

Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. X. No. 11.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, FEB. 27, 1891.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

ESTABLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	91
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	86
do No. 2 red.....	83
do No. 3 red.....	88
Oats.....	42 @ 40
Beans hand-picked.....	140 @ 130
do unpicked.....	100 @ 50
Potatoes.....	70 @ 75
Rye.....	40 @ 45
Barley.....	110 @ 125
Clover seed.....	100 @ 45
Pens per bushel.....	5 @ 70
Buckwheat.....	30 @ 35
Pork, live weight.....	2 75
Pork, dressed.....	3 50 @ 4 00
Butter.....	roll 16
Eggs.....	roll 13
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 23
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

A LEADING PART.



Tommy—Say, Tubby, want you join our theatricals?
Tubby (delighted)—You bet I do
Tommy—All right, come round to the barn to-night. We're going to play "A Moonlight Crime," and we want you to stick your head up over a fence.
Tubby—What for?
Tommy—"Th' moon.—Judge.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.—The annual election for the village of Cass City will be held in the council rooms, in said village, on Monday, March 3rd, 1891. Polls will be open at 8 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as may be and close at 5 o'clock p. m., unless the board shall, in their discretion, adjourn the polls at twelve o'clock noon, for one hour. The following village officers are to be elected: A president, a clerk, a treasurer, three trustees for two years, an assessor, a street commissioner and a constable.
ORRIN K. JAMES, Village Clerk.
Dated this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1891.

NOTICE OF REGISTRATION.—To the electors of the village of Cass City: Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the board of registration of the village of Cass City will be held at the council rooms, in said village on Saturday, the 7th day of March, A. D. 1891, for the purpose of registering the names of the eligible persons as shall be possessed of the necessary qualifications of electors in said village, and who may apply for that purpose, and that said board of registration will be in session on the day and at the place aforesaid, from nine o'clock in the forenoon until eight o'clock p. m., for the purpose aforesaid.
Dated this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1891.
ORRIN K. JAMES, Village Clerk.

Caught On The Fly.

Old newspapers for sale at this office. Rather early to open up a bath room, Sam.

Circuit court adjourned on Friday last week.

Some prophesy six weeks sleighing in March.

Mrs. Jas. Walters is visiting at Cumber this week.

Miss Flora Walker is a guest at Ed Brotherton's.

The K. O. T. M. Lodge will hold a special meeting to-night.

Fruteley & Co., have had a number of their horses clipped.

John McCracken of Deford, made Cass City a visit on Saturday.

James W. Cleaver of Almer was a caller at this office on Friday.

Henry Butler made a business trip to West Branch last Tuesday.

Village election one week from next Monday. Prepare your slate.

Kit Murphy, of Sanlax Center, was a caller the fore part of the week.

Postmaster Seed had forty new lock boxes placed in the postoffice.

Presiding Elder Reed preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday evening.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Fletcher Cross Wednesday morning.

John Spurgeon, of Oakland county, is in this vicinity on business and pleasure.

We wish to secure a wide awake correspondent at Gagotown. Who will volunteer?

Jos. Fruteley arrived home Wednesday night having completed his course at the Agricultural College.

John A. McDougall was one of the delegates to the Democratic state convention, held at Lansing yesterday.

Prof. Dan'l Dickson of Caserville, was in town on Friday and Saturday of last week. He made this office a call.

Henry Stewart is home from Caro, where he has been serving on the circuit court jury for the past two weeks.

H. C. Wales is the Tuscola Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company's agent at this place.

Mrs. H. S. Wickware and daughter visited relatives at Ellington and Elmwood last week.

Rev. Frank L. Currie, of Pt. Austin, will preach in the Baptist Church Sunday morning and evening.

Geo. Higgins and wife, of Elmwood, spent last week visiting their daughter Mrs. J. F. Hendrick of this place.

The Crosswell Cornet Band will present "The Social Glass" in about two weeks, for the benefit of their treasury.

Harry Pinney and Duane McArthur left town Friday to resume their studies at the Lansing Agricultural College.

J. C. Laing was appointed delegate for Tuscola county to the Republican state convention held at Jackson on Tuesday last.

Fifty members were received in the M. E. Church Sunday on probation. This will increase the already large membership considerable.

London, Kno & Keating are manufacturing the "Fritz Wall paper Exhibitors," for T. H. Fritz. They are being stored in the Deming store building.

P. R. Weydemeyer and family will again take up their residence in this place some time in March. All will be pleased to welcome them back.

The Cornet Band contemplates giving an entertainment in about a month. The scarcity of funds in their treasury necessitates some movement of this kind.

The stock holders of the National Loan and Investment Company will meet at the office of J. D. Brooker Saturday evening, Feb. 28th, and elect officers for the ensuing year.

Dr. D. P. Deming represented Tuscola county at the Industrial convention held at Lansing last week. The Dr. received the nomination as one of the Regents of the State University.

The Marlette Leader has been enlarged and is now a six column quarto. A new cylinder press was lately placed in that office, and the Leader is getting to be a leader in the fullest sense of the word.

John Smith, of Smith & Sperry, harness makers, has this week traded Cass City property for the Broeze residence, on Saginaw street, and will bring his family here from Lapeer.—[Vassar Times.

Arthur Warner, formerly a Cass City boy but now a resident of Grafton county, Montana, writes that six families were killed within eight miles of his ranch by Indians during the recent trouble.

We would respectfully call the attention of our readers to A. W. Sharrard's now ad. in another column. He intends to close out his entire stock of dry goods, and will give great bargains. Read it carefully.

A man at Stanton has been bound over to the circuit court on the charge of selling diseased meat. Now if they'll only take the same course with the sellers of tough steak, it will be another step toward the millennium.

A. H. Brown formerly of this place, but now a resident of Sand Beach, and one of the editors of the Huron Times spent several days in town the latter part of this week shaking hands with old friends and acquaintances.

Robt. G. Orr commenced a suit in the circuit last Friday against this village to recover tax paid by him under protest on Jan. the 21st last for the construction of a sidewalk from Main street north to the fair ground.

Mrs. D. F. Royer, of Northview, Mo., is here on a visit to her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ahr, and other relatives and friends. It has been quite a number of years since she left Cass City, and all her old acquaintances and school mates will be right pleased to see her.

NOTICE.—There will be a meeting of the Republican Club held at the office of H. C. Wales, on Monday evening, March 2d, at 7:30 o'clock. All Republicans are requested to attend, as election of officers will take place.

By the courtesy of G. S. Gage, the Chautauque Literary and Scientific Circle of Cass City are supplied with a fine new telescope, which will be of great advantage in the study of astronomy. Star parties will in the future be a pleasing adjunct to the regular chautauque work.

C. W. Lynde, who has been residing in Detroit for the past four years, has returned and taken possession of his farm three and one-half miles east and one-half mile south of this place. He will soon be followed by his wife and daughter Irene, who are now visiting friends and relatives at Oxford and Pontiac.

A school meeting was held in the high school room at Bad Axe, and on account

of the tobacco juice next morning the pupils sent in a petition to have the room cleaned. No attention was paid it and they struck for better quarters, and compelled school to stop and the Board to clean out.

We had a **Jolmstown flood** on a small scale Tuesday night, and several cellars in town were filled with water. The north end of Oak and Segar streets were completely inundated and E. P. Marr was obliged to bring a boat into use in order to reach his dwelling. We are now brought to a full realization of the inefficiency of our sewerage system.

Frank Plummer and Andrew Morrison will have the largest auction sale of the season at the Greenman farm, one-half mile north of Wickware, on Tuesday, March 10th, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. If you wish to purchase any stock or farming implements do not fail to be present as everything will be sold and they offer liberal terms. J. H. Striffler is the auctioneer.

The members of the German Church set a good example for the other churches in this place when they erected comfortable sheds to protect the horses from the storm and cold, while services are in progress. It is hardly right to compel horses to remain tied outside these cold nights for two or three hours at a time with merely the protection of a blanket. It isn't very Christianlike.

Joseph Bingleman, an old resident and one of the early settlers of the township of Evergreen, died at his home on Monday. He was respected by all who knew him, and an honest and hardworking citizen. He leaves a wife and a large family, mostly grown to manhood and womanhood to mourn his departure, all of whom have the deepest sympathy of the entire community. The funeral occurred on Wednesday and was largely attended.

The Chautauque Scientific and Literary Circle, met at Mrs. McPhail's, Wednesday evening, Feb. 25th. Aside from the regular work of the circle Mrs. McPhail gave an oration. Subject, Sir Robert Peel. Mrs. Marr gave a biography of Sir Walter Scott. Mrs. R. E. Gamble a characterization of Dr. Johnson, and Mesdames Mankin and Beniceman and Miss. Wallace read papers on English History—the lives of Shelly and Carlyle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Howe gave a "Parlor Musical," on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Franc Browne, of Sand Beach, who is the guest of their daughter Florence, this week. A large number were present and a good program was prepared for the occasion. After the program was gone through with, refreshments were served. Miss Browne having been a former resident of this place met her old friends and an enjoyable time was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Howe spared no pains to make the occasion a pleasant one.

They are having lively times in Canada at present over the reciprocity question, which is to be voted upon March 5th next. The Conservatives, who oppose reciprocity, are composed mostly of aristocrats—men who have titles or aspire for titles, as Sir John, Sir William, etc. The Liberals, who favor reciprocity, represent the people of Canada. They believe that unrestricted reciprocity would be a benefit to the Canadian consumer as well as the American consumer, and are making a strong fight for that end. May March 5th next be a victorious day for the Liberals!

We went to press too early last week to give a full account of the happy affair that took place at the residence of Henry Robinson, referring of course to the marriage of Samuel Champion, one of our popular tonsorial artists, to Miss Ada Robinson. A large number of relatives and friends of the contracting parties were present and witnessed the ceremony. The happy couple were presented with a large number of beautiful and costly presents, some being sent from Chicago. They have commenced housekeeping in Mr. Champion's residence on Third street. All join in wishing them prosperity and happiness through life.

Towns that would prosper must boom every legitimate home industry, no matter what it is. Our home merchants should receive the cordial and undivided support of all the people. Our mechanics should find work at home and be encouraged. We should not send away for that which is kept at home, for, in doing so, we give to others the money that should circulate in our midst and weaken our home enterprises. When we build up our own institutions, we create a greater demand for laborers, but as laborers are customers, their increase naturally enlarges the want for home product; hence, creates a greater volume of business.

We have received the first number of the "Quarterly Register," issued by the

Detroit Evening news, and it is indeed a valuable magazine and one worth preserving. The purpose of the quarterly register is the bringing together at intervals of three months, of such matter appearing in the newspapers as may be valuable for permanent preservation. This, their first number, gives a full history of the year 1890, but hereafter it will contain only the record of the three months previous to its issue. It is printed upon excellent paper and with a wide margin so that they can be periodically bound in book form, and thus make a valuable and interesting book for the library. This latest enterprise of the News will be received with considerable favor by the people.

The annual meeting of stock holders of the Cass City Fair Ground & Driving Park Association will be held in the council rooms, Cass City, on Tuesday, March 3rd, 1891, at one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and hearing a report of the secretary and treasurer. There will also be presented to the stock holders a proposition to amend the Articles of Association to increase the capital stock, the full amount of the stock of the Association having been sold. This amendment is recommended by the Board of Directors, as it will, if sufficient additional shares can be sold, relieve the present holders of stock of assessments necessary to complete the grounds. In the opinion of the Board of Directors it will be necessary to raise about \$1000, the expenditure of which will give us the best fair ground in the three counties.

For the particular benefit of a certain grocerman on Main street, who sells cigars, cigarettes and tobacco in all its forms to boys even under the age of fourteen, we quote the following law on that point: "It shall not be lawful for any person by himself, his clerk or agent, to sell, give or furnish any cigar, cigarette, cheroot, chewing or smoking tobacco, or tobacco in any form whatsoever, to any minor under seventeen years of age, unless upon the written order of the parent or guardians of said minor. Any person who shall willfully violate any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not less than five dollars nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a term not less than ten days nor more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court." We noticed a boy whom we know to be not over thirteen years of age purchase a box of cigarettes last Saturday night and treat a number of other boys that were with him. The merchant from whom they were purchased asked no questions but on the contrary seemed perfectly willing to sell them to the youngsters. If this is persisted in an arrest will follow.

Council Proceedings.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS.

CASS CITY, MICH., Feb. 17, 1891.

Regular meeting called to order by the President, J. H. McLean.

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

Absent—Trustee Marr.

Minutes of meeting of Feb. 5th, were read and approved.

Trustee Marr here took his seat in the council.

The report of committee on streets and sidewalks in regard to petition relative to the discontinuation of a portion of a portion of Orr street, as read in last meeting, was favorable.

Trustee Ale moved that the report of the committee be accepted. Carried.

The following bills were read and referred to committee on claims and accounts.

J. L. Hitchcock, 134 lbs spikes @ 2 1/2 cts.....\$ 32
J. Higgins repairing crossing on west st..... 50

The above bills were recommended and Trustee Outwater moved that the same be allowed and orders drawn on the treasurer for same. Carried.

Chairman of finance committee asks for an extension of time to next meeting to make his report.

Trustee Schooley moved that the above request be granted. Carried.

Moved that council adjourn. Carried.

J. H. McLEAN, President.

O. K. JAMES, Clerk.

The Wedding Outlook.

The following are the marriage licenses granted by County Clerk Walton since our last report.

Clarence Ward, Elmwood.....	26
Currie Scriber, Elmwood.....	19
Edward Evans, Elmwood.....	31
Annie Wood, Huron county.....	16
Henry C. Krueger, Fremont.....	27
Hattie Curmen, Fremont.....	20
Alexander Washington, Saginaw.....	23
Anna St. Mary, Caro.....	17
Ira Grover, Vassar.....	23
Cora Smith, Vassar.....	17
Cephas Parkins, Vassar.....	23
Anna Gravel, Arbel.....	16
Clark Taylor, Akron.....	21
Lenna Tardy, Wisner.....	16

Happenings on the Hill.

Handed in by Principal Conlon.

Earnest Hopkins is in school again.

Messrs Stewart and Seed visited us Wednesday.

The seniors commenced the subject of political economy this week.

Some very nice papers were handed in by the rhetoric class on examination.

The names of several pupils are to be found on the roll of honor in the primary room.

A committee has been appointed make arrangements for getting a motto for the high school room.

Effa McArthur read an interesting essay on the discovery of gold in California, Wednesday morning.

Quite a spirited debate took place Friday afternoon in the high school the subject, "Resolved, That it would be unjust to send the Negro to Africa."

Some of the pupils, who take the class before school in the morning and the one after school at night, think the hours pretty long, and a strike may be expected.

We are favored again with a book from Mr. Weydemeyer, entitled "Reports from United States Consuls," showing foreign wages, duties, reports of commerce and other valuable information.

Ten or twelve little folks have informed the teacher of the primary room that they are going to attend next term, and add their name to the one hundred and ten now enrolled in that room.

Some very good biographical work is being done in our United States History class, as the lives of the principal states men are studied in connection with the subject and help to make it interesting.

We are not prepared to announce the date of the school entertainment as yet. As said before, this is to be an international congress; each senior will represent a nation and a good time generally may be expected. Make it a point to be present.

Our high school pupils can give you quite a history of the lives of Gen. Sherman and Admiral Porter, after the excellent biographies given of those noted patriots. If patriotism was taught more in our homes and schools, our government would be placed on a firmer foundation.

We have tried several plans to make a better record on the subject of tardiness. We have demanded all kinds of excuses, from the pupils; published the names; considered their seats vacant, etc. when tardy, now there are several names on the board for tardy pupils. Parents, will you not assist us in making a better record on this subject and that of attendance? Those are two of the most difficult subjects to deal with in school and demand much attention from parents and teachers.

Cheese Factory Meeting.

The annual meeting of the patrons of the Elkhead Cheese Factory will be held at the factory on Wednesday, March 7th, at 1:30 p. m., and of the Cumber factory, at Cumber on Saturday, March 7th, at the same hour, for the purpose of appointing an advisory committee, treasurer, etc.

T. W. DENN.

Take Notice.

I wish all who are indebted to me by notes past due or book account, to call at once and settle the same, and if any are not prepared to pay at present, a settlement can be arranged that the books may be closed. Anyone disregarding this request will be called upon and expected to pay at once.

N. M. McCLINTON, M. D.

Hark!!

