

Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. X. No. 28.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1891.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

DR. H. MCCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accouchant.
Graduate of V. U. University, 1845. Office
first door over Fritz's drug store. Specialty—
Diseases of women and nervous debility.

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 exami-
nation. Office over Fritz Bros' drugstore.
Not at home on Tuesdays.

INSURANCE.
Fidelity Mutual Life Association, of Phila-
delphia, issues policies to males or females,
forty, twenty years or for the life. Very low
rates.
J. E. THURBERG, State agent. J. H. McLEAN,
Medical Examiner.

Lodges.

E. O. F.
Cass City Lodge, No. 202, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
J. C. LAING, N. G.
D. R. GRAHAM, Secretary.

M. W. T. M.
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the 5th of Friday
evening of each month at 7:30. Visiting Sir
Knights cordially invited.
A. D. GILLIES, Richard KEEPER,
Tas. McARTHUR, Grandmaster.

Wyer Lodge.
Regular communications of WYER LODGE,
No. 317, P. O. A. U., for 1891, June 21, Feb. 21,
Mar. 21, Apr. 18, May 27, June 21, June 21,
(St. John) July 18, Aug. 15, Sept. 12, Oct. 17,
Nov. 14 (election of officers) Dec. 12.
HENRY SEWART, W. M.
A. H. ALE, Secretary.

C. W. McPhail,
Proprietor. O. K. Janes,
Cashier.

CASS CITY BANK.

Established April 18, 1881.

Is there a mortgage on your place?
Can you save a few dollars each
month and apply the same on your
mortgage?

With this idea in view have you been
figuring on making a loan of some Build-
ing and Loan Association?

This might be a move in the right di-
rection if you could not do better. But
when I say to you that you can do your
banking at your home bank on *exactly*
the same basis and save a nice little sum
for yourself it is certainly to your dis-
advantage to go away from home to ob-
tain your money.

Remember I promise you every ad-
vantage which the Building and Loan
Association offers, and in addition you
can get their best rate and I will save
you \$11 on a loan of \$200.

\$11 on a loan of \$200.

\$17 on a loan of \$300.

\$20 on a loan of \$400.

\$20 on a loan of \$500.

\$30 on a loan of \$1,000.

You can also show you one other very
important feature whereby it is much
better for you to borrow of this bank.
I will be pleased to explain this subject
more fully to all intended borrowers if
they will call at the bank.

C. W. McPHAIL,
BANKER.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

ESTABLISHED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.	
Wheat, No. 1 white,	96
Wheat, No. 2 white,	91
do No. 3 red,	94
do No. 3 red,	90
Oats,	60
Beans, hand-picked,	41 85
do, un-picked,	150 @ 1 90
Potatoes,	60 @ 1 90
Rye,	50 @ 55
Barley,	25 @ 100
Clover seed,	25 @ 300
Poss per bushel,	75 @ 90
Buckwheat,	100 @ 100
Pork, live weight,	3 75
Pork, dressed,	6 @ 500
Butter,	roll 10
Eggs,	14
Wool, unwashed,	15 @ 22
Wool, washed,	22 @ 32

Caught On The Fly.

Caro will come to Cass City on July
4th.

Follow the crowd and come to Cass
City July 4th.

A baby girl arrived at Andrew Arm-
strong's on Tuesday.

The new ad. of J. L. Hitchcock, this
week, will be read by all.

The track at the fair ground is now in
condition to be used for speeding.

Hugh Seed Jr. has finished his school
in Grant, and is now stopping at home.

Alma Botsford, of Owosso, is visiting
her relatives and friends at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds of Caro, visited
at Hugh Seed's Wednesday and Thurs-
day.

Matt Parker has been enjoying the
pleasant (?) sensation of a felon this
week.

The G. A. R. had another one of their
popular hard tack socials Wednesday
night.

Our local horsemen are getting their
flyers in trim for the fourth of July
races.

Mrs. J. H. Howell and daughter Una,
of Caro, visited friends in town Wednes-
day and Thursday.

The fourth of July posters are being
placed in conspicuous places this week.
They are attractive bills.

Chas. Maynard, of Gagotown, recently
sold his pacing colt, Chas. M., to B. D.
Tuttle of Detroit, for \$450.

The fence around the Elkland cemetery
is being repainted and other long needed
improvements are being made.

Miss Cora Farrar lost a bangle from
her ring. She will be thankful if the
finder will return the same to her.

Dr. McLean has sold his lathe, drills
and machine tools, formerly owned by
J. P. Horn, to a Mr. Smith, living near
Elkton.

Mat Wixson's show at this place last
Thursday evening was quite well at-
tended. All seemed well pleased with
the performance.

The interior of the M. E. Church has
been papered, which makes a great im-
provement. The papering was done in
a very tasty manner by Fletcher Cross.

Chas. D. Striffler has displayed his en-
terprise again, by sinking a drive well in
front of his store. This convenience will
be fully appreciated by the thirsty pub-
lic.

More local on last page.

THE ALUMNI EXERCISES

And Reception to Class of '91,
Held at Dr. McClinton's
Dwelling Friday Night.

One Hundred and Twenty-five Invited
Guests present and a Most En-
joyable Time Had.

ON Friday evening of last week the
Alumni of the Cass City High
School, composed of the gradu-
ating classes of '87, '89, '90 and '91,
held its first alumni exercises at the
residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. McClinton.
No pains were spared to make the exer-
cises all that could be wished for. The
Dr. and family had everything arranged
for the comfort of the guests, who num-
bered about one hundred and twenty-
five. The weather was quite agreeable
and no impediment existed to mar the
first reception of the alumni.

The first on the program was a piano
duet by Misses Belle McKenzie and
Eva Wickware. This piece was well
rendered and was received by applause.
Roy S. M. Gilchrist invoked the di-
vine blessing.

The next appearing on the program
was a vocal Duet by Misses Dora
Schenck and Lottie Wood, entitled,
"Beautiful moonlight." This piece was
attractive and appropriate, and was
appreciated by those who heard it.

Andrew Wood delivered the oration
for the alumni in his usual earnest man-
ner. The remarks showed that he had
spared no time in preparing this ora-
tion.

Miss Dora Schenck read the alumni
essays, written by her upon the
education of women, in which she urged
upon the guests the necessity of wom-
en's higher education and suffrage, in a
logical and common-sense manner.

After the reading of the class essay
Misses Kate and Joe McClinton gave a
piano duet.

This was followed by the Alumni His-
tory, given by A. A. Hitchcock, who, in
his usual lexicographical manner, re-
viewed the progress of the several
classes composing the alumni, with per-
siveness and correctness. The history was
very complete and one who was not ac-
quainted with the lives of the class
could get a very clear idea of the differ-
ent characters composing it. This pro-
duction received the commendation of
all present and well merited the same.

Last but not least, was the Alumni
Poem by Miss Jennie McArthur. This
poem spoke well for its author, and was
by her well delivered.

The evening's program was concluded
with a piano solo by Miss Kate McClin-
ton.

The occasion was without doubt a
grand affair, and an honor to the Alu-
mi and the class of '91, who on the oc-
casion were added to the list of the
Alumni members.

The Complete Fourth of July Program.

One hundred guns at sunrise,
10 a. m.—Oration by Chas. S. Rawles,
of Caro.

11:30 a. m.—Business men's parade,
headed by Cass City Band and ship of
state. Will form at the German Church
and parade the principal streets.

1 p. m.—Grand Calithumpian parade.
Prizes, \$3.00 to first and \$2.00 to second
and \$1.00 to third.

1:30—Scotch games as follows: Men's
running race, 150 yards. Prizes, \$4.00 to
first and \$2.00 to second.

Boys running race, 100 yards, under 14
years. Prizes, \$3.00 to first and
\$1.50 to second.

Fat man's race, seventy-five yards.
Prizes, \$3.00 to first and \$1.50 to second.

Standing broad jump. Prizes, 5.00 to
first and \$3.00 to second.

Hop-step-and-jump. Prizes, \$3.00 to
first and \$1.50 to second.

Boy's standing broad jump, under 14
years, 2.00 to first and 1.00 to second.

Boy's hop-step-and-jump, under 14 yrs.
Prizes, 2.00 to first and 1.00 to second.

Men's run-and-jump. Prizes, 3.00 to
first and 2.00 to second.

Boy's run-and-jump, under 14 years.
Prizes, 2.00 to first and 1.00 to second.

Putting shoulder stone, heavy weight,
Prizes, 2.00 to first and 1.00 to second.

Putting shoulder stone light weight,
Prizes, 2.00 to first and 1.00 to second.

3 p. m.—Following program will take
place on the fair ground:

Bicycle race, single dash, two miles,
open to all wheelmen. Prizes, 5.00 to
first, 3.00 to second and 2.00 to third.

Free-for-all trotters or pacers, best
three in five, mile heats. Prizes, 40.00
to first, 20.00 to second, 10.00 to third.

Four minute trotting race, best two in
three, mile heats. Prizes, 15.00 to first,
10.00 to second and 5.00 to third.

Free-for-all running race, half mile
dash, best two in three. Prizes, 15.00 to
first and 5.00 to second.

All races will be governed by rules
adopted by the committee.

The P. O. & N. railroad will run a special
passenger train from Cassville to Pon-
tiac and return. The train will leave
Cassville at 6 o'clock a. m., passing Cass
City at 7 a. m. Will return in the evening
to Cassville at 10:30, passing Cass
City at 9:20. This will enable those
along the line to attend the celebration
at Cass City without difficulty.

"Through the Port to the Bridge."

The Voyage Safely Accomplished Midst a
Shower of Flowers and Applause.

The Fifth Annual Commencement Exercises Very Interest-
ing from Beginning to End.

THE Fifth Annual Commencement
exercises of the Cass City High
School were held in the Presby-
terian Church last Thursday evening, and
was a brilliant affair, both from a liter-
ary and musical standpoint. The
church was well filled, but not so crowd-
ed as on former occasions of this kind,
as many of those less interested in the
cause of education attended the show
being held in town on that evening.
The members of the class were Nelson Mc-
Clinton, Eva Wickware, Belle McKenzie,
Belle Monroe, Maty Spurgeon, and Edith
Farrar, being one of the youngest classes
ever graduated from the Cass City High
School, and the second class since Prof.
T. A. Conlon has been employed as
principal. The class motto selected was
"Through the Port to the Bridge." An
appropriate scene had been painted on
curtains by J. W. Macomber, with the
motto inscribed thereon. This was
stretched across the alcove. The ar-
rangement of this motto was different
than any seen here before, and speaks
well of the enterprise of the class of '91.
On either side of the platform could be
seen beautiful flowers and plants most
rare, and the fragrance therefrom ren-
dered the atmosphere very pleasant.
The other parts of the church were not
decorated with evergreens as heretofore,
and for this reason the surroundings
lacked some of the cheerfulness of ap-
pearance that have existed on similar
occasions.

The program was satisfactorily
opened by a quartette. "When my ship
comes over the sea," by Miss Wickware,
Mrs. McLean and Messrs Ale and Fritz,
with piano accompaniment by Miss Mc-
Clinton.

Rev. Curry then delivered the in-
vocation in an impressive manner, which
was followed by a Piano Solo, "Taran-
telle," by Miss Florence Howe. Miss
Howe rendered this classical and very
difficult piece entirely from memory.

Miss Eva Wickware was the first of
the graduates to appear before the audi-
ence, and delivered an oration on "Fash-
ion." Her enunciation was clear
and distinct, and manner of delivery ex-
cellent. The peculiarities and ever-
changing laws of "Goddess Fashion" were
fully described in this oration. Follow-
ing are extracts: No heathen God or
Goddess has ever had more zealous de-
voters than fashion, or a more absurd
and humiliating ritual, or more mortify-
ing and cruel penances. Her laws, like
those of the Medes and Persians, must
be implicitly obeyed, but unlike them
change as certainly as the moon. ***
Fashion has never taken her proper
place in the world. Instead of com-
manding respect as the power which turns
the wheels of commerce, she rules the
world, and a most tyrannical mistress
she is, by compelling people to submit to
the most inconvenient things imaginable
for her sake. She pinches our feet with
tight shoes and chokes us with a tight
collar. She makes people visit when
they would rather stay at home; eat
when they are not hungry and drink
when they are not thirsty. *** Why
should a fashion which was pronounced
charming ten years ago, be declared re-
pulsive to-day? Are not the laws of
beauty as unchangeable as truth? This
instability and restlessness shows an
exceeding vagueness and childishness in
our ideas of beauty and the fitness of
things. If you love freedom more than
slavery, liberty more than thralldom,
happiness more than misery, competence
more than poverty, never bow your
knee to the Goddess, fashion." The de-
liverer of this oration occupied ten min-
utes.

Trio, "Ring the Lily Bells," was omit-
ted, as Miss Wickware was unable to sing
her part, owing to a severe cold.

Miss Maty Spurgeon was the class his-
torian and gave a complete and inter-
esting history, both past and future of
every member of the class. The date
and place of their birth, their favorite
colors and many peculiarities were given
in language abounding in humor and
graceful phrasing. As class historian
Miss Spurgeon performed her duty well.
Ten minutes were consumed in giving
this exercise.

After this exercise Mrs. McLean fa-
vored the audience with a vocal solo.
Mrs. Janes playing the piano accom-
paniment. Mrs. McLean has a fine,
strong musical voice, and never fails to
please her hearers.

Nelson McClinton then followed with
his oration on the subject, "Looking
Backward vs. Looking Forward." In
plain and convincing language he
carefully showed the many advantages
derived from looking backward and

profiting by past experiences; how both
nations and individuals have become
prosperous and famous by observing
and acquainting themselves with the
record of the past and have thus been
able to avoid many of the shoals and
rocks upon which others have stranded
during their voyage down life's stream.
His gestures and speaking were excellent.
Following are parts of the oration:
"The world's yesterday is a stern reality
and a fit subject for the study of man-
kind; the world's to-morrow is a dream,
buoyed up by the hope that lies eternal
in the human breast. Memory enables
us to look backward and profit by it;
hope for success in the future has too
often turned out a bitter disappoint-
ment to be safely trusted. *** In
order to be successful we do not have to
be pioneers in thought, devise some new
rule of society or a new political mod-
e or factor. There have been, with but
few exceptions, persons of this nature.
The ones who have made the greatest
advancement have obtained the foun-
dation upon which they worked by look-
ing backward and following its course,
then if they could better it they have
done so, and become more renowned.
So it is to-day. Do not look into the
future or the wilds of imagination for a
subject to make life's work. The world's
to-day is of material that is only wait-
ing to be improved, and if it is your
good fortune to find room for one im-
provement make it, and the world will
recognize you for it. *** We have
seen the past histories of individuals
and nations and it has been proved that
their success have been achieved by
looking backward; therefore, as we
stand upon the stage of human life and
are passing on to the future, we should
always look backward—do not take a
step without first looking backward
over its history and study its past, then
advance with the firm hope that success
will be yours. But should you make
mistake take them as lessons for the
future and exhaust the grand old max-
im, 'Try, Try Again.' Look backward
more and forward less and success will
crown your efforts." Time, eleven min-
utes.

