended but vaguely their sister's grief and care.

Two days' tramping brought me only an empty pocket, empty larder and empty prospects!

And then came Christmas eve—Christmas eve, when all should be joy and gladness and radiance and plenty! I looked into the box Joe had fastened into what he called a "pantry;" there was half of a loaf there, some crackers, and a bit of cheese. We were not hungry now, but breakfast would clear the box of crust and crumbs, and after that—what? All we had eaten for three days past had come from the united earnings of Josie and Jo, who sold papers while I traversed the long, cold city streets. And Christmas was to dawn upon us as it ever dawns upon the poor—in its own bright, bitter mockery of all gladness! Santa Claus finds it impossible to treat the labyrinthine alleys of Poverty Row, and a great lump rose in my throat at the sight of two poor, little faded stockings hung near the straw pile that served us for a bed in common. Oh, the sweet, simple faith of child hood! Tears came veil to my sight, and each great bitter drop was like a bubble that reflects more beautiful tints than ever were in earth or sky. Whence came they? In these salt tears I found the picture of my childhood's home, where mother lived among us and trouble was unborn. I saw her sweet face close to mine; I saw her hands reach out to me, and then—

The dream-angel must have visited me, for I awoke with a start to find the last red ember only a tiny spark upon the hearth. My dream comforted me greatly, and with a queer feeling of something oddly resembling content, I, early as it was, slipped off my worn shoes and let down my hair for the night.

Such hair I had then—so long, so lustrous, with the glint of the sun's own sheen amidst its heavy masses. "Make me a doll, sister," Josie once had said; "and cover it's head with a bit of your lovely hair!" Right willingly would I have sacrificed every tress of it—a great thought seized me; I cried out like one daft, and bound up the heavy masses with eager, trembling hands.

"Sleep, little darling," I cried in ecstatic whisper, "sleep and dream of a glorious Christmastide; for it shall come to you by the power of living gold!"

Out into the gloom of cold, deserted streets—beyond them into the glare of shop lit avenues—jostled by servants of Santa Claus—excited, dazed, happy in the thought of my sacrifice I hurried upon my way.

Fear me at last to a halt before a window behind whose one great crystal pane a waxen image of a fair im-

passible beauty turned and turned upon some mysterious pivot; and I laughed aloud as I marked the color of her hair—it could only be compared to mine.

Two rounds of her stately dance I watched her make—then turned the knob of the door letting in to her peculiar abode.

It was warm inside; sweet, pungent odors filled the tropic airs of the long brilliant room—it seemed a bit of paradise with its warmth and brightness and delicate perfumes of rare and nameless flowers.

A woman of fashion stood before the counter—how costly her habiliments, with the fur and the velvet and the nodding plumes! Great rolls of bills in her little red wallet were carefully handled, and there was a gleam of silvery circles and golden disks.

She turned and stood under the glare of the electric lamp. Our eyes met, and I, forgetful in my sweet elation of any thing save "peace on earth—good will to men"—forgetting the meanness of my attire—the difference in our present station—the long months of our separation since the same school house roof sheltered our girlish forms, cried: "Lucille—dear Lucille, I am so glad to meet you!"

The gleam of recognition that leaped into her eyes was put out by a sudden chill recoil. Ignoring me, she turned and spoke to the man behind the counter; "and you may add a pound of powdered orris root, I think, and that is all."

And that was all. The door shut her out into the cold night, and I, poor, pitiful fool, to have cared, I hid my face within my cold, ungloved hands and sobbed aloud. I know not that it was hysteria that turned me

such hair as this to any of my workmen. Please come with me."

I followed him into what seemed a workroom, and sat upon a chair he placed beside a big marble wash-basin. I had taken great care of my hair; but he said he would cleanse it before he cut it, and in a moment more the yellow mass hung, heavy and damp as any mermaid's, over my protected shoulders.

The touch of his deft finger tips sent a magnetic current into my brain; I began to be light of heart again and had mentally spent a quarter of the magnificent sum he had offered me, when I heard the crunch of the sharp, cruel shears, as they pitilessly took from me the one and only beauty I possessed.

"There—I have covered your head with a silken hood; keep this and the woolen one upon your head for at least ten or twelve hours—you will then be less liable to catch cold. Allow me," and not daring to glance toward where I felt my lost loveliness lay, I suffered him to put the shawl about my shoulders, place a small packet in my hand and lead me to the door.

"Good-night," he said, gently; "good-night and merry Christmas! Fruits and flowers, and candies, and toys—caps, and mittens, and stockings and shoes—bread and butter, and coffee, and cake—I spent like a spendthrift, gloating the while over every penny I possessed like a miser."

All about the heap of straw where the sleeping children lay, I, creeping stealthily, placed such stores of splendid merchandise—each with its own peculiar sort of newness clinging to it—as would make a poor child frantic with delight. Why, I almost feared the subtle fragrance of the



into a weeping child, hysteria brought about by my low spirits, low vitality, sudden elation and relapse. I could not moderate my grief until I felt myself gently touched and heard a low, sweet voice trying to comfort me. A hand led me, tear-blinded, into a curtained recess, and after a while I grew calm and answered the voice, whose sympathetic cadences made harmony even in my sick, discouraged soul. I told this man—the stranger—the short, simple story of my sad life, for I felt that I owed him some explanation of the reason of my childish tears.

He heard me gravely; then learning the purport of my visit, he untied the faded ribbons of my woolen hood, gently loosened the meshes of my tightly bound hair, and down it went all about my shoulders in soft shining strands, sweeping even the floor's velvet covering as I leaned upon the chair luxuriously in my freed arm.

"I have heard your story," he said to me, "and I know you do not willingly part with your beautiful hair." "Willingly?" Oh, yes, indeed, sir, willingly—for Christmas comes tomorrow—and—do you think it will fetch me fifty dollars?" almost gasping, as I allowed my lips to name so vast a sum.

"Fifty?" echoed the musical voice above my head. "If I were a lady, and such loveliness grew upon my head, I would not sell it for a thousand dollars!"

I looked out from under the yellow tangles and met in the mirror before me, a pair of serious, luminous eyes. I noticed now, for the first time, the handsome face, splendid proportions and elegant attire of the reigning genius of this ragged establishment—for that I know him to be since. I heard the tongue-clatter of busy clerks in the storeroom beyond.

"I will give you one hundred dollars," said he at length; "and I must cut it off myself. I could not trust

printer's ink that crept from between the pages of Robinson Crusoe, or the faint odor of varnish that coated the inhabitants of Noah's barn—all ark—both brute and human—work like with their foreign incenses, now roaming in the Land of Nod.

But my fears were groundless, now putting out the candle, I crept all dressed, as I was shawled and hooded, in beside my little sister Josie. With a prayer of thankfulness and gratitude for my great and unexpected good fortune, and a sigh for my poor head covering, I between praying and sighing, fell fast asleep.

Peals of golden bells, silver bells, attuned to shrieks of merry laughter awakened me to the blissful realities of that one Christmas morning. I, as glad-hearted as I had of late been sad-hearted, left the pile of straw which had some time since been deserted by my small twin folk, and ran to catch a kiss from each crying jubilantly, as I placed a doll in Josie's arms and a book in Jo's—"Santa Claus found us, didn't he, children? Kiss me, Josie—kiss me, Jo!"

But instead of a kiss, a merry laugh comes from the lips of each! I comprehended in another moment, and enjoyed more than they the good joke they played on me, for there stood my little maid in boyish attire, holding the book, while Jo, decked out in his sister's clothes, danced about the room with a waxen beauty of a doll within his arms, until Josie's skirts getting the best of him, down he came with a jar that set the three solitary spoons upon the little deal table dancing like things demerited.

Oh, that Christmas breakfast, and oh, that Christmas dinner! I lived entirely in the happy present that one sweet Christmas day—for if God had been thus good to me he would still care for his own!

By night time the bare room was turned into what was better than any palace to me—a real cozy little home,

Curtains graced the windows, a square of carpet hid the bare pine flooring, a real mattress on a real bed that boasted a bolster and a blanket stood in the warmest corner—second-hand articles, one and all; but, to me, first hand from the great storehouse of heavenly providence.

Twilight came and night closed in stormily, with great flakes of snow falling softly upon the window ledges.

Tired of playing, Josie and Jo crept happily into the great, soft marvel of a bed and soon were drowned in the sweet ocean of slumber. After they were sound asleep I sat down before the fire and fell to musing. Force of habit took my hands to my head, force of habit untied the faded silken ribbon beneath my chin—then force of habit stopped, for my inattentive brains being telegraphed to by my new finger tips that something foreign had been touched came to a sudden sense of life's realities, and with a little cry I pulled the yielding elastic band that held the silken cover in place, and down tumbled all my own hair—a great, gleaming mass of amber strands! I gathered up thick tresses in my hands and kissed them in my gladness. I shook it like a banner in the breeze—a golden oriflame—but then I remembered, and remembering, I cried:

"What does this mean?"

"It means," said a kindly, half-laughing voice across the counter, when next day I had come once more within the fragrant room and asked the meaning of the proprietor's perplexing action, "that I could not think of cutting it off in such bitter weather—why, child, it would have been the death of you! If summer brings me a customer we will talk more about it—but I knew your

LIFE ON A WATER FARM.