What do you hear? It is the old cow hide boots coming to save the nation! So is Prof. C. Vinson coming to Cass City Feb. 28th, 1891. Turn out and hear the man who helped to save Kansas from Demo-Republicans. He will speak in Bad Axe Feb. 27th. See hand bills.

DR. DEMING,
MARTIN DEW,
Committee.

Please Settle.

All persons owing us on account will please call and settle the same by Feb. 15th, 1891, as we wish to close our books for the year.

1-16-t. FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

To Farmers:

If you desire to get the best possible returns from your dairy, set your milk in "Fairbank" cans. These cans were furnished by the Creamery while it was in operation and proved much superior to the old way of setting milk in pans.

I am authorized to sell the balance of these cans at about half price. They are nearly as good as new. If you wish to purchase some of these cans come while they last. We also have a few 20 and 30 gallon gathering cans, which are nearly new.

These are very convenient cans for parties who patronize the Cheese Factory and will be sold at less than half their cost.

The eight horse power boiler and engine now in the Creamery will be sold at a bargain.

Enquire of
C. W. McPHAIL,
AT CASS CITY BANK.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

DR. N. McCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucher. Graduate of Vic. University 1895. Office first door over Fritz's drug store. Speciality—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

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

I. A. FRITZ,
DENTIST. All work done equal to the best. It is my aim to make every job of work a blessing to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. Office over post office.

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

Lodges.

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 202, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
J. C. LAING, N. G.
D. P. GRAHAM, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the 1st Friday evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.
A. J. GILLIES, ROBERT KEEPER.
JAS. McARTHUR, COMMANDER.

Tyler Lodge.
Regular communications of TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., for 1891; Jan. 24, Feb. 21, Mar. 21, Apr. 18, May 28, June 20, June 24, (St. John) July 18, Aug. 15, Sept. 12, Oct. 17, Nov. 14 (election of officers) Dec. 12.
HENRY STEWART, W. M.
A. H. ALE, Secretary.

WINTER

Hats and Bonnets

AT A BIG

REDUCTION

AT

Mrs. E. K. Wickware's

MILLINERY STORE.

COUNTESS OYAMA, the closest friend of the empress of Russia, is a Vassar graduate. If she has introduced into the Russia court Vassar gum-chewing no one need wonder that nihilism exists, even in the palace of the czar.

MEN who invest money and lose are always glad when they can find some one on whom they can cast the responsibility. They go in with enthusiasm for something of which they have no knowledge except by general report, and when it turns out badly they look around, finding fault because somebody did not investigate for them and tell them not to do it.

THE reindeers which the Interior Department proposes to colonize in Alaska will no doubt be gladly welcomed by our Alaskan aborigines. They would probably, however, attach more value to them as an article of food than as speedy and enduring animals, with which to scurry over the snow and ice in sleds, as is the custom of the more northerly Esquimaux.

THE whole question of the food supply of nations has yet to be studied and its international bearings made a practical part of commercial life. It is a vital question, and the more so when we see that the drift of human energy is away from agricultural to manufacturing. This stampede continued, and the world yet will have to face a famine or do its business with but little on its stomach and much less on its ribs.

A SOCIETY has been formed in England to abolish capital punishment for women convicted for murder. Just how it would punish murderers is not easily to be seen. To condemn them to solitary confinement or to herd them together without the privilege of speaking would be as deadly as the rope, and if herded together with the privilege of speech they would talk each other to death. Really the object of the society seems visionary.

It is announced that in many New England towns "living and fattening upon charity has been reduced to a fine art." It has been discovered that "a considerable number of persons make a regular practice of calling for this relief who do not need it." It is further announced that "the results of this are somewhat unique. Paupers have been found who are making a comfortable income out of boarders—well-to-do beggars who do no work and draw regular rations of fuel, food, clothes, and money."

THE price of farm lands in most sections of the country is now so low that they are a better purchase than city property, which has almost everywhere been boomed far above its actual value. Many cities which are growing rapidly are so heavily in debt that their future is very doubtful. When a man buys farm property he knows exactly what encumbrances are on it, for he places them himself. There is very little township indebtedness, and this is what is turning the thoughts of shrewd capitalists to property in farms as the safest now offered.

By success or failure in life it is not meant that every person must reach the maximum of the one or the other hopelessness of the other. It is to be expected that every man is to be a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Newton, a Lincoln or an Edison, and if he is not that his life must be set down as a failure. That man is a failure, however, who at the close of the journey finds himself worse off than he was at the start; who has not advanced a little at least beyond the achievements of his father; who has failed to make a decent and comfortable living and to leave something for those who are dependent upon him.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most prolific cause of failure in life is excessive indulgence in drink. Sometimes it is quick in its operations, sometimes slow, but it always gets in its work, sooner or later. Its worst effects come from its use in business hours. The man who indulges in liquor at that time of the day is absolutely certain to make his life a failure and to wreck his business, because he clouds his brain and dulls his faculties just at the time when his thinking apparatus should be at its best and allows other men to get ahead of him. Alcohol is the predominant cause of failure in high life and in low life.

PARISIANS are looking forward to an early establishment of a system of long-distance telephone by which they will be able to communicate with their friends in London across the channel. Citizens of the United States understand that this boon can come to them only by the destruction of the power now wielded by a monopoly which limits the use of the telephone for its own benefit. The time may come when the people will rule in this matter, and when the ideas of the fathers will be extended as well to the use of electricity as formerly they embraced those means of intercommunication at their disposal.

THE GAMBLING PLAGUE.

DR. TALMAGE STARTS A NEW SERIES OF SERMONS.

His Subject—"The Ten Plagues of Modern Gotham."—The Gambling Evil the First to Receive Attention.

New York, Feb. 22, 1891.—A decided sensation was produced in this city and in Brooklyn today, by Dr. Talmage's announcement of a series of sermons which he proposes to preach on "The Ten Plagues of These Three Cities." In this sermon, which is the first of the series, he pays his attention to the prevalent curse of gambling. He preached it in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, in the morning, and again this evening in this city. His text was taken from Exodus 9, 13-14: "Let my people go that they may serve me; for I will at this time send all my plagues." Last winter in the Museum at Cairo, Egypt, I saw the mummy or embalmed body of Pharaoh, the oppressor of the ancient Israelites. Visible are the very teeth that he gnashed against the Israelish brickmakers, the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God, the hair that floated in the breeze of the Red Sea, the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years after, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imprecation, but his skinny bones could not again clutch his hated scepter. It was to compel that tyrant to let the oppressed go free that the memorable Ten Plagues were sent. Sailing the Nile and walking amid the ruins of Egyptian cities, I saw no remains of those plagues that smote the water or the air. None of the frogs croaked in the one, none of the locusts sounded their rattle in the other, and the cattle bore no sign of the murrain, and through the starry nights hovering about the pyramids no destroying angel swept his wing. But there are ten plagues still stinging and befouling and cursing our cities, and, like angels of wrath, smiting not only the first born but the last born.

Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City, though called three, are practically one. The bridge already fastening two of them together will be followed by other bridges and by tunnels from both New Jersey and Long Island shores, until what is true now, will, as the years go by, become more emphatically true. The average condition of public morals in this cluster of cities is as good if not better than in any other part of the world. Pride of city is natural to men at all times, if they live, or have lived, in a metropolis noted for dignity or prowess. Caesar boasted of his native Rome; Lycurgus of Sparta; Virgil of Andes; Demosthenes of Athens; Archimedes of Syracuse; and Paul of Tarsus. I should suspect a man of base-heartedness who carried about with him no feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts, or arms, or behavior; who looked with no exultation upon its evidences of prosperity, its artistic embellishment, and its scientific attainments.

All this I promise in opening the course of sermons on the Ten Plagues of these Three Cities. Let some stupid man might say I am depreciating the place of my residence. I speak to you today concerning the Plague of Gambling. Every man and woman in this house ought to be interested in this theme. Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gaming may differ but the principle is the same. The suffling and dealing of cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling, unless stakes are put up; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards or dice, or billiards or a ten-pin alley. The man who bets on horses, on elections, on battles—the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation, but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in time or money or skill, is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument or game, or time or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine or one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuels," or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest; for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent.

It is estimated that every day in Christendom eighty million dollars pass from hand to hand through gambling practices, and every year in Christendom one hundred and twenty-three billion one hundred million dollars change hands in that way. There are in this cluster of cities about eight hundred confessed gambling establishments. There are about three thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of the eight hundred gambling establishments, how many do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten professing to be honest because they are merely the "French mutuels," or "book-makers," ninety that are acknowledged fraudulent. These are first-class gambling establishments. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender-tinted. The mantles are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter," and Dore's "Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the replete table, the finest, the costliest, the most exquisite pieces of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting-room, where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate, and viands, and wines, and cigars, sumptuous beyond parallel.

Then you come to the second-class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "proprietor." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short metre with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the East River. You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle;" betting on three numbers is called a "zig;" betting on four numbers is called a "horse," and there are thousands of our young men keeping into

that "saddle," and mounting that "zig," and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for "exchange" is a man exchanging a healthy peace and heaven, for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our great cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home, comfort and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statements before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through the banks, yearly, three hundred and twenty-five millions of francs. Where does all the money come from? The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If a man fall in lawful business, he has a pillar of society commiserate; but when in the Bible or society is there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest oozes there a balm that can soothe the gambler's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of his children, are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness, and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble, he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage, went back, put up his horses and carriage and took up his abode in the city. He threw and lost. He started home, and in a side alley met a friend from whom he borrowed ten guineas; went back to the saloon and before a great while had won twenty thousand pounds. He died at last, a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one.

Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesties. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftentimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamblers have their accomplices, and these will do the dirty work. The dice have been found loaded with platinum, so that "doublets" come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by honest men who have come into the play; and this accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of hundred who gamble, however wealthy they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, ragged wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit on the door-step of the house that they once owned. In a gaming house in San Francisco a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace, and won twenty-two thousand. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenance of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Fool!" "Fool!" "Fool!" and the man who produced the pistols and the uproar is silenced and the bank has won ninety-five thousand dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it.

But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds which are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling with its greedy hand has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphan; has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature, emptied the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty to which it is not equal. There is no warning of God which it will not dare, and which, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder, it binds it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damps. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. How many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration and suicide! Witness years ago a cashier of a railroad who stole one hundred and three thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. Witness forty thousand dollars stolen from a Brooklyn bank within the memory of many of you, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose! These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies every day committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hell. A man in London keeping one of these gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the saloons of this land were to speak out, they might utter a more infamous boast, for they have destroyed a thousand noble men a year.

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps, the being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fire alid with passion, all with set jaws and compressed lips and clenched fists, and eyes like fire-balls that seem starting from their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red-hot upon the heart—or, winning, with hysterical laugh—"Hal! hal! I have it! I have it!"

To a gambler's death-bed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say: "There goes the old carcass—dead at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there, for the long, deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or elegancies around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night when ne stars are out and the spirits of darkness come down, horsed on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler!

FALSE CHRIST'S NUMEROUS.

They Have Appeared in All Ages and in Many Countries.

The queer beliefs of the Indians of the Northwest concerning their Messiah have aroused renewed interest in the subject of false Christs, which Jesus himself said would come after him, especially just at the beginning of the end. According to some the appearance of these pseudo Christs is one of the signs that the coming of the real Messiah is near at hand; others, backed by the evidence of history, give the advent of these impostors but little weight, preferring to treat them as deluded fanatics, worthy only of a place in some insane asylum. That there is no "sign" of anything in these appearances, unless it is a sign of a soft spot in the head of the impersonator, may be inferred from the fact that not less than twenty-four different persons presented themselves to the Jews alone, claiming to be Christ returned, between the time of the crucifixion and the year 1862. Many of these "Messiahs" were defeated by the Jews at an enormous cost of both life and money. Especially is this true in the case of Coziba of Berocheba, one of the most popular of the false Christs, who arose as the Messiah of the Jews in the second century after the crucifixion of Jesus (the Jews, of course, put Jesus down among the false Christs), and in whose defense lost over 600,000 men when the Romans made war upon them in an attempt to put down the popular delusion.

In the sixth century a remarkable impostor appeared at Alexandria, in Egypt, claiming to be Jesus of Nazareth returned to earth. He showed scars on his hand and feet where he said he had been nailed to the cross six centuries before, and called upon the Egyptians to follow him in a revengeful war against the Jews. The chief ruler of Egypt became one of the impostor's followers and contributed an immense army for making an invasion of Palestine. Everything was in readiness when the false Christ took down with a fever and soon died, just as a common Egyptian would have done.

The tenth century was one prolific of false Christs, not less than eight or ten so-called "Messiahs" making their appearance and being ministered to by a greater or less multitude of deluded followers during that century. From the beginning of the eleventh to the opening of the seventeenth century but few false Christs are recorded. The masses were becoming more generally educated, and, therefore, less likely to become followers of such blasphemers. The extraordinary wives of Morlecai, a German Jew, who lived in 1682, gained him quite a reputation as a Christ, but, sharper that he was, he was at last compelled to flee for his life and end his days as an outcast. Moses Charjorn Luzzatto, an Italian, born in 1707, is said to have actually believed himself the predicted Messiah. He wrote a "New Testament" and organized a church, but did not make any considerable headway. He died in 1740, while making efforts to prove his divine origin.

According to the "Fremdenblatt" of Berlin a false Christ made his bow in Germany in August, 1872. He called himself "Jekuhniel" (Chronicles vi., 18), King of Israel, and announced that he had come to assume the throne of his Empire as the true Messiah. His manifesto, entitled, "To Whom It May Concern," bore a seal which had the crown of David on one side and a Scriptural quotation on the other. He evidently found but few disciples, as but very little concerning him ever appeared in the German papers.

In 1880, or thereabouts, the mountaineers of West Virginia attempted to create an excitement by pretending to believe in the divinity of one of their number. Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight gave Georgia a trio of false Christs, a woman, a negro by the name of Edward James, and a white man named Dupont Bell. The woman's success in the miracle line gained her a great reputation for awhile. James and Bell were both finally committed to the insane asylum. With Schweinfurth as Christ of the Rockford (Ill.) "heaven," and the Indian Messiah in the Rocky Mountains, we end this "Curious Note" on false Christs.—St. Louis Republic.

The Origin of Death.

Lecky, the historian, says geology has conclusively disproved what was once the universal belief concerning the origin of death. That this fearful calamity appeared in the universe on account of the transgression of man; that every pang that convulses the frame of any created being, every passion or instinct or necessity that contributes to the infliction of suffering, is but the fruit of the disobedience in paradise, was long believed with unflinching assurance, and is even now held by many who can not be regarded as altogether uneducated. And this general proposition became a great archetype, a center around which countless congenial beliefs were formed, a first principle or measure of probability guiding the predispositions of men in all their inquiries. If all death and all pain resulted from the sin of Adam, it was natural to give every particular instance of death or pain a special significance; and if these the greatest of terrestrial imperfections were connected with the history of man, it was natural to believe that all minor evils were no less so. But geology has now proved decisively that a profound error lurks in these conclusions. It has proved that countless ages before man trod this earth death reigned and reigned among its occupants; that it so entered into the original constitution of things that the agony and infirmity it implies were known as at present when the mastodon and the diotrich were the rulers of the world. To deny this is now impossible; to admit it is to abandon one of the root doctrines of the past.

The Stormy Petrel.

A bird of immense wing power is the tiny storm petrel, the smallest web-footed bird known. It belongs to every sea, and although so seemingly frail it breathes the utmost fury of the storm, skimming with incredible velocity the troughing of the waves, and glid-

ing rapidly over their snowy crests. Patrols have been observed 2,000 miles from nearest land.

VOODOO DOCTORS' METHODS.

The Blemarole by Which Scamps Get Money from Southern Negroes.

A white man who claims to be a hoodoo doctor of unlimited ability, and calls himself "Dr." Johnson, and sails under the alias "Sam De Leon," has been swindling the superstitious negroes who live on the Waters road, near Deiter's store, for a long time. The eminent professor of hoodooism got into trouble recently on account of Robert Fletcher, one of his negro patients, on account of the strange and weird manner in which he cures all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Johnson, alias DeLeon, has a big clientele among the negroes on Waters road, and his remedies, which were guaranteed to cure anything and everything, were bought up by the wholesale. Johnson gave a glowing account of the wonderful curative powers of his hoodoo physic, and his unsuspecting patients were charmed, as it were, by the graceful eulogizing of his remedies, which he usually sold at 50 cents and 75 cents.