Miss Belle Monroe was the class prop-
het, and revealed the future of each
graduate without any difficulty. She
was assisted by Miss Eva Wickware, who,
as she gazed upon their pictures, taken
years hence, asked many questions con-
cerning them which were promptly an-
swered by this prophetess. The ques-
tions propounded elicited substantially
the following: Edith Farrar will study
law, gain distinction, and finally go to
Africa as a missionary; Belle McKenzie
will take a business course at Kahma-
zoo and then go west and become a
ranch owner; Nelson McClinton will set-
tle on a farm near Cass City and grow a
mustache; is elected representative, then
senator and finally president of the
United States; Maty Spurgeon will study
music, and become the best singer in
the land. She will make a tour of
Europe, winning great fame. Eight
minutes were consumed in giving this
exercise.

A duet, entitled "Listen to the Night
Bird's Song," was sung by Mrs. McLean
and Miss Joe McClinton, as a substitute
for the one originally on the program.
It is needless to say that the audience
was not disappointed.

"Aim High with the Arrow of Truth"
was the subject of Miss Belle McKenzie's
oration, which was an excellent address.
Miss McKenzie has a splendid voice
for speaking in public and she could be
heard distinctly in the most remote
part of the church. This oration was
interspersed with appropriate quota-
tions, which was quite a pleasing fea-
ture. "Truth is the preception and rep-
resentative of things as they are; it is
the foundation of all knowledge, the
cement of all society, and one of the
important characteristics of a good
character; also it is the standard accord-
ing to which all things are to be
judged, divine in its nature, and pure
before Heaven. It is the foundation of
all human excellence, the keystone of all
sincere affection and the seal of true
discipleship with the good Shepherd.
*** Let us all remember that there
is a truthfulness in action as well as in
words which is essential to the upbuilding
of a good character. For an example
where truth in every form was shown we
may refer to the life of Geo. Washington.
We can learn from his life the benefits
of being true in every word, action, and
lastly in everything. *** The youth
who does not look up will look down, so
we may wisely say that he who does not
aim high with the all important truth

will aim too low to obtain great achieve-
ments, therefore let us at all times en-
deavor to aim high with the arrow of truth
and use strength in drawing the bow so
that we may fly straight to the mark."
Miss McKenzie occupied the stage only
seven minutes, but clearly demonstrated
the advantage of always adhering to
the truth.

The vocal duet by Miss Joe and Nel-
son McClinton was well rendered.

Miss Edith Farrar's oration and valedic-
tory was one of the best literary pro-
ductions on the program, and showed
careful study and preparation. Miss
Farrar presented an easy and graceful
appearance upon the stage, spoke delib-
erately, but not loud enough to be dis-
tinctly heard in distant parts of the
room. Space will not permit us to pub-
lish parts of the oration, but suffice to
say it was good. Here are extracts from
her valedictory. "As a class of toiling
school laborers we can truly say that
our lives have not been dreamed away
and that our arrow points to a higher
elevation of living than those who spend
life singing time to sleep. In linking the
past with the future we are to-night
members of the same class, represented,
perhaps, for the last time as a class. We
know the past, the background of our
youth, but the dim future we know not."
*** Directed to the Principal: "It
would be impossible for us as a class to
overestimate your kindness. The les-
sons you have taught us will be lasting
keepsakes, and the examples set before
us and advice given will long be remem-
bered, and may the future meet you
with many happy greetings and your
life work be crowned with success."
This exercises lasted ten minutes.

The audience was delighted with Miss
Kate McClinton's piano solo, "Para-
phrase of Concert" by the famous
author, Gimbel.

Jas. McArthur president of the board,
presented the members of the class with
their diplomas, and made a few appro-
priate remarks.

Prof. Conlon in his address to the
class gave the young graduates much
valuable advice, which if followed can-
not fail to be advantageous to them in
their life's journey. Here is part of his
address: "The motto before you is
worthy of careful study and justly sig-
nifies the position of the class of '91 at the
present hour—'Through the Port to the
Bridge,' indicating that they have been
until the present time passing through
the port and that they have been shel-
tered from the dangers of the storm and
angry sea and are now to the bridge and
about to start out on the great life jour-
ney on the endless sea of time. Much
depend upon the starting, which fact is
manifested in every phase of life, and
feel well satisfied that you are ready and
prepared to leave the port, that you
have made every necessary arrangement
and preparation for the journey, hav-
ing known you for the past two years as
diligent and earnest students, and
knowing that you have finished your
school course in a satisfactory manner.
I trust that you will fully realize that
you are now commencing and that the
short time spent in school by you has
been but a step in building the great lad-
der of a lifetime, and that you will make
each succeeding step as solid and firm as
the first, so that when your work is
finished and you have completed the last
and crowning step, you will have such a
structure that it will stand the many
storms of time and remain a pillar on
which the thought of succeeding genera-
tions may rest. It is very essential that
you have an object in view, an end to
obtain, something for which to work,
and when you have made your decision
and the goal once in view, let no object
or influence tend to sway you from
your course, but push onward with en-
ergy, with ambition and a zeal to win
the race, and you will be greatly reward-
ed. *** Your parents and friends
have good cause to be proud of your ef-
forts and success, and as you have com-
menced nobly, so continue, and make
your lives worthy examples for man-
kind, and you will be an honor to the
age in which you live, a supporting pillar
in the advancement of society and bet-
ter the world by your having been
among it's people. Do not in all your
many undertakings forget that there is
a wise and supreme ruler who sees your
every action and knows your every
thought, and so live that when the lamp
of life has ceased to shine, and care and
years have closed your eyes in that long
and silent sleep, that on drawing aside
the curtain and looking through the
open portals of the great beyond, you
may be seen in that beautiful and eter-
nal home of the great Master."

The program was happily concluded
by an appropriate quartette, "Good
Night," sung by Miss Wickware, Mrs.
McLean and Messrs Ale and Fritz.

Rev. Baker pronounced the benedic-
tion, after which many went forward
and took the opportunity to congrat-
ulate the graduates on having successfully
completed their studies in the high
school, and on their excellent depart-
ment that evening.

CAN YOU SEE?

I HAVE recently purchased
the latest improved instruments
for testing the eye for Astig-
matism, Hyprometropia, My-
opia and Presbyopia.

By testing your eyes I can
supply you with glasses that
will completely correct these
defects, and I POSITIVELY
GUARANTEE a fit.

Why Go to the City

when you can be supplied as
well at home?

I have made a special study
of this work for the past seven
years, and have all the latest
appliances and inventions.

J. F. HENDRICK,
Jeweler and Optician.

CASS CITY, - MICH.

STARTLING

ANNOUNCEMENTS!

Prices on Marble and Granite never
before offered!

1/4-OFF for 60ds.

\$300. Monuments for	\$225.00
250. " "	187.50
200. " "	150.00
125. " "	93.75
100. " "	75.00
75. " "	56.25
65. " "	49.00
50. " "	37.50
40. " "	30.00
35. " "	26.00
30. " "	22.50
28. " "	21.00
25. " "	18.75
20. " "	15.00

—ALSO MY—

ENTIRE STOCK

Of smaller stone at One-Fourth Off!
Terms cash, or good approved notes,
bearing 7 per cent interest. I have now
on display the largest stock of cemetery
work ever offered by any firm to the
people of Tuscola county.

Caro Marble Works,

W. L. PARKER, Prop.,

CARO, - MICH.

Job printing neatly executed at
the ENTERPRISE office.

Cass City Enterprise.

BROOKER & WICKWARE, Props.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

There is some reason to fear a failure to restrict immigration properly, by reason of inability to agree upon the means to be employed. There is no difference of opinion as to the desirability of severe regulation. The people of this country, with rare unanimity, call upon congress for protection against the outcasts of Europe.

We all have to learn in one way or another, that neither men nor boys get second chances in this world. We all get new chances till the end of our lives, but not second chances in the same set of circumstances; and the great difference between one person and another is, how he takes hold of and uses his first chance, and he takes his fall if it is scored against him.

Ask questions and many questions, and leave nothing till you are thoroughly informed of it, but be careful of asking only proper questions. Such questions are far from being ill-bred, or troublesome to those of whom you ask them. On the contrary they are a tacit compliment to their knowledge, and people have a better opinion of a young man when he seems desirous to be informed.

The reasons for the continued prevalence of apprehensions of war in Europe in the absence of any immediate or definite cause of quarrel lies in the consideration that the increasing strain of military expenditure cannot be much longer borne. If, within mutual jealousies, the mutual nations will not disband their vast forces, they must fight in order to secure disbandment at the end of the conflict.

It is a matter of history that the bones of Columbus are in Havana. But it is also a matter of history that they are in Santo Domingo City. This is rather confusing, and Capt. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, who has been investigating the question throws no light upon it. The captain says nobody knows anything about it. He found the bones of Columbus at both places. Both cities are confident that they have the genuine article.

Most of the large fortunes in this country have been accumulated in a single lifetime, and the greed of getting too much money, which alone has made it possible to be gotten, has unfitted its getter for anything else. It is doubtless a fact that thousands of comparatively poor people would know how to use great wealth better than do most of those who have it. All poor people think this, but in so many cases their poverty is so directly the result of their own unfitness for wealth that their opinion may well be doubted.

NEVER again will the floodgates of immigration to this country be opened as they have been in the past. Necessity forbids it. The stream of immigration will doubtless continue to flow from other countries until the United States itself is a thickly settled nation. But that stream must be purified on its course, or better still, at its source. It dignifies this nation to protect itself from an avalanche of social degradation and misery and the corruption of the body politic while welcoming with hospitable hands all who are capable of becoming citizens of the republic.

The talk of the town in these times is about the microscope, and many men as well as women seem to be afflicted with an anti-microbic mania. This enemy is to be found everywhere, in the air, in the water, in the ground, in the food, and on the person, revelling in the sunshine and enjoying life in the house. He is a disease-breeder, a pain producer, a groan-raiser, and even in some cases a mind-destroyer. He cannot be seen with the naked eye, and he scares some of the men who take a look at him through a microscope. You may tame a lion, but cannot tame a microbe; you may pull the fangs of a viper, but the microbe must be killed to render him harmless, if indeed he be not dangerous even after his death.

The principal feature of the constitution adopted for the Australian commonwealth are now known, and they show a striking resemblance to the lines of the constitution of the United States. It was to be expected, of course, that no new government could be founded on Republican principles without borrowing freely from the fundamental law of the one great republic which has stood the test of more than a century of life, and risen to the rank of perhaps the greatest power in the world. Yet, conscious as we are of some defects in the practical workings of our own institutions, it may surprise us that the great new nation of the Southern seas could find so little to alter or amend. As far as is consistent with the retention of political relations with Great Britain, the Australian constitution is almost a copy of our own.

SHE IS WITHOUT HANDS.

REMARKABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF A CHILD.

She Has No Hands But Has Trained Her Feet and Toes So as to Do Almost Anything Usually Done With Hands.

There is a strange little girl over in Saucelita, says the San Francisco Examiner. She lives in a tiny house among the green hills and she's just as happy as the day is long. Seven brothers and sisters, has this strange little girl. Four brothers and three sisters, so she is never lonely. The older children go to school, but there is always a baby to keep her company. She never goes to school herself, though she is nearly 8 years old. There are a good many reasons why she stays at home from school. She could not hold her books very well if she went, and she hates to think she cannot do everything quite as well as any one else. Besides, the children might tease her for being so different from the rest, and she would find out that she ought to be quite unhappy. For the poor little thing has no arms. She has never had any.

The thing that Maryan most delights in doing is to help her little brothers and sisters get ready for school. She is very quick and full of life, and she hurries around at a great rate. She makes them hurry, too. She washes their faces and combs their hair, and if they don't stand still she knows how to give them a lively little box on the ear. How does she do it? Why, with her feet, of course. She laughs when people are astonished at that.

Maryan does not believe that hands are one bit more useful or convenient than feet. Anyone who notices her for awhile is usually a convert to her way of thinking, too.

She just takes hold of a towel between her toes, and she throws it around her little brother's neck by a dexterous twist of her supple ankle. Then she dips her feet in the water and she rubs that youngster's face till it shines again. Then she sits back and looks at that round little red face, just exactly as an artist looks at his picture to see if he has achieved the right effect.

When the face is as new-looking and fresh as a brand-new tin pan Maryan gives a queer little satisfied sigh and patters into the next room as fast as she can—that's pretty fast, too, by the way. When she comes out she has something between her two first toes. That something is a comb. She goes up to her brother and then she sits down.

"Come here," she says in Portuguese, or if it isn't "come here" that she says it is "come here" that she means for the little fellow leans obediently near her. Swish! swish! goes the little comb through the thick black hair of little brother. Splash! goes the comb in the water. Swish! again, and there's a parting. Swish! once more, and there's a beautiful parting.

"There, now," she says, cheerily; that is, if she doesn't say "there, now," she means it. Surely she means it. And so the little brother means, for he rises hastily and proceeds in a business manner to follow the fashion of boykind and get rumply and dirty-faced as soon as he conveniently can.

She can sew a little, too, can this wonderful child, and she likes to do it. It is a curious sight to see her thread a needle. She does it this way: She takes the needle in one foot and the thread in the other. She twists that thread and rolls it to make the end stiff and pointed, and then she balances herself in some marvellous way, and presto! her needle is threaded. She can hold her knife and fork in her toes, and she does it. How in the world she manages to feed herself without falling over is a mystery. But she does feed herself, and very easily, too, if one judges from her appearance.

She holds a pencil between her intelligent little toes and scribbles away finely. She grasps the handle of a duster in her firm, flexible clutch, and, my, how she can make the dust fly. She can pick up a pin, or anything else, for that matter, quite as well as people who are blessed with ten pickers and stealers. She almost talks with those delicate toes, and they almost seem endowed with a separate intelligence of their own—an intelligence as quick and nervous as that of the brain itself.

She is a sweet-faced child, with a pair of great blue eyes that look exactly like big violets. They are never sad, though, those big violet eyes. She's a light-hearted little creature, and she apparently has not the faintest idea that her lot is sad. Her younger brothers are very fond of her, but she knows what is good for them, and she is a strict disciplinarian.

Do Pearls Get Ill.
"Do you know that pearls get sick?" said an Atlanta jeweler. "They do, and, like babies, they require a change of climate when their health is bad, or else they crumble or die. I know of a case once where a lady went into a jeweler's with a magnificent set of pearls that were losing their lustre and beginning to look dead. 'These pearls are sick,' said the jeweler, upon examining them, 'and unless you take or send them to a decidedly different climate at once they will become worthless.' They were sent off and within a month were as bright and pretty again as they had ever been."

Concerning Blackberry Brandy.
"Make a note of this," said the largest distiller in Cincinnati. "If the entire blackberry crop of the United States during any of three years last passed, or any preceding year for the matter of that, had been converted into blackberry brandy, without spilling

one drop, it would have made less than one ounce of that liquor for each of the saloons in ten cities the size of this, or say two ounces apiece for each saloon in New York and Brooklyn.