There is Profit in Raising Fish and Frogs for Market.

It has not been many years since water farming was added to the possibilities of "agriculture" in Indiana. It began as a diversion. It has become a business. Enough time has now elapsed to demonstrate that water farming may be made practicable and profitable—at least as profitable as some other rural occupation, and more enticing than the ordinary life of an agriculturist. As much money can be made off an acre of water as off an acre of land, including well located fish and frog ponds on the one hand, and ordinary farming on the other.

One of the pioneers in water farming in Indiana is Mr. Joseph Manlove, of Milton. Seven years ago he bought a small piece of low land lying between the White Water canal and White Water (river). He determined to flood the low land and to add to his possessions the adjoining high land for park purposes. His place now includes fourteen acres of water and twenty-one of land. His business is largely with the water and only incidentally with the dry land. His first purpose was to establish a carp pond, from which the fish market might be supplied. This was accomplished in two years with comparative ease. Now he has practically an unlimited quantity of this variety of fish. However, the public taste also calls for bass, and Manlove determined to add this variety to his supply. His lake is now stocked with a vast supply of black bass. They have grown finely, and next year bass fishing will be "put on the market." Bass promise so much better than carp that "farmer" Manlove uses his young carp as food for his bass.

Still another "department" has been added to the "farm" this season—frogs. Four acres of shallow water, well grown in flags, were set apart as a breeding place for frogs. They breed and grow rapidly. Four thousand tadpoles were put in this breeding pen early in the spring. Many of them are now of a marketable size. Next season they will be giants—big, ten-inch long "cultivated" bullfrogs, worth \$2.50 and \$3 a dozen—not the little marsh frog, but the big fellows with Herr Fischer voices. In catching them for market a light at night is used. They stare at the light, and can be caught and handled with ease in its glare. In catching large quantities of carp the lake is drained off. In winter the marketable fish are kept in small ponds.

It is interesting to observe the water farmer at his work. He can use a horse, but he needs neither plow, planter nor reaper. Suppose he has gone out to feed. He has with him middlings or some other grain. He goes to the breeding pond, sounds a gong or blows a whistle, and thousands of frogs come hopping from their shelter. They eat the food ravenously and become so tame that the farmer handles them as a woman does her pet chickens. The same food is just the thing for young and old carp. "Fish and frogs take to grain and grain products," said Mr. Manlove, "like a boy takes to apple dumplings." Part of the season it is not necessary to feed my stock at all. The water-grass seeds make the finest of food for the fish, and at this time of the year I rarely prepare a fish for the table that I do not find him filled with grass seeds.

Wanted the Whole Town.

Let an Eastern man register at hotel in any of the far Western towns and he is sure of a caller within an hour. The caller will turn out to be a real estate agent, and he will be followed by No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, and so on until the list is exhausted. A Detroit boy who recently made a trip to Washington Territory had no sooner registered at the hotel in a certain town than he was asked for a brief interview, and the interviewer began:

"You are probably seeking a real estate investment?"  
"Yes."  
"You want an investment that will double in one year's time?"  
"I do."  
"How much capital will be required?"  
"Ten thousand."  
"I wouldn't fool away time with it."  
"Do you wish to go \$50,000?"  
"That would be no object sir. What the whole town be bought for?"  
"You don't—don't mean—?"  
"But I do. Go out and get me a ten days' option on the whole town, every thing included, and, if not too high, I'll close the deal and pay the cash inside of a week."  
The agent walked softly out, his eyes as big as onions and his hair on end, and the Detroit boy was not bothered by any others. They hadn't anything rich enough for a man who could buy the whole earth.—Detroit Free Press.

Gen. Lee's Daughter.

A trait that would have distinguished Miss Mary Lee, the youngest daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, among politicians, is her wonderful memory for faces and names. Even a casual acquaintance met years before is not forgotten, and, meeting him several years afterward, she at once speaks his name and recalls all the details of their former meeting. Miss Lee came from Egypt to witness the unveiling of the statue of her father. She has spent the last five years in Portugal, France, Russia, and the island of Madeira. Miss Lee arrived in New York entirely unannounced to her many friends here, who would have gone in troops to the dock to meet her, instead of allowing her to stand alone for two hours in a cold, drizzling rain. She had expected to find it hot in New York, and packed away all her wraps before landing, thereby contracting a severe cold. She is a tall woman of distinguished presence, and possesses that vivacious charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation which are nature's best gifts to her sex. Miss Lee will remain in America, visiting friends in the south, until next spring, when she will sail for Europe.—Richmond Dispatch's N. Y. Letter.

It is expected that 120,000,000 lobsters will be hatched in Newfoundland this season.





Exchange Bank.

E. H. PINNEY, -- BANKER.

RESPONSIBILITY \$33 000.

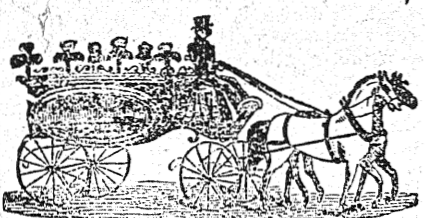
Commercial Business Transacted. Drafts available Anywhere in the United States or Canada bought and sold.

Accounts of Business houses and Individuals Solicited. Interest Paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

A. H. ALE, Cashier.

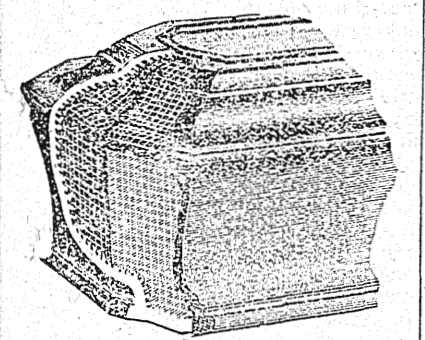
Pinney's new block, Main St., Cass City.

A. A. McKenzie,



UNDERTAKER And Funeral Director.

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



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

Three Cent Column.

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

FOR SALE—A pair 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.

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

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

FOR SALE—40 acres of land 2 miles west of Cass City, mostly improved, good orchard and good house. More conveniently known as the Livingston farm. Enquire of M. SHERIDAN or J. D. BROOKER.

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

FOR SALE—I will sell very cheap and on easy terms the wagon and sec. 9, Novesta. 10-16-10wks. N. L. McLaughlin, M. D. 210 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, 12-t.

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

WANTED FOR SALE—Cheap, or will exchange for coal. A. A. MCKENZIE, 9-12-t.

FOR SALE—A brick store now occupied by Chas. St. Mary, excellent living rooms above and basement below, will sell cheap. 9-24-t. J. H. McLEAN.

FOR SALE—A young horse, sound and a good driver. Cheap for cash. G. M. LIVINGSTON, Holbrook. 9-24-t.

NO TRADE—A pair of horses for a good work horse, one that will weigh 1550 pounds and sell for \$200. The pair is a good driver and weighs 1950 pounds and can be sold in three minutes. A woman can drive in. Call on or address, 12-16-2wks. J. D. OWEN, Owendale, Mich.

Strayed from my premises about the 1st of July, one small red yearling bull. Finder to be rewarded by informing the owner. RALPH BALLAGH, Owendale, Mich.

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

850 BUYS 40 ACRES—Cleared, good house, fences and water, known as the H. Weymouth place. \$2000 buys 40 acres, unimproved, 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 H. Walker property. Will take stock as part payment. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON Three miles north of Cass City. 1-t.

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

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

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

IMPROVING LANDS FOR SALE—\$88.00 an acre will buy your choice of the following sections in 400 acres, viz.: S. E. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of T. 12 N. W. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of section 30; W. 1/4 of section 20; N. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 of section 14. In Novesta township, E. 1/2 of N. W. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of section 14, Ellington. Terms—One dollar per acre down, balance to suit purchaser. Also 40 acres green timber for sale. E. H. PINNEY, Owner. 12-20-2wks.

CORRESPONDENCE

WEST GREENLEAF.

A little more of the beautiful. Mrs. Bardwell is on the sick list. Levi Bardwell started for Vassar last Saturday. Jud Vanmullen was at Detroit last week on business. Adson Oliver is tickled. A large boy at his page this week. Lawing is the occupation of a number of the people this winter. Breaking wagons and bruising horses legs was quite a trade last week. Mr. and Mrs. George Benjamin, of Ellington, were the guest of Mrs. Bardwell last Sunday. There were about 32 cords of wood cut at a wood bea at Rev. T. D. Barnes last Friday. Miss Mary and Addie Waldon have returned from Canada, where they have been visiting friends. The West Greenleaf minstrels delivered an entertainment at the McConnell school house last week. Miss Emma Boad, teacher of the McConnell school, received an elegant autograph Album, bought by the school as a Christmas present.

GREENLEAF.