The hoodoo doctor met his Waterloo when he succeeded in inducing Robert Fletcher to hand over 75 cents for a small dried-up herb, enveloped in a strip of fiery red flannel. Johnson met Fletcher in his house and talked "root medicine" and hoodooism so glibly to him that Fletcher finally agreed to buy one of the charms. The doctor told Fletcher that before his charm would act it was necessary for him to hand him over the price of it. This done, the "doctor" proceeded to business.

He made a number of hideous gyrations, walked around the room, and, standing up in an erect position he lifted his right hand in the direction of the sky and commenced to revolve on his feet, pointing with his index finger as he revolved to the north, south, west, and east. He then rolled his eyes around, looked out of the door, and said:

"Gimme a piece of red flannel." Fletcher produced the flannel, and the doctor took from his pocket a small rule and measured off six inches of it. He then placed his hands in the shape of an arch over his head, allowed them to slowly descend, and as they reached the red flannel he cut and measured another piece, but this time only took four inches.

The negro was somewhat awestricken at the strange spectacle, and he regarded the "doctor" as a sort of semi-devil. That was just what the "doctor" wanted. The "doctor" then took two small pieces of some hard substance having the appearance of dried herbs, and, wrapping them up in the two pieces of red flannel, gave them to the negro. Johnson called it the "King of the World," and said that the hard substance enclosed in the red flannel was load (2) stone, but that it was "500 times stronger than anything." Another remedy he called the "Queen of the World," and the two combined, he said, would exert a powerful influence over everything, and effected marvelous cures.

The hoodoo gave the negroes a lengthy statement concerning himself, and told them that his ability was such that the doctors in Savannah had compelled him to leave the city, and, consequently, he had to practise among the colored people.

Fletcher waited patiently for the remedies to assert their powers, but they didn't work. The bamboozled negro came to town and swore out a warrant in Justice Russell's court for Johnson's apprehension on the charge of cheating. Fletcher was so excited in making his statement that the magistrate made him kiss the Bible twice to be sure that his statement was true.

Johnson was brought to Justice Russell's office by Constable Robertson, and he made an earnest appeal to the prosecutor to drop the case. He was very nervous, and talked about a pistol and a lot of other things. His face was sun tanned, and he was dressed well for a man who travels on foot in the country. He said he was from New York, but with all his pleading Fletcher was not inclined to drop the case. "Dr." Johnson went to jail. He showed Justice Russell his stock of medicine and hoodoo charms, and the sight of them nearly took the magistrate's breath away.—Savannah News.

The Palace and Bones of Pizarro.

One of the earliest viceroys erected the enormous cathedral that faces one side of this plaza, with its facade painted red and yellow, its three green doors, and a tower at each angle. For nearly three centuries its altars were burdened with gold and silver and jeweled articles of church service and ornament, until a few years ago, when most of its treasures were appropriated and converted into money by a needy republican government.

In its dark crypt is the stone coffin of Pizarro, the conqueror, and another containing the remains of his rascally relative, Gonzalo Pizarro. The enterprising tourist may go down and explore the gressome place by the dim flicker of a tallow dip, and, if he is curiously enough inclined, by the payment of a moderate sum to the sacristan, the stone cover will be removed from the more important coffin and the crumbling bones of the great conquistador exposed to view.

Another side of the same square is occupied by a rather mean-looking building with small shops beneath it, which is no less than the old palace where Pizarro ruled with a high hand during his brief day here, and where he was assassinated by "the men of Chilla," who appointed themselves the avengers of Almagro's murder. Its upper part still serves as a government "palacio" and is occupied by various officers of the new regime.—Lima Letter.

"Do you not feel the eloquence of nature here on this glorious crag?" she murmured. "Yes," he answered, "I do. The mountain's peak."—Philadelphia Times.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Most people think of the marriage tie, that it's knotty, but it's nice.—St. Joseph News.

A little poker now and then sometimes does up the best of men.—Oil City Blizzard.

Why not send out a little German band to play for the ghost-dancers? This would stop them.—Pillsbury Dispatch.

A policeman should never call a person on the ear. Handcuffs are the only variety he should use.—Pillsbury Chronicle.

The drinking man knows what he is about until he is about drunk and then he thinks he is sober.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Hark! Somebody is playing a delightful bit from Wagner." "Oh that's only James shoveling coal into the furnace."—Life.

For all we know the jackass may feel thankful that he has ears big enough to take in all his own beautiful music.—Indianapolis Journal.

A young man who married a "butterfly of fashion" was unable, a year later, to provide "grub" for his butterfly.—Norristown Herald.

"Doctor, is there no remedy for gout?" "O yes. You shouldn't have drunk so much wine the last thirty years or so."—Philadelphia Times.

A close observation is likely to lead to the conclusion that what the human mind most craves is some slight pretext for going crazy.—Washington Post.

"The first thing you ought to do recruit, when you get a bundle of good things from home is to feel gratitude towards your Sergeant."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Teacher—"You say there are six senses?" "Why, I have only five." Scholar—"I know it, sir. The sixth one is common sense."—Detroit Free Press.

The richest woman in Baltimore has decided to retire from the world, which means, we suppose, that she is going to move to Philadelphia.—Judge.

Tom—"The man in the room next to me is learning to play on the piano." Jack—"And what do you do?" Tom—"I'm learning to swear."—N. Y. Herald.

"Young Van Dunder seems to have nothing to do. What is his business?" "O, I understand that he's mind-reared to the four hundred."—Albany Weekly.

"Did I understand you to say that miracles do not happen in these days?" "You did." "Then you were wrong. My plumber has just failed."—St. Joseph News.

Boy (who has been caught playing ball Sunday)—"Say Mister Cop (pointing to waves), there's some Sabbath breakers; why don't you stop them?"—Life.

"I can't find where that plumber did anything to this heater." "Neither could I. I told the man, but he said we'd certainly find it in the bill."—Philadelphia Times.

"Do you understand that Bronson has finally decided to enter the state of matrimony?" "Yes. I think so; as he told me he was going to Utah."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Watts—"What women lack, as a rule, is earnestness of application." Potts—"You never saw a woman applying for a divorce, did you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

First Drummer—"Got dinner at the Highprice House, eh? Have they good cooks there?" Second Drummer—"I don't know. I forgot to fee the waiter."—N. Y. Weekly.

Sanso—"There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." Rold—"Better, if you believe the fishermen. It is always the big ones that get away."—N. Y. Herald.

Foggs (approaching Trotter, who is absorbed in thought)—"Why so sober, old man?" Trotter (brilliant)—"Look here, now, that's not fair; it's only 9 o'clock."—N. Y. Herald.

"Well, good-by, dear nephew. If you should happen to be in want of money you can write to me." "Here is the letter now, uncle, if you will be so kind."—Pittsburgh Courier.

First Citizen—"Does Prof. George William Henry's new scheme of public taxation include a tax on horses?" Second Citizen—"I guess not; he owns a horse himself."—Good News.

Globetrotter—"Did you ever travel on a personally-conducted tour?" Mr. Meeko—"Often." Globetrotter—"Whom did you have for manager usually?" Mr. Meeko—"My wife."—N. Y. Weekly.

Photographer—"Your son, the student, ordered this likeness from me." "It is certainly very much like him." "Has he paid for it?" "Not yet." "That is still more like him."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Sanso—"How did the police manage to put down the student's riot?" Rold—"They threw a football among the boys and they immediately began to maul each other to death."—N. Y. Herald.

Hoffman Howes—"The world owes every one a living, doesn't it?" Temple Court—"Of course it does." Hoffman Howes—"Well, collect mine from it for me and I'll give you half."—Harper's Bazar.

"Have you read my poem, 'At Evening'?" inquired a writer. "No; but if I read it it will be about that time of day when I will have plenty of time to go to bed and rest if I feel like it."—Washington Post.

McGall—"Do you exchange unsatisfactory goods?" Salesman—"Yes, sir." McGall—"Well, here's an overcoat I got here last year, and I think I like your new styles much better."—Harper's Bazar.

"Ella, have you heard the news? Your husband has sworn off from smoking." "He had better tell me if he dares! Where am I to get my new curtains? I permitted him to smoke only on the express condition that he should give me a pair of new curtains every year."—Pittsburgh Courier.



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CONNECTICUT CHARCOAL BURNERS.

How They Live and Reckon and Avail Themselves of the Bounty of Nature.

There is a peculiar people living between the Connecticut river and the western boundary of Middlesex and New Haven counties. They are charcoal burners, and of their habits and modes of life comparatively little is known by the outside world. They are ignorant to a degree which approximates to that of the "poor whites" in the south, and this ignorance is perpetuated from one generation to another, without visible signs of the ordinary improvement which has marked the progress of affairs in most New England towns. These people inhabit the wildest and most heavily wooded part of the state, a vast area in the northern part of the towns of Clinton, Madison and Guilford, which extends east nearly to the Connecticut river. It is a country little travelled, except by the coal men themselves or by enthusiastic sportsmen in quest of game or trout. Right in the heart of this section is the village of Killingworth and the hamlet of Black Rock, made famous some years ago as being the home of Mary Stannard, the girl who was reputed to have been murdered by the Rev. Herbert Hayden.

The charcoal burner is a peculiar sort of fellow, and although he belongs to the Caucasian race his own family would not recognize him unless his features were hidden beneath a coating of coal dust, which in time becomes so firmly embedded in the pores of the skin that nothing will remove it. These men are, as a rule, physical giants, and possess constitutions which withstand all sorts of privation and hardship. Most of them are the descendants of "pitmen," and have no idea of earning money in any other manner than by burning coal. Their education is extremely limited, and their knowledge of arithmetic does not go beyond the power of being able to keep an account of the number of bushels of coal placed in a crib or cart, by making a mark on a board with a bit of charcoal for every bushel deposited. These marks are always in blocks of five, four being made vertically and the fifth running across the four. Every burner has a sort of intuition that a stick placed crosswise in the bottom of a basket aids amazingly in filling the basket. Another curious fact about these people is that they always calculate their business on the basis of "nine pence" and "shillings," never condescending to figure in dollars and cents.

There are several ways in which coal is burned, but it is generally done on shares arranged with the owner of a tract of woodland. Either the burner cuts the wood, sets up the pit and burns it, or he simply sets up the pit and burns it. It is considered an art to set up a pit and burn it successfully. The modern way is to set up a stake about twelve feet high in a cleared spot. Around this the wood is set up endwise until the pile has a diameter of from twenty-five to forty feet. The top is rounded off with small "chunks" of wood, and the whole mass covered with sod and leaves. The burning continues from two to four weeks, and during this time the pit has to be watched night and day for fear the fire within should get too much headway and thus ruin the whole. The rapidity of the burning is regulated by vents at the bottom of the pile, which are constantly changed. So expert do these charcoal burners become that they are able, by the color of the smoke issuing from the pit, to tell the exact condition of the fire within it.

As a class the charcoal burners are called honest. They love their liquor, and the successful burning of a pit is an excuse to get gloriously drunk. Most of them are expert shots with a gun or rifle, and all of them are pot hunters. Game abounds in their territory, and they never miss an opportunity to secure it. During the summer months the wives and children of the charcoal burners gain a livelihood by picking huckleberries and blueberries, and while in the wilds discover the hiding places of broods of partridges. Often the birds are fed to keep them near certain places, and just before the open season the entire flock is trapped. They are not over scrupulous in their methods of hunting. The sound of a hound following a warm track near their pit is a signal to quit work, and if possible shoot the fox. And if the owner of the hound secures the dog after it has run into the coal district he considers himself lucky.

Most of the coal burned in Connecticut finds a market in New York and Meriden, and sells at 10 cents a bushel wholesale.

Central American Earthquakes.

A peculiar thing about living in Central America is the ease with which you become accustomed to the earthquakes. They do not come without giving due notice. You are sitting on a piazza of a hot afternoon, chatting with your friends when suddenly the sky seems to grow heavy, the crows stop cawing and the buzzards quit fighting in the street. There is a general rush, and though you may not know what is the matter you cannot help feeling uneasy. The old natives say "We are going to have a little shake," and then the house begins to rock, the tumbler fall off the table, you feel deadly sick at the stomach, and the thing is over; the sky clears, the crows begin their noisy screams and the buzzards resume their quarrel over the street offal. There is something inexpressively terrifying, however, about the trembling of the earth; the slightest oscillation will awaken the population of the whole town and rouse a drunkard out of the deepest stupor; but unless some considerable damage is done everybody goes to sleep again as a matter of course.—Interview with a Traveller.

A rich man in St. Petersburg died, leaving orders that his sealed will should be opened twelve months after his death. When opened it contained another sealed packet, with instructions that it must not be opened for a year. The will had seven seals the last of which has only just been broken, although the testator died six years ago.

Look out for counterfeiters! See that you get the genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Do not let the dealer sell you some "cat as good," but insist upon getting the genuine with the bull's head trademark on the wrapper.

Throwing dice is frequently an unprofitable hand-shake.

Any one in possession of 25 cents can go to the nearest druggist and procure a bottle of Salvation Oil and be cured at once of rheumatism, neuralgia or any pain or ache.

After a man knows his cake is dough he usually gets cruddy.

THE WORLD GROWS.—Noah Webster would not know his old dictionary in its new dress. The world grows, however, and dictionaries with it, so an old "Webster" is now worth about as little as an old almanac. Webster's International Dictionary, a new work of 10,000 pages, and reset from cover to cover, is a magnificent work, and well used in a family will be of more value to the members thereof than many times its cost laid up in money.

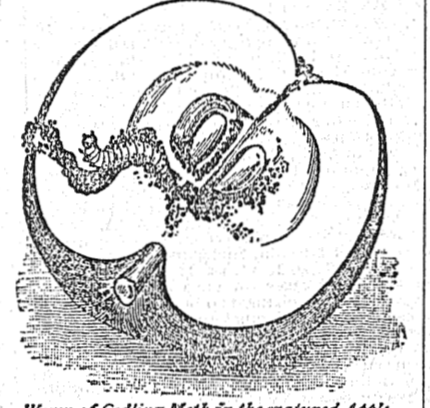
Of all sad words that many men rue, The saddest are these: "Don't-care-if-I-do."

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

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Good all-round sport—marbles. Men of many plans—architects.

The Great Benefits of Spraying. Notwithstanding the many and most positive proofs of the great benefit resulting to fruit and grape growers from spraying, they are thus far slow to avail themselves of this almost certain method of saving, increasing and beautifying the products of their orchards and vineyards. It will not be disputed that the necessity for spraying, for the destruction of insect pests that attack tree fruits, is much greater than for the protection of grape vines, whose worst enemies are fungus diseases, but where these are very prevalent, as in some seasons and sections of the country, it is "spray and save the crop or let rain from spraying and lose it!"—as the rots and mildews cannot be prevented by any other means yet known.



Worm of Codling Moth in the matured Apple.

The Department of Agriculture, during the past three years, has devoted considerable time to the study of fruit tree and vine diseases. This division was the first agency in this country to introduce the use of fungicides for grape diseases, and it is estimated as a result of its work that nearly five thousand grape growers, in nearly all parts of the country, treated their vineyards for mildew and black rot, in 1910. Probably in no part of the United States was the spraying of the grape vines and fruit-trees put to more of a severe test than at Nauvoo, Ill., the past season. Nearly \$3,000 was invested there in spraying outfits and material. The results have proven so satisfactory that this coming season almost every vintner and orchardist in that section of the country will have a spraying outfit; in fact the spraying outfits have become as much of a necessity as the plow on a farm.

It is estimated that the extent of damage done to the fruit trees and vines in the United States by insects and fungi disease each year will reach four hundred million dollars; in which event it is time some method was devised to avoid it, as heavy loss which is most felt by the growers in years of scarcity. The scarcer the fruit is the more we have to contend with insects.

Mr. Wm. Stahl, of Quincy, Ill., has made a special study of how to prevent the ravages of insects and fungi diseases and will send to anyone interested free of charge, a full and descriptive treatise on this subject.

Since every dog will have his day, Pray, Towser, take this own; But be content with that, we pray, And leave the night alone.

St. Jacobs Oil

The Great Oil REMEDY FOR PAIN

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent by mail, we will deliver, free of charge, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:
One-half bottle of Pure Vaseline 10c.
One-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade 15c.
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream 15c.
One box of Vaseline Camphor 10c.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented 10c.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented 25c.
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 25c. (S.H.)