DR. CLARK'S FEAT.

His Ascent to the Top of the Spire of Salisbury's Great Cathedral.

During one of his vacations Dr. James Freeman Clark, in his youthful days, performed a feat that well deserves to be recorded. When told his friends afterward it terrified them, and it is no commonplace thing to read about now. Here is the extraordinary tale as Dr. E. E. Hale, the editor of the Memoirs, set it down:

"The spire of Salisbury Cathedral is a little more than 400 feet high. With some friends Mr. Clark ascended as far as the interior staircase goes to what is called the weather door about thirty feet from the extreme top of the spire. The others were then satisfied with what they had done, but he went out and climbed up the remaining part of the spire by iron handles fixed in the walls, these having been arranged for the convenience of workmen who have to attend to the vane, and of hardy visitors. When he arrived at the highest of these he found a bar above him running around the spire, which he could reach with his hands. By this he lifted himself to the level of the ball, and, as most versions of this anecdote say, stood on top of the ball, with such support as the lightning rod could give him, surveying the scene.

"He then returned to the supporting rod and dropped himself, expecting to find the friendly bolt by which he had ascended. But it was not there, and he reflected, too late, that he had not observed on which side of the spire it was. Then and there he had, so to speak, to work around the spire, hanging by his hands, and having unfortunately chosen the least favorable direction, he nearly completed the circuit before he found under his foot the bolt, which was to be the first step in his retreat."

When Dr. Clark told this story to his class-mates more than a generation after the event occurred "old friends of his found they could not sleep that night in their terror for what might have happened." In his letter to friends at home he merely said at the time of the thrilling incident: "I went to the very top and stood by the vane, 400 feet above the ground."

Training Women.

The stage manager of one of the large Boston theaters, says: "I don't know that I'm in favor of woman suffrage, but I do know that in the theatrical profession women are much easier to teach, much quicker to grasp a stage idea, remember it longer and do it better than men. This is the result of my observation extending over a period of over a quarter of a century. I would rather train ten women than one man. If they are competent you can rely upon them every time."

THREADS OF THOUGHT.

He must be an obscure and commonplace person who has no enemy. Some lend their hearts much as they do their money, with a pretty heavy interest. True worth never seeks credit for more than it is; that is left for imitators and counterfeiters.

The degree of success obtained may often be ascertained by the amount of jealousy which it arouses.

We may be certain of an axiom, but it becomes to us doubly true when vouched for by one whose opinion we value.

Many of us have two standards, one for ourselves that reaches the clouds, while the one which we give to others trails low in the dust.

There are those with manners so fine they seem formed by the graces, and with speech so courteous that the spirit of persuasion might have prompted it.

TRIVIAL TOPICS.

Elmira Gazette: You can tell that time isn't a woman by the rapidity with which it makes change.

Boston Bulletin: That was an ingenious disciple of Isaac Walton who fished for electric eels with a lightning rod.

Atchison Globe: Love is a sacred matter, but it is difficult for a woman to make her fourth or fifth lover believe it.

Picayune: Much to the joy of the highwayman, a woman carries her pocket-book in her hand because she cannot find her pocket.

Salt Lake Herald: It is a Washington judge who favors awarding a large indemnity to Italy, payable exclusively in Italians.

New York World: Italian editors continue to do too much of their editing in italics. What's the matter with plain Roman?

Atchison Globe: So many people have the look on their faces as if they had been allowed one last strike at something and missed it.

Baltimore American: A woman invented the ice cream freezer in 1843, and woman has been keeping it pretty busy ever since.

Somerville Journal: Never ask an idle man to do anything for you. It is only the busy man who can find time to do anything more.

Binghamton Republican: "Over the Garden Wall" is the favorite lay of the hens, if garden-making is proceeding on the other side.

Washington Post: By the sudden change in the weather the plumber and the ice man fairly whizz by each other as they change places.

Somerville Journal: A woman can always understand why a man should fall in love with her, but she finds it difficult to explain why he should fall out.

Dallas News: Texas is so much larger than any of the other states that it would be nothing but right to put a full moon among the stars and stripes to represent her proportions.

Lewiston Journal: You and I might not know where to deliver a letter addressed "Mr. Terbakerman, Bangor," but a postal clerk figured it out right away. He forwarded it to the revenue officer in that division, and it proved to be from a man who wanted to pay a special tax for the sale of tobacco.

A LEGEND OF LELEOTA.

HOW THE BIG MISSOURI RIVER CAME TO BE MUDDY.

A Wild, Wild Tale Handed Down Through Countless Generations of the Ponca Indians—A Friend's Death.

Many, many years ago, writes C. F. C. in the Chicago Times, so many that it makes one's head ache to think of them, the chief town of the Ponca nation nestled at the eastern base of a low mountain about fifty miles, as the crow flies, west of where now is Sioux City, Iowa. This mountain stands at the head of a chain of smaller fellows that stretches away to the southward. Straight at its base the Missouri hurls its mighty flood with all the force gathered in a five-mile sweep from the north; then, finding its progress barred, turns due east and continues its seaward way in ten thousand swirling eddies. It is as if the mountains led by this patriarch, had started on a journey to the north, and finding their path blocked by the river and being too obstinate to turn aside, had sullenly held their ground through all the long ages.

In a deep, narrow ravine, close to the river and a little removed from the rest of the village, was the tepee of Warpah Tonka, the medicine man. Long years devoted to sacred mysteries had bent his once lithe form and plowed such deep furrows in his face that the swarthy skin seemed to depend from the skull in folds, which were curtained by snowy locks hanging far down upon his shoulders. Never was a medicine man at once so beloved, feared, and respected by his people or vouchsafed such signal marks of favor by the Great Spirit. So sedulously had Warpah Tonka devoted his life to his holy calling that he found no time for matrimony; so that now there was no childlike laughter in his tepee to cheer the long winter evenings, no bright eyes and nimble feet to eke out his fading sight and trembling step. Had it not been for the consciousness of a great duty, nobly performed, Warpah Tonka would have regretted his celibacy; even as it was he could not suppress a yearning for the sweet companionship of the young, for he dearly loved children.

One summer twilight as Warpah Tonka wandered beside the river his meditations were interrupted by a sound as of a thousand mockingbirds singing. Looking up he saw a fleecy white cloud floating toward him. Softly down it came until it rested at his feet. It opened, and Warpah Tonka saw, lying upon a bed of soft, golden moonbeams, a papoose. As he looked the babe grew until she had the appearance of a girl of 12 years. Then she opened her eyes, smiled, and looking at Warpah Tonka, said simply: "My father." At this the cloud vanished and the two were alone. Then Warpah Tonka knew the Great Spirit had sent him an especial token of favor in this little maid to brighten the last days of his journey to the happy hunting grounds.

Much the people marveled at this great miracle. Whole tribes came many moons' travel to see Leleota, "The Cloud Child," and to beseech Warpah Tonka to make medicine for them.

Four joy-laden years sped by. Leleota was the light of Warpah Tonka's tepee and the life of the village. All spots were cheerless, all games dull, unless she was present; the children were happy only when with her.

Beautiful, did I say? Why, until Leleota came, beauty was not; and now that she is gone, beauty is no more.

Though not the boldest young warrior would have dared to speak to the cloud child of love, yet there was one who regarded not sacred things. Okshela Seche, the storm devil, had looked with covetous eyes upon Leleota. Many were the cunning plans he laid to possess the cloud child, but as often was he thwarted by Warpah Tonka's medicine. Each time he was baffled his disappointment and fury were doubled. How he tore up the forest trees and buffeted the waves in the transport of his rage!

As a lovely June day was drawing to a close Leleota wandered away from her young companions and climbed to the summit of the mountain back of the village and stood with dreamy eyes, as was her wont, gazing upon the glorious sunset landscape. After the fiery orb her father had taught her to worship had disappeared behind the distant hills Leleota still lingered, drinking in the perfumed breeze and listening to the evening song of the feathered choir about her.

Okshela Seche saw her standing there, and with a howl of triumph was at her elbow. "Ha! ha! my pretty one," he screamed; "now you shall come with me and be my bride."

Leleota was filled with loathing at sight of the hideous apparition, but she knew no fear. Clutching her dimpled fist she struck Okshela Seche square in the mouth, saying, "Begone, thou ugly storm devil. Oh, but thou shalt repent in anguish of this. My father shall fill thy body as full of pains as a raspberry is of seeds, thou evil one."

Okshela Seche was in an ecstasy of rage. With a yell that made the oaks tremble he drew his scalping knife and, summoning all the strength of his being, drove the cruel blade to Leleota's heart.

The great spirit was watching. As he saw what Okshela Seche was about to do he hurled his tomahawk straight at the murderous storm devil, but, alas! too late to prevent the blow. Alarm, too, had unsteadied the hand that wielded the awful weapon. At the same instant that the knife pierced the heart of beautiful Leleota the great spirit's tomahawk struck the ground at Okshela Seche's feet with a

crash that reverberated through the universe until the stars rattled in their azure settings. The concussion fairly lifted the storm devil off his feet. Down the mountain he fell, down, down, until, with a splash, that sent a shower of spray above the treetops, he sank into the very center of the river below. As he fell the tomahawk sank hissing through the soft earth, cutting the mountain in twain from summit to base. For a moment the riverward half tottered, then toppled with a mighty roar down upon Okshela Seche. And there Okshela Seche has lain, and there he will lie through all eternity, weighted to the river's bottom by half a mountain, kicking and thrashing the waters until the stream from source to mouth is thick with mud, choking and sputtering, ever on the point of strangling, yet never relieved by a single second of unconsciousness. And this is why the river is muddy, and this is why storms come no more from the south.

When that appalling crash came, young and old fled, shrieking with terror, to the tepees, from which none durst stir until the sun had for the second time started on his journey round the heavens. Then venturing out with trembling, the Poncas found Warpah Tonka dead in his tepee. Search for Leleota revealed only the imprint of her form upon the soft earth where she had been stricken down by the assassin and a dark, red spot, where the life-current had poured out on the insensate soil. Spirits had carried her back to the cloud land, but the steam from her heart's blood ascends forever.

THE FATA MORGANA.

Most Frequently Seen Off Sicily and There But Seldom.

The Fata Morgana is a singular optical phenomenon, akin to the mirage. It is seen in many parts of the world, but most frequently and in greatest perfection at the Straits of Messina, between Sicily and Italy. So many conditions must coincide, however, that even there it is of comparatively rare occurrence. To allow of its production, says the St. Louis Republic, the sun must be at an angle of forty-five degrees with the water, both sky and sea must be calm, and the tidal current sufficiently strong to cause the water in the center to rise higher than on the edges of the strait. When these conditions are fully met, the observer on the heights of Calabria, looking toward Messina, will behold a series of rapidly changing pictures, sometimes of most exquisite beauty. Castles, colonnades, successions of beautiful arches, palaces, cities with houses and streets and church domes, mountains, forests, grottoes will appear and vanish, to be succeeded, perhaps, by fleets of ships, sometimes placidly sailing over the deep, sometimes inverted, while a halo like a rainbow surrounds every image. It is supposed that the images are due to irregular refractive powers of the different layers of air above the sea, which magnify, repeat and distort the objects on the Sicilian shore beyond; but to the Italians these singular appearances are the castles of the Princess Morgana, and the view of them is supposed to bring good fortune to the beholder.

No Hope.

Penitent Printer—I have been such a terrible sinner that I fear there is no salvation for me.

Minister—Cheer up, my friend. There is hope for even the vilest.

"But I've been such a great sinner. I have worked on Sunday papers putting in type accounts of prize fights, murders and all manner of crime, thus to spread its influence all over the land."

"But there is still hope for you if you truly repent."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I have often put your sermons in type and thought how full of love they were, and—"

"Are you the friend who when I wrote of 'Pale martyrs in their shrouds of fire' made it read, 'Pale martyrs with their shirts on fire?'"

"I am afraid I am. I—"

"Then I am happy to say that I do not believe the hereafter holds any hope for you."—Newark Town Talk.

Why Not Paint America?

Sheltering themselves under the convenient saying that art has no country, our painters either remain abroad and paint Europe, or return to their own land and paint Europe still. Painters, sculptors, architects, are angry when this matter is presented to them, and invoke the right of the individual to express himself in any manner he pleases. They have been known to become denunciatory if the point is pressed that they bring back with them from Paris an atmosphere, a landscape, certain tricks of pose and motion for the human figure, which are rarely if ever found in our landscape and among our people.—Harper's Weekly.

Four Clara.

Clara—"Mister Smith is in the parlor; so run away, Charlie, and I'll give you a quarter." Charlie (in a tone to wake the dead)—"Yes, that's all right about the quarter for running away when Smith is here; but, where is that dime you were going to give me for not telling Smith that you kissed Mister Brown in the hall last night? And that quarter you were going to give me for not telling Mister Jones' hand when I was behind the sofa? Promises don't go no more. Come down with the rocks."

Another Monkey.

"Mamma," cried little Phil, "what is a hominy monkey?" A hominy monkey? Why, my dear, there is no such a thing, why?" "Why, we was playin' games this mornin', and Nellie Smith she counted out 'monkey, monkey, bottle of beer. Hominy monkeys are there here?' An' I thought maybe you know."

CUNNING DEER HUNTERS.

How the South American Indians Provide Themselves with Venison.

The manner in which the South American Indians hunt deer in the Cordilleras is very interesting and somewhat ingenious. They first ascertain the locality in which the animals congregate to graze, and then the men, women and children of the tribe make extensive preparations to hem in the herd. In order to cause a stampede they blow horns, yell and make other bewildering and outlandish noises. As a natural consequence the frightened deer quit their grazing places. They form in line in regular marching order, the elder males leading the way followed by the females and young, while the roar of the column is brought up by the young bucks, who act as protectors to the centers.

The Indians now close in upon them, seeing which the animals prepare to do battle for their lives. The hunters then proceed to prepare the instruments of destruction, consisting of large lances, resinous torches and nooses fixed to long poles.

The worst enemy of the deer is the jaguar and wildcat, and their animosity to them is such that they have been known to leap over a hunter in order to attack either of these feline foes. The Indians, knowing this, employ it to great advantage during these hunts.

The women stuff a number of jaguar and cat skins, which are placed in prominent positions on the edge of precipices in full view of the deer, says the Detroit Free Press. Immediately the bucks make a violent effort to get at them in order to hurl them into the abyss beneath, but are thus treated themselves by the wily hunters, who pitch them over the cliff, where they are quickly hamstringed or otherwise disabled by the women, who are stationed below. After the first onslaught on the stuffed figure the remaining deer seem to recognize the fact that they have been tricked and huddle together, awaiting another attack.