John McEachin is home from the woods. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McColl were in Cumber last week. Master Charles Roblin left for the north woods Monday. Misses Maggie Young and Mary Flint are visiting in Canada. William Trennin, of Murkirk, Ont., is visiting at W. Flint's. Allen McLellan rejoices over the arrival of a bouncing baby boy. Colin McCallum is improving rapidly. Dr. Fordyce is in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McColl are spending the holidays in Bay City. George Hillman and family returned from Chatham, Ont., Saturday. Misses McLeod and Roblin, of Cass City, visited Greenleaf last week. Mrs. Dan McLeod has returned from Quebec, where she has been visiting for some time. We are much pleased to see the smiling countenance of Dougall McEachin in our midst again. He is spending his vacation at home. Albert Price and Alice Jackson were married in Uby on Tuesday of last week. The happy couple left on Wednesday for Detroit to spend their honeymoon.

KARR'S CORNERS.

The blizzard arrived here on Saturday last. Frank Martin, who has been attending school at Battle Creek, is enjoying the holidays with his parents. Mr. S. Ale, of Cass City, passed through here with a load of "black diamonds" from Sebawaing on Saturday last. A number of young people departed from here on Christmas Day and returned in the evening, reporting a grand time on Mud lake. A number of persons, old and young, ate Christmas chicken at Patrick Landrigan's. The turkeys have not been seen since Thanksgiving. John Koepgen and Delbert Schenk are sawing wood in this vicinity. Such work will not be continued long as there will be no more wood to saw. Somebody near Gagetown said that Peter Gage had not got on to the racket of hulling clover seed. Now if Pete can't get the seed out of the chaff it is because it is not there. Last Friday at Walter Mark's he threshed two bags in fifty minutes. Two travellers, apparently lost, called at P. Landrigan's on Christmas Night and asked the way to Cass City, and then called for a drink. Whether they were actually lost or that the voices of gay young ladies attracted their attention is not known. They received their drink and went on their way rejoicing.

DEFORD.

Bustle and hum in town. Orrin Stowell has gone to the pine woods. Sam Shirk has gone to visit at his home in Ont. Miss Ada Lambert is spending her vacation at home. Will Retherford and family spent the holidays at Almont. Merchant Baker has returned from his prospecting tour. Samuel McCracken, who has been very sick, is on the gain at present. Jessman Sole is skidding logs at the camps at Cedarvale, near Wilnot. Widow Wardell, who has made her home in this locality for some time past, was married at Lapeer last week to a gentleman named Serills. Miss Ella Curless will leave here Dec. 31st, for a visit at Inlay City. She will go from there to Oakland county, where she will remain all winter.

SPECIAL -:- SALE!

We are Closing Out our Winter Goods

REGARDLESS OF COST!

The Special Attraction of this Sale will be the Big Cut on price of Ladies Cloaks. This is a sample of our Bargains:

- Ladies New Markets down to \$1.50. Ladies Plush Sacques down to \$8.00. Ladies Plush Jackets down to \$11.00. Children's Cloaks down to 90 cents.

A Large Line of Quilts and Blankets at a

BIG REDUCTION.

Call and get our Prices.

-2-MACKS-2-

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 Furnishings, Groceries Crockery and Glassware.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

FRITZ BROS.,

—Have Just Received a Complete Stock of—

HOLIDAY GOODS

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

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, AINTS & OILS, GAS PIPE, TINWARE, STOVES, & PUMPS.

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

EA VETROUCHING + A + SPECIALTY

As last week's news from Deford was neglected at the ENTERPRISE office, so that it came not forth, we again speak of the marriage of Robert Brown and Ida Moshier, of Novesta.

The boys played pranks about town Christmas Eve. Among other things they elevated the Dr's gig towards the shining stars. Next day the Dr. brought the cisterns, showing he appreciated the joke.

On the 29th of Dec., old lady Daugherty passed the 67th mile stone of life. Her children took advantage of the time to make glad the day by presenting her with a very handsome easy rocking chair, a thing both useful and ornamental.

After the last issue of the ENTERPRISE we were beset on every hand by the people for sending in Kingston news from Deford, and we were forced to explain how, that on account of holiday jollifications, the ENTERPRISE force had become wild from the invisible spirit of wine, and set up Kingston items under the Deford heading, while the Deford happenings had disappeared in some unaccountable way.

OWENDALE and CREEL.

Eph. McCullough is on the sick list at present.

Mrs. A. Rose has returned to her home at Ontario.

R. Ballagh was at the county seat on Wednesday last.

Revival services are still continued in the M. Protestant Church.

George Taylor and wife ate turkey with Wm. Gage and family, of Elmwood, on Christmas.

A social hop at the Johnston house Christmas Night. Those present report a merry time.

John G. Owen, of East Saginaw, was in this burg last week, looking up the interests of the above firm.

George Libson will go to Sebawaing Monday to purchase a ton of that celebrated combustible, for home use.

John Simmie, of Bloomfield, this county, visited George Taylor and wife Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

Wm. Raurk has again commenced house keeping on Centre street. Watch out, girls, Bill means business this time.

Jacob Molter, of Killbuck, and Sam Good had a horse deal the past week. Sam gave the old mully in the trade.

Ed. Owens has moved into his new domicile. Success Ed. and may you spend many happy days on Center street.

Angus McDonald, who has been working for Potts & Co., of Gladwin, the past two years, is visiting his many friends in this part at present.

The dance at H. Thurston's hall Christmas Eve was a complete success, over fifty couples participating in the merry mazes of the evening.

The Christmas tree held in the Presbyterian Church Christmas Eve, was quite largely attended for so many entertainments so close the same evening.

Special meeting Tuesday evening next at Maccabee hall, on the corner of Genesee and Water street. Remember, brothers and attend. Important business is to be transacted.

Remember the open lodge January 8, at Owendale, and oyster supper given by the Maccabees, of Tent No. 211, of this place, and public installation of officers. The event promises to be a grand affair as the committee in charge will spare no pains in making complete arrangements for the occasion. Come one and all and secure a reserved seat.

The Christmas tree held here on Christmas Eve, was largely attended and the tree was well ornamented with numerous presents for the many who were in attendance. The choir furnished excellent music for the occasion. Rev. Packer had charge of the choir and much credit is due to the lady managers, who had charge of the event. Bright prospects for a happy New Year.

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Another year is fast approaching upon us and soon we will have to write 1891. The year that is fast closing upon us will never return. Many have also passed the way of all the earth; they too will never return. We also will soon pass away and those that know us now will know us no more. When I look back over the many years that I passed in Tuscola county, the many changes that have been made throughout the county and how many that I first become acquainted with have passed away—some have died; others have moved to other places and how few of the first settlers are left.—I am led to exclaim how long will it be before the few that are left shall follow on after those that have gone? gone before to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. May God grant that our lives shall not have been spent in vain.

OWENDALE and CREEL.

Eph. McCullough is on the sick list at present.

Mrs. A. Rose has returned to her home at Ontario.

R. Ballagh was at the county seat on Wednesday last.

Revival services are still continued in the M. Protestant Church.

George Taylor and wife ate turkey with Wm. Gage and family, of Elmwood, on Christmas.

A social hop at the Johnston house Christmas Night. Those present report a merry time.

John G. Owen, of East Saginaw, was in this burg last week, looking up the interests of the above firm.

George Libson will go to Sebawaing Monday to purchase a ton of that celebrated combustible, for home use.

John Simmie, of Bloomfield, this county, visited George Taylor and wife Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

Wm. Raurk has again commenced house keeping on Centre street. Watch out, girls, Bill means business this time.

Jacob Molter, of Killbuck, and Sam Good had a horse deal the past week. Sam gave the old mully in the trade.

Ed. Owens has moved into his new domicile. Success Ed. and may you spend many happy days on Center street.

Angus McDonald, who has been working for Potts & Co., of Gladwin, the past two years, is visiting his many friends in this part at present.

The dance at H. Thurston's hall Christmas Eve was a complete success, over fifty couples participating in the merry mazes of the evening.

The Christmas tree held in the Presbyterian Church Christmas Eve, was quite largely attended for so many entertainments so close the same evening.

Special meeting Tuesday evening next at Maccabee hall, on the corner of Genesee and Water street. Remember, brothers and attend. Important business is to be transacted.

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ELLINGTON.

Winter weather the past week and it increases.

William Houghton, who has been on the sick list for some time, is now able to go out.

They grind feed at Bailey & Son's mill every Friday, grinding corn on the cob as well as shelled.

Julius Oesterlie has traded his watch with his son Herman for his horse and bought him a new one-horse wagon. Now Julius can ride.

A new feed mill has been put in by Joseph Perry and James Van Wagner at Joseph Perry's barn, on the N. W. corner of Sec. 5, Ellington.

H. G. Comstock has got him a cow. He traded cedar posts with a man at Millington for her and brought her home last week. Now he wants a woman to bear him company and make the butter.

Mr. and Mrs. Molenzo, of Fairgrove, and four daughters, Nancy, Rosy, May and Myrtle, spent Christmas and the day after with Amzy Clay and family, returning home Saturday, taking Mrs. E. C. Clay with them. She will remain in Fairgrove until New Years visiting her mother Mrs. Nancy Miller and other relatives.

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WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we meet again,
Dearest and best,
Thou going eastward, and
I going west.