For stamps any single article at the price. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to keep it from getting into your eyes or on your original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take Vaseline put up by them. No matter how good the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

GLENNBURGH Mfg. Co., 24 State St., New York.

A Girl Worth Having.

After reading Mr. Gray's experience in the plating business, I sent \$3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, for a Plater, and cleared \$36 in a week. Isn't this pretty good for a girl? There is tableware and jewelry to plate at every house; then, why should any person be poor or out of employment with such an opportunity at hand.

MARY BRITTEN.

Ready maid—the up-stairs girl. A long sentence—twenty years.

There are ailments that rob young women of both health and beauty and make them prematurely old. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore both if taken in time.

Bullets can whistle, but it takes a brave man to listen to them.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails; send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Drug Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Is the man with a glass eye ever troubled with a pain in his head?
Garfield Tea has cured Constipation of twenty-two years standing; housewives will find it a priceless boon. Restores the complexion.

The man who is forever looking after the dollar seldom has an eagle eye.

Coughs and Hoarseness—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

As a proof that he loves one woman, a man must swear that he hates ten.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Doublin's Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

An old story-teller—Munchausen. "How meretricious the sun is." "Yes; unlike the moon, it gives no quarter."

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

The man who follows his own nose will never cross the bridge before he comes to it.

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

Fresh (to spry octogenarian)—Yes, you are like a college because you retain your faculties.

There's a good deal of guarantee business in the store keeping of to-day. It's too excessive. Or too reluctant. Half the time it means nothing. Words—only words.

This offer to refund the money, or to pay a reward, is made under the hope that you won't want your money back, and that you won't claim the reward. Of course.

So, whoever is honest in making it, and works—not on his own reputation alone, but through the local dealer whom you know, must have something he has faith in back of the guarantee. The business wouldn't stand a year without it.

What is lacking is confidence. Back of that, what is lacking is that clear honesty which is above the "average practice."

Dr. Pierce's medicines are guaranteed to accomplish what they are intended to do, and their makers give the money back if the result isn't apparent.

Doesn't it strike you that a medicine which the makers have so much confidence in, is the medicine for you?

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

These Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drooping, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coat on the Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MANHOOD RESTORED. Victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried all remedies, has discovered a simple means of cure, which will result in renewed vigor and health. Address J. H. REYNOLDS, Esq., Box 389, N. Y. City.

From Father to Son.

Scrofula is a blood poison which descends from parent to child. It is a taint which must be eradicated from the system before a cure can be made. Swift's Specific, S. S. S., drives out the virus through the pores of the skin and thus relieves the blood of the poison.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SPRAY YOUR FRUIT TREES & VINES

Wormy Fruit and Leaf Blight of Apples, Peaches, Cherries, Grapes and Pears, Plum Canker, etc. EXCELSIOR SPRAYING. PERFECT FRUIT ALWAYS SELLS AT GOOD PRICES. Catalogues showing all injurious insects to Fruit and Vines. Large stock of Fruit Trees, Vines, and Berry Plants at Bottom Prices. Address Wm. Stahl, Quincy, Ill.

CURE Biliousness, Sick Headache, Malaria, BILE BEANS.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," 255 & 257 Greenwich St., N. Y. City.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, sure, and reliable pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chickster's English Pennyroyal in Red and Gold metal boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Treats Substitutes and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists or send us 10c. for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," or letter, by return mail. CHICKSTER CHEMICAL CO., 109 Madison Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

PAIN REMEDY FOR CATARRH.

PAIN'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Waiter, Pa.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK

Not to Split! Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE MARK.

CELLULOID

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

FREE 20 DAYS CRAYON PORTRAITS

from date of this paper. We wish to introduce our customers, we have decided to make this special offer. Send us a picture of yourself or any member of your family living or dead, and we will make you a LIFE SIZE CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and your influence in securing a further order. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any Bank in Chicago. Address all mail to AMERICAN PORTRAIT CO., No. 5, Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

It filled with THOMPSON'S Eye Water. sore eyes, use

LADIES can have smaller feet. Sold by mail. Send \$5.00 for Thompson's Foot Water. The Pedico Co., New York, N.Y.

CHEAP FARMS. Fine climate, free fuel, Nebraska Security Co., Harrison, Neb.

TACOMA \$100 or \$1000 Carefully Invested here 100% PROFIT. TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., TACOMA, WASH.

DANGEROUS! To drive at night without the Safety Lamp. Write the Company, Baltimore, Md.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES relief for Asthma, Hay Fever, Coughs, etc. Kidder & Co., Charleston, S.C.

PENSION JOHN W. PORTER, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Also Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war. 15 adjudicated claims, sixty success.

WANTED! A LADY To send out circulars, pleasant, paying steady home work. Four hours daily. Send 10c (allow for book of instructions) to our NEW AGENCY, with return, 524 VAN BOX N. Fort Ligon, Mich.

Prettiest Book Ever Printed. FREE SEED cheap as dirt by oz. & lb. One cent a pkg. Up if rare. Cheap, pure, best. 100,000 extra. Identical illustration of catalogue free. R. H. SHUMWAY, Rockford, Ill.

CORNS CURED FREE On the removal of corns, will be mailed FREE to all who promise to read my Pamphlet on the human treatment of Corns, Blisters, etc. Dogs and domestic Animals. Afterwards the salts will be delivered to any P.O. in the U. S. or Canada. Sample of FROENKEL'S HOISE, CURE OF POLYMER POWDER, the best FREE to all who send for it. Dr. FROENKEL, No. 409 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I CURE FITS! When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have cured the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 193 Pearl St., N. Y.

"Down With High Prices." THIS SEWING MACHINE ONLY \$10! Top Quality, \$55.00. Sewing Machine, \$10.00. Road Cart, \$10.00. Sewing Machine, \$10.00. \$5.00 Family or Store Sewing, 1.00. \$4.00 Farm or Store Sewing, 1.00. \$3.00 4000 lb. Hay or Stock Scale, 40.00. Forging and Kit of Tools, 20.00. 3000 other Articles at Half Price. CHICAGO BROS. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY! Our Well Machines are the most reliable and successful. They do MORE WORK and cost LESS MONEY. They FINISH WELLS where others FAIL. Any size, 2 inches to 48 inches diameter. Catalogue FREE!

LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

FREE Illustrated Publications, with Maps, describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the Northwest, Free Government and CHIEFLY NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS. Best Agricultural Grazing and Tim-Berland. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Co., N. P. R. R. St. Paul, Minn.

THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet Loom. Sew 10 yds. an hour. Send for circular.

C. N. NEWCOMB, Davenport, Ia.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK

Factory ends at half price; one ounce in a bag—all good silk and good colors. Send by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Gray Bunches in each package. Send Postal note or Stamp to THE BRADLEY & ALSTROM SPOON SILK CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 95 Broadway, New York.

MENT ON THIS PAPER. Agents wanted in every large place. Ladies can make from \$100 to \$200 a week. Address the BRAINARD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 600 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Physical Culture Education.

10 Copies of the Jenness-Miller Magazine, containing illustrated articles on PHYSICAL CULTURE, How to Obtain Health and Grace, by exercises without apparatus, for \$2.00, postage paid. Address the JENNESS-MILLER A perfect figure, the result of taking exercises according to the Jenness-Miller system.

365 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE NEW WEBSTER JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A GRAND INVESTMENT for the Family, the School, or the Library. Revision has been in progress for over 10 years. More than 100 editorial laborers employed. \$300,000 expended before first copy was printed. Critical examination invited. Get the best. Sold by all booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free. G. & C. MERZLUM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Caution!—There have recently been issued several cheap reprints of the 1817 edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and other long-since superseded. These books are given various names—"Webster's Unabridged," "The Great Webster's Dictionary," "Webster's Big Dictionary," "Webster's Encyclopedia Dictionary," etc., etc.

Many announcements concerning them are very misleading, as the body of each, from A to Z, is 24 years old, and printed from cheap plates made by photographing the old pages.

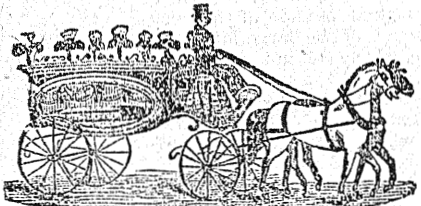
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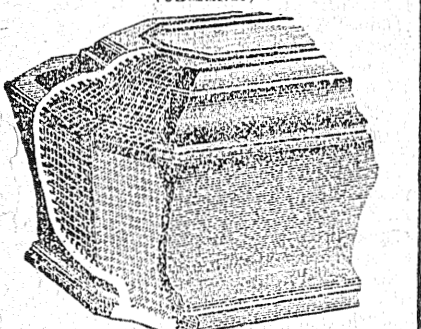
Exchange Bank.

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.

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

WANTED—A girl to do general house work at Amos Martin's, three miles west of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Cook stove, nearly new. Will burn either coal or wood. Inquire at G. H. Shoes shop, near street. 2-27-3

FOR SALE—Pine Barn timber. Enquire of SAMUEL LITTLE, 1 mile south of Cass City.

FOR SALE—10 acres of land 2 miles west of Cass City, mostly improved, good orchard, good house. More can be known as usual. Enquire of M. S. SHIMDAN, J. D. BROOKER. 1-24-11

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

ARM FOR SALE—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Inquire of J. C. LAING.

OR SALE—Forty acres, all cleared, house, barn, 16x14, plenty good water, young orchard, convenient to school and good roads. 2-27-11 E. H. PINNEY, Owner.

OR SALE—One good farm horse. Enquire of A. E. BOULTON, 3 miles north of Cass City.

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

RICK FOR SALE—2-13-11 E. H. PINNEY.

LANDS FOR SALE—\$500 will buy holes of three 80 acre lots. Terms easy. E. H. PINNEY.

OR SALE—A house and one acre of ground in the village of Cass City, known as the Walker property. Will take stock as part payment. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 3 miles north of Cass City.

OR SALE—100 acre stock farm, cheap. 10 acres cleared, remainder good pasture and well watered. Well watered, living oak frame, sun barn, good road; 4 1/2 miles from Cass City. We will exchange for smaller farms. 2-27-11 E. H. PINNEY, Owner.

OR SALE—One dark bay Royal George mare weighing about 1000 lbs. also one good colt in the spring. Time will be given on roval paper. 1-16-11 J. D. CROSBY.

OR SALE—Eighty acres of good farming land. The east half of the west half of the S. W. corner of section 21, township of Austin, Sanborn county, about 200 acres cleared. Small payment down, balance on time. DUNCAN McDONNELL, Argyle, P. O.

MONEY—By calling on the undersigned, you can purchase a sewing machine. I have secured the agency for the best American sewing machine, which I can sell at a price never before in this country. Yours Respectfully, CHAS. D. SPRUELLER, Cass City, Mich.

OR SALE—A splendid improved farm of 160 acres, good buildings, 1/2 mile northeast of Cass City and known as the Jacobs farm. Farm must be sold at once to close an estate and will be cheap. Apply to Administrator, C. J. JONES, Detroit, or J. MARSHALL, Cass City.

Epoch.
 A transition from long, lingering and full sickness to robust health, marks a epoch in the life of the individual. A remarkable event is treasured in memory and the agency whereby the health has been attained is gratefully remembered. Hence it is that so much praise is given to Electric Bitters. So feel they owe their restoration to it, to the use of this Great Alternative Tonic. If you are troubled with any ailment of the Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold in 50 cent and \$1 per bottle at Fritz Drug Store.

Get your Job Printed done at this office.

CORRESPONDENCE

KARR'S CORNERS.
 Jas. Muma is home again.
 Mrs. Pat Landrigan is again ill.
 Miss Leach Karr is visiting her grand parents at this place.
 We are coming to hear and see the cow hide boots if we live until Saturday.
 Mr. Morford is ill and there has been no school in district No. 2. for the past week.
 Mr. Lyman, of S. Dakota, preached at the M. E. church on Sunday evening last.
 Several boys went out to skate, and on account of thin ice, took a bath. For further particulars inquire of Wm. Swarrey.
 We had about four inches of snow last Thursday night, but the beautiful rain had so mixed up with it by Friday night that it was N.G.
 Mr. Jas. Gage is as happy a man as lives in Elkland, a little girl came to see him last Monday and we think she came to stay. All are doing well.
 Mr. Wm. A. Sonley, of Essicks, Canada is stopping with Geo. Charter at present. He is looking up a route of a thoroughbred Clydsdale stallion. We wish him good luck and hope he will succeed. Such horses are what we want, but it is very few of them that will come over here.

WEST GREENLEAF.
 Last week's Correspondence.
 Miss Emma Laing is on the sick list.
 Mrs. D. L. Gilbert is on the sick list.
 Thos. Powell Sundayed in this neighborhood.
 Dr. Fordice is curing the sick with electricity.
 Andrew Oliver intends going to Missouri in a few days.
 Charley McConnell and Frank White have returned home from the woods.
 Miss Nettie Blackmer has gone to Uby where she intends to live for a few months.
 W. J. M. Jones has purchased a number of the best new cutters, which are for sale.
 Morrison Jones had the misfortune of getting his foot jammed between two logs this week.
 Wm. Ostrander has attached another engine to his saw mill. He can make the boards fly now.
 Miss Nettie Blackmer has returned home from Uby, where she has been during the past year.
 Henry Kivel and Mr. Pratt of Vassar were in this vicinity on business the first part of the week.
 Rev. Burgess is holding meetings in the McConnell school house on Wednesday evenings for a few weeks.
 Don't forget the apron social to be held at Edward Hartwick's on Friday evening, Feb. 27th. Come and bring your best girl.
 Snow is coming so that we may have good sleighing for the apron social, one week from to-night, at Ed. Hartwick's. Hurrah! for a good time.

GRANT.
 You should see wood sawed by steam power and then you could judge of what a trilling way it is to do it by man power.
 Shakespeare said that when a man is dead that is all that can be said, and who can say any more? He that does is but a fraud.
 Alex McLean, of Cass City, is sojourning with Richard Gardner at present. He is going to put the roof on the new stable for him.
 "Home Sweet Home" as the little boy sang the other day when he had his hand stuck up to the wrist in his mother's sugar jar.
 The late law suit has created some ill feelings as there was nearly a pugilistic encounter at the revival meetings the other night, all about, Canada thistles.
 No township officers to be elected this spring, only those on the Democratic and Republican tickets, so we are informed. They are the tickets for soup.
 Mrs. Duncan McDonald on the Center line is very ill at present. Dr. Morris, of Gagotown, is attending her. This neighborhood wishes her a speedy recovery.
 Wednesday the 18th of Feb., another cold wave struck us from the N.W., and what a cold quarter that corner must be when the sun disappears from the view.
 Hunt away, boys, it is only preist-craft that makes holy days. All days are the Lords; all time belongs to God only. Put this in your pipe and smoke it, Bro. of Creed.
 We hear that Jefferson Fordice has the contract of building a barn up here for Mrs. R. E. Gamble, of Cass City. If so, Jeff knows how to do that job in good shape.
 A tin peddler from Bay City passed through this settlement exchanging tinware for old rags. If he would only take rags and bones we are ready to jump into his gaules and be off.
 Not many new recruits made for the salvation army. It seems as though the old soldiers have been deserting lately.

6 ANNUAL CLEARING SALE 6

OUR SIXTH ANNUAL CLEARING SALE will begin JANUARY 26 and end FEBRUARY 14, 1891. The Sales HAVE BECOME SO POPULAR that they need only to be mentioned.

BIG BARGAINS
BIG RUSH

You can't afford to miss these Bargains. Dress Flannels as low as 15 cents per yard; best Prints, Clothing and Cloaks at your own price. Boots and Shoes will be Slaughtered.

REMEMBER THE DATE!
-2-MACKS-2-

Probably they think that it is a poor lookout for pensions after they are discharged from the service.
 Our collector of township revenues is late on his summary warpath, which betokens a scarcity of cash among poor tenant bodies. Too many office-holders to support in style and grandeur.
 We are sorry to say that Charles Watters continues on the invalid list. He has been unable to do anything all winter and as yet he is obliged to keep the shelter of the house, although he is a young, robust looking boy.
 Our humble opinion is that good actions speak louder than words. It is only mockery to stand up in a meeting and say that I love the Lord and at the same time, hording up some evil design against some fellow creature. It would be better if a millstone was tied to their necks and they were cast into the depth of the sea to poison the fish.
 While the protracted meetings were in progress some person sneaked around and stole the Preacher's whip from his buggy. Somewhat over a year ago a satchel was taken in the same way. This is religious kleptomania, and all right, as some people say that Mankind has their doom pronounced upon them before they are born. So steal away until the law dogs catches ye, and then you will get doomed again and fetch up in Jackson, or Auburn.