Then the Indians throw lighted torches among them and a panic ensues. They make desperate efforts to escape, but the relentless hunters drive them over the crags until they see that a sufficient number have been captured—generally four or five hundred. They do not usually harm the females, and fawns, and also allow a few bucks to escape. Very seldom is a doe killed, and if a fawn is captured it is immediately liberated. The flesh is eaten by the Indians and also carried to the village to be sold, while the skins are either purchased by dealers or made up into various articles by those who assisted in their capture.

Not To Be Fooled.

"Now, just you go right along; you needn't stop here," said Farmer Hayfork, authoritatively. "I don't want no lightning rods."

"I am not selling lightning rods," responded the sleek-looking poddler, whose sudden appearance at the gate had aroused the ire of Farmer Hayfork. "I don't keer what yer sellin'," replied the farmer, "I don't want it an' won't take it, and that's all there is about it. I know the tricks of you city sharps. I read the papers, I do. You can't catch me on any double back action pumps, or any self-working churns, or patent Egyptian corn fresh from the pyramids—not much; and I don't want to take any mowers on trial, either, and sign a receipt for it, and have it come back as a ninety-day note for \$10,000. No, siree. And you can't buy my farm, either, and then have me buy it back at a big advance, because some confederate of yours comes along and offers twice what you gave for it. Nixy! I'm no chicken. Now clear out."

"Oh, yes; you only want to get my name to anything at all, so you can make a note out of it. I'm up to all such tricks. I read the papers, I do."

"I only want to show you our new patent reversible hens' nests."

"What on airth is them?"

"It's an ordinary hen's nest, only it reverses itself everytime a hen lays an egg, and drops the egg into a basket below."

"What good is that?"

"Can't you see? The hen turns round to look at the egg, but it ain't there, and she concludes she didn't lay any, and so sets right down and lays another one, and so on. Only \$50."

"By gum! Gimme a dozen."—New York Weekly.

A Bad Conscience.

A New York cashier, who was making preparations to go to Canada, having occasion to return to the bank after night found that a burglar had opened the safe and was extracting the contents.

"Now I've got you. Throw up your hands!" exclaimed the cashier, drawing his pistol.

"Bah!" replied the burglar, contemptuously; "you keep quiet, or I'll tell the directors how much money I didn't find in the safe."

The cashier recoiled with horror and dismay at the suggestion.

"You had a mighty narrow escape from catching a burglar," continued the knight of the Jimmy. "Next time I come, if there ain't more cash in the safe I'll land you in Sing Sing," and after obtaining a voluntary contribution from the cashier the burglar withdrew smiling.—Texas Sittings.

A Butcher's Philosophy.

"It is natural for man to cleave to womankind; but if Eve hadn't been a sinner and Adam such a cleaver, there wouldn't have been so much cutting-up in the garden of Eden," mused the butcher's boy as he studied his Sunday-school lesson.

Relationship.

A hen resembles an old tramp in ambush, when she's laying for you.—Drake's Magazine.

"August Flower"

What is It For?

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, bald-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this trifling. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.

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DR. TALMAGE PORTRAYS THE HOME-SICK SOUL.

The Pleasures of Sin Not Equal to the Promise Held Out—The Severe Discipline of Experience Shown by Vivid Illustrations.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 21, 1891.—Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning was an appeal to young men. Numbers of these come to the Tabernacle services, many of them from country homes, where they received Christian training, which, in the temptations of city life has been cast off. Dr. Talmage called his sermon, "The Home-Sick Soul" and his text was from the Parable of the Prodigal Son, Luke 15: 11, "I will arise and go to my father."

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab. Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to sulk. He says, "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine; I'll go home, I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

And when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only thing either he or we will follow him. Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of perdition. The resolution of this text was sickness in the present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to cultivating flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now in my own pocket, what is the use of my going back to my father's house? Do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? Why he would put me on the limits; he would not have going around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings, why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Supposed I come into your house and find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. "Bring on that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I come to you and you feel you are all right in body and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of sickness. O then you say, "Bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medication, bring me Jesus Christ."

But says someone in the audience, "how do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men, or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "let us have the statement of God." Well, he says in one place: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place: "What is a man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place: "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place: "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason. "There is none other name given under Heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said: "I will arise and go to my father."

Again, notice that this resolution of this young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child, to have that child be ungrateful. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is, to have a thankless child." "That is Shakespeare. A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been foolish prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father? So loving, so kind. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said: "Now, perhaps, father may not be living." We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on everyday life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house.

But I remark concerning this resolution, it was immediately put into execution. The text says "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress! If this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago: "If I could live to the year 1891, by that time I will have my business matters arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian." The year 1891 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June—almost half of the year gone. Where is your broken vow? "Oh!" says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up; when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink," or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or, says the man, "I am given to dishonesty." When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse, until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous; sinners, Jesus came to call." To be only almost saved is not to be saved at all.

In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth and they are going to take ship, and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy resolution because he was at home sick already. The other young man said, "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal; "No, you won't," am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do more to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him that there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him: "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "Oh yes, said Mr. Griffin, "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die; but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend, and I would like to have you pray for me." Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to get the young man's pardon. He slept not a night's rest. He went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing a crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish that never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh," said the father, "don't mention it; it don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

"To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care if you have committed a crime. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment that you take that pardon your Heavenly Father throws his arms around about you and says: 'My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned.' Oh! there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the father's embrace?"

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. So leave this life condemned. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him forever. That will be a banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's Heavenly Heaven!

Short Paragraphs. The average cost of constructing a mile of railroad in the United States at the present time is about \$30,000.

The government and council of Maine have decided to present the United States cruiser Maine a service of silver plate to cost \$1,000.

A trial is soon to be made of running boats by electricity on the New York canal. The trolley wires are to be placed over the center of the canal.

Saline county, Kan., will produce about four million bushels of wheat this year, or nearly a thousand dollars' worth every family in her borders.

Burial ground being very scarce in Hong Kong Colony, the government propose to take up and burn Chinese unclaimed dead buried for five or six years.

Alabama poultry raiser has a chicken with three perfect wings. The extra wing is in the middle of the back, and when the fowl is in a hurry, serves as a tail.

Soft sugar is rapidly outstripping cane sugar in the markets of the world. The estimated crop for this year of each is: Cane, 2,340,000 tons; beet, 3,600,000 tons.

DR. L. L. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists 75c.

The tongue is the instrument with which conversations are opened.

If a man wants to do a thing, and can, and is not afraid to, he will do it.

Ask your storekeeper for our Fruit Jar Opener. Don't see how you get along without it. If he don't keep it send 10 cents postage and get one free.

He who depreciates the worth of others is sure to exaggerate his own virtue.

We have to pass through many a storm before we learn to be calm in a tempest.

Confirmed. The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago, has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers the California Fig Syrup Company.

So many who find fault with a woman for humoring a sick child, humor their own sick families.

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

A friend at one's back is a safe bridge. There never was a man who failed in business who did not claim it was because he was too honest.

Business for the Boys. The publishers of the CHICAGO SATURDAY PRESS, the People's great National Weekly, want an active, energetic boy in every town and village to sell the SATURDAY PRESS on the streets, and to act as local agent. Boys are making from \$1.00 to \$10.00 a week selling this great weekly. Here is a chance for the boys of America who want to make money. To our boys, 2 cents per copy. Don't miss the chance, but address, SATURDAY PRESS CO., 417 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

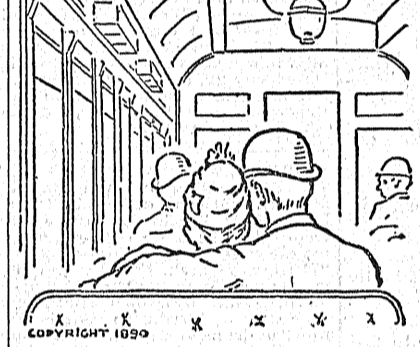
If the "wages of sin" were regularly paid, few of us would live to old age.

How an angry man hates to see anything that would make him smile.

The national flag is officially announced to have 44 stars on and after July 4.

There are two sides to every story, and some of them have four and a ceiling.

In the train of diseases that follow a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, and builds up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Scrofula, or any blood-taint it's a positive remedy. It acts as no other medicine does. For that reason, it's sold as no other medicine is. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY, including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses now areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

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A RECORD OF A LIFE'S WORK. The entire facts connected with every case ever treated by Mrs. Pinkham are on record. With the assistance of lady clerks writing at her dictation, over one hundred letters per day have been disposed of, the answers going to ladies in all parts of the world, and the facts compiled in a Library of Reference for the benefit of suffering women.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints, either sex, the Compound has no rival.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for those weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women.

Sold by all Druggists as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00.

Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles like and so. Major's Best Liquid Glue 10c.

No woman hates the men, but they all ought to.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve," Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Whatever you do to others will some day be done to you.

The Best Way to Succeed in Business is to first take a thorough business course, by mail, at your own home; Bryant's College, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cherish a virtue, and some vice remains uncultivated.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KILMER'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Pills! Use-day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kilmer, 501 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A lady returned from a foreign tour claims that her head was cured of inflammation, always painful, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. It takes a fool to talk learnedly of things he knows nothing about.

It takes two to gossip. The man who listens can throw no blame on the man who tells.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures who all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

Good Wives grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.



THE MAN WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY, including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses now areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

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CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.
An Independent Newspaper.
Published every Friday morning at
Cass City, Tuscola County, Michigan.

BROOKER & WICKWARE
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

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

WHAT A DAUGHTER COSTS!
Thousands necessary to Launch Her Upon the Sea of Matrimony.

Since the accumulation of large fortunes in this country, and notably in New York, and the establishment of a moneyed aristocracy, one of the greatest problems presented to rich parents is the marrying of their daughters. To the father it is as much a matter of business as it is a matter of daily care. The daughter is no sooner born than her future becomes a subject for reflection. In a few weeks it is known whether she will be plain or pretty. If she is plain that means the expenditure of a good-sized fortune to take her after years to the bridal altar. If she is pretty the parents are jubilant, for her future can pretty well take care of itself.

Wealthy New York parents make it a point of surrounding their daughters with all the form and luxury that fall to the lot of a princess. They are not willing when their daughter goes to boarding school that she live in a plain room like the conventional quarters assigned to young ladies in olden times in English boarding schools and French pensions. They must surround her with every display that the modern institution will tolerate. Her room is a boudoir of Oriental luxury. Entering it she sinks to the cushions in Persian, Smyrna and every description of Turkish rugs in colors they could not rival; the walls are hung with beautiful tapestries with chaste designs upon them; there is a divan with great eider-down pillows; and music savagely luxurious by a tiger skin thrown carelessly across it to give the gilded resident rest when she counts wearied from the street or the classroom. There are Turkish or Chinese slippers cool and soft to her feet; Oriental wrappers of the softest and costliest stuffs; and the loveliest of colors; a dressing case studded with everything dear to a girl's heart, not the least of which are perfumes costing from fifty cents an ounce to one dollar a drop. In her wardrobe are her hand-embroidered night dresses of silk as soft as down and beautifully designed; and her white iron bed, with brass knolls, is made so inviting with its Marseilles or quilted India silk coverlet in summer, its eider-down spreads in winter, the hanging cherub above and the hangings, with their beautiful hand-painted designs, that it might tempt St. Agnes herself to come and lie there. But what money it all costs!

When she reaches her eighteenth year she graduates from the boarding-school, and is, perhaps, sent to a finishing school, where she becomes a parlor boarder surrounded with her usual luxury, and gets finishing touches on deportment. All this, it must be borne in mind, is a preparation for the matrimonial market. Then my young lady goes home and the real expenses commence.

If she is a very plain girl she must have every accomplishment that money can give her. She must learn to draw and to paint on silk and china, for European princesses have lately made this fashionable. A select dancing master is engaged to give her private lessons, for that is supposed to make her more graceful in her movements.

Every rich man's daughter in New York learns to ride, and if it is the intention to send her to England she must learn to ride cross country, so she joins a private hunt club, and follows the hounds on the trail of the anise seed. Then she must have an expert French teacher one day in the week for conversation and a German teacher for the same purpose another day. The knowledge of the music she acquired at the boarding-school is not considered sufficient, so she is at once put under the care of a pale, mild gentleman, with fierce hair and many diplomas, who brings Wagner into her life to which is added the offices of some melancholy and extinct Italian nobleman, who teaches her the guitar. It is also considered an accomplishment to be able to fence, so to the fencing master she goes, and she varies this exercise by attending at a gymnasium, where she develops her muscles. Of course, if she is pretty all this is not necessary.

She makes many other calls on her father's pocketbook. She must formally come out. She must now have dresses made by Worth or Felix and pay as high as five hundred dollars for the making of one of these. If no family jewels have descended to her, she must have diamonds, pearls and other precious stones and her equipment must compare with girls already out. When bills for the ball are paid, then comes the allowance for pin money, out of which she has to assist several fashionable charities. She appears at grand opera at least one evening in the week, at theater another, and she can sit only in a box; then come flowers, bonbons and the latest perfumes. The manicure comes regularly to beautify her hands and nails, and the chiropodist to tend her feet. Her maid she has always with her; a companion if she has no sisters, and frequently a paid chaperone at the telephone waiting to be called.

Although it may seem strange, it is true, that the richer a New Yorker is, the more wealth does he look for in the man who is to marry his daughter. He and his wife make it a point to keep the daughter as far as possible from making the acquaintance of young men who are

not rich. They will not permit her to visit houses where she is likely to make such acquaintances, and they constantly impress upon her that an admirer without money is altogether below her station and not to be dreamt of. Unless she is romantic she comes to look upon young men as articles of merchandise and falls entirely into line with her parents.—N. Y. World.

—There is on exhibition in Detroit a most remarkable freak of nature in the form of a pebble, one side of which is a miniature likeness of a face bearing the impress of sorrow. This little stone, which is about an inch long and three-quarters of an inch wide, was found on a roadway leading to the cross on the summit of Kofelspitze, a mountain overhanging the village of Oberammergau, and held in reverence by the simple villagers, who consider it their guardian spirit.

KINGSTON.
Crops are looking better, since the rain.

Jas. Fisher, of Marlette, was in town on Monday.

Jason Myers started for Oakland last Monday.

Miss Mary Meiden is home from Romeo on a visit.

O. W. Brooks, of Clifford, was in town on Monday.

Miss Hattie Lemley was home from Rollo, on the 20th.

H. E. Gordon, of Caro, was in town on Friday of last week.

Z. Ross left this place for Grand Rapids on Monday last.

D. E. Hubble, editor of the Marlette Leader, was in town on Wednesday.

Our streets are being nicely leveled and will soon receive a coat of gravel.

Last Dayton's tri-weekly mail will be carried by A. D. Moyer, after July 1st.

Mrs. J. Dr. Morey and daughter Ella, started to Canada last week for a short visit.

The Young People's Union will give a social Friday night at the residence of Henry Corliss. All are invited.

Mrs. Lottie Hamilton and Mrs. Geo. Wentworth visited old friends and relatives here on the 18th and 19th.

WICKWARE.
Fine growing weather.

School closes here on Friday, June 25th.

J. McPhail has his new house enclosed.

Everybody is doing road work in this section.