Not in love's common way
Was my love spoken—
No sweet confession made,
Sweated by sweet token;

What will the issue be?
Cloud shadows fall—
All is uncertainty—
Yet over all

REVENGE OF A GIRL.

In 1865, having lost an arm in the war, I accepted the quiet position of station agent at Big Lick Junction in one of the wildest mountain sections in Tennessee.

One warm July evening I was waiting for the north express to pass. In five minutes it would be due.

"I'm no tramp, but I haven't a cent," said he. "Say quick, if you'll let me have a ticket for this, and stop the express."

"You needn't try to sell that trinket; I will be down here in a week or so and will redeem it by paying you cash for the ticket. Much obliged to you. Good night."

The sleeve-button was a large topaz in a quaintly wrought silver setting. Apart from its intrinsic value it was quite a curiosity on account of its evident age.

A month later another strange visitor came to Big Lick, this time a lady. The train which daily made the round trip on the branch line from Riverville to the Junction and return on a morning brought a very beautiful young lady.

This young lady, who apparently came to Big Lick with no particular object, loitered along the road which led over the mountains, loitered back again and prepared to take her seat in the car which she had left but an hour or so before.

After the main line trains had cleared away I assisted her to the car. As I did so I displayed the sleeve-button on my cuff, and as she caught sight of it I fancied that she started.

Well, the next day the lady came again, this time bringing a complete artist's outfit. For two weeks Miss Milner—she had introduced herself—had been a regular passenger on the Riverville accommodation. She talked to me a great deal more than she sketched, and always about war.

"Oh, come, I'll give you a fair price for it. Will let you have another ticket and give you \$5 to boot."

"Why, is there any little history attached to the button?" I asked.

"Yes, I have a decided objection to telling you my private affairs."

"I will when you tell me where you got it or where the mate to it is," I answered. My "monkey" was up now and I was game to see the end of the play.

"I felt, to use a vulgar expression, 'all in a heap.'" Seeing my hesitation Miss Milner continued:

"I will satisfy you that I had good reason for my conduct, and can only reiterate that I am very sorry now that my suspicions should have fallen on you."

Five years or more ago, when the war was almost at its close, my father, who was Colonel in a cavalry regiment in the Union army, was seriously wounded.

The next day Miss Milner went away, and I have never seen her since. I am still agent at the Big Lick Junction, but no ripple has disturbed the stillness of my quiet stream of life since that eventful September evening.

to-day, I have carried this pistol, being persuaded at first that you deserved to be shot. I have been eager to identify you, that I might have the satisfaction of shooting you, and, believe me, I should not have hesitated for a moment had I been convinced that you were indeed the man I at first supposed you to be.

"Murderer!" she hissed rather than spoke, "your own words have condemned you. I am Colonel Milner's daughter, and this is the happiest moment I have known since you killed my father."

"I know you, you see," the stranger said, and I'll tell you a story. In '61 I was a boy of 20; I was in your camp in front of Washington selling fruit and trinkets to the men.

"Tram car manners" continues to be a subject of excited controversy in Manchester. Up to the present it has taken the form of rather fierce recrimination between the two sexes and we regret to say that the ladies appear to be getting the worst of it.

Of course the Manchester man could not do less than offer his seat which the lady accepted. Of this he does not complain; but what does vex his soul is the thought that this lady never condescended to return a kindly smile or even a word of thanks, though her benefactor was compelled to continue the journey outside in the pouring rain.

But I simply applied a solution of "salt and vinegar," a little more vinegar than salt, washed the wound with it, then tied a clean rag around the thumb, keeping it saturated well with the solution, and moved the rag so that a fresh part covered the wound at intervals.

Again, I was bitten by a weasel in the Grand Central Depot. A girl had it in a bag and had placed it on a seat next to mine, remarking that it was a kitten. I placed my hand on it. Quicker than thought a couple of teeth punctured the joint of my left forefinger to the bone.

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was a strange sight to see that beautiful girl, clad in a white summer dress, walk up to him with a huge revolver in his grasp.

"Give me that pistol," she said very quietly, but firmly and quickly. The man seemed dazed and handed the weapon to her in a mechanical sort of way.

"Murderer!" she hissed rather than spoke, "your own words have condemned you. I am Colonel Milner's daughter, and this is the happiest moment I have known since you killed my father."

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A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

"In 1870," said Major George A. Vandegrift, "I met as typical a soldier of fortune as ever Lever imagined. I had gone from St. Louis to Grafton, sixty miles above, on an excursion, to witness an eclipse of the sun. On the boat returning to the city there was dancing in the cabin, and as I stood watching the dancers I observed a man staring at me. He was a typical Southerner in appearance, tall, handsome and striking looking. His gaze annoyed me so that I left the cabin."

"Returning again, he renewed the stare, and finally I found him standing by my side. He said, 'I beg pardon, but you don't know me, I see.' 'No,' I said, 'I don't.' 'I know you,' he replied. 'In 1861 you were a lieutenant in the Second Ohio Regiment in front of Washington, weren't you?' 'Yes,' I assented. 'In '63 you were adjutant of the Second in front of Murfreesboro, Tenn.' 'Yes.' 'In the latter part of '64 you were on the Little Miami railway?' 'Yes,' I said, getting interested, 'but you're the advantage of me, for I can't recall ever seeing you.'

"I know you, you see," the stranger said, and I'll tell you a story. In '61 I was a boy of 20; I was in your camp in front of Washington selling fruit and trinkets to the men. I was a Confederate spy then. In '63 I was still a spy, and struck your camp at Murfreesboro. It was odd that I should get into the same camp again, but I did. There were so many officers there, you among them, whom I knew, that I feared detection and fled. The latter part of '64 I was captured—not as a spy, fortunately, but as a rebel soldier—and sent as a prisoner to Camp Chase, O. One night nine of us succeeded in escaping from prison and, making our way as far as Alton, on the Little Miami, we boarded the midnight express. We were sitting together, concealed as much as possible, when the car door opened, and who should walk in but yourself. I told the boys the jig was up, and we jumped from the train and took to the woods. We thought you were an officer in pursuit of the fugitives. You were not? God, I wish we'd known it then."

"After the war," he continued, "I drifted down into Mexico and joined Maximilian's forces, where I was captured and came within an ace of being shot with Maximilian. From Mexico I went to South America and fought in two or three of their revolutions. I grew tired of that, and came back to the states. I'm tired of it here, and I'm off next week to enlist in the Papal Zouaves, as I see Victor Emmanuel and the Pope are, having trouble, and his Holiness has advertised for recruits. Good-by! and he was off. It was curious that he and I should have met so frequently, and I've been rather sorry that I lost track of the fellow afterward. He was a true soldier of fortune, and there were lots like him in the war."—Commercial Gazette.

Sure Cure For Dog Bites. I have been bitten by dogs repeatedly, once severely, says a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune. A pet dog of a neighbor was very sick and I was attempting to relieve it. It bit me in the left thumb just below the nail. That member became black as far down as the wrist. It remained so until the nail came off. The owner talked of hydrophobia and said that the dog had not tasted water for two weeks. Had I been afraid I should no doubt have taken nervous fits and died. The verdict would have been "hydrophobia."

China's Devastating Floods. China is spending this year about \$5,000,000 in the effort to regulate its wayward river, the Hoang Ho, which has recently caused such terrible loss of life and property.

Lashed for Larceny. A negro who was caught robbing the till of a merchant at Arrendo, Fla., was given fifty lashes by the colored people residing in the neighborhood, and then set at liberty.

Brooklyn Bridge. For the year ended the 12th inst. the toll receipts of the Brooklyn bridge were \$1,078,847.03, being an increase over the previous year of 11.8 per cent.

Chinese in San Francisco. The census gives the population of the Chinese in this city at 24,000, an increase of 2,000 over 1880. But probably 10,000 Chinamen belonging to this city are now at work in the interior.

Long-Distance Telephoning. The long-distance telephone service has been made so efficient that the roar of Niagara falls can be heard in New York over the lines.

Are You Five Feet Eight Inches Tall? What is there about the figure 5 feet 8 inches that is so attractive to policemen? Did you ever notice a description of a drowned man who was not just that tall? Maybe you have, but just notice and see if the vast majority of them do not conform to that rule, and also are reported as wearing congress gaiters.

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BATTLE OF PEACHTREE CREEK.

Speaking of Peachtree Creek, it was one of the gems of battle between Resaca and Atlanta, and was really meteoric, lasting only a few hours of an afternoon on the 20th of July, 1874. Hood was in command of the Confederates, and he undoubtedly made up his mind to make a savage attempt upon the center of Sherman's magnificent line and cut it in two and demoralize things generally. Newton's line was weak, and Hood came down tremendously upon it, and an almost hand-to-hand fight ensued. For an hour the blue and the gray were pretty well mixed, and bayoneting and clubbing with the butts of muskets among the soldiers and the use of pistols and swords among the officers were not infrequent. I never heard or saw such a rain of canister and grape for forty or fifty minutes; and the "Rebel yell" above it all made things hum. Gen. John H. King, who commanded the regulars, was hurried up and put in reserve in a beautiful piece of woods, and a Prussian artilleryman whom we called "Leather Breaches" secured a small elevation nearby with his six guns and everlastingly poured shell and canister into the advancing enemy.