ELLINGTON.
 Thursday night was the largest snow fall there has been this winter.
 A good many logs were hauled into Bailey and Son's mill yard on sleighs last Friday.
 Mrs. Charles Wickware has been quite sick, the effects of a bad cold taken some two or three weeks ago.
 Quite a number have been having the chickenpox and are compelled to stay out of school on that account.
 Arthur May and Adelia Whipple returned home last week Wednesday from their visit with friends in Huron county.
 Thomas Russel has moved into W. W. Campbell's house and perhaps will work the farm for Wallace the coming year.
 The arch at Bailey's mill being finished around the boiler they were able to grind feed Saturday with their own engine.
 A. P. Zander, of Ellington, is said to be very sick at the house of Alva Phelps in Wells, and but little hopes of his recovery.
 A bouncing baby girl at the house of William Landon's, weighing eight pounds, and expects to become a naturalized citizen of Michigan.
 Bad colds seem to be very prevalent at the present time—many being taken undoubtedly from carelessness during the open weather.
 The series of meetings that has been progressing at the M. E. Church for sometime are still going on, and a number have been converted.
 A series of meetings are now progressing at the school house in district No. 4, of Ellington, being conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Alva Phelps, of the M. T. Church.
 Spring will soon be here; in fact it is more March weather than February of the old fashioned kind. One week more and the winter will have passed away.
 William Hutchinson has been gathering timber and other material together for the purpose of building him a large new barn upon the ground where his old one was burned last fall.
 This is the last week in the collecting of taxes and our treasurer is trying to close up the collection this week, so as to be ready to make his returns to the county treasurer.
 The time for holding the annual township meeting is fast approaching and soon it will be here. Would it not be well to select good men to fill the various offices and then try to elect them?
 Shingle bolts, heading stove bolts and wood is still being hauled on wheels, as no one expects sleighing now it is so late, and as long as good wheeling lasts it will be improved. Some go to Caro and some to Deford.
 A justice of the supreme court is to be elected and those who become candidates should be men who would, if elected, do all in their power to enforce the laws and have no respect of person, but try and do justice to all.
 Andrew Turner is getting ready to build him a large new barn on the sixty acres east of his residence or on section 10 the coming summer. His son, Dwight Turner, is also getting ready to build a barn upon his farm east of Elmwood postoffice, the coming summer.
 Jacob H. Mosher also contemplates the building of a new barn upon the wall where his large barn was burned one year ago last fall. He has been gathering material together during the winter for that purpose and will put it up as early during the season as possible.

Last week's Correspondence.
 Warm for the month of February.
 The frost is fast going out of the ground.
 H. G. Comstock has gone to find a country with a better climate.
 Roiley and son are now piling the arch for their boiler in their mill.
 James Molonzo, of Fairgrove, was visiting relatives in Ellington from Friday until Monday.
 They ground feed at Bailey's mill last Saturday and Monday, and there were no logs trucked in Monday.
 Last Saturday was Valentine Day, but we did not see anything of Mr. Valentine all day long and night too.
 From a letter lately received from James Andrews, I learn that they have all had lagrippe, but were getting better.
 Arthur May and Miss Adelia Whipple went up to Huron county last Saturday to spend a few days visiting relatives.
 John Hubbing is doing a good job lumbering up the logs this winter, not withstanding the poor sleighing we have had.
 Ormond Mallory, with one of his engines, is at work helping manufacture lumber in North Wells for the farmers of that vicinity.
 The meetings at the Ellington M. E. church continued throughout last week and a number of conversions are reported as having taken place.
 There is some talk of still another mill on White Creek, near the new bridge, for making lumber, if a certain man can buy the land he wants.
 Orville Langford desires go back to Wisconsin to live, so he will sell his farm known as the John Stull farm. \$600 is the price asked for the forty.
 I learn that Mr. Burton with his mill has or soon will locate upon Fred Orr's farm on the east side of the Cass, to make lumber for those who furnish logs.
 George Myers and his mother of Huron county, were callers at the house of William Colwell Sr. last Sunday on their visit to relatives south of White Creek.
 Women who suffer from nervous physical debility find great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effects of a stimulant, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and a body.
 The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.

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

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

ALL
WINTER GOODS
AT COST

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

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

RAVETROUGHING + A SPECIALTY

WOLVERINE NEWS.

Prohibitionists Hold a Convention, Adopt a Platform and Nominate Candidates.

They Want J. R. Laing of Grand Rapids to be a Supreme Court Judge.

Seventh Annual Meeting of the Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers' Association.

State Prohibitionists.

JACKSON, Feb. 20.—The state conference of prohibitionists was held here on Tuesday and Wednesday. John Ferguson of Albion was chairman of the committee on resolutions and they reported a platform, which was but slightly altered before adoption. In regard to moral position it expressed "unmitigated opposition to any system which gives statutory recognition to the liquor traffic and places it among legitimate and protected industries of the people." Financially it favored the issuance of all money by the general government, all to be legal tender; the establishment of national postal savings banks and the free and unlimited coinage of silver. It favored an income tax, the equitable taxing of corporate wealth, civil service reform and governmental control of the railroad, telegraph and telephone systems. It favored women's suffrage and educational qualifications for voters; laws to suppress margin speculation, trusts or combinations; the prohibition of alien land ownership and a limitation of land ownership; and that government land be for actual settlers only. It favored the election of President and Vice President and United States senators by direct vote. After very little preliminary discussion J. R. Laing of Grand Rapids was nominated for judge of the supreme court, and Charles K. Perrino of Jackson and Henry A. Reynolds of Detroit for university regents.

Sheep and Wool Men.

JACKSON, Feb. 20.—The Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' association of Southern Michigan held its seventh annual meeting in this city Wednesday with a small attendance. A committee consisting of E. A. Choman, W. E. Kennedy and H. W. Darling, was appointed to confer with the shorthorn breeders and other stock associations, relative to the organization of a Southern Michigan Live Stock Breeders' Association. Officers were elected as follows: President, W. E. Kennedy; Liberty, vice-president, W. C. Weeks; Napoleon, secretary and treasurer, R. D. M. Edwards; Liberty, directors—J. Badgley, J. Chilson, H. W. Darling, A. W. Woodliff. It was decided to hold a sheep-shearing festival at Napoleon on Thursday, April 2, and W. C. Weeks, J. P. Dean and C. A. Wood were appointed a committee of arrangements. Papers were read by W. J. G. Dean on the "History of Noted Merino Rams" and by A. A. Wood of Saline on "Is it Profitable for the Average Farmer to Keep Registered Sheep?"

Double Tragedy.

IRON RIVER, Feb. 24.—Joseph Hollase, a Polander who has been working in the Iron River mines for several years, yesterday shot and mortally wounded Peter Doctor, a bartender, and Ed Scott, chief of police. Hollase had got into a row with some boys who had been snowballing him and went home and armed himself with a shotgun. Then he returned to the scene of the quarrel and fired two shots into the crowd. Both bulls struck Peter Doctor, who fell mortally wounded. At this juncture Chief of Police Scott reached the scene. When he attempted to arrest Hollase the latter turned his weapon on the chief and shot him three times. Scott fell, also mortally wounded. The enraged crowd, which by this time had grown very large, made a desperate effort to seize Hollase and lynch him, but by the heroic resistance on the part of Deputy Sheriff Flanagan the wretch was hustled across the country to Crystal Falls jail.

Michigan Club Banquet.

DETROIT, Feb. 24.—The sixth annual banquet of the Michigan club was held at the Detroit rink last night, and like its predecessors, was attended by many of the leading republicans of the state, and a few noted members of the party from abroad. Three hundred students of the state university were also present in a body. Hon. Alfred Russell presided as toastmaster and first introduced John Patton, Jr., of Grand Rapids, who delivered an address of welcome. Other speakers and their subjects were: Hon. J. S. Rannels of Chicago, "The Ballot—It Must be Pure and Protected;" Judge Albion W. Tourgee of New York (author of "A Fool's Errand" and other noted works), "A New Trinity;" Hon. John R. Lynch of Mississippi, "The Race Issue in Politics;" Edward S. Wallace of Ohio, "The Republican Press;" "The evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," by the company.

Found Under the Ice.

GRAND RAPIDS, Feb. 24.—Nellie Robinson, aged 8 years, and Edith Cox, aged 9, attending school at Grandville, went skating at noon yesterday on a plaster quarry pond back of the schoolhouse. When they did not respond to the roll call after dinner, the teacher sent to their homes and found that they had not been there. Search was made and their hats were found on the ice near a big hole. Later their bodies were found under the ice.

STATE NEWS—CONDENSED.

Mattawan, Van Buren county, is having an epidemic of measles. The number of patients in the Eastern Michigan asylum is 955. Clifton Doolittle, a pioneer of Constantine, died Saturday morning, aged 80 years. The wife of ex-Mayor Donovan of Lansing died Sunday night of heart disease. The Shawassaw county pioneers at Corunna elected A. B. Clark of Morrice president. N. Bates of Moline was elected president of the daymen's association at Lansing Thursday. Mrs. John Morris of Bay City was thrown from her carriage Saturday night and badly injured. Sjerp Ybema, a Holland farmer, was held up and robbed of a silver watch and \$10 in cash Friday night. The Hiron river is so swollen by the late rains that the low lands near Ann Arbor are flooded and 200 feet of Swift's dam was carried away.

LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Toan's "Back Salary" Bill Defeated in the Senate by a Vote of 16 to 12.

Mrs. M. C. Curtis' Appointment to the Position of State Librarian Confirmed.

A Number of Bills Introduced Making Large Appropriations for State Institutions.

LANSING, Feb. 17.—SENATE—A large number of bills were introduced today, among them Mr. Wisner's, relative to the formation of corporations for the running, rafting and booming of logs; providing for the selection and drawing of jurors in the county of Saginaw; making an appropriation for the erection of several new cottages at the Michigan asylum for the insane. Also, by Mr. Sharp, providing for the appointment of an agent by persons and corporations upon whom legal process can be served; for an additional circuit judge in the seventeenth judicial circuit. HOUSE—Bills passed: H. M. S. joint resolution, asking congress to submit to the several states an amendment to the constitution providing for the election of President and of United States senators by direct vote of the people, H. 33, amending act 205 of 1887, revising the general banking laws. It authorizes banks of \$15,000 or upwards to be organized in villages whose population does not exceed 1,500; \$25,000 where the population does not exceed 5,000, and not less than \$50,000 in a city or village whose population does not exceed 20,000. Approved: The governor signified his approval of acts relating to an increase of salary of the clerk of the superior court of Grand Rapids; also incorporating Cheboygan. Ad. adjourned.

LANSING, Feb. 18.—SENATE—Senator Wisner, in a speech today, introduced and succeeded in passing this afternoon a resolution providing for the payment to all senate traveling committees of the sum of \$3 per day and six cents mileage each way. A large number of bills were introduced. HOUSE—The list of bills introduced in the house today is longer than that of any other day of the session. The following bills were passed: H. 48, preventing the use of oleomargarine or butterine in any of the institutions of the state; passed by yeas 64, nays 7. The nays were Messrs. Barkworth, Denning, Henze, Marsh, Marion, Orth and White; H. 90, establishing a state road in Bangor, Monitor and Williams in Bay county; H. 63, for another state road in Monitor, Bay county; H. 24, for an assistant prosecuting attorney for Saginaw county; H. 37, re-incorporating Harbor Springs; H. 43, appropriating \$117,500 for an effort school for the deaf and dumb at Flint; H. 74, authorizing East Tawas to contract to supply water outside the village limits. Approved by the governor: H. 8, amending section 8003, Howells, relating to proceeding against debtors by attachment; H. 37, authorizing Bay county to raise money for building bridges; H. 17, repealing act 254 of 1889—being the cumulative election law for Detroit and Grand Rapids. Ad. adjourned.

LANSING, Feb. 19.—SENATE—Senator Toan's bill, making an appropriation for the unpaid portion of salaries of circuit judges, came up for its third reading in the senate today and was killed by a vote of sixteen to twelve. After the defeat of the bill Mr. Toan procured a reconsideration of the bill and it was laid upon the table and an effort will be made at a more favorable time to bring it up again. The senate passed the bill to provide a charter for the village of Oxford, and the bill revising the laws authorizing the business of banking. HOUSE—As usual a large number of bills were introduced. The following were passed: S. 4, detaching territory from Ellis, Cheboygan county, and attaching the same to Nunda; H. 64, amending act 13 of 1889, in regard to incorporations of religious societies; H. 77, vacating town of Center, Lake county, and incorporating its territory with the town of Webber. Ad. adjourned.

LANSING, Feb. 20.—SENATE—The Governor's appointment of Mrs. M. C. Custer of Monroe to be state librarian was confirmed. The joint resolution passed yesterday, re: salary of the attorney-general, was re-called as its passage was shown to be irregular. A number of bills were introduced and an adjournment taken until Tuesday at 10 A. M. HOUSE—Among the bills introduced today were: Mr. Baldwin, appropriating \$40,800 for the school for the blind; Mr. Tripp, appropriating \$44,997 for a metallurgy department building and equipment of the Michigan mining school, also making an appropriation of \$75,400 for the Michigan mining school; Mr. Holton, appropriating \$2,060 for new shops at Jackson prison. Ad. adjourned till Tuesday.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

Sunday night's fire at Kansas City, Mo., did about \$250,000 damage. Thirty inches of snow fell at Bozeman, Mont., Monday and Tuesday. Henri Barroillet, the well known San Francisco barkeeper, died Tuesday. It began snowing in Minnesota Sunday morning and continued for fifteen hours. About three feet fell. The opera house and other buildings at Evansville, Ind., were burned Sunday night. Loss, \$100,000. Fire at the Kentucky state agricultural and medical college at Lexington did \$35,000 damage Sunday night. The Twenty-eighth street wall of the Fifth avenue theater at New York, fell Monday, but no one was injured. At a dance at Cowling, Mo., Tuesday night, John Kincaid quarreled with James Gates and cut his throat, killing him instantly. James B. Kinsley, a Boston wool commission merchant, has been arrested for the embezzlement of \$34,000 from Boston banking houses. Stephen Lavinori of Butte, Mont., while delirious Sunday night, fatally wounded the proprietor of his boarding house with a cleaver. A benzine explosion in the works of the Enterprise manufacturing company at Akron, O., Wednesday afternoon so seriously burned Miss Nettie L. Cruse that she will die. The building took fire, causing a loss of \$15,000. James Reynolds of Chicago died at Prescott, Ariz., Sunday. He owned the Hot Springs railroad in Arkansas, a line of steamers plying between St. Paul and St. Louis and had large mining interests in Colorado and Arizona.

There is a lockout in all the planing mills of Indianapolis, Ind., on account of the refusal of the bosses to grant an increase of 25 per cent in wages demanded by the men.

Snow, in which was mixed a large quantity of salt, fell in Salt Lake City, Utah, Monday, and when the snow melted a quarter of an inch of salt was left upon the ground.

A farmer named Johnson, living near Monticello, Wis., was at New Glarus, and on returning home found his house burned to the ground and his two little children burned to death.

A co-operative store on a large scale will shortly be established in Chicago. The Wage-workers' co-operative mercantile savings association was incorporated Tuesday at Springfield for this purpose.

Trains Collide in a Tunnel.

New York, Feb. 24.—On Friday last there was a collision of two trains in the middle of a railroad tunnel through Fourth avenue, near Eighty-fifth street, in this city.

An accommodation train from the Grand Central depot ran into a train carrying only employees, which was on the way to the yard at Mott Haven. The train was the Boston express, the cars of which were on their way to be cleaned. The tunnel was filled with fog and smoke and was so dark that scarcely anything could be seen. The accommodation was running at the rate of about thirty miles an hour and carried 125 persons. At a point about halfway between Eight-fourth and Eighty-fifth streets the engine ran into the rear of the Boston express sleeper, wrecking the smoking car and driving it partly through the palace car to which it was coupled. Both trains came to a standstill within a quarter of a minute. The tunnel was filled with wreckage by the collision, and a moment after it occurred a light switch engine on the down track ran into it, jumped the rails and turned partly across the tunnel. Six men were on it, but none were hurt.