Rev. Houston preached in the Presbyterian Church Sunday.

A union Sunday school has started in the Presbyterian Church Sunday afternoon.

Quite a number went from this section to the picnic at Deckerville on Thursday.

It takes some people a long time to find out that a snake's headquarter is not in its tail.

The devil cheats us out of a good many blessings by teaching us to be close with our money.

CUMBER.
Lovely weather.

John Whitfeld has returned from Canada.

Miss Reba Graham was in this burg last week.

Alen Bradshaw spent Saturday in Cass City.

Ben Butler, of Cass City, was in this place last week.

Good News!

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

Freedom
from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andrew D. Garcia, C. T. Garcia, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

LEGAL NOTICES.

FORECLOSURE SALE.—Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the thirtieth day of September, 1889, was executed by Mary A. Osburn and Isaac J. Osburn to William J. Cooper and recorded in the register of deeds office in Tuscola county, Michigan, in book 18 of mortgages, on page 196, on the 20th day of September, 1889; that said mortgage was assigned by said William J. Cooper to A. Elizabeth Rhodes by an assignment dated the 10th day of October, 1889, and recorded in the register of deeds office in Tuscola county in book 66 of mortgages, on page 361, on the 11th day of October, 1889, and after the execution of said assignment of said mortgage, the said A. Elizabeth Rhodes, and letters of administration of her estate have been duly granted the undersigned, William J. Cooper, of the County of Tuscola, Michigan, as administrator of the estate of said A. Elizabeth Rhodes, deceased, has become due and is hereby declared to be due according to the terms of said mortgage, there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of five hundred and fifty-one and 7/100ths dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum, and the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described in said mortgage, to the highest bidder, on Monday, the 17th day of August, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court house, in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, Michigan, said premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Grand, county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, described as follows: The south fractional part of the north-west quarter of section seven (7) in township thirteen (13) north of range seven (7) east, and will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest that may accrue thereon after this date and the costs of foreclosure.

Dated April 15, 1891.
J. D. BROOKER, JOHN MURPHY,
Attorneys for Assignee Assessee Mortgage.

FORECLOSURE SALE.—Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the 25th day of March, 1889, executed by Ben R. Wright to the undersigned, J. D. Brooker, in the County of Tuscola, Michigan, on the 27th day of March, 1889, and recorded in the register of deeds for the county of Tuscola, Michigan, in book 53, on page 281 of mortgages, and on the 1st day of October, 1889, duly assigned by Sarah J. Wright to the undersigned, J. D. Brooker, in book 66 of mortgages, on page 311, at 9 o'clock a. m. which mortgage was again on the 6th day of November, 1889, duly assigned by Charles W. McPhail to the undersigned, J. D. Brooker, on the 13th day of December, 1889, recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Tuscola, Michigan, in book 66 of mortgages, on page 311, at 10 o'clock a. m. That default has been made in the conditions of said mortgage, and the principal interest due thereon, and by reason of said default the whole sum for which said mortgage is secured, has become due and payable. And there is now claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of one thousand and three hundred and twenty-five dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum, and the power of sale contained in said mortgage, the same will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder on Monday, the 17th day of August, one o'clock in the afternoon at the front door of the court house, in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, Michigan, said premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: The east half of the north-west fractional quarter of section one, township thirteen, north of range eleven east, containing 85.84 acres of land, more or less, in Tuscola county, Michigan. Said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest that may accrue thereon after this date and the costs of foreclosure.

Dated April 15, 1891.
J. D. BROOKER, JOHN MURPHY,
Attorneys for Assignee Assessee Mortgage.

FORECLOSURE SALE.—Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-first day of April A. D. 1888, was executed by Gabriel G. Dulort (a single man) of the township of Akron, Michigan, to John P. Phillips, Arthur J. Phillips, Clara A. Wood, and Adaline A. Spencer, executors of the estate of John P. Phillips, deceased, and recorded in the Register of Deeds office in Tuscola County and State of Michigan, in book 64 of mortgages, on page 321, on the 28th day of June A. D. 1888. That default has been made in the condition of said mortgage, and in the payment of the terms of said mortgage, and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of two thousand eighty-five dollars and ninety-two cents, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum, and the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on Monday the twenty-first day of September A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the front door of the Court House in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola County, and that said premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: The east half of the south-east quarter and the south-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section thirty-one (31) and the south-west quarter of section thirty-two (32) and township fifteen (15) north range eight (8) east, containing one hundred and sixty acres of land, more or less, and will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest that may accrue thereon after this date and the costs of foreclosure.

Dated, June 24, 1891.
JOHN P. PHILLIPS,
ARTHUR J. PHILLIPS,
ADALINE A. SPENCER,
and CLARA A. WOOD,
Executors of the Estate of John P. Phillips, deceased, Mortgagees.
T. P. ZANDER,
Attorney for Mortgagees.

"I'm Just Going Down to the Gate"
and 86 other Popular Ballads, in book form, size 86 of Sheet Music. Sent postpaid, for ONEY FOUR CENTS. Stamps taken.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
3600 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia Pa.

CHANCERY ORDER.—State of Michigan, County of Tuscola.

Adeline Muzzy, Complainant, v. s. Samuel E. Muzzy, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Tuscola in Chancery, at Caro on the tenth day of June A. D. 1891. In this cause it appearing from affidavits on file, that the Defendant Samuel E. Muzzy is not a resident of this State, but resides at Dane county, in the State of Wisconsin, on a portion of Henry Butler, Complainant's land, or, it is ordered that the said Defendant, Samuel E. Muzzy, cause his appearance to be entered herein, within four (4) months from the date of this order, and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the Complainant's bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said Complainant's solicitor, within twenty days after service on him of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident Defendant, and it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said Complainant cause a notice of this order, to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week, for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident Defendant, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

Dated, June 10th A. D. 1891.
JOHN A. LORANGER, Circuit Court Commissioner, Tuscola County, Michigan.
HENRY BUTLER, Complainant's Solicitor.

Wind Mills.
We have secured the agency for the

DUPLEX WIND MILLS
FOR PUMPING AND POWER PURPOSES.

Duplex Solid Wheel,
Duplex Open Wheel,
Crown Solid Wheel.

TOWERS
Furnished and put up if desired.

Samples will be found at our Planting Mill, near P. O. & N. Depot.

LONDON, ENO & KEATING,
FOR SALE, VERY CHEAP.

AND ON THE
Most Liberal Terms!

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

J. D. BROOKER,
CASS CITY, MICH.

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.

LADIES!
Call and inspect the Large and New

STOCK
—OF—

MILLINERY
—AT—

Mrs. E. K. Wickware's

TAR-OLD
THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

PILES
Salt Rheum, Eczema, Wounds, Burns, Sores, Grou, Bronchitis, Etc.,

PRICE 50 CENTS.
Send three-cent stamps for free sample box and book.

TAR-OLD SOAP,
ABSOLUTELY PURE,
FOR MEDICINAL, TOILET, BATH AND NURSERY PURPOSES.

TAR-OLD CO., Chicago, Ill.

EYE EAR
HAS NOT SEEN! HAS NOT HEARD

Neither has it
Entered the hearts of Men and Women who have in our Store.

Have you seen
Our Elegant Assortment of—Nothing like it has ever been shown you before.

Have you heard
That we are offering this stock at prices Away Down.

It's a fact
We've got the Goods; you've got the money. We want to exchange with you.

Come and Remember
Inspect our Stock and buy what you are in need of, and we will be happy.

Our line of Boots and Shoes is complete. No matter what size you wear nor how much ground you cover or in what shape you cover it, we have something that will fit you all. Come and be convinced that we tell the truth at

A. W. STARRARD'S.

ONE DOLLAR
is a hundred cents and you have a right to expect that value for it. To give you more no legitimate business man can, and we realize that to do it we must give you value received. We might tell you our goods are

GIVEN AWAY
so low have we worked down our prices with large sales we can afford small profits. We guarantee every Boot or Shoe as good as represented. We extend a cordial invitation

TO EVERYONE
to call and examine our goods and prices. Ninety pairs women's and 75 pairs of men's fine shoes at prices from \$1.50 to \$5.00, will be closed out at 25 to 40 per cent discount. This is less than manufacturer's prices. Come early and get the bargains.

Crosby's Boot & Shoe House, Cass City

CAPTURED, HANDCUFFED AND SECURED,
A full Stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes which I will sell as low as any Merchant in Tuscola County, Highest Market Price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Farmers give me a call and be Convinced. The Stand of T. H. Hunt, opposite the Grist Mill, Cass City, Mich.

Chas. D. Striffler, Proprietor.

YEARS OF VARIED EXPERIENCE
and SUCCESSFUL

In the Use of CURA. We Alone own for All Dis-

TIVE METHODS, that and Control, orders of

MEN Who have weak or undeveloped, or diseased organs, who are suffering from nervousness, or any excess, or

MEN Who are nervous and impotent, the result of their follies and the contempt of friends and companions, leads us to

FOR A LIMITED TIME FREE

guaranteed to afford a CURE! If they can't afford a CURE!

HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the worst cases have yielded to our HOME TREATMENT, as set forth in our WONDERFUL BOOK, which we send sealed, post paid, FREE, for a limited time. GET IT TO-DAY. Remember, no one else has the methods, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the monopoly of success. ERE MEDICAL CO., 64 N. W. 10th St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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

A GREAT SHOW!

We can show you one of the largest stock of General Merchandise in the Thumb of Michigan, and the prices we offer Goods at is simply cheap.

Dry Goods, Dry Goods!

In this Department our line is the largest we have ever shown. Ladies if you are looking for Dress Goods, Notions, Novelties and Embroideries, don't fail to see and examine our Stock.

Boots and Shoes, Boots and Shoes!

In this department we keep some the best Pingree & Smith's Ladies and Gents fine shoes which are acknowledged to be Superior to others by all who wear them. Buy a pair for a trial, we Guarantee every Pair to give Satisfaction. A full line of Toe Slippers. A full Line of Ladies Walking Shoes.

Clothing, Clothing, Clothing!

You will find our Clothing on the second floor. We always keep Special Drives in this Line and you can always save money by looking over our stock of Hats.

Our Spring and Summer Goods are in Stock at Prices lower than ever.

We keep a large line of Carpets and Lace Curtains. The Latest in Ladies Jackets are found in our Cloak Room,

OUR GROCERY IS FULL OF NECESSARIES AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE.

Call and see our Stock whether you want to buy or not.

2 MACKS 2.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

PARASOLS.

Have you seen that fine lot of Parasols at Frost & Hebblewhite's? If not do not fail to see them the next time you are in town.

DRESS GOODS.

We have received lately a very fine assortment of Dress Goods—something to please each and everyone.

GINGHAMS.

Our line of Gingham is very large and assorted to please the most fastidious. Don't forget to see them.

Hosiery, Gloves, Silk Mitts.

We have a line of Hosiery that is unequalled. It is simply the best hue in town. Gloves and Silk Mitts of the best quality and in all the latest shades.

RIBBONS.

Ladies! This way please. We have without exception the largest and best assorted line of Ribbons in town.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Don't forget to examine our Summer Underwear before buying elsewhere. Gents, our line of Cottonade Pants and Overalls is complete in every respect. Also a complete line of Groceries, Crockery, Glassware and Woodware. Highest market price paid for produce. Cash paid for Eggs.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

FOUND!

In Cass City, at the corner of Main and Oak streets a

Fine Assortment

General Hardware!

We call special attention to our

Elegant Line of Cook Stoves.

Which is unsurpassed in quality and price. To those intending to build we extend a cordial invitation to call and get prices before buying. We are prepared to give bottom prices on Paints, Oils and Glass.

We are Ready to make Estimates

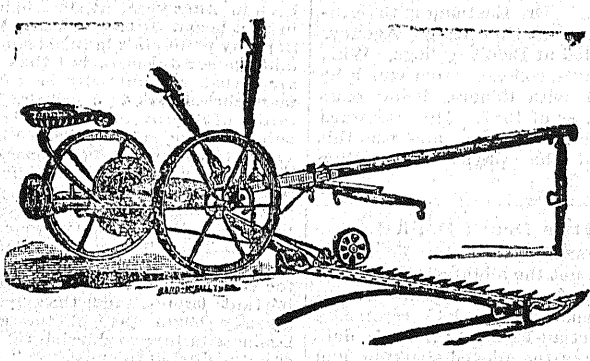
ON JOB TINNING.

We solicit orders for Evetroughing far and near.

Pumps and Gas Pipe Always in Stock.

Howe & Bigelow.

Haying & Harvesting



COMING

Farmers in need of Mowers, Binders, Horse Rakes, Horse Hay Forks, or anything in the line of Haying or Harvesting Tools, will find it to their advantage to call and see what we have and get prices before buying.

Lawn Mowers, Road Scrapers, 1 Horse Corn Cultivators, 2 Horse Cultivators, Machine Oils, Wagons, Buggies, Etc.

Binder Twine from 8 to 12cts.

W. J. CAMPBELL

KARR'S CORNERS.

Jno. Karr has a new well.

We had a lovely rain last Wednesday.

The Ladies' Aid met at Mr. Walter Mark's last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Muma attended the Deekerville picnic last Thursday.

Mr. Waters departed for Canada last Friday for a short visit with relatives.

Mr. Muma has improved his place with a post and wire fence along the front.

Fall wheat has picked up since the rain and promises to be a very fair crop.

It was Mrs. Geo. Karr that was ill and not Mrs. Jno. Karr, as appeared in the Enterprise.

ELLINGTON.

Miss Millie Ostrander is reported some better Tuesday.

There are some nice pieces of corn now in Ellington since the rain.

Armond Mallory has turned mason and plastered will Colwell's house for him last week.

Peas, oats and barley have taken an impetus since the rains came and all are growing nice.

Ten acres was the amount of logging that Sam Bell got done last week Friday, and Sam feels pretty well over it too.

After moving his barn, Edward McKinney has had it raised up and will put a basement for stock underneath.

Henry M. Clay and Charles Myers have finally concluded to locate at Port Angeles, in the new state of Washington.

Quite a number visited our summer resort on W. H. Parker's flats on the east bank of the Cass. Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell had born to them the first of last week a young daughter, weighing seven and a half pounds. She is the delight of papa and ma.

It looked quite natural last Saturday to see the genial face of Oscar Robinson once more in town. He brought his little daughter with him to see her Grandpa and Ma. Campbell.

Cyrus Gould was arrested and taken to Caro last Saturday upon charge of attempting a criminal assault upon Mary Colwell, some time since. His examination is going on today, Tuesday before Justice Reynick, of Caro.

GAGETOWN.

Pleasant weather.

Miss Mannie Givels, of Bay Port, is a caller in town.

Mrs. R. S. Brown is on the sick list. Erysipelas is the cause.

Miss Lena Simmons leaves for her home at Akron next week.

J. R. Sowdy and wife have visited friends and relatives the past week.

There will be services at the Episcopal Church Sunday A. M., at 10 o'clock.