These "shallow blokes" were a terror to the ordinary tramps. They were noted as being the greatest blackguards traveling. Their blasphemous talk was simply hideous, and shocked even old and well-seasoned tramps. Happily they are now nearly an extinct race. It is a fact, though not generally known, that scores of the vagabonds mutilated themselves for the purpose of working upon the feelings of a charitable public. One of the most common methods of "acquiring" a withered limb was to bind it tightly with strips of linen and thus stop the circulation of the blood. Loathsome looking wounds were manufactured by inserting in these bandages an old copper coin, which gradually ate into the flesh.

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MOTHERHOOD.

Only the look from the eyes of a babe, As it lay upon my knee, Yet I shall know that wondrous gaze When we meet in eternity.

SAVED.

Slowly to and fro a woman paced the Waterloo bridge, London, apparently unmindful that a drizzling rain had set in and that her thin shawl was becoming wet through.

The next instant she stood erect upon the parapet, a shadowy figure seen through the mistiness of the night. In another moment she would have been fluttering like a wounded bird, down to certain death, had not a man's hand held her back from the fatal act, as he exclaimed:

"For God's sake, lass, dinna do't." For a second the woman struggled in his grasp, then, half defiantly, half wearily, she said, as he helped her descend from the parapet: "Well, I suppose you want me to go along to the lock-up?"

"Na, na, lass, I'd only like to see ye among friends. Come, he added, laying his hand kindly upon her arm, 'you'll be wet through standing here.' The woman gazed at the man with a perplexed look, which he returned with a friendly smile, noted her pale face and the hunted, weary expression of her dark eyes as she said, almost humbly:

"I should thank you, perhaps, for saving my life, and yet it were better if you had let me go. Not a living soul is there to mourn my loss, and I might have found rest."

"Na tha' way, lass; but ye look ill an' na fit to be out o' such a night. If ye dinna mind, perhaps I might be a help to ye, a-seeing yer home."

"Home! I have no home. I have been sick unto death. This morning only was I discharged from the hospital, and such as I are best out of the world."

"The Lord knows best wha' is fo' our good," reverently repeated the man, then, with a slight tinge of color mantling his honest face, he continued: "If ye dinna mind trusting yerself to me I think I can find ye a place fo' the night. Ye see, I'm just newly come fra' the country, on my way to America, an' there's a family as was on the train with me that is bound fo' the same place, an' I'm stopping at a bit of a lodging over yonder, an' I'm na doubting but Mrs. Bighart would take ye in, fo' she has a most feeling heart, so if ye agreeable to't we'll be as it's a goodish bit further."

"For a second the woman hesitated, then with 'very well' she moved along at the man's side. On leaving the bus which they had taken at the opposite side of the bridge they proceeded along divers streets. At last the man turned in at a doorway, and with a smile and a nod bade the woman follow him, into a narrow passage lighted by a flickering oil-lamp. Then he paused, saying in his kindly tones:

"Would yer mind biding a bit here till I just sort o' prepares Mrs. Bighart fo' yer comin'?" Signifying her willingness, the woman remained standing where he left her, little heeding or caring what was to become of her. As she waited, a look of dull apathy upon her handsome face, the door through which her rescuer had disappeared opened, and a plump, jolly-looking little woman burst into the hallway, exclaiming:

"Oh, there you are! I didn't know you for the minute. The passage be dark after the light inside. Ye look tired; just come right along in. The children have everything in a muss, but, Lor' bless 'em, I hain't it in me to scold, along of their bein' so cooped up here, after the country."

"You are very kind," at last answered the young woman, a softened expression gathering in her eyes. Bidding her guest lay aside her wet bonnet and shawl and seat herself near the stove, worthy Mrs. Bighart bustled about, bent upon preparing the supper. The children, some five in number, admonished by their mother, and, perhaps, a little awed by the grave, silent woman, ceased their play and shyly eyed the stranger from a distance. All at once there was a delightful shout of "Papa!" as a large, jovial-looking man entered the room, and, catching up the youngest toddler, sat her upon his shoulder. Then the man who had befriended the young woman came in and was immediately hailed by the children as "Jack" as they clambered about him in high glee. As if in a dream, the outcast woman found herself seated at the table of a happy, honest family, who treated her as an honored guest, receiving her unquestioned within their midst, simply because she was friendless and in need. And that night, moved by a strange longing, she had timidly asked to be allowed to kiss the babe that cooed at her from her mother's arms. And kindly Mrs. Bighart, with a pleased smile, had held out the little one to her, saying:

"There, take her, my dear, and kiss her as much as you please." Later in the evening, when the little woman had resumed the charge of her young-est and was bidding her guest good-night, she ejaculated warmly.

at the unwonted caress from such lips. One by one the days of that week slipped by and the woman still remained with the Bigharts. It was the day before the departure for America, all business having been satisfactorily transacted, when Mrs. Bighart, laying her hand kindly upon Mary's shoulder, said:

"Do you know, Mary, I've been thinking that I don't see how I'm to spare you, an' I've talked it over with Tom, an' the long and the short of it is, my dear, if you've a mind to go along with us, I'd be glad to have you. The children they've took to you so, an' you see, out west in them clearings it's goin' to be a bit lonesome, without a neighbor, barring perhaps three miles. I'm sorry we're not able to offer much wages at first along of the expenses we'll be to a gettin' there, but your bit an' sup and an odd pound now an' agin you'll be welcome to."

Like one dazed, Mary stood listening to the kind offer, then, with deep wonderment in her tones, she said: "You are asking me to share your home, knowing nothing of me? My God! had I but met such women as you in the past!"

Five years had come and gone since the day when Mary joined her fortunes of her helpful friends and prosperity had dawned for them and her. Tom's and Jack's log cabins were the envy of their less thrifty neighbors. At first Jack had boarded with the Bigharts, but after awhile it occurred to him that he, too, should like a home of his own—a wife to share the good luck that had come to him. And, as the months slipped into years, he learned to know that there was but one woman for him, the woman he had saved from death. While Mary, when it first dawned upon her how dear she had become to this simple, God-fearing man, was seized with an impulse to flee from the shelter of the happy home that for three years had been hers, but her strength failed her. She could not so easily uproot such tightly riveted ties. For Jack had become as a part of her very being. It was only for his sake that she thought of going away, because of the sacrifice she deemed it would be putting upon him if he should wed her. Something of this she tried to tell him when he asked her to be his wife, but he would not listen; he was satisfied, he said. Then almost desperately she begged that he would hear her, and shielding her face with her hands she related to him with pitiful pathos the story of her life before his path crossed hers, holding back nothing from the bitter degradation of the past. With tears streaming down her cheeks she implored him not to judge her too harshly. She who had never known a mother's care; never had a home until he came into her life.

Pitifully as he might have soothed a little child, Jack gathered the stricken woman to his arms, saying: "Mary, that old life is dead an' gone, buried away this five year back; let it rest. Together we will start afresh. It ye love me I ha' na fear fo' the future, lass."

What woman could have resisted such faith? And so there was a quiet little wedding, and Mary became Jack's wife, and went to dwell with him in the pretty log cabin he had built "agin that day."

For two years not a cloud had come to dim their happiness. Yet sometimes Mary became possessed with a wild fear that it could not last. One day in her husband's absence she saw a man approaching the house. There was something strangely familiar about the saucy, devil-may-care air with which the stranger sauntered along, but not until he stood within a few feet of her did it flash upon her who this man was. A smothered cry escaped her, and convulsively clasping her babe she hastened to enter the house. But the man called out:

"Here, I say, carn't ye give me a bite of summat? I've had a goodish walk and I'm about dead beat." White as death, she turned and faced him, when, with an oath, he exclaimed, as if thunderstruck:

"Moll! by all that's blue." Then, insolently laying his hand upon her arm, he added: "I'm blamed if I didn't think ye'd kicked the bucket. It's rather overperrin' to have ye turn up here in this unexpected fashion. You might offer me a chair, I'm thinkin', after our long separation." Mechanically Mary stepped aside and let the man pass into the house; there, flinging himself upon a seat and chuckling amusedly, he continued:

"Ye seem to be pretty well fixed; but yer always was a lucky devil. I suppose you've got suthin' to eat in the house?" Placing some entables before the man, Mary at last spoke, the words seeming to come with an effort, as she said:

"Eat what you will, then go. My husband will be home shortly and he must not find you here."

"Ho, ho! is that the way the wind lays?" ejaculated the man, with a wink.

"The day has gone by for me to fear your words, Jim. I have taken up with a different life. With you and the past I have done."

"Not so fast, my fine beauty. Yer didn't live with me for seven years for nothin', an' I don't claim yer as my wife and then what'll become of yer—different life, I like to know? If I could just have a talk with that husband of yours I'd fix yer different life fur yer."