The telescoped cars, a mass of broken timbers and splinters, were piled up under one of the roof openings of the tunnel, and taking fire immediately the smoke attracted the attention of people in the neighborhood. Those that were near heard shrieks and calls for help. Civilians and policemen climbed over the railing of the small park that surrounds the opening and looked down upon the wreck.

A crowd quickly collected and all possible assistance was given. Two fire alarms brought six engines, which soon began playing on the flames. Ladders were brought and let down through the opening, and the rescuers began to search for the dead and dying.

As the fire was put out and they were able to get inside the cars, the scenes presented were fearful. Dead and roasted and broken bodies in all sorts of pitiable attitudes were among the debris of the interior. But one was not dead. Between the head of the locomotive and the end of the car into which it had smashed was suspended by the shoulders the body of a man whose legs had been torn off. His clothing had all burned off and his body partly roasted. He was still alive. A fireman touched him and from his head above the end of the car that jammed him against the locomotive, came a moan and the words: "For God's sake leave me alone and let me die." The strong men were forced to turn away momentarily in horror. It took twenty minutes to extricate the poor fellow and carry him to the surface. He died before an examination could be held. Every fresh body brought out steamed as if it had been parboiled in addition to being burned. The dead were finally lifted up through the openings in the tunnel and carried away, the injured were sent to hospitals, and after ten hours' work the tracks were cleared.

The killed number six persons, five men and one woman. Three others were very seriously injured. Engineer Fowler of the accommodation was arrested and committed without bail. He and his fireman declare the clear signals were out. Neither was seriously injured. The accident happened on what is known as the Harlem line, which is operated and managed by an organization known as the "Grand Central Station."

Dun's Review of Trade.

New York, Feb. 23.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says that there is no certainty about the future of trade. Eastbound shipments from Chicago for half of February have been 145,957 tons, against 205,283 last year, a loss of 28 per cent. This is mainly due to the shortness of crops, but the output and movement of iron are also much smaller than a year ago, and the foreign trade is falling below last year's both imports and exports. The tone of reports from other cities is generally favorable. In the south cotton is held back for higher prices, and trade is dull at Memphis and Atlanta and fair at New Orleans. At Savannah the prospect is bright, and trade is of good volume at St. Louis and healthy at Kansas City.

In the west prospects are fair. At Chicago there is an increase of wheat movement, but a decrease in dressed beef, lard, hides and wool. In dry goods, clothing and boots and shoes sales are above last year's. Detroit notes quiet trade and only fair collections. The business failures occurring throughout the country during the past seven days number 295 as compared with a total of 297 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 271.

Henry H. Sibley Dead.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 20.—Ex-Gov. Sibley, after a long illness, died early Wednesday morning. Henry Hastings Sibley, the first governor of Minnesota was born in Detroit in 1811 and left the city between the age of 20 and 21 to enter the employ of the American fur company at Mackinac. From Mackinac he went to Mendota, Minn., still in the employ of the company in 1834. In 1848 he was elected a delegate to congress from what was designated as Wisconsin Territory. In 1862 he was appointed commander of the forces to quell the Sioux outbreak. He subdued the Indians, taking 2,000 prisoners, 38 of whom were executed. Since that time he has almost constantly filled some civil office in the new state.

Two prisoners, a white man and a Negro, were taken from the county jail at Gainesville, Fla., late Tuesday night and hanged. They had been arrested ten hours before for complicity in numerous assaults committed in the neighborhood during the past two weeks.

The census bureau announces the population of the state of Tennessee by races as follows: White, 1,332,971; colored, 434,300; Indians, 178; Chinese, 64; Japanese, 10; total, 1,767,518. The population of West Virginia is given as follows: White, 729,262; colored, 33,508; Indians, 8; Chinese, 16; total, 762,794.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Senator Ingalls Offers His Resignation as Chairman of the Senate.

Speaker Reed Resumes His Place in the House After a Brief Absence.

The President's Nomination of Windom's Successor, Foster of Ohio, Laid Before the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—SENATE—The senate discussed at length and passed the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill without further amendments. The copyright bill was slightly amended, but the senate adjourned without further progress on it. HOUSE—Mr. Payson acted as speaker pro tem of the house. Mr. Brewer presented and after a brief debate the house agreed to the conference report on the fortification appropriation bill. The Indian appropriation bill in committee of the whole was disposed of and the previous question ordered before the house adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—SENATE—The senate today passed the bill increasing to \$100 per month the pension of Mrs. Gen. Custer. The copyright bill passed the senate, yeas 36, nays 14. HOUSE—In the house today Mr. Payson was elected speaker pro tem. The Indian appropriation bill was passed and the house went into committee of the whole on the postoffice appropriation bill. The house committee on coinage, weights and measures has agreed to close the hearings on the senate silver bill at 12 o'clock Friday, Feb. 20, and to vote on the bill at one o'clock on the same day.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—SENATE—The feature of today's session was the resignation of the chairmanship of the senate by Mr. Ingalls. The Nicaragua canal bill was under discussion when an adjournment was taken and it was left as unfinished business. HOUSE—Speaker Reed, after a brief illness, resumed the chair this morning. The house passed the senate bill for the relief of settlers on certain lands in the southern portion of Iowa, also the bill for the relief of the Stockbridge tribe of Indians in Wisconsin. The postoffice appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole after which the house adjourned. The house held an evening session to consider the immigration bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—SENATE—The senate, after the transaction of routine morning business, proceeded to the consideration of pension bills unobjectioned. There were 130 pension bills passed in forty-five minutes. Among them was one increasing the pension of Brig.-Gen. Landrum of Kentucky to \$50. The senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Nicaragua canal bill, giving the guarantee of the United States government to the company's 4 per cent bonds to the amount of \$100,000,000, and adjourned without action. HOUSE—Mr. Cannon of Illinois from the committee on rules reported a resolution for the immediate consideration of business reported by the committee on judiciary—the first bill to be taken up to be the bill for the relief of the supreme court with senate amendments, and next the bill to fix the salaries of United States judges. The resolution resulted in a heated discussion and upon a division being demanded the democrats left in a body, when the motion was carried by a vote of 150 to 88. The house proceeded to the consideration of the bill fixing the salaries of United States district judges which occupied the time till adjournment.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—SENATE—The Nicaragua canal bill was taken up as the unfinished business. The question being on the amendment offered by Mr. Stewart, providing that the chief of engineers of the army shall have supervision and control of the construction of the canal, it was disagreed to—yeas 23, nays 25. The bill then went over without action. The conference report on the navy appropriation bill was presented and agreed to. The senate then adjourned. HOUSE—Some excitement was occasioned during the reading of the journal of yesterday's proceedings by several of the democratic congressmen claiming that the record had been falsified. The journal was finally approved by a vote of 150 yeas to 95 nays. The senate bill fixing the salaries of the United States district judges was then taken up and passed. The postoffice appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole and the house adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—SENATE—The nomination of Charles Foster to be secretary of the treasury was laid before the senate and referred, in the usual course, to the committee on finance. In the course of a discussion, while the sundry civil appropriation bill was under consideration, the civil service commissioners' criticism of Postmaster-General Wanamaker was referred to. Mr. Gorman said that it was the first time in the history of the government that three subordinate officers had criticized through the public prints one of the great cabinet officers of the government, and had had the audacity to address their communication to the President of the United States. In ordinary times they would have been removed and better men have been put in their places. The discussion occupied the remainder of the session. In the evening the senate met and disposed of 115 pages of the civil appropriation bill. HOUSE—The deficiency appropriation bill and the postoffice appropriation bill were discussed and the latter passed. An evening session was held for the consideration of the immigration bill.

Dun's trade review finds business a little dull and doubtful throughout the country at this juncture.

Arthur L. Keller, foreman of the Hampden watch works at Canton, O., fell from a bicycle Sunday and was killed.

Senator Davis has presented a proposed amendment to the sundry civil bill, appropriating \$25,000 to be used in propagating and distributing ptarmigan in Alaska for the use of the natives.

Breedsville, Van Buren county, has a new roller process flouring mill. In a bulletin issued by the census office it is stated that the center of population of this country on June 1, 1890, was in southern Indiana, near Greensburg, and twenty miles east of Columbus. Ten years ago it was eight miles west by south of Cincinnati.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales will visit Ireland during the coming summer. The Earl of Zetland, the Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary Balfour are understood to have urged the Prince to make the proposed visit with the view of giving encouragement to the industries of that country.

Laid to Rest.

St. Louis, Feb. 23.—The remains of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, conveyed hither from New York, were laid to rest in the cemetery wherein lie his wife and two sons, on Saturday afternoon.

For miles the streets were lined with solid walls of people standing at least a dozen deep. And the evidences of affection and esteem in which his fellow townsmen held him were abundant on all sides. The city was draped in mourning. Evidences of individual sorrow were also abundant, and badges of ribbon and crape fluttered from every coat lapel. The grief of those in the procession was not alone genuine, but a parent to every one. His comrades of Ransom Post marched in hollow square about the caisson. Their step was measured, their eyes downcast, and every face wore that solemn look which said too plainly for words: "I've lost a friend."

At exactly 11:25 a. m. Col. Volkmar, chief of staff, informed the grand marshal that all was ready, and Gen. Merritt gave a signal to the buglers. A grizzled old veteran who rode at the head of the musicians raised his bugle to his lips, sounded a few notes and the funeral procession started. The procession was two hours and fifty minutes in passing a given point and the head had fairly reached the cemetery gates when the rear guard was falling into line.

It was two o'clock when the caisson entered the gates of the cemetery. Most of the troops remained outside of the cemetery. On account of the large number of carriages occupied by Grand Army men, members of the Royal Legion and Sons of Veterans who were unable to endure the fatigue of the entire march of nearly eight miles, and for whom carriages were provided at the corner of Grand and Eastern avenues, the roads from the entrance of the cemetery to the grave were soon blocked, and many of those who occupied carriages near the end of the procession were obliged to leave them some distance from the gate and walk to the grave. This caused some delay in the services and it was not until three o'clock that all who had been assigned places took their positions about the open grave, which was lined inside with flags.

A short distance to the south was the grave of the Thirteenth, to the east members of the Grand Army, and directly around it to the north were grouped Senator Sherman, the Misses Sherman, P. T. Sherman, Col. Hoyt Sherman, Lieutenants Thackara and Fitch and their wives, Judge and Mrs. P. B. Ewing, Gen. and Mrs. Thos. Ewing, Gen. and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Secretary and Mrs. Noble, Secretary and Mrs. Rusk, Assistant Secretary Grant, ex-President Hayes, Gen. Schofield, Gen. Howard, Gen. Slocum and others.

After all had taken their positions, the eight sergeants acting as body bearers lifted the caasket from the caisson and bore it reverentially to the grave, when all that was mortal of Gen. Sherman was lowered to its last resting place. The caasket was draped with flags and was bare of any floral ornament. The services were of the simplest character and were conducted by the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, all assembled at the grave standing with uncovered heads. As the caasket was being lowered the regimental band played Pleyel's hymn. During the services, which were the regular ones of the Catholic church, Fr. Sherman sprinkled the caasket with holy water, thus consecrating both the body and the grave. Fr. Sherman read the Catholic service, one of the selections being, "I am the resurrection and the life," offered fervent prayer and the services were at an end. As the services progressed many about the grave were visibly affected, and when the flags surrounding the caasket were removed the sound of low sobbing was heard. At three o'clock the closing of the grave was completed, and the buglers of the Seventh cavalry sounded "Taps"—"Lights Out." Volleys were fired over the grave by the Thirteenth infantry, immediately followed by three salves by the artillery which was stationed some distance to the east. Wreaths and branches of evergreens were then placed upon the grave by loving hands. The funeral party and the troops returned to the stations and the many thousands of citizens who were present dispersed to their homes.

Thus was laid to rest by the side of his wife and two sons, one of whom was his "soldier boy," Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

Secretary Windom's Successor.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The president on Saturday nominated Charles Foster of Ohio, secretary of the treasury. The nomination was favorably received about the capitol and it was very highly commended by the men best acquainted with the new secretary. The Ohio congressman spoke of him as a man of strong personal worth, large experience as a successful business man and well acquainted with public affairs. He is, it is said, thoroughly in accord with the president's financial policy and a conservative man whose opinions are all favorable to a sound, stable currency.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like Apples, Butter, Beans, Cabbage, Eggs, Hides, etc. Columns include item name and price per unit.

Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. John Dillon, who recently surrendered to the police at Folkestone, England, and who were taken to Clonmel jail in order to undergo their terms of imprisonment, were transferred to Galway jail at daylight Thursday morning. The prisoners were taken from Clonmel in a saloon carriage. The secrecy was observed throughout the proceedings, the inhabitants of Tipperary got wind of the affair and assembled in crowds at the Tipperary railroad station and enthusiastically cheered the two members of Parliament as the latter's train stopped for a few moments in their midst. Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon will complete their sentence in Galway jail.

"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"You are glad," she says, in an indecipherable tone; "you hope it may be so. The very idea has given you new life. Is that what I am to learn now, after all these years? You would gladly take this to your heart. You would condone this odious misdeed of hers?"

"Oh, that I could know that he lives," falls Madam, clasping her hands.

"You would sacrifice all to that—his honor—his life? While I?" she draws her breath quickly. "I wish I could see him now, this moment, dead at my feet." She looks on the ground as she says this, and spreads out her hands, palms downward as though picturing him to herself there. His mother, with a little sharp, gasping cry, shrinks away from her.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she says, faintly. "Anything but that! Oh! to see him once again alive—alive! Oh! Denis. Oh! my son!—my child!" With this she falls sobbing as though her heart must break.

"Well, so you will," says Miss Cazale, with a fine composure. "You only him, but her too. The daughter you were always wishing for in one guise or another. I hope you will like her when you get her. At all events she will give you scope for the meretricious sentiment that must be such a trouble to you."

She laughs again insolently, and moves toward the door. Nancy Blake, who happens to be standing near it, draws away as she approaches, with an unconscious but very eloquent display of condemnation. But of this Katherine takes little heed. Dipping the door, she steps out into the hall and there comes face to face with—

CHAPTER XXVI.

Such a poor, little, forlorn, draggled, frightened girl that for the moment she scarcely knows her. Can this be the dainty Duchess?

It is! With a quick exclamation she goes forward, and lays her firm white hand upon the skimming Norah's shoulder, and twists her round so the light may fall more fully on her.

"So you have come home! I wonder you weren't ashamed," she says. "And in such a plight too! Where is your beauty gone, I wonder?" She seems to find a rich enjoyment in the girl's miserable appearance. "Come, you have now to exp. ans.," she says, and using a little (a very little) all that is needed of the strength that belongs to her, she compels the worn-out child to follow her, and enter what seems to her sad, terrified, half-dulled brain, a room crowded with condemnatory eyes.

When she left Denis she had been fortunate in taking at first the path that led direct to Venice. At the gates she had met two of the stablemen, whom she at once dispatched to the cabin where lay the unconscious Delaney. A third man she had sent off for the doctor; and having, as she felt, done now for him all she could do, she strained at last relaxed and she gave in. It seemed to her as if something had given way within her head, and she lost thought for most things, being only desirous of getting away from everyone, to be alone, beyond the view of prying eyes; able to give herself up to the deadly lethargy that is so surely overcomer.

Then Katherine had seized upon her as she endeavored, like some wounded thing, to creep up stairs unseen to her own room, and now she puts up her hands as if to shut them all away from her.

"Norah! Norah!" cries Lady Glandore, rushing to her; she is not first—Madam is before her, and has caught the girl by both her shoulders, and is, in her agitation, swaying her gently to and fro.

"Norah, where is Denis? Where is my son?"

The poor child, bewildered, gazes from one to the other. A feeling of faintness is overpowering her, mingled with that terrible dread of what they will say of her—of public censure—that had tormented her all through the past interminable night. Oh, to escape—to get away! She looks round her helplessly, and makes a feeble effort to shake off Madam's detaining grasp.

"Norah, speak," says Lady Glandore in a kind, conciliatory tone. "Where have you been since last night?"

"In the wood," says the Duchess, trembling, repeating half unconsciously the words she had drilled herself to say in the lonely hours spent beside the insensible body. He is safe now. The men must have found him. She cannot lay herself open to the cruel insinuations of Katherine Cazale. How if she were, in her fury, to tell them all of that scene in the garden! Oh, no, no.