H. Fuller, wife and daughter, left on Monday last for Bay City, where they will reside this summer.

Our public school will close Friday, July 3rd. An appropriate program will be arranged for the occasion.

Mat Wixon's show visited our town last week. The people in general seemed quite pleased with the performance.

There will be an entertainment at the Methodist Church Saturday evening July 27th, to which everyone is invited. Ice cream will also be served.

CANBORO.

Our school was out last Tuesday.

Rev. Gray, of Gagetown, preaches here every other Sunday.

Anthony Hughes, of Brookfield, was in this burg on Sunday week.

Ice cream social at Gibb Finkle's last Thursday night. Gray's benefit.

Our postmaster, Curtis Lambkins, was down in Oliver looking after his lumbering interest.

Herbert Huff, had a very sick horse the other night. Ed Kleree brought him around all right.

John Hare, of Grant Centre, has erected a good frame driving stable. granary in connection.

Wm. Proudfoot erects a fine dwelling this summer. The stone foundation is already built.

Mrs. Albert Dulmage is still improving. Dr. Lyman of Gagetown, is in attendance. She was very low.

Mrs. Herman Huff, of Kent county, Ontario, is visiting at John Laird's, where her son Herbert boards.

Edgar Tindall and wife were in Cass City last week, purchasing large milk cans for the use of patrons sending milk to the cheese factory.

David Teller had what one would call bad luck last week drawing lumber for Lambkins. He borrowed John Low's wagon, and broke down two wheels and one axle, the second load.

Creel and Owendale and Karr's Corners quill drivers talk about your R's and K's trading horses, we had in our town the other night a tripple C horse and cow trade, and one of the parties was a woman, if we were rightly informed. How is that lads?

A bald headed woman is unusual before she is forty, but gray hair is common with them earlier. Baldness and grayness may be prevented, by using Halla Hair Renewer.

A box of Ayer's Pills has saved many a fit of sickness. When a remedy does not happen to be within reach, people are liable to neglect slight ailments and of course if serious illness follow they have to suffer the consequences. "A stitch in time saves nine."

Sarsaparilla belongs to the smilax family of plants and is found very generally over the American continent, but the variety that is richest in medical properties is the Honduras root, of which the famous Ayer's Sarsaparilla is made.

Guaranteed Cure.

Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Idaville Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and liver trouble." John Leslie, farm and stockman of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine; made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Fritz Bros.' Drugstore."

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, also 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, 329 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Pictures are now frequently hung with ribbons of a color harmonizing with the decorative motive of the room.

—Mildewed linens may be restored by soaping the spots and while wet covering them with powdered chalk.

—The sauce par excellence for broils is mushroom ketchup; and the garnish crisp lettuce, watercress or endive.

—For roasted potatoes, take either small potatoes, raw, of an even size, and peel them; or scoop little balls out of large potatoes, with the help of a potato cutter.

—The water drained from macaroni, cabbage or any vegetable, simmered with the bones from roast beef, a little boiled rice, a bit of onion, and thickening of flour, makes a good, palatable soup.

—All woolen goods dye well. Silk, while it never looks quite as well as when new, can be very nicely colored so as to answer many purposes. Irish poplins color well, but usually shrink considerably.

—Fruit Cake: One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, one-fourth pound of citron, mace, cloves, nutmegs, level teaspoonful of soda. Bake one and one-half hours.—Housekeeper.

—Loaf Cake: Five cupfuls of light dough, four and a half cupfuls of sugar, two and a half cupfuls of butter and four eggs. Cream the butter and sugar together and add the eggs, then mix with the dough; add any kind of spices and fruits to taste; put in a mold and set to rise for a short time and then bake like bread.—Boston Budget.

—Pea Soup: Take one pint of peas with the water boiled in, and a dessert-spoonful of butter, a little thickening of flour mixed smooth in half a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a salt spoonful of pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt, boil ten minutes after adding thickening, serve with toast.—Boston Herald.

—For asparagus and eggs beat five eggs' yolks and whites separately to a froth, season with salt, pepper and butter, stir them together; add three tablespoonfuls of cream and pour over bits of boiled asparagus; cut half an inch long, then put the dish in the oven until the eggs are cooked.—N. Y. World.

—Custard Cake: Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of water, one cup of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. For the custard, boil until as thick as jelly: One-half cup of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of milk, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one piece of butter size of a hickory nut. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Spread this between the layers when they are done.—Detroit Free Press.

—How to Preserve Plums: Select large, barely ripe greengage plums. With a sharp knife pare them carefully, taking off nothing but the skin. Drop them in cold water as they are pared. Weigh them, and allow pound for pound of white sugar. Put the sugar in a preserving kettle with a little water, and let it cook to a syrup. While it is simmering drop in the plums and let them cook until they are clear and tender. Remove them to the jars in which they are to be kept, and boil the syrup down until it is as thick as you want it. Pour it over the plums and seal them up.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A READY-MADE HOUSE.

herein the Ants Find Food and Lodging All Prepared.

Travelers tell us that it is not uncommon in the tropics to see a double line of ants stretching from their hill across and open space and up some tree trunk. One-half the ants are toiling homeward under heavy burdens of leaf fragments, the other half are hurrying toward the source of supply.

The ants make a two-fold use of the leaves—they eat the soft, green parts; they use the harder, woody parts, the veins and stalks, as the supporting columns of their hills. From such systematic labor more or less complete defoliation of the tree results. Against these marauders, therefore, some defense must be provided, and to this end certain plants are furnished with the means to attract, to hold, and to impel the honey-eating ants to fight for them.

In tropical America there grows the tall, somewhat palm-like tree, called by the natives the imbauba, and known to botanists as cecropia adenopus. It is rather slender; its hollow stem, divided like the bamboo into chambers or joints is crowned with large tender leaves, which are very attractive to caterpillars and to leaf-cutting ants. The contour of the hollow stem is smooth and even, except that just below each point in the outer surface of the stem there is a depression which corresponds with a similar depression on the inner surface. A thin plate is thus formed: so each chamber is separated from the outside world by a wall that is thin only in one spot. Through the thin plate friendly ants bore readily, and soon find themselves in a cavity of considerable size. Within this chamber they establish a colony. The house grows with the number of its occupants, so that the whole colony is never obliged to seek larger quarters. In this way a perfect shelter, easy of access, is provided ready made for the ants.

The imbauba furnishes food as well as lodgings to these ants. At the bases of the leaf stalks, amid clusters of hairs, are formed many small, egg-shaped, albuminous bodies. These are the solid food of the ants. Upon various parts of the tree are glands which secrete nectar. All ants are extravagantly fond of honey, and they will get it wherever they can. Flowers are the commonest source of nectar, but its purpose in them is to attract the bees, butterflies, and even birds which transfer the pollen to the pistils, and so fertilize them. Ants cannot fertilize most flowers, so their taking the nectar would be mere robbery. The floral nectaries must therefore be protected. This protection is effected by the feeding nectaries being situated between the flowers and the tree trunk. The ants get enough honey from these extra floral nectaries to make them willing to let the others alone.—Nature's Realm.

SEVENTH

ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

CASS CITY WOOLEN MILLS

We, the undersigned, in returning thanks to our many patrons throughout the surrounding country, do beg leave to announce that we are in full running order for this season. Also, that a full stock of Full Cloths, Flannels, Blankets and Yarns, are kept constantly on hand, for sale or to exchange for wool.

Roll Carding a Specialty!

Parties sending Wool by rail will please state plainly what way they want it worked up, thereby avoiding mistakes.

Respectfully Yours,

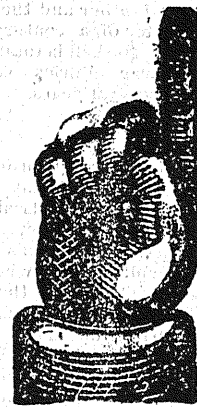
HENRY ROBINSON & SON.



New Ad. Next Week.

W. DOUGALL & CO.

CLOTHIERS.



Don't Forget

When in need of a—
Lmbuer Wagon
Spring Wagon,
Buggy,
Road Cart,
Binder,
Mower,

Or anything in this line, to call on

H. S. Wickware.

I am agent for the Celebrated McCormick Mowers and Binders.

Wagon Making and Blacksmithing in all its branches.

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

H. S. WICKWARE.

AROUND THE STATE.

THE ORDER CLOSING THE SOO CANAL RESCINDED.

Weather and Crops.—A Big Damage Suit at Muskegon.—Strike at Battle Creek.

The Soo Canal. Gen. O. M. Poe, pursuant to orders from Washington, has issued the following letter to E. S. Wheeler, assistant engineer in charge of the "Soo" canal:

Sir—The secretary of war has ordered that the lock of St. Mary's Falls canal be closed and pumped out, in order that it may be examined by a representative of the department of justice, and that Col. Poe, E. S. Wheeler and Martin Lynch be present at the time. He further directs that notice shall be given that the water is to be drawn from the lock, in order that vessel owners may be advised. In obedience to this order, you are instructed to notify all vessels passing the canal after receipt of this notice that the lock will be closed at 10 o'clock p. m. on Thursday, the 24th inst., and remain closed until Sunday morning, the 28th inst. As this will cause a good deal of inconvenience to shipping, you will see that every preparation is made, to the end that the delay is made as short as possible. You will have the pumping plant in readiness for use as soon as the guard gates are closed. You will also see that the notice of the closing has as wide circulation as possible. It will, therefore, be well to have this letter printed in the usual way, and not only give a copy to each passing vessel, but, in addition, as an item of news, send a copy direct to all newspapers in the lake region and to all shippers within your knowledge.

Later.—The order to close the canal was so unpopular among vessel men that the secretary of war has ordered the proposed examination postponed until the close of navigation in December.

Big Damages Wanted. W. D. McKinney of Troy, Ohio, has commenced suit in the United States court at Grand Rapids against L. G. Mason, F. A. Nims and D. D. Erwin of the Muskegon Improvement company for \$75,000 damages. McKinney contracted with the company to move the Troy wagon works and the Bedle, Kelly works from Troy to Muskegon, the two companies to have a paid up capital of \$300,000 and to give employment to 400 hands, the improvement company to provide the site and assist in putting up the factory. The complainant claims that he was willing and able to carry out his part of the contract and had made all his arrangements to move when the company backed out and refused to comply with the terms of the agreement. The defendants claim that McKinney gave no evidences of an ability to come to time, and after the lapse of a reasonable period extended the "encouragement" concern, the Michigan City refrigerator company.

A War Story. Pratt B. Haskell enlisted early in the war, at Detroit, in the Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry. For a year his relations heard from him regularly and then all trace was lost and it was supposed that he had been killed. But he wasn't. He was a prisoner at Andersonville for a long time, and at the close of the war returned over the country without having any home. Six years ago he applied for admission to the Michigan soldiers' home at Grand Rapids and was admitted, and he has since been an inmate. Recently he heard that some of his relatives were living at Pontiac. A letter reached a niece and she forwarded it to Mrs. T. Joseph of Chicago, Haskell's sister. She came over this week to see her brother and the meeting after a quarter of a century was extremely affecting. Haskell is totally disabled as a result of war injuries and has been in the hospital several years.

Natural Selection. Ray Coates, aged 21, of a prominent Grand Rapids family, is somewhat unsettled in his matrimonial affairs. Last week he secured a license to marry Nettie Griffin, aged 18. The girl's father had not been consulted and when the young man called to take her to the wedding he vetoed the proceedings, locked the girl up and fired Coates outdoors. Late Thursday afternoon Mrs. Jonathan Powers visited the cleric's office, returned the former license and said that Coates was going to marry her daughter Maggie next morning. Coates called with a prospective mother-in-law and got his license, and he and Maggie were married.

MICHIGAN STATE ITEMS.

Mrs. Mary A. Ballard of Ypsilanti, aged 63 years, died Wednesday.

Isingham is to have a new \$26,000 opera house and it will be out in a week.

A. P. Swineford will deliver the spread eagle address at Marquette two weeks from Saturday.

The Audubon club of St. Joseph held a shooting contest on Tuesday, at which the prizes aggregated \$300.

The Jackson county agricultural society met Monday to attend to routine business, and elected C. V. Doland secretary.

Fr. Kolosinski, the excommunicated Polish Catholic priest of Detroit, was shot at in his residence on Monday night.

Albertus Pieter, a graduate of Hope college, was ordained as a missionary to Japan at Holland Wednesday night.

A Ludington man named Reed caught a contract for \$55,000 worth of street paving in South Bend, Ind., the other day.

Rev. Ball Wright has accepted a call from the Grace Episcopal church at Macomb and will begin work next Sunday.

John J. Beattie, of Champion, who has been seriously ill for some time is on the list of convalescents and will soon be about again.

Judge Hooker, of Kalamazoo, is occupying Judge Arnold's place on the Ottawa county bench, at Grand Haven, during the latter's illness.

Mason voted on the question of issuing bonds for the construction of water-works, Monday. The proposition was carried by 409 to 50 votes.

The two meanest women in the state have been found in Paw Paw and they now unlearned. They were caught stealing flowers from the soldiers' graves.

John Jenkins, the first white man to settle in Niles, was among those in attendance at the Cass county pioneers' picnic, at Cassopolis, the other day.

The Lake Forest university of Chicago conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. A. P. Bruske, the new president of Alma college, Wednesday.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

AMENDMENTS TO THE GAME LAW MADE BY THE HOUSE.

The Governor Approves Several Measures.—Prospects for an Adjournment.

The game bill, as passed by the house, has been amended considerably in the senate, and passed the latter body Tuesday with the following provisions: Deer may be killed, except in the upper peninsula, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1 inclusive, and in the upper peninsula from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15; wild turkey from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; "ruffed grouse, sometimes called partridge or pheasant," from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; collin or quail, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; but in the upper peninsula partridge or ruffed grouse may be killed from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. The bill prohibits the use of any sawed or punt gun, sink boat or battery for killing wild fowl.

Governor Winans has signed the Milnes bills repealing the charter of the Lake Shore road and bringing the Lake Shore and Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee under the general tax laws, and the bill appropriating \$54,066 for the state fish commission.

At a democratic house caucus Tuesday evening it was practically agreed that the session would close next week, although the date is not absolutely fixed.

The senate has passed the house bill appropriating \$36,000 for one new cottage and repairs at the northern Michigan asylum; also the house bill appropriating \$17,500 for improvements at the Michigan asylum for the insane.

The newsboys' band of Detroit was in Lansing on Tuesday and made sweet music for legislative ears.

The house committee of the whole has agreed to the senate bill appropriating \$14,500 for the reform school. Mr. Robinson of Saginaw moved to increase the amount by \$2,000 for an extension to the chapel. It was said that the present chapel is not capacious enough for the entire membership of the school; that when the chapel is full some 85 pupils are excluded. The amendment prevailed.

The Doyle-Munthe investigating committee was discharged on Tuesday. Another committee may be appointed.