A wail of despair issued from Mary's white lips as a stalwart figure darkened the doorway, whilst her husband's voice said quietly:

"Ye would speak with Jack Sturdy, stranger, but first let me say, tha' between me an' my wife lie no secrets, an' the man tha' says aught agin her has to answer fo' it to me. Out here the men are not given to many words, an' I've learned the way of the country. With us it is a word, an' a blow, but I ha' known the blow to come first." Then pointing sternly to the door he added: "It is three miles to the next settlement. If ye would reach there before dark ye ha' best be goin'."

Five years had come and gone since the day when Mary joined her fortunes of her helpful friends and prosperity had dawned for them and her. Tom's and Jack's log cabins were the envy of their less thrifty neighbors. At first Jack had boarded with the Bigharts, but after awhile it occurred to him that he, too, should like a home of his own—a wife to share the good luck that had come to him. And, as the months slipped into years, he learned to know that there was but one woman for him, the woman he had saved from death. While Mary, when it first dawned upon her how dear she had become to this simple, God-fearing man, was seized with an impulse to flee from the shelter of the happy home that for three years had been hers, but her strength failed her. She could not so easily uproot such tightly riveted ties. For Jack had become as a part of her very being. It was only for his sake that she thought of going away, because of the sacrifice she deemed it would be putting upon him if he should wed her. Something of this she tried to tell him when he asked her to be his wife, but he would not listen; he was satisfied, he said. Then almost desperately she begged that he would hear her, and shielding her face with her hands she related to him with pitiful pathos the story of her life before his path crossed hers, holding back nothing from the bitter degradation of the past. With tears streaming down her cheeks she implored him not to judge her too harshly. She who had never known a mother's care; never had a home until he came into her life.

tones, or an undefinable sense of power that superior minds oftentimes exercise over inferior ones, that stayed the blustering answer upon the man's lips and made him sink out of the house like a cork, turning, however, at the gate to shake his fist defiantly.

"Theer, ther, lass," soothed Jack as his wife clung sobbing about his neck, "ye ha' na call to fret. He'll na trouble ye agin, I'm a-thinkin'!"

"But, oh, Jack, you'll not love me the less?" came desparingly from Mary.

"Love ye the less, lass. Why, I couldn't do it if I would, an' where'er ye are a good, true woman an' my wife."

A few days afterward the dead body of a man was found in a gully. The theory was that, having drunk too freely (an empty leather flask was found in his pocket), he had made a misstep and precipitated himself to his death. The body was identified as that of a stranger who had stopped at a wayside house the night before the accident. There was nothing upon his person to tell from whence he came or who he was. They buried him, marking his grave by a rude wooden cross. And when Jack told Mary concerning Jim's death, for he had recognized the man, he added gently:

"Let the past die with him, Mary, lass. Please God the future shall ha' o'ny good fo' ye an' the little 'un," and honest-hearted Jack lovingly clasped his two treasures within his arms.

The development of the American colonies, their rapid growth in the century preceding the American revolution, depended in a large measure on a botanical accident, viz., on the introduction of tobacco into the commerce of the world. No contribution from newly discovered lands has ever been so welcomed as this so-called noxious weed. No new faith has ever traveled so fast or far among men as the habit of smoking. In scarce a century from the first introduction of the plant in Europe its use has spread to nearly half the people of the Old World.

The eastern coast of America from the Hudson southward to South Carolina is peculiarly well suited for the growth of the tobacco plant, and the rapid extension of the British colonies in America, which brought their population at the time of the revolution to a point where they numbered about one-sixth part of the English people, was largely due to the commerce which rested upon the use of this plant.—Professor N. S. Shaler in Scribner's.

Depended on Providence. "There's a man up my way," said a resident of Champlain street to a patrolman, "who is the awfulest-wickedest man in all Michigan, and who ought to be arrested."

"What has he done?" queried the officer.

"Stood in front of my house and called me all the bad names you can think of."

"Then make complaint in the Recorder's Court."

"But he says he'll lick me if I do."

"Then have him arrested for assault and battery."

"But I'll have to go into court."

"Yes."

"And waste considerable time."

"Yes, but you want him punished, don't you?"

"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Don't," said Nora, laughing. "Perhaps it's those beatings that has made him the burning, shining light he now is."

"That's darlin'! I don't believe in battin' nobow. When ye're married, Miss Nora, never bate your gessons."

The Duchess laughs again.

"I'll remember," she says, moving on a step or two with a friendly nod as farewell.

"Will your father give that tree?" asks Denis, curiously, when they are out of hearing.

"But I thought, from what he said, that he was rather indignant with the people round here, rather inclined to be hard on them, and—and—that."

The Duchess turns upon him a glance filled with fine contempt.

"And have you lived with dad four days and don't know him yet?" she says. "You haven't found him out. Why, he can't say 'No' to one of them. He is as good as a father to them. He abuses both the tenants and laborers from morning till night like a pickpocket, but he treats them like friends. Of course she'll get that tree; and if the men are all employed he will in all probability go out and cut down for her himself."

"I see," says Denis, thoughtfully. Then: "What did she want her 'stick' for?"

"Did you not hear? To prop up her roof, which is falling in. She does not demand the restoration of the roof, as you may notice, but simply begs a prop for it. Dad will see to the proper wending of it before the winter, no doubt, if—if he has the money; but there are so many roofs and all out of repair."

"How you take things to heart," says he, looking at her with some speculation in his gaze.

"Oh, these poor creatures, what they suffer!" cries she suddenly, with a little touch of passion in her tone. "No one knows it save those who live amongst them, and they not always. Why should I not take it to heart? Am I not flesh and blood as they are? Must I not feel for them? And every day, every hour, one is compelled to take them to heart. Why, only last winter a man came to dad—a laborer—begging for work; and he told us that the cabin in which he lived had such holes in the roof that the rain came patterning in on them even when they were in bed, he and his wife, and three little children. Often, he told dad, when he got up at 6 o'clock on a winter's morning to go to his work he was so frozen in bed that it was a relief to him to get out of it."

"Good heavens, what a melancholy story!" says Delaney, perhaps only half believing. He spent little of his time in his native land.

"Why, that is nothing. Hear the rest of it. First one little child died. Then it was he came to dad beseeching him to give him any cabin he could and work on Ballyhinch. We are wretched poor ourselves," says the Duchess, tears rising to her eyes, "but we managed to get him a miserable little hovel comfortable enough, but at all events the rain could not come in. He came and took possession, but a week afterward his wife died—died from exposure and cold in that other dreadful house."

"But the owner of that other house—what of him? Did he escape scot free?" asks Denis, with some indignation. "What right has any landlord to give his laborer such a miserable hut to live in. Call such a fellow as that a gentleman?"

"I didn't tell him anything; and it wasn't a landlord either—it was a gentleman—it was a farmer—the farmers are always the worst. No landlord would have treated a laborer so, at least not one that I know of. You think this a solitary instance, but indeed they are always so poor and so content that my heart bleeds for them; and nothing is done for them—nothing. If I was Queen Victoria—"

"What a little rebel you are!" "I am not, indeed. You mistake me. I quite hate and detest all those wicked men who incite the people to rebellion and to murder. I am a member of the League and its iniquitous 'Plan of Campaign,' which will help only to pauperize the already moneyless nation. Indeed," looking at him with large earnest eyes, "I think of nothing, I dwell on nothing, but only how best to improve the miserable condition of the laborers and their wives."

alone must strike them. Why should not they be the ones to buy ball dresses, and to starve and endure, if only for a while? Turn about would seem to them, I dare say, only the most meager fair play."

"They are not so miserable as you picture them. You forget they are a happy-go-lucky lot if they are anything, and that they never think."

"So you believe. I don't. And at all events they are being made to think now by these demagogues who are going about stirring up their evil passions. I am always sorry when I read the sneers about our poor people in the papers. Crimes indeed are being committed—heinous, unpardonable crimes; but let them rest on the heads of those who have incited these foolish, wild, impetuous, passionate creatures to the performance of them."

"They are, at all events, happy in having found an advocate as impetuous and as passionate as themselves. May I say as disloyal?" asks Denis.

"Disloyal! Oh! you do not understand them if you call them that."

"I confess I do—and therefore I don't—which thing is an enigma?"

"I have always said, I always will say, that they are at heart a very loyal race; a people who would glory in rallying around their sovereign if—just a little civility was shown them. If their Queen—"

"Oh! come now, Nora—"

"Well, I won't then," smiling faintly. "I don't wish to be disloyal in any way, but it does seem such a pity that so little courtesy is ever shown to Ireland. Every now and then a hand might be held out to it; but England is favored, and Scotland is rich in its sovereign's love, and Ireland is left out in the cold. It would be such a little thing to honor them now and again. It might be managed at so small a cost, and it would, I firmly believe, have prevented all this present misery. Besides," throwing up her pretty head with a little gesture, "if I were a Queen I should think it my duty to be good to all my subjects, and I should remember, too, how many splendid soldiers, how many illustrious statesmen, had given me their hearts, and arms, and brains, out of this despised land!"

"Well, you must confess they have given room for contempt of late."

"They are an impressive people, and, alas! too easily led; but if the right people had led them, how then? Well, never mind! Out of every great evil some good arises, and perhaps—who knows—the very poor will at last gain some benefit from this agitation."

"It will at best help their cause to assist in maiming innocent cattle, and beating or throwing far over defenses girls," says Denis, with a frown.