"I lost my way," she stammers foolishly, that horrible pain in her head beating with maddening force. "I went on—on. I could not come back; there was rain. It was very dark. I—she breaks off at this incoherent speech, trying in a little pitiful way to collect her wits, and only succeeding in repeating again the words she had impressed upon her tired brain in a more lucid moment. "I lost my way," she says slowly.

Miss Cazale laughs out loud. "Did Denis lose his way, too?" she asks. "It is really refreshing, in such a material age as this, to hear of two beings so charmingly unsophisticated. Two veritable babes in the wood!"

"Lo, silent, girl!" cries Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, with hoarse indignation. "No, I shall not be silent. What! Is all her path, however depraved, to be made smooth for her?"

"What path?" demands Nancy Blake, quickly. "Confess at least that your first surmise was a false one. There has been no elopement."

"I am nevertheless as firmly convinced as ever, that she, and she alone, knows why Denis is absent from his home."

At the sound of Delaney's name Norah starts violently.

"Ha! do you see that?" cries Miss Cazale triumphantly. "Deny, now, if you can that she is hiding something from us."

"Norah, dearest, try to explain," says Lady Glandore, moving near to the half-fainting girl and passing her arm around her.

"Yes, do. Do my dear! Sure a word will settle it one way or the other," says Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, with an encouraging pat on the back.

"Oh, Duchess! If there is anything to tell, tell it!" entreats Miss Blake, in deep distress, evidently on the verge of tears.

But Norah is past understanding now. "I lost my way," she murmurs foolishly. "It was so dark, so cold. I went on, on. I lost my way." She looks round her with darkening eyes and an agonized expression.

"Why!" exclaims Miss Cazale, creeping slowly up to her, with her head bent and gaze fixed upon Norah's gown. "What is this? She lifts a corner of it. 'Tis blood!" she cries, shrilly. "Blood! She has murdered him. Look at her, look! It is blood. I tell you. She has killed him."

"Don't be a fool!" says Mrs. O'Shaughnessy with more force than elegance. But even as she says it her tone trembles.

That awful word has penetrated the mist that troubles Norah's intellect, stag-

gering to a table, she leans against it, and turns her miserable eyes on Madam. All is forgotten now, save the memory of how she left him; all that natural desire to shield herself if possible from cruel censure is dead within her.

"Send for him," she cries, hoarsely holding out both her hands. "And then, with sharp remembrance. 'Do not blame me! Forgive me! I could not help it. I—He would have died—'"

She is leaning rather heavily against the table—her face is ghastly. But they are all so puzzled, so terrified by her extraordinary speech, that they forget to notice her.

Then there is a sound at the door, a quick footstep—would she not know it among ten



"OH! DAD!"

thousand? And the Squire enters the room. Oh! the joy of this moment. A sharp exclamation breaks from her.

"Oh, dad! Oh, dad!" she cries wildly, and falls senseless into his arms.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When the love comes, all ravages leaves that whole. Vainly the flesh fades—soul makes all things new.

"Why, how is this? Look up, my lamb; my reason, why Norah! Why Duchess?" The Squire, as he holds his daughter's insensible body to his heart, appears at his wit's end. He is bending over her, and is looking with heart-broken anxiety into the white, worn face. Then suddenly he lifts his head and gazes sternly at Madam across her body.

"What have you done to her?" he asks, fiercely. "I lent her to you. I trusted you. And you—Is this the way you give her back to me?" He pauses here and looks so indignantly around him that, as Nancy Blake afterward expressed it, they all went into their shoes. "Had none of you compassion on her, after all she had just gone through? This, of course, is not understood by any of them, and he turns back again to Madam. "Answer me," he says. "What have you done to my daughter?"

Nancy Blake and Lady Glandore are doing what they can for Norah, while Madam takes a step forward and confronts her brother-in-law.

"Oh, man!" she cries, in broken accents. "You have her. She is there within your arm. But I—Where is my son?"

There is tragedy in her whole air. "Had none of you compassion on her, after all she had just gone through?" This, of course, is not understood by any of them, and he turns back again to Madam. "Answer me," he says. "What have you done to my daughter?"

"He is dead!" says Madam in a low, but piercing tone.

"Bless me, my dear creature, no. Not a bit of it. Far from it, I hope. He—There, now, Norah!" as the girl opened her eyes. "Come, now, there's a good girl! That's right now! Look up at your old dad! He," turning again to Madam, "was as angry as a bear with cubs, by one of these damned Land Leaguers. I really beg your pardon, Madam—out—er—anyway!" (with an airy gesture) "it was one of those damned rascals who fired at him, and the bullet hit him, and his arm—There, now, that's my own girl again. Why, Noddlekins, to think of you fainting at the sight of your old father!"

"Oh, his arm. What of his arm?" asks the poor mother detrainedly.

"It—I'm afraid it's broken," says the Squire, gently. "But hasn't Norah told you?"

"Norah! No." They all draw closer together. "What does she know of it?"

"Why, bless my heart, everything," says the Squire, looking proudly down upon the Duchess, who now, safe in the shelter of his embrace, and somewhat fortified by the wine that Lady Glandore had insisted on her drinking, is listening with some composure to her father's tale. "Why it was Norah who found him in that ruffian's grasp, and somehow saved him. I don't quite know all about it myself yet, but, anyhow, she must have succeeded in dragging him into a sort of a hut that is in the woods, and there she stayed with him all night, nursing him and binding up his wounds, and—and—covering him up from the cold with her own poor little petticoats. 'Pon my soul!' says the Squire, two tears stealing down his cheeks, 'she's a heroine, that's what she is, though I say it of my own flesh and blood.'"

"Oh, Norah! But why didn't you tell us, darling?" says Madam, taking the girl in her arms and kissing her somewhat reproachfully. "To know he was alive—"

Here the door is pushed open very gently, and the butter thrusts in his heavy head.

"If ye please, Madam, they've brought the master," he begins, genuine fear and sorrow in his tone.

"Bring him in here," says the Squire, hastily. "And send another messenger for the doctor."

He is quite conscious as they bring him in his improvised couch, a door covered with oats, and his first word is for the mother who bends over him in speechless grief.

"Dear mother! It might have been worse!" he says feebly, with a touching attempt at the old lightness of manner; and then his gaze wanders. "Norah!" he asks.

"She is here," says Madam, drawing her eagerly forward; and, indeed, no pressure is needed. She is at his side almost as soon as her name passes his lips, with love, unforbidden, in her eyes. It seems to her now as though nothing matters, and that for this one supreme moment he is still her own. The influence of the past night, when he was given so utterly into her keeping, is still upon her, and regardless of all eyes that are very kindly ones) she kneels down beside him and presses her lips to his hand.

"You are better," she says softly, joyfully. The morrow may give him to Katherine. The morrow may, may it shall, take her away forever, back to her old home, but just now she will hold him as her own.

"Mother!" says Denis, turning to Madam with some excitement, "she is worn out, exhausted. Don't you see it? Take her away; I give her into your charge. See to her as you love me. But for her, I—"

He ceases somewhat suddenly, and falls backward, whereupon the doctor, who has

provisionally arrived at this critical moment, puts them all out of the room, save Madam, and the Squire, who proves a most efficient surgical help.

Lady Glandore has carried off the Duchess, and indeed her to a bed; and indeed it is not until long afterward that the Squire learns how very near to brain fever his little daughter had been. Thanks, however, to the unremitting care of Nancy Blake, who devoted herself to her, and to Lady Glandore, who surprised even herself on this occasion, the danger was averted. Soothing, judicious answers were given to the wild, incoherent questions—spoonfuls of beef tea were administered every now and then—a sleeping draught was procured from the doctor, and thus the tired and over-excited brain was calmed, and finally toward midnight a heavy sleep falling over her, saved her.

But a terrible cold arises out of these hours when she had been in the cabin, only half-dressed; and for weeks she lies prostrate, fondly tended night and day by the Squire, whose very soul seems wrung up in her, and whose only comfort lies in such moments as when he can cradle her in his loving arms, and feel her head nestling close against his heart.

And there, too, she loves to lie, and whisper to him, when her cough permits, and over-excited brain was calmed, and finally toward midnight a heavy sleep falling over her, saved her.

No one but those who have experienced it can comprehend the divine comfort that lies in a love like this!

And then the cold comes a day when she is really better, and though not a phantom of her former sprightly self, still is a Norah who speaks to them now about, languidly enough, heaven knows, but able to talk without having to pause between every other word for a terrible paroxysm of coughing to go by.

Her recovery, after all, has been slower than Delaney's, who has pulled through rapidly, to the admiration of his doctor and nurse, and who, though he has not yet been out of the house, on account of the inclemency of the weather it is now close to Christmas, has very nearly passed the bounds of invalidism. Yet though the time has been long since he was struck down by that revulsive hand, Norah and he have never yet met face to face. Indeed, Dr. Morgan and the great men from Dublin have been rigid in their determination to keep Denis from seeing anyone except his special attendants, but to-day, Katherine, whose inquiries all through his illness have been unceasing and very touching, and who has apparently forgotten all about that acceptance of Sir Bran-brun, so boldly declared on a certain occasion, has wrung a rather reluctant permission from Madam to pay him a visit.

She has long since heard nothing of that unpleasant declaration of hers yet warms Katherine's breast. A hope vain indeed, as Lady Glandore, who loves a little mischief, has been at particular pains to make him thoroughly acquainted with it. To do her justice, she has given a very striking and graphic description of that past scene to Denis, having fought her way into his room to do it. Unaware of this, and full of a determination to establish the old relations between them—the Delaney rental being very considerably in advance of Sir Bran-brun's—on a morning one morning lays aside her work in a rather ostentatious manner, and rising, declares aloud, in a rather premeditated tone, that she is going to see Denis.

"Are you? Lucky mortal!" says Lady Glandore, quite beaming upon her. "Now here are all we longing to get a glimpse of him, yet he is denied; whilst you—"

"Well, you see," says Miss Cazale, with what is meant to be a sentimental air, "I suppose they would concede the prior claim to me?"

"Oh, naturally! To be sure! How could I have forgotten that!" exclaims Lady Glandore, with so much emphasis that even Katherine regards her with a little suspicion. As for the others—it is a wet day, and the drawing-room is full of men and women—they all stare at her as if lost in amazement at her duplicity.

"Why, I thought," begins Miss Blake, looking coldly at Katherine, "that on the morning when we were all so upset by the fact that Denis couldn't be found, that you—"

"Tut, my good Nancy!" whispers Lady Glandore, catching her frock behind and pulling her down on the ottoman beside her. "Fie, fie, now. One should never remember such little mistakes as that."

"You are a disgraceful hypocrite," says Nancy after a pause, during which she has studied her friend with unusual severity. "I am worth my weight in gold," responds Lady Glandore unabashed.

"Wait till you see! She is going up to Denis with that elephantine air of sentiment fixed on her chiselled features, and when she finds out what I have done (in about twenty minutes from now, I should say) there will be such another little game as you have never dreamt of."

"I wonder when we may see the Duchess," says Mr. Greene at this moment.

"Duchess! What a name that is!" said Miss Cazale with a curling lip. "Doesn't it seem to you that—there is almost a little touch of impropriety about it?"

"About where now?" asks Mr. Greene, leaning forward as if positively atheist for information.

"No, it doesn't seem like that to any of us," says Nancy Blake, a sudden fire in her eyes. "I should have to be born all over again—born a cleverer creature—a you, perhaps—before I could understand how to associate such a word as that with our dear, brave, little Duchess."

Miss Cazale shrugs her shoulders very slightly, very gracefully, very superciliously, implying somehow by the act that of course it is impossible to carry out an argument with such an unfortunately mannered person as Miss Blake, and leaves the room.

"What a way she talks of Norah," says the latter, her charming eyes still afloat, turning to Lord Kilgarriff, who, as usual, is at her elbow. They are walking toward the conservatory.

"She is admirable," says Kilgarriff, warmly.

"Who?" demands Nancy, with pardonable puzzlement, standing still beside a giant palm.

"Why, Miss Cazale, of course. Surely you did not think I meant the dear Duchess!"

"No," she seems rather taken up by the shape of the palm leaf nearest her for a moment or two, and then says slowly: "You would take Norah's part, of course?"

"Well, why shouldn't I? She is one of the oldest friends I have."

"More than that," thoughtfully, resting a piercing glance on him. "You don't forget, do you?"

"Forget what?"

"All you told me when we were abroad last summer."

"About Norah?" desperately. "No, why should I forget? It is all over now, and no harm done to her or to me."

"Are you sure of that—the last reason?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO BUGS OF PREY.

One Delights in the Chase of the Cockroach, the Other Catches Caterpillars.

A Star reporter learned that two bugs, common in Washington, are regarded with superstition. One of these is what housekeepers are accustomed to call the "earwig." It has 100 legs, more or less, makes its nests in people's ears and is an object of attack with a slipper at every opportunity. As a matter of fact, this creature is not an earwig at all. An earwig is an insect, while the bug with many legs, so common here, is a "myriapod." The differences distinguishing the two are too technical to be worth defining in detail, but one of them is that a true insect does not have more than six legs, whereas some of the myriapods have more than 200. This particular myriapod has fifteen pairs of legs.

The earwig properly so called, is rare in this country, though plentiful in England, where it inhabits gardens chiefly, though sometimes it is lured into houses by lights. It is about an inch in length, and its rear is furnished with a pair of long forceps that may pinch a little. Most remarkable among the traits of the earwig is the way it has of brooding over its young after they are hatched from the eggs. It is one of the very few insects that take care of their progeny after they have come into the world. The earwig does not make nests in people's ears, notwithstanding the popular notion to that effect, and it is more closely related to the grasshopper than to anything else.

Whereas the earwig is an out-door animal, nocturnal in its habits, the myriapod known hereabouts by that name finds houses its most convenient habitat. Instead of destroying it, housekeepers ought to encourage it, because it is a deadly enemy to flies and most particularly to cockroaches. It is a predatory creature, and feeds upon these objectionable insects. The manner in which it attacks and devours its prey is most interesting. It will approach a cockroach quietly, and, leaping upon it, will embrace it with its legs, passing its victim toward its head from one pair of legs to another until it gets it within reach of its jaws. Then it bites into the body of the cockroach and devours the soft parts, throwing away the outer shell when the latter is emptied.

Very often this "cermatia forceps"—for such is its scientific name, and it has no satisfactory popular one—sees a second cockroach while it is devouring the first one. With its prey in its mouth it leaps upon cockroach number two, grasping the latter between its legs until it has finished cockroach number one. Having polished off cockroach number one, it passes up cockroach number two to its jaws and proceeds as before.

This myriapod—the term signifies "thousand footed"—is generally imagined to have a poisonous bite, but entomologists do not believe that it ever attacks human beings. It is most clearly in its habits, spending its entire leisure making its toilet; its preference is for damp places, probably not because it prefers dampness itself, but because it prefers such localities. If you touch one it falls to pieces, shedding its legs in a reckless fashion.

The other bug referred to is found out of doors most plentifully in Washington, and is popularly known as the "rearhorse." Probably there is no insect in the world about which so many superstitions are entertained. It is commonly called in other parts of the world the "mantis," the "praying mantis," the "sooth-sayer," and by many other names. It is the most formidable enemy of the caterpillar that commits such depredations upon Washington trees, and is therefore to be regarded with a decided prejudice in its favor. If you will look carefully in the winter time you will find upon the bare twigs and branches little elongated clusters of rearhorse eggs, though the creature is not so easy to discover in the summer time, because of the way it has of mimicking in color and appearance otherwise whatever it rests upon. It has a first cousin known as the "walking stick," which is so like a twig in appearance, with joints and shoots corresponding, that you would never imagine it to be anything else unless you took it in your hand. The mantis grows to be nearly three inches long, and from its eggs are frequently hatched out not its own young, but other insects, which bore into the eggs after they are laid and subsequently come out of them in the shape of flies.