With several new changes, Senator Crocker's substitute congressional reapportionment bill favorably passed the committee of the whole Thursday afternoon, but failed to pass when voted on by the senate. The vote by which the bill failed was reconsidered and the bill tabled. It is thought that a minor change in the measure will adjust matters to the satisfaction of all, and the bill will be passed later in the week.

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The committee on finance and appropriations has reported favorably a bill allowing the state agricultural college the sum of \$24,395. The institution asked for much more, but was cut down by the committee to the extent of some \$16,425, viz.: \$10,000, mechanical laboratory; \$1,000, greenhouse; \$1,125, foundry; \$500, physical department.

The house has refused to concur in the amendment made to the county commissioners' bill, and the senate insisting, has appointed a conference committee composed of Senators Baston, Morrow and Sabin.

The bill for an appropriation for the world's fair has been changed in form since its appearance through the house. The senate committee on state affairs has fixed the number of the commission at six, of whom two are to be women. The governor is ex-officio to be a member of the commission. The pay of commissioners is \$5 per day, with an allowance of \$8 a day for hotel expenses, and also actual traveling expenses. The governor is to appoint the president of the board of commissioners. The executive committee of the board is to consist of the four men, thereby excluding the women from any influential share in the management.

The Richardson specific railroad tax bill, which has been passed by the house, was written up at last passed the senate. But not, however, without being amended as follows: All railroads whose gross earnings exceed \$3,000 per mile, and tax 2 per cent; in excess of \$3,000, and over \$4,000 per mile, 2 1/2 per cent; over \$4,000 and not exceeding \$6,000, 3 per cent; above \$6,000 and not over \$8,000, 4 per cent.

A bill amending the act relative to the asylum for criminal insane, at Ionia, has passed the senate, changing the name of the institution to "Asylum for Dangerous Insane." The reason for the change of name, as given by Senator Beers, is that an insane person is not a criminal.

Ex-Senator Thomas W. Ferry is badly used up with the grip.

Daniel Brackett of Big Rapids was shot in the leg Wednesday by a Flobert rifle ball supposed to have been fired by some sparrow hunting youngster. Brackett will live and so will the boy, but he would long for death if Brackett could lay hands on him about this time.

A deaf and dumb man was arrested in the village of Herbin, Austria, for vagrancy on May 28, and was put in a cell. The police forgot all about the prisoner and did not visit his cell again until Tuesday, when it was found that the man had died of starvation, and that the body had been eaten by rats.

James Hanna says while he was horseback riding near Crawfordville, Ind., a black snake 6 1/2 feet long sprang from the side of the road and wrapped itself about the horse's leg. A gallop of half a mile sent the animal flying, and young Hanna dismounted and killed it with a club. Hanna had not been drinking.

A knock-down and drag-out fight occurred between two convicts and a freeman in Jackson state prison last week, because the convicts had slighted their work and were required to do it over again. The convicts had the best of it for a time and pounded the free man with fists, but were soon overpowered.

MICHIGAN WOOL CROP.

A Depressed Wool Market, and the Cause in this State.

Considerable Damage Done by a Cloudburst in Tennessee.—A Duchess with a Bad Temper.

The present outlook for the wool trade does not seem to be encouraging. Sheep-shearing is probably about three-quarters complete in Michigan and a comparatively small amount of the 11,000,000 pounds—the usual clip in this state—is disposed of as yet. Those versed in the wool business account for the depressed condition of the trade primarily by the immense over importation of goods and wool before the present tariff went into effect. Also by the fact that faulty wools, not wanted by American purchasers, have been bought up by transatlantic manufacturers, made up into goods and sent over to the United States and sold at lower figures than our manufacturers could make and sell the same class of goods for from higher priced wools. The recent million dollar failure of Schofield & Son, and of the Excelsior hosiery company, of Philadelphia, with the probable failure or crippling of other woolen firms through them, has had a further depressing influence. Aside from these general causes explanatory of the general depression, Michigan furnishes an easy explanation for the reason of the dullness of the opening business of the season in her own borders, in the unfortunate fact that Michigan wool, once ranking among the best in the country, has fallen below par not because of any defect in the quality of the wool, but because of the carelessness or unfairness of wool-growers in preparing it for market. It is related of a certain Boston firm that out of a lot of 2,000,000 pounds of Australian wool they found but 600 pounds of strings and other extraneous matter, while from the same amount of Michigan wool they were made the losers by over 12,000 pounds. Evidently the sheep raisers of Michigan, if this statement is true, will have to make a radical reform in their methods of putting up and tying fleeces for market or quit the business. At some points the new wool crop is beginning to come in, but purchasers are slow to pay the prices wanted. In Detroit the trade is very dull for the season. Of the several large dealers in the city, only one or two are making any pretensions to buy just now. The outside figures offered in this city for coarse, medium and fine wool are 25c, 28c, and 30c per pound respectively. — Detroit Evening News.

Cloudburst in Tennessee. At Newmarket, Green county, Tenn., recently a cloudburst did great damage. The place is remote from railroad and telegraph, and information of the calamity came late. The fall of water was something terrific, and a creek became a raging river 100 yards wide. T. N. King's store-house, residence and out-buildings were swept away, the roof coming so quickly he did not have time to close his store doors. The postoffice was kept in his store, and everything was lost. An iron safe weighing 1,500 pounds was carried one-fourth of a mile by the force of the water. A number of other houses were carried away and all crops along the creek bottom lands destroyed. The water came down so fast that the people hardly had time to flee to the ridge, and if this had not been near there would have been serious loss of life. Considerable stock was drowned, but no life lost so far as reported. The property damage will amount to a large sum.

A Duchess in Prison. A dispatch from Madrid says: The duchess of Castro Enriquez, charged with maintaining a mail service, was arrested while dining in her splendid palace in the Calle Arenal. She was taken to prison in a cab late at night in order to avoid violent demonstrations which otherwise might have been made against her. Ball was refused the duchess, but she was permitted to have her children with her in the common jail. The maid servant, a child, who was engaged from a foundling hospital to serve in the duchess' household. The girl fled from her employer after four days of ill-usage, being found in the streets by the police, covered with bruises and sores. The palace servants have testified to ill-usage from the duchess, who is described as wealthy, eccentric and bad-tempered. She was separated from her husband a few years ago.

A Tremendous Blast. Gov. Hill, Col. Williams, Secretary of State Rice, members of the press and prominent electricians and mining experts from all over the country witnessed the blasting away of 60,000 tons of limestone at Peter Callanan's quarry at South Bethlehem, N. Y., Tuesday afternoon. One hundred and fifty holes on three separate ledges were drilled, each to a depth of 30 feet. These were filled to the surface with dynamite and when the current of electricity was turned on 5,000 pounds of that explosive ignited. The current was turned on by Miss Helen Callanan, the 16-year-old daughter of the proprietor. A face of rock 90 feet high, 400 feet long and 90 feet deep was displaced. The Edison company of New York laid the wires. The blast was the largest ever made in this country.

Married an Indian. A wedding of more than ordinary interest was celebrated at the Church of the Ascension, Tenth street and Fifth avenue, New York, at noon Thursday. The bride was Miss Elaine Goodale, the well known authoress who is the government inspector of Indian schools in North and South Dakota, and the bridegroom was Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, an Indian of the Sioux tribe. Dr. Eastman is the government physician at Pine Ridge Agency. He was educated at Beloit college, Wis., and at Dartmouth college, from which he was graduated with honors, being class orator in the class of 1887. He afterward studied medicine in Boston, and was this year appointed the physician at Pine Ridge.

Hippolyte's Death Denied. Haytian Consul Price of New York says that there was not the slightest foundation for the statement that President Hippolyte had been shot; that he had received a mail from Port-au-Prince of a later date than the time of the alleged shooting, and that his advisers indicated that everything was tranquil down there, government and business affairs being transacted as usual.

Thomas B. Eymess of Evansville, Ind., a well known democratic politician, died Saturday.

Jewish rabbis in New York continue to grant divorces for \$10 each, but are cute enough to insert a clause that prevents their prosecution.

Philip Brady, his wife Catharine and their 13-year-old son were cremated by the burning of their home in New York city early Sunday morning.

At Canton, O., Saturday night, Joseph Wise, a saloonkeeper, killed Charles Henderson, colored, by a blow with his fist. Henderson died almost instantly.

GENERAL NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Ex-Senator McDonald Dead.

Ex-Senator Joseph E. McDonald died at his home in Indianapolis on Sunday night, after an illness lasting two or three weeks. Joseph E. McDonald was born in Butler county, O., August 23, 1819, his father having been a Pennsylvanian of Scotch extraction and his mother of French Huguenot stock. When the son was seven years old, his mother, who had become a widow and married a second husband named Kerr, removed to Indiana. At 12 young McDonald was apprenticed to the saddler's trade at Lafayette, at which he worked for nearly six years. From this circumstance he received the sobriquet of "Old Saddle Bags." In 1838 he entered Wabash college at Crawfordsville, supporting himself at his trade. Two years later he was a student at Asbury university, Green castle, but did not graduate. When United States senator he received a degree from this institution. After leaving college he studied law, and in 1844 he was admitted to the bar, and began practicing in Crawfordsville. Before he received his license to practice he had been nominated for prosecuting attorney, to which office he was elected, serving four years. He was elected to congress as a democrat in 1848, being then under 30. In 1872 as chairman of the democratic state committee he reorganized the party, and after the great triumph of the Indiana democrats in 1874 he was sent to the United States senate, his term expiring in 1881. As a lawyer Mr. McDonald had been engaged in the most important suits arising in his state, including that against Dowles, Horey and Milligan, the Knights of the Golden Circle, who were sentenced to death by a military commission, but released by order of the supreme court.

Stand By the Preacher. On Friday night last the rich and strong congregation of the Allegheny Reformed Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. R. J. Milligan pastor (recently deposed by the synod), met and unanimously withdrew from the Reformed Presbyterian church, and will seek admission to the United Presbyterian church. Among the ministers present were Rev. J. S. T. Milligan, the covenantor belligerent from Kansas; Rev. J. J. Teaz of Selma, Ala., the southern Negro missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian church, and others of that denomination. All of these indorsed the action of the Allegheny church and the more so inasmuch as that they will also go from the Reformed Presbyterian church to the United Presbyterian church.

Railroad Accident in Iowa. A dispatch from Boone, Ia., says: The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul express train, going east, plunged into Coon river Wednesday night during a storm, killing one person, fatally injuring three and seriously wounding 21 others. The disaster was caused by the terrific rain undermining the approach to the bridge. The train consisted of an engine and seven cars, all of which went into the gap except the two sleepers in the rear. The engineer of the train was killed. The disaster occurred about 11 o'clock. The train was behind time and making fast to make up lost time.

For the World's Fair. State Controller Colgan of California will refuse to sign the warrants granting \$300,000 to the California world's fair commission for the state exhibit. He bases his action on the provision of the state constitution which says that no money shall be appropriated to any association or institution not under the exclusive control of the state. He claims the California world's fair commission is not exclusively under the state control, but looks to the national commission for authority. The case will be contested in the courts.

THE MARKETS. Detroit. CATTLE—Good to choice... \$4 75 @ \$5 25. HOGS... 4 00 @ 5 05. SHEEP... 4 70 @ 4 80. LAMBS... 1 70 @ 1 80. WHEAT—Red spot, No. 2... 1 03 1/2 @ 1 03 3/4. Red spot, No. 3... 0 90 @ 0 90. Whitespot, No. 2... 1 01 @ 1 06. CORN—No. 2 spot... 61 @ 61. No. 2 yellow... 59 @ 60. OATS—No. 2 white, spot... 45 @ 45. CLOVER SEED... 3 85 @ 4 10. HAY... 1 40 @ 1 41. WHEAT—No. 2 red... 1 00 @ 1 00. HAY—No. 2 port... 12 00 @ 12 50. STRAW—Porton... 5 50 @ 6 00. POTATOES—Per bu... 1 00 @ 1 25. BEANS—Unshelled, per bush... 1 15 @ 1 25. CITY HAMB-PICKED... 1 15 @ 2 20. APPLES—per bu... 4 00 @ 4 50. EVAPORATED... 1 35 @ 1 40. BUTTER—Per lb... 18 @ 18. EGGS—Per doz... 15 1/2 @ 15. Chicago. CATTLE—Prime... \$6 00 @ \$5 50. Common... 4 50 @ 5 00. SHEEP—Native... 4 50 @ 5 25. LAMBS... 5 00 @ 6 25. HOGS—Common... 4 20 @ 4 45. WHEAT—No. 2 red... 97 @ 99. No. 2 spot... 96 @ 96. CORN—No. 2... 53 1/2 @ 53 1/2. OATS—No. 2... 30 1/2 @ 30 1/2. RYE... 75 @ 78. BARLEY... 61 @ 62. BEANS—Per bu... 10 10 @ 10 25. LARD... 6 25 @ 6 25. New York. CATTLE—Natives... \$4 50 @ \$5 20. HOGS—All grades... 4 75 @ 5 25. SHEEP—Good to choice... 4 75 @ 5 50. LAMBS... 6 00 @ 7 00. WHEAT—No. 2 red... 1 08 1/2 @ 1 08 3/4. CORN—No. 2... 51 @ 51. OATS... 47 @ 47. Kansas City. CATTLE—Steers... \$3 50 @ \$5 00. HOGS—All grades... 3 00 @ 4 45. SHEEP... 6 50 @ 7 00. LAMBS... 5 50 @ 6 00. Buffalo. CATTLE... \$5 25 @ \$5 30. HOGS... 4 70 @ 4 90. SHEEP—Good to choice... 4 75 @ 5 15. LAMBS... 6 25 @ 7 00. Butte's Trade Review. R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade for week ending June 22, says: While crop reports continue remarkably favorable, the volume of business at present transacted is not as large as it has been in other years at this time. This is in part because exceptionally hot weather at many points has induced something like midsummer dullness, but the more important cause undoubtedly is that trade in many branches has been waiting for certainty of improvement and definite orders before taking new risks. There is also some hesitation owing to recent failures, particularly in Philadelphia. Credits have been more cautiously given in the woolen and the boot and shoe trades, and this has had a retarding effect on transactions. Hence it is encouraging to find that there is actual improvement in the demand for consumption in several of the more important trades, and that manufacturers already begin to feel the effects. The business failures occurring throughout the country during the past week number 253, as compared with a total of 244 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 149.

The sensational branch of promise suit of Miss Valeria Waidemann against Hon. Robert Horace Walpole in London, Eng., for \$100,000 damages, has been decided, resulting in a verdict of \$1,500 for the plaintiff. Capt. Walpole will apply for a new trial.

Word was received at Marina City Monday of the death of Capt. W. B. Morley, the well known capitalist, boat owner and ship builder, at Rochester. Capt. Morley was one of the best known men in the city, wealthy, beloved and esteemed and his death causes regret that is not confined alone to that place. He leaves a widow and five children. His estate is estimated at \$300,000.

MEN AND THINGS.

Earthquakes in Italy continue.

The flow of lava from Mount Vesuvius has stopped.

Two fatal cases of sunstroke in Pittsburgh Monday.