"Everything is wrong now, I know," says she. "But you condemn all because of the few. These people round here, how patient, how cheerful they are, and how deplorably poor! Oh! if dad and I were rich we would do something for them; but," with a melancholy little nod, "we haven't a penny between us."

"Yet this seems a good property," says Denis, looking round him.

"I dare say; but there is nothing to work it. It enables us to live, no more." Here she laughs involuntarily. "I'm hardly a cheerful companion, am I?" she says, with a swift, sweet glance full of apology.

"The best I know, at all events," returns Denis earnestly.

Her late fervor has been a revelation to him. The eager, upturned face, the im-

At this they both laugh, though Delaney's mirth is decidedly half-hearted.

"At Ventry," says he, slowly, as if impelled to it against his will, "you will see others besides the butcher and baker. You can there make your choice."

"Yes, when I go," doubtfully.

"And you will, Nora?" detaining her on the hall door steps as they are now about to re-enter the house.

"Oh, I don't know! I must think about it," says she, petulantly, running away from him.

CHAPTER IX.

"The frank young smile, And the red young mouth, and the hair young gold."

Whether she does or not is another matter. One would say "not" for choice, taking note of the extremely insouciant expression that marks her face. But if she has declined to give the matter thought, not so the squire. Long and deep have been his broodings, and as a result of them he pounces upon her towards evening, and drawing her into the dining-room, proceeds to unbend his mind.

"Doddlekins, I've been thinking," begins he, solemnly, seating himself gingerly on the arm of an exceedingly ancient chair.

"No!" exclaims his daughter, with irreverent meaning.

"I have—about this visit, and I think you ought to go. I do, indeed, my dear," saying disapprobation in her glance. "It is only right we should consider your future and cease to be selfish. I know it will be a tug for us both to part; but your aunt's an influential woman, and she can bring you out and show you off a bit; and I dare say marry you well. Denis seems to think," slowly, "that you ought to marry a rich man."

"Does he, indeed?" says the Duchess, with a tinge of her lovely chin, expressive of anger. "I wonder you would let him speak like that, dad. And—and I shan't go either. I can't bear strangers."

"But! You would get used to them in no time."

"I dare say; by the time I was half dead from studying them. The ways would not be my ways, and if I thought them tiresome they would probably think me odd; and—and if I were to find any one laughing at me,"—tears rising to her eyes—"I should kill them."

"And quite right, too," says the squire, pugnaciously, giving her the warmest support. "I'd like to see the one that would dare do it. Just send him to me, that's all!"

"It wouldn't be a he," says the Duchess, with a prophetic sigh. "It would be a she."

"Nonsense, my sweetheart, I'd back you against the lot of 'em. Don't you be downhearted. Nora," turning to her with sudden anxiety, "can you dance?"



"DID ANY ONE EVER ASK YOU TO MARRY HIM?"

passioned tone, the speaking eye, have given him a new insight into the infinite variety of her nature.

"Tell me, Nora," says he, presently, moved by some impulse he could not have explained, "were you ever—that is—did any one ever ask you to marry him?"

"To some this would have been an embarrassing question, to others a rather impertinent one. To the Duchess it is a question pure and simple, nothing more."

"Never!" she responds, promptly. "And I'm just nineteen. Isn't it disgraceful!" There is a touch of indignation in her tone. Why should she have been thus slighted above her fellows? "And there's Lily French, she is younger than I am, yet there she is in India now," throwing out her hand as though India lies in the recesses of the near bit of wood, "with a husband a year old!"

Delaney laughs.

"Oh! youthful goblin," says he. "Go on, child, you know what I mean. But as for me! Perhaps, after all, regarding him anxiously, 'I'm not that sort of a girl, eh?'"

"What sort of a girl?" "Attractive, for example. Do you think I likely—I mean—that some time or other some one will ask me to marry him?" "I think it probable," driesly. "Well," dejectedly, "unless it's the butcher or the baker or the candlestick-maker, I don't see who else it can be down here."

**Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.**

TIME TABLE NO. 8.

**GOING NORTH.**

STATIONS.	Freight		Pass.
	A. M.	P. M.	
Pontiac	8:30	5:45	8:15
Oxford	10:15	7:30	9:00
Dryden	11:32	7:48	9:36
Imley City	12:08	7:56	9:52
North Branch	1:40	8:43	10:34
Elford	2:14	9:02	10:52
Kingston	2:58	9:24	11:12
Wilmot	3:18	9:36	11:23
Deford	3:53	9:48	11:51
Cass City	4:45	10:10	12:40
Gagetown	5:00	10:25	12:05
Owendale	5:20	10:45	12:19
Sears	6:00	11:25	12:44
Cassville	6:30	11:50	1:00

**GOING SOUTH.**

STATIONS.	Pass.		Freight
	P. M.	A. M.	
Cassville	7:10	4:00	6:00
Sears	8:28	5:00	6:50
Owendale	9:14	5:30	7:05
Gagetown	9:30	5:30	7:30
Cass City	4:30	5:20	7:30
Deford	4:48	5:38	7:45
Wilmot	4:57	5:48	7:50
Kingston	5:09	6:02	8:15
Elford	5:30	6:26	8:50
North Branch	5:45	6:49	9:10
Imley City	6:28	7:40	11:10
Dryden	6:44	8:00	11:50
Oxford	7:26	8:30	12:30
Pontiac	8:05	10:30	2:30

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

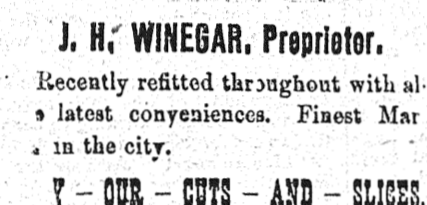
Freight stations, where trains stop only on signal.

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Pontiac, D. G. H. & M. and Mich. Air Line Division G. T. Ry.  
Oxford, Detroit and Bay City division of M. C. Imley City, C. & G. T.  
Elford, F. & P. M.  
Berne Junction, S. T. & H.

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**J. H. WINEGAR, Proprietor.**  
Recently refitted throughout with all the latest conveniences. Finest Market in the city.  
**7 - OUR - CUTS - AND - SLICES.**

**THE FINEST LINE OF JEWELRY, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, Etc.,**

To be Found in the City is at  
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Repairing done in a workman-like manner.

**DENTISTRY.**

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

I would say here that Dr. Haskell is known as one of the best Prosthetic dentists in the world, with about 40 years of experience.  
Office in front rooms over Postoffice.  
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THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR  
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**GEO. L. KILE, PROP.**  
Fine brick hotel recently refitted throughout.  
**Best Accommodations**  
For the Traveling Public.  
**GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS**  
And Barn in Connection.  
**CASS CITY, - MICH.**

**STATE NEWS.**

Hillsdale county is getting ready for a two-thirds petition for local option.  
Joseph Rogers, of Baldwin, stole a Christmas turkey. It cost him 30 days in jail.  
Presque Isle county gives a proposed telephone line between Alpena and Rogers City \$1,000 bonus.

Hillsdale college has 501 students this year, and 44 per cent of those in the literary department are co-eds.  
Menominee has more saloons than any other city of its size in Michigan, and can give even Au Sable points of advantage and still lead.

C. F. Ruggles, of Manistee, will carry out his usual custom of giving each child in the county a pound of candy on New Year's day. It will take 4,000 pounds.  
The Fountain street Baptist Church ladies will run a kindergarten in the Church parlors during the sermons, and take turns tending the kids who cry in church.

Arley McDonald, of Traverse City, received a present on Christmas eve, from his wife—triplets. Each weighed five pounds and two were girls. Everybody doing nicely.

Here's a career. Joe Ellsworth was born in St. Joseph county poorhouse. He graduated from there into the state school at Coldwater. His present address is the reform school at Lansing.

E. Elwood, of Mt. Morris, guessed he would die nine years hence. He was so sure of it that he had his tombstone erected and dated 1889. His prophetic vision was at fault, as he has just died.

Saginaw people are kicking because they do not have more trains to Detroit, and propose to ask the company why, and if that doesn't do any good to the railroad commissioner for redress.

Marcus Pollasky, who has recently returned from the far west to Alma, is endeavoring to organize a state bank in that village. The proposed head will be Marcus Pollasky, president, and Hon. E. B. Green, vice president.

C. F. Gibbs, of Atlanta, Mich., traded a horse last spring for a 40-acre tract of pine land, estimated to cut 15,000 feet. He recently cut about 200,000 feet of pine from which it will realize him about \$400. A good price for the horse.

Joseph Shippey, a Bronson hunter, went out for rabbits with a crazy dog. He was trying to dig the ears out of the hole, and while bent down the dog made a lunge at the top of his head. Two arteries were cut, and Mr. Shippey nearly bled to death.

Norman Ellsworth, of Middleville, Barry county, has been arrested for bigamy on complaint of Wilma Monroe, who claims that he married her at Windsor, Ont., in 1888, while he had one wife still living. Ellsworth is now locked up in jail.