It is a very remarkable thing to observe a mantis in the act of approaching a caterpillar or other insect that it wishes to devour. It walks stealthily towards its intended prey, lifting one leg after the other so slowly until it is fairly upon the object, which it seizes with its powerful forelegs and proceeds to devour. Frequently the mantis lies about toward sunset. It does not bite human beings, though it may pinch a little. The mantis—its name is Greek for "soothsayer"—gets this name from the fact that for ages past it has been thought to foretell events. It is called the "praying mantis" because, while making for victims, it holds its forelegs in the air in very much the attitude assumed by a person in prayer. On account of the resemblance of this attitude to the one they themselves assume in supplicating the Deity, Mohammedans reverence the insect particularly. The superstition regarding it extends as far as the south of Africa, where the Hottentots believe that to kill one would cause the destruction of all their flocks and herds and future happiness. Among them if a mantis alights upon the head

of one of the tribe, that person is looked upon as a saint. Other people believe that the mantis foretells death and famine. If a child is lost and asks the way to a place the insect will point out the direction. In Europe it is commonly consulted for advice in undertaking any sort of enterprise, and is supposed to indicate disapproval by lowering its head. Young girls frequently ask its advice on questions of marriage. In short, it is a divinity among bugs.—Washington Star.

Some Kansas Mortgages.

In the "flint hills" of Butler county—probably the poorest lands in Kan-

sas—any number of quarter sections have been mortgaged for \$2,000 a quarter, and the result is that they are rapidly passing into the hands of the capitalists who were so short-sighted as to make loans on that kind of security. A foreclosure in such cases is merely a completion of the sale of the land for four times what it is worth.—Kansas City Star.

ANCIENT BANKING HOUSES.

When the Oldest Banks of Europe Were Established—Their History.

Europe is filled with business, and particularly with financial establishments, which have weathered the storms of more than a century and which promise to go on without accident until their conductors and owners are ready to liquidate.

The English and French traders are especially fond of putting upon their signs dates which show that several generations have carried on the business at the old stand.

Even the modest restaurant-keeper in London delights to tell you that you are dining in the same room where Dr. Johnson used to discuss and where "Noll" Goldsmith drank whisky punches—when he had any money.

Banks in Europe have always been honored in exact proportion to the duration of their existence. One of the longest-lived banks in history was also the first institution founded in Europe. It was the Bank of Venice, which was founded in 1171, originally organized to support the costly wars which Venice was constantly carrying on.

For long centuries, until 1797, when the Venetian Republic was overthrown, this bank remained the symbol of financial integrity and solidity.

The Bank of Genoa, founded in 1407, lasted until the first year of the present century. The Bank of Barcelona, in Spain, is still in operation after 400 years of business. Few people know that it was in this bank that the system of negotiation of bills of exchange originated.

Amsterdam's principal bank, founded in 1609, lasted until the French ruined it when they invaded Holland in 1794, because the directors had lent Holland a large sum of money.

The Bank of Hamburg is still alive and flourishing, although it was founded before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. There are numerous banks in Holland, Germany and Sweden which date from the seventeenth century.

The vigorous "old lady" of Threadneedle street, the Bank of England, has been going since the days of William and Mary (1694), and owes its origin to the difficulty the government experienced in raising funds to conduct its war with France. The Banque de France, which had the honor of lending money to the "old lady" during the panic the other day, dates from 1714, and its present charter extends to 1897. Its governor is appointed by the general government.

After the Bank of England, the oldest public banks in Great Britain are the Bank of Scotland (1695) and the Bank of Newcastle-on-Tyne (1755).

The Royal Bank of Prussia has flourished for 135 years.

Private banking houses of world-wide celebrity are comparatively young when placed side by side with the state institutions. The Rothschilds may be said practically, to date from 1806, when the Elector William, after the invasion of his states by the French, deposited about \$5,000,000 for safe keeping with Mayer Anselm Rothschild in Frankfurt. This house, which spread to Frankfurt, Vienna, London, Naples and Paris, and whose heads became barons, was comparatively obscure before the end of the last century. The Barings went to England from Bremen in the first part of the eighteenth century. Many of the old private banks, especially in England, have been merged in joint stock companies.

Some of the oldest English banks have unclaimed deposits belonging to dead and gone people amounting to hundreds of thousands of pounds. One institution in London has £700,000 of these deposits on its books, and some say this must finally be declared clear profit.

Many shipping firms in England and Holland have had an unbroken existence of two centuries, and in France some colonial and foreign merchants boast of a much greater age for their establishments. Houses founded in 1650, 1680 and 1700 abound in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and in Italy and Spain. A common business rule in Europe is that if a house can outlast ten years there is no reason why it should not endure ten centuries. But governmental operations and people are more conservative and cautious in Europe than in America.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

Human Kindness in a Dutchish Youth, and its Power to be Contagious.

It was a hot, dusty day when two or three passengers entered a train on the Iowa Division of the Chicago and Northwestern Road at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly-dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs, and shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a baby. I never saw in my life a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick, even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open doors and windows. The heat and dust made traveling, even for strong men, unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dulle family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman: "Madam can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby a while. You look so very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner. "Oh, thank you, sir," said she, tremulously. "I am tired," and her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! It's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest a while. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What by stage?"

"Yes, but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way to friends in the East. My—my husband—my—"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of erape in the little traveling hat. By this time he had taken the baby and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over her valise and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see you have not money enough to go into a sleeping-car, have you, madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face while the tears dropped between her work fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculations of the man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

The woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing, it's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," with a cheerful smile.

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land, and have Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman," pointing at the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hills and is going to Connecticut. Her

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

GOING NORTH			
STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed	Pass
Pontiac	8:50	9:45	8:20
Oxford	12:05	7:58	9:36
Dryden	12:35	8:16	9:54
North Branch	2:10	9:09	10:36
Elford	2:40	9:21	10:55
Kingston	3:32	9:42	11:15
Wilmet	3:52	9:54	11:25
Deford	4:08	10:05	11:36
Cass City	5:10	10:25	11:48
Gagetown	5:35	10:40	12:03
Owendale	5:55	10:55	12:17
Beyr	7:40	12:20	12:50
Cassville	7:10	12:00	1:00

GOING SOUTH			
STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed	Freight
Cassville	4:00	5:00	5:00
Beyr	4:17	5:16	5:16
Owendale	4:38	5:36	5:36
Gagetown	4:51	5:49	5:49
Cass City	5:10	6:08	6:08
Deford	5:25	6:23	6:23
Wilmet	5:34	6:32	6:32
Kingston	5:44	6:42	6:42
Elford	6:03	6:51	6:51
North Branch	6:18	7:06	7:06
Imlay City	6:38	7:26	7:26
Dryden	7:18	8:06	8:06
Oxford	7:52	8:40	8:40
Pontiac	8:50	10:45	2:00

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.

Flags stations, where trains stop only on signal.

CONNECTIONS.

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

Oxford, Detroit and Bay City division of M. C. Imlay City, C. & P.

Elford, F. & P. M.

Beyr Junction, S. T. & H.

JAMES HOUTON Superintendent.

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J. H. WINEGAR, Proprietor.

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Repairing done in a workman-like manner.

\$3000 A YEAR! Undertake to teach any fair intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation of employment at which you can earn the amount. No money for the unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district of country. I have already taught and provided with employment at a large number of places who are making over \$3000 a year each. It is **NEW** and **SOLID**. All particulars **FREE**. Address: **W. C. ALLEN, Box 4200, Augusta, Maine.**

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new line, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Machines are costing from \$25 to \$50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you **FREE**. No space to explain here. Full information **FREE**. **TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.**

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BARGAIN.

160 acres, Section 19, Sheridan. 130 acres improved; clay loam soil; well located. For terms write **J. F. SEELEY,** CARO, MICH.

GEO. L. KILE, PROP.

Five brick hotel recently refitted throughout.

Best Accommodations For the Traveling Public.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS And Barn in Connection.

CASS CITY, - MICH.

GREENLEAF.

Miss Roblin returned to Cass City Monday.

Geo. Battle is the happy father of another little boy.

G. Delong and family intend moving north in a few days.

Geo. Decker, of New York, visited his brother, N. G. Decker, recently.

R. J. Love, of Sanilac Center, Sundayed with his sister Mrs. Dew.

Miss Mary Kelley, of Elkton, is visiting relatives and friends in these parts.

Miss Lora Powell, of Elkland, is visiting Miss Chrissie McCall this week.

Master Johnnie Laim, who has been lying at the point of death, is recovering. Dr. McClinton is attending him.

Christopher McCrea, of Wardsville, Ont., has purchased the farm recently vacated by Nick Decker. He is a promising young man.

OWENDALE and CREEK.

A social hop is talked of by the boys soon, so prepare Edward.

Thos. Henderson is visiting at his parental domicile at present.

Geo. Gibson is now dealing in sheep. Fetch on your flock, ye shepherds.

Gilbert Finkle and C. Fletcher, of Grant, are cutting cedar for Johnston Bros.

M. Armstrong, of Bruce County, Ont. is at present the guest of Wm. McKee and wife.

Archie Hildy, of Eastern Grant, is visiting his brother-in-law, C. Crawford, at present.

Miss Anna Davidson is quite ill, suffering from inflammation, occasioned by a severe cold.

Hugh Crawford is at present lumbering on wheels, having got somewhat tired waiting for snow.

Hector Crawford visited friends in Cumber, from Friday last 'till Monday, of the present week.

Geo. Taylor will go to Bad Axe on Monday to attend the court there, as a juror from this town.

Dr. Lyman, of Gagetown, was in the Burg Saturday last, attending to the wants of the sufferers.

Dan Chisholm and R. Ballagh are on a farm deal at present. We have not learned the particulars as yet.

Mrs. Ed Owens is quite low at present, suffering from a severe attack of inflammation. Dr. Morris is attending her.

Edgar Tindall is fast putting the material on the ground for his large cheese factory to be completed at an early date.

John Nickerson severed his connection with the lumbering firm here the past week. We have not yet learned his destination.

Dysentery is raging in this locality. The worst cases of this dreadful disease are in the family of Malcolm McDonald, of Center street.

We are glad to again see the smiling face of George Taylor around after his desperate encounter with a tree some three weeks ago.

Henry Kelley had the bad misfortune to loose one of his best horses the past week, caused by stepping on a nail while travelling on the road.

Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B. - he never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

Charles Chisholm is nursing a very sore hand this week, which he received while handling a pair of tongs in John G. Owen's lumber camps.

Wm. Martin is a welcome visitor in town with his family for a few days while the strike is in progress in the mining regions at Sebewaning.

Rev. Lyman addressed the people of this part in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last. Hopes are entertained by some of hearing him again in the near future.

Toney Hughes is spending a few days around the homestead with the cry of rheumatism. Archie McLellen is filling the vacancy in camp No. 3, during Toney's absence.

Charley Truesdale is contemplating building an addition to his cabin in a short time, as we learn that a wealthy relative of his took his departure from this world of care and remembered Charley in his last deeds.

Ralph H. Ballagh is surviving the severe accident that befell him while loading a train here some two weeks ago. The youth had many narrow escapes for life though little hopes were entertained for a time, but his many friends are glad to learn that he is now past all danger.

Last week's Correspondence.

Mud? Yes. Sidewalks? No.

Another day in February, this year. So says Mr. Day, the happy father.

Miss Wilkison has recovered from her recent illness, and is again at her post of duty.

People will quarrel. Two more lawsuits this week. Lawyers and justices getting fat.

Dr. Frazer, of Ont., was the guest of Dr. Simmeton last week. He was called home by the sickness of his child.

The smiling countenance of H. A. Pailing is often seen "on-our" streets. He tells us he is doing well in Clifford.

C. L. Soper has returned from a trip to Detroit, where he attended a reception given the new governor. Ha! ha!

The Baptist Church has a new street lamb, which guides the weary traveller on his way, and shows him the door - of the church.

A report is in circulation that Miss Emma Patten and Henry Corliss called on the minister last Sunday. Curious minds may guess the rest.

"Cedarvale" is booming. Hundreds of logs cut every day. A light occasionally just to break the painful quietness. Fingers bitten and an eye blackened.

The Young People's Mission Band, of the Baptist church, meets on Friday evening of every alternate week. They had an interesting program at their last session. Everybody welcome.

At the Epworth League social on Tuesday evening a good, also a profitable time, was had by all in an hour's drill on parliamentary rules. How much better this is than your everlasting buzzing bees.

At the old people's chicken pie social, which was held last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. Mathew's, everything passed off very pleasantly. A little annoyance at first owing to a scarcity of chicken pie, but everything was allright, finally. Net receipts about \$15.

DEFORD.

Party at Elias Gowling's residence on the evening of the 18th.

Log trucking. The seasons are against us. Sheding is a thing of the past.

"Experience, observation and reason are the only basis of knowledge."

"Kiss and catch 'em" party at Bro. Harner's on the evening of the 20th.

Clark Courliss has a horse so lame that it unfit him for the harness.

"Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam."

We learn that a saw mill will be erected on John Whales place, sec. 12, Kingston.

"One thing that we can get without having earned or having deserved it - Abuse."

Our people have been drawing logs to mill this week to make material for the M. E. parsonage.

It requires two to gossip, I cannot throw the whole blame on him that talks, if I lend my ear as a listener.

The "grip" has returned, no mistake about it. Several are complaining Benjamin Sharp is seriously ill with it.

Who hath heroism at this age? The youth that will wear his shabby old suit till he can buy and pay spot cash for a new one.

If a man's friends are among these who have known him longest, it is great evidence of worth. Great friendship on short acquaintance is foolish.

Contented 'till death does part, on the 20th inst, Benjamin Cemmlis and Mrs. Sarah Epplitt, both of Deford. Happiness and prosperity may be theirs.

"Superstition has always been the relentless enemy of science. Faith has been a hater of demonstration. Hypocrisy has been sincere only in the dread of truth."

If the people on the town line southeast of here holds their grit, five barns will loom up heavenward next spring between sections 3, of Kingston, and 34 of Novesta.

This has been a week of prayer at Deford. In all meekness we ask the questions: Can prayer change the order of things, or halt a single law that governs the universe? Why wanders the mind on this point when stable on all others?

Last week the type setter accidentally credited two of Bro. Grant's items to Deford. If we have anything of equal quality pay them back in this issue, that it may come to pass as it is written, "Scribes will be honest though the Heaven fall."

Amid all the strife and political conflict of our age, this spirit we admire: To mourn the death of our great men with a common grief. We care not to what part Wm. T. Sherman belonged, he was one of our nations saviors. His death makes the great heart of the nation sad.

With all due respect for our fellow men and after a close scrutiny of Adam's sons for the past 30 years, we have come to the conclusion that ninety per cent of the large men are lacking in the upper story, while the dwarfish in size as a rule are keen and brierly.

Not long since while in Cass City we heard a politician claiming he was ready to sacrifice all for his country. It co-

once said: "I am willing to die for my country, but if it won't make any difference with the country let the event be brought about by old age."

Young men fight your own battles. Ask no favors of any one. Be your own man. Don't ask your grandmother to speak a good word for you. Whether you work for fame or money or anything else, work with your own hands, heart and brain. Be determined to win. Never let anyone be able to say truthfully, "I have dragged you up."

The Millerites are holding revival meetings at Lamotte and the excitement waxes so high that it is said the ghosts of departed members of the sect come around nights and help boom things. - (Caro Advertiser. Let the Editors of the two sheets at the county capital go down among the holy people and abide with them 'till their wrangling hearts have been changed, so they can meet like civilized not to say christianized men.

We may read at this time with profit the "Books of Maccabees" contained in the Apocrypha. We find there one Judas surnamed Maccabees, from whom the epiete derives its name. A great man, a lover of gold, and a man who carried in his right hand a sword of gold. - When the fire of his eye began to grow dim, and a high power was about to transplant him in another clime, he spoke to his children as follows, with the injunction that the advice be handed down to posterity: "For as it is hurtful to drink wine mingled with water that is pleasant and delighteth the taste, even so speech finely formed delighteth the ears of them that hear and read the story." His descendants have been among us, delighted the people and "Dore the gold away."

Pensions.

J. L. Starkweather, Pension Attorney, of Romeo, Mich., will be at the Cass City House, Cass City, Saturday, Feb. 28th, 1891. Rejected claims a specialty. Increase and re-rating claims, widows, minor children, dependent fathers and mothers, claims for pension. Remember and bring your files and papers with you. The old law is of more value to many soldiers than the law of June 27, 1890. If you have applied under act of June 27th, 1890, apply under the old law, so when you get \$12 per month you can go on and get \$24 or \$30. Call and see me. Advice free.

J. L. STARKWEATHER.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shroust, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kas., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 lbs., in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at Fritz Bros.' Drug Store. Regular sizes 50 cents and \$1.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, and a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Take Notice.

All parties owing me on book accounts, are hereby notified to call and settle the same at once, or the same will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. 1-30-91 J. H. STAFFLER.

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