A lot of Hancock roughs tried to disturb a Salvation army meeting Monday. There is nothing slow about the section of the army near Hancock, and they will have peck if they have to fight for it; as a result they thrashed the toughs most beautifully.

Albert Jenks, an aged farmer of Convis, was driving to Battle Creek Tuesday afternoon on top of a load of hay when the wind upset the load and the farmer was buried beneath. The horses ran away and did a lot of damage, but Jenks had a lucky escape.

Linwood comes to the front with startling persistency of late, the last affair being that of Louis Rosebush, the hotel keeper, by a drunken ruffian Christmas night. Rosebush got the best of it, however, as he knocked assailant down with a billiard cue.

The Greenville Call tells of a young wife in that city who ordered a nice dinner and had just reached home with it when a strange dog rushed up, grabbed the parcel of meat and ran off with it, closing the harrowing tale by saying that she does not love dogs any more.

Mayor Uhl, of Grand Rapids, had such a good time receiving the school marms on a visit to his city that he forgot to attend the council meeting, and when they sent for him he said "in a minute." His minute was a long one, and he had to pay for a box of cigars, as is proved in the ordinance, for tardiness.

John G. Brown, of Albion, can take his affidavit that there is good hunting in Michigan. He tramped 50 miles one day last week, shot off a finger, lamed his back so badly that he has been fairly swimming in arnica ever since, and all for one measly little rabbit that he could have bought for a dime.

RELDING, Mich., Dec. 26.—Charlie Rosevelt, 17 years old, and the son of Justice Rosevelt, broke through the ice while skating on the Flat river Friday afternoon. He went down despite the strong attempt to rescue him. The body was discovered in 13 minutes, but prolonged efforts failed to resuscitate.  
For several years Cadillac congressionalists have been called to the sanctuary by a chime of bells, one of which was cracked. A 1,200 pounder has been put into the place of the discordant member of the steeple choir, and next Sunday the "tink, tank, tunk, tank, tink," will be more melodious. The new bell is the largest in the city.

There is a well defined rumor that Sebawaing will surely have another railroad next spring. The Grand Trunk or Michigan Central will do the building and operating. If the Grand Trunk takes up the work it will be a spur from the P. O. & N. which it is said they will probably buy, or from Saginaw where it will connect with the Saginaw and Durand.

Linwood, a little station above Bay City, has had a most bloody record. William Mitchie, nine years ago, was killed by a man named Parent, now in prison for life; John Lalone cut Archibald Hule to death three years later; recently Robert Smith shot his brother dead; and this is the hamlet where that mutilated corpse was found hanging in a barn by Bay City officials.

A Soos minister left his pulpit in disgust the other evening. Suddenly stopping in the midst of a sermon, he said: "There is flirting, talking, note-writing, gum-chewing and visiting going on here, and I will stop until you get through." He waited 15 minutes, and the festivities increased instead of diminished. He then told the janitor to lock up the temple, and the audience went off, tickled to death.

A half-acre of ground and \$40,000 worth of buildings slid off the earth at Iron Mountain, and into the lake and quicksand. Parts of the buildings were carried 50 feet. Fortunately the occupants were forewarned, and no lives were lost. The bluffs are underlaid with quicksand, which is frequently carried out by springs, causing acres every year to move into the lake, where the shore is not protected.

Talk about Indian wars and frontier ghost dances! They are angelic ebullitions of playfulness compared with the contest now on at Reed City between Editor Goben of the Democrat, and E. Brook Martin, a former republican war chief. The dispute arose in regard to Reed City's water taxes, but has come to severe personal recrimination. Adam's restaurant at the depot and half the business houses in town have been closed, so that employees can see the combat.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 26.—Gertrude M. Brundage and F. E. Dickinson were drowned while skating on the Huron river, and their bodies were recovered Friday, several hours after the accident is supposed to have happened. Both were university students. The accident happened above the mill dam, in comparatively deep water. They were having a moonlight skate, and went upon some new ice which was clear and deceptive as to its thickness. It cracked and both plunged into the water. The current carried them under the ice, and the only thing left to mark the spot was the ladies' muff. This was found by a party of searchers who grew anxious over the long absence of the couple. The young lady was 22 years old, and lived in Ann Arbor with her mother and two sisters. The family's home was in Patchogue, L. I., from which place the father has been called. Mr. Dickinson was one of the brightest men in the homeopathic department and lived at Dubuque, Ia. President Angell telegraphed for his parents.

"Fills The Bill,"  
The above is the caption of an announcement of The Weekly Detroit Free Press, which will be found in another column. Nothing could be more true than that The Free Press "fills the bill" in all that appertains to the ideal family newspaper. It is the largest of Michigan papers and its twelve to sixteen pages constitute a veritable encyclopedia of news and current literature—a vast book of instruction and entertainment. Enterprising, yet conservative, The Free Press is always clean and reliable, hence its widespread influence and circulation. Michigan's representative paper should certainly find a place in every Michigan home. The publishers offer a large number of attractive premiums with the paper. They will also give away nearly \$2,200 worth of special prizes to fifty persons who send the largest lists of subscribers between December 22 and May 31, 1891.

Fret not your life away because your hair is gray, while young, as you can stop all grayness and can beautify the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and be happy.  
Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make note of this.

**\$1,000 Thrown Away.**  
In 1863 a Cancer developed on my lower lip. I went under treatment at once, and from time to time since that have had medical aid in New Orleans, Boston, and New York, with no benefit at all. It has progressed right along, and now involves my jaw and cheek. One thousand dollars would not cover the loss sustained through the medical and surgical aid I have received. I have certainly tried everything and was benefited by nothing until I took S. S. S. It has done me more good than all else put together, and I believe I will soon be sound and well. Swift's Specific is certainly a great boon to humanity.  
D. D. WARE, P. O. Box 1022,  
Keene, N. H.

**Disgusted With a Doctor.**  
I contracted a severe case of Blood Poison in 1883, and my physicians put me under a mercurial treatment of 3 months without doing me any good, in fact I was gradually growing worse. I then consulted another physician, who tried me with ptish and sarsaparilla but with no better result. I then became disgusted with doctors and their remedies, and commenced taking Swift's Specific (S. S. S.). After taking seven bottles I was entirely cured, and I have not had any symptoms of a return since. I have recommended S. S. S. to others with the same results. J. C. Nace,  
Hobbyville, Green County, Ind.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.  
SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**A Safe Investment.**  
Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case when used for affliction of Throat, Lungs, or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough Croup, etc.

It is pleasant and agreeable to taste perfectly safe and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Fritz Bros. Drugstore.

**Merit Wins.**  
We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Fritz Bros. Druggists.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE** and other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses.  
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by J. D. CROSBY - Agent.

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**\$3000 A YEAR!** I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who will follow instructions, will teach industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a year their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly earned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number of men who are making over \$3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLD. Full particulars FREE. Address—E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

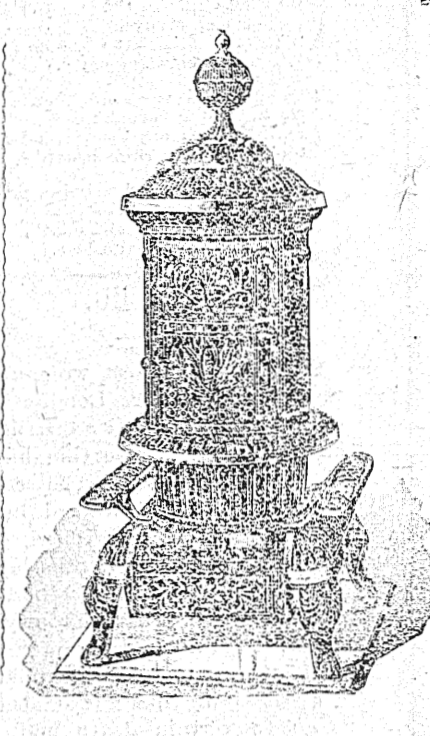
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Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by J. W. Austin, Yucca, and Geo. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See our list, others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over \$500.00 a month. You can commence at home, or in any town, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from \$25 to \$100 a day. All new. We start you, and teach you quickly how to earn from \$25 to \$100 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay \$100 for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPECIALLY TEACH. PARTICULARS FREE. Address—FRANK STISSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Permanence of the fact that in Zero Weather nothing adds more to the Comfort and Happiness of a home than a  
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I have added to my IMMENSE STOCK of Wood, Parlor and Cook Stoves, two series of S. S. Jewett's Coal Heaters, ranging in price from \$6.50 to \$12.50 and from \$25 to \$50, which I Guarantee to be the  
**Most Perfect and Economical Heater in Existence.**  
I have also increased my stock of Hardware, Second Hand Stoves, Stoves, Drums, Boots, Shoes, Felts, Rubbers, Dry Goods, Crockery and Notions to still the demands of the consumer for the general and Christmas trade. Yours with respect,  
**J. L. Hitchcock.**  
Three tory Brick.



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In selecting your seasonable suits and overcoats it may be to our mutual interests if you will look through our stock of new goods just received for the Xmas trade.  
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and satisfy yourself of his ability to fit you out in just what you want at prices to 'astound the natives.'

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We are prepared to furnish Sash open or filled at the  
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