Portugal will endeavor to restrict or stop emigration to America.

The gold-export last week from New York was only \$535,972.

Eight persons were killed in Mexico Sunday by a waterspout.

Gerónimo, the Arizona outlaw, has been shot and killed by officers.

A strong flow of natural gas has been struck near Warren, Minn.

All June records for hot weather were beaten "down-east" Monday.

Between 600 and 700 Russian Hebrew tailors are on a strike at Philadelphia.

Striking laundresses in London, Eng., are engaging in riotous demonstrations.

Ex-Gov. Ludington, of Wisconsin, died at Milwaukee Wednesday night at the age of 78.

Austria will make an extra large military expenditure this year, to keep pace with Russia.

About 1,200 architectural metal workers of Chicago are on a strike for an eight hour day.

Rev. John S. Race of Wooster, O., was sentenced to prison for two years, Tuesday, for burglary.

There is trouble with the Indians on the Fond du Lac reservation and armed men have gone to the scene.

The majority of Maroa, Ill., was decided by lot Tuesday, Frank Potter, the saloon candidate, winning.

The Kansas wheat crop is the most promising in the state's history. The yield is estimated at 58,000,000 bushels.

At Madison, Ind., Monday Stock Brown gave his stepson such a brutal beating that the lad died half an hour afterward.

Mrs. Harriet Smith, of Deep Creek valley, Pa., committed suicide by starvation on account of the death of her daughter.

The body of Washington C. Wolfe, aged 85, who for 67 years has been an active typesetter, has been found floating in the river at Coshocton, O.

John Brooks of Waldron reached his 105th birthday on Tuesday, and is the oldest resident of the state. He has lived in Hillsdale county since 1843.

An unknown man hurled a stone into a crowd of picnickers near Pittsburg Monday. Robert Finnen, aged 25, was struck on the head and fatally injured.

Joseph A. Donovan, a railroad contractor, opened a can of gasoline at Indianapolis Monday, while standing near a fire. He suffered terribly before he died.

The body of Alexander Schneider, with the throat cut from ear to ear, has been found floating in the river at Evansville, Ind. It is believed to be a case of suicide.

A. O. Coley, J. D. Anderson, Josie Rollins and Annie Koehler were drowned at Rockford, Ia., Sunday, while out boating. All the bodies have been recovered.

It is now asserted that Lord Brooke, whose wife figured prominently in the baccarat scandal, will apply for a divorce, and that the prince of Wales will be a witness.

Alexander Stewart and Bob Farley quarreled at Lebanon, Ind., Sunday about some horse rent. Farley stabbed Stewart to death and may be lynched by the excited populace.

A highwayman held up a stage Tuesday afternoon, 25 miles from Ellensburg, Wash., and compelled the only passenger to flip open the mail bags and hand him the required packages.

Capt. W. W. Holt, who has been in charge of a transfer boat at Helena, Ark., was hit on the head Saturday night with an ax by a watchman named Woods. The captain had reprimanded Woods.

Fred Kibbe, a brickman on the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan railroad, fell under the wheels of a freight train at Benton Harbor, Monday, and was instantly killed. He lived at Elkhart, Ind., was 28 years old, and leaves a widow and two small children.

CAPTURED A SOLDIER.

An Iowa Belle Married to the General—Commander of the U. S. A.

The marriage of Gen. John M. Schofield, commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, to Miss Georgia Kilbourne of Keokuk, Ia., was solemnized at St. John's Episcopal church at the latter place at high noon Thursday, the officiating clergyman being Rev. R. C. McIlwaine, the rector of the church. Since the announcement of the general's engagement to the fair daughter of the Hawkeye state about the first of the present month, nothing else has been the topic of conversation in social circles of Keokuk. As far as consistent with the high rank of Gen. Schofield and the social prominence of his bride, the wedding was devoid of display. The only military feature was the appearance of the general and his staff in full uniform. Only the intimate friends and relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, which was performed according to the beautiful Episcopal ritual.

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Railroad Accident in Iowa. A dispatch from Boone, Ia., says: The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul express train, going east, plunged into Coon river Wednesday night during a storm, killing one person, fatally injuring three and seriously wounding 21 others. The disaster was caused by the terrific rain undermining the approach to the bridge. The train consisted of an engine and seven cars, all of which went into the gap except the two sleepers in the rear. The engineer of the train was killed. The disaster occurred about 11 o'clock. The train was behind time and making fast to make up lost time.

For the World's Fair. State Controller Colgan of California will refuse to sign the warrants granting \$300,000 to the California world's fair commission for the state exhibit. He bases his action on the provision of the state constitution which says that no money shall be appropriated to any association or institution not under the exclusive control of the state. He claims the California world's fair commission is not exclusively under the state control, but looks to the national commission for authority. The case will be contested in the courts.

THE MARKETS. Detroit. CATTLE—Good to choice... \$4 75 @ \$5 25. HOGS... 4 00 @ 5 05. SHEEP... 4 70 @ 4 80. LAMBS... 1 70 @ 1 80. WHEAT—Red spot, No. 2... 1 03 1/2 @ 1 03 3/4. Red spot, No. 3... 0 90 @ 0 90. Whitespot, No. 2... 1 01 @ 1 06. CORN—No. 2 spot... 61 @ 61. No. 2 yellow... 59 @ 60. OATS—No. 2 white, spot... 45 @ 45. CLOVER SEED... 3 85 @ 4 10. HAY... 1 40 @ 1 41. WHEAT—No. 2 red... 1 00 @ 1 00. HAY—No. 2 port... 12 00 @ 12 50. STRAW—Porton... 5 50 @ 6 00. POTATOES—Per bu... 1 00 @ 1 25. BEANS—Unshelled, per bush... 1 15 @ 1 25. CITY HAMB-PICKED... 1 15 @ 2 20. APPLES—per bu... 4 00 @ 4 50. EVAPORATED... 1 35 @ 1 40. BUTTER—Per lb... 18 @ 18. EGGS—Per doz... 15 1/2 @ 15. Chicago. CATTLE—Prime... \$6 00 @ \$5 50. Common... 4 50 @ 5 00. SHEEP—Native... 4 50 @ 5 25. LAMBS... 5 00 @ 6 25. HOGS—Common... 4 20 @ 4 45. WHEAT—No. 2 red... 97 @ 99. No. 2 spot... 96 @ 96. CORN—No. 2... 53 1/2 @ 53 1/2. OATS—No. 2... 30 1/2 @ 30 1/2. RYE... 75 @ 78. BARLEY... 61 @ 62. BEANS—Per bu... 10 10 @ 10 25. LARD... 6 25 @ 6 25. New York. CATTLE—Natives... \$4 50 @ \$5 20. HOGS—All grades... 4 75 @ 5 25. SHEEP—Good to choice... 4 75 @ 5 50. LAMBS... 6 00 @ 7 00. WHEAT—No. 2 red... 1 08 1/2 @ 1 08 3/4. CORN—No. 2... 51 @ 51. OATS... 47 @ 47. Kansas City. CATTLE—Steers... \$3 50 @ \$5 00. HOGS—All grades... 3 00 @ 4 45. SHEEP... 6 50 @ 7 00. LAMBS... 5 50 @ 6 00. Buffalo. CATTLE... \$5 25 @ \$5 30. HOGS... 4 70 @ 4 90. SHEEP—Good to choice... 4 75 @ 5 15. LAMBS... 6 25 @ 7 00. Butte's Trade Review. R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade for week ending June 22, says: While crop reports continue remarkably favorable, the volume of business at present transacted is not as large as it has been in other years at this time. This is in part because exceptionally hot weather at many points has induced something like midsummer dullness, but the more important cause undoubtedly is that trade in many branches has been waiting for certainty of improvement and definite orders before taking new risks. There is also some hesitation owing to recent

THE EARLIEST CROCUS.

One golden flame has cloven
The dingy garden clay,
One golden gleam is woven
Athwart the gloomy day.
And hark! the breeze is bringing
One sudden bird-note, ringing
From far away.
Soon, set in dainty order,
A sorried golden line,
All down the garden border
The crocuses will shine.
At last the spring is sighted!
One golden lamp is lighted
To give the sign.

THE SENTRY.

The enemy had retreated at last, leaving the French masters of the position. The sergeant had gone away, after placing a conscript, Claude Latapie, as sentry, on an eminence, under shelter of a cottage, which had been half demolished by grape-shot.

Night was coming on, and in the deepening gloom the young soldier looked half fearfully at the wintry landscape; each object was a huge, weird silhouette, which his simple peasant fancy transformed into a fantastic specter, and he tremblingly recalling the ghostly legends heard of in his childhood, the women crossing themselves, the men shuddering and all drawing nearer the glowing hearth, while the wind howled mournfully.

The sentry clasped his musket firmly, and stood motionless, paralyzed with vague terror, and almost numb with cold. His thoughts were so busy with the memory of his home, and of days which seemed, after all his battling and hardships, to be long passed away, that he half forgot his duty of keeping watch.

Suddenly a moaning sound rose in the darkness near him. Startled from his reverie, Claude shook himself, cocked his gun and peered about him anxiously, with eye and ear, and every muscle on the alert, remembering that his comrades were asleep, and that they trusted him to awaken them in case of danger. The moans continued with a sound of strangling like a death-rattle, then a faint, hoarse cry of agony arose from the ruined walls of the house. Claude peered in at the doorway, struck a match, and saw lying in a corner of rubbish, and held down by fragments of the shattered roof, the dark outline of a human form. A bit of candle-end chance to be lying near, and Claude lighted this and crept softly toward the corner; in the dim light he discovered a soldier, one of the enemy, who had evidently been struck down by the falling joists, for a beam lay across his chest.

"Let him die," he muttered; but a choking voice exclaimed imploringly: "Drink!"

"You want a drink? Very likely!" retorted the young trooper, laying his hand on the canteen which, before his place as sentry, he had filled with warm coffee, generously seasoned with brandy. "Very proper for me to warm an enemy's stomach at the expense of a Frenchman's!"

He laughed scornfully, and as if in defiance of the wounded man's entreaty, opened the canteen and put it to his own lips. But the first drop seemed to choke him; after all, this wretched German was a fellow-man! Claude leaned his gun against the wall, stooped over the sufferer, lifted off the heavy beam, and then kneeling down, held the canteen over the gasping mouth. The other man raised his hands eagerly to grasp the treasure.

"None of that," cried Claude, "put down your paws or not a drop shall you have. The creature thinks I should be willing to drink after his booby lips!"

The wounded man understood, for he had lived in France before the war, and made a movement as if to turn away from the look of disgust which accompanied Claude's words, but his feverish thirst made him change his mind. He opened his mouth, and the other man poured into it a stream of warm coffee from the canteen, then, standing up, tossed off a bumper as his own share, and rushed out of the cabin in sudden terror at the thought of having deserted his post.

"That was a hard tug," said Claude, between his teeth.

At the end of half an hour, partly for the purpose of learning how the wounded man was getting on, and partly to shield himself from the cutting wind which lashed his face, the young sentry again entered the cottage.

The young German, still tortured with fever, stretched out his hand for the canteen, and filled with pity, Claude Latapie forgot his former repugnance, hurriedly detached the gourd from his belt and handed it to the sufferer. As he went out again four armed men stood before him, and before he had time to give the alarm he was disarmed and a prisoner. Sounds of hushed footsteps, rendered almost inaudible by the deep snow, now approached, and a body of men came to a halt. Their captain, a Bavarian, ordered the prisoner into the house and questioned him in French, but Claude made no reply.

"Answer me,ascal," said the officer, after a pause, "or your lips will be opened by a bayonet through your body. (Where is the main guard station?) The young soldier was silent.

"Here, men, spike this pig-headed fellow." But an imploring voice exclaimed: "Stop!" In surprise the captain turned round, saw the man lying in the corner, recognized him as one of his own company who had been left for dead, and learned how compassionate the prisoner had been to him.

"Very well, I will spare his life," said the officer; "but we must take him with us. Muller and Herman, bind his hands and lead him between you, and if he makes the least noise strangle him with his own voice. Forward! We shall soon find the French."

Claude Latapie was in despair; he had deserted his post, had failed to give the alarm, and consequently his comrades were about to be surprised and massacred. How could he prevent it? What could he do to save them?

He marched along quietly, rejoiced for a minute at perceiving that his captors were taking the wrong direction, but the captain soon discovered his error and changed his route. This time they were on the right road, the little band of Frenchmen would be captured—all was lost!

Suddenly the prisoner stumbled and fell, and as his guardians stooped to drag him up again, his fingers clutched the trigger guard of Muller's musket. The man snatched at the weapon, but Claude hung on, and in spite of his being bound succeeded in his design. Then he felt for the trigger; Herman forced him with the bayonet, and Claude, mortally wounded, felt his hold relax; convulsively he made another effort and the gun went off. A loud report echoed through the darkness, and with all his remaining strength he shouted:

"To arms!"

Then, pierced through the body, he reeled and stiffened, biting the snow. But the report and cry was heard. The French, aroused, attacked the enemy; their main guard came up, and after a short engagement the Germans, finding themselves surrounded, laid down their arms.

Claude Latapie was lying in an ambulance when the general of the corps came up, bringing him the victim of the brave—the cross of the legion of honor. The young man, however, made a wild gesture as he exclaimed:

"No, no; you do not know how it was!"

"I know you are a brave man," replied the general.

"Ah, my God!" sighed Claude, "must I proclaim my own dishonor before I die? I deserve court-martial instead of the Cross." And humbly, in a voice broken by sobs, he confessed his momentary desertion from his post, adding in conclusion:

"The whole outpost might have been destroyed through my fault; yet, I could not help pitying that poor German."

"His comrades made but a poor return for your compassion," said the officer.

"They warned me; I know what to expect," Claude answered, simply, "and I am happy for I die for France—that is more than I deserve."

"Give me your hand, my brave fellow!" cried the general, "You have more than atoned—I am proud to command such a man as you!" and stooping, he laid the medal on Claude's breast and gave him the accolade. The young soldier's face was illuminated; he grasped the medal in his hot hand, and gasping for breath, he murmured:

"This is for my mother; will you send it to her?"

And on receiving the general's promise, the conscript smiled and died.

Generosity of Wealthy Men.

"The wealthy men of to-day," said an old-fashioned business man, of New York, "who have acquired their riches, not by the laborious old-fashioned methods, but by sudden strokes, ought to be extremely charitable. I have for some years been placed in a position where I could judge of the comparative generosity of some of the wealthiest men in this country. I have frequently had to call upon them for subscriptions in cases worthy of every man's charity, but it has always proved a very disheartening job. The men whose fortunes are so large that they themselves can hardly know the extent of them are the hardest men in the world to get a \$50 subscription from, whatever the purpose to which it is to be devoted. They are much closer with their money than the men whose fortunes are only moderate, and who acquired their money by slow and laborious methods. Perhaps the reason for this lies in the fact that these extremely wealthy men are overwhelmed with demands for assistance and cannot afford to waste time in answering all of them; but, even if such be the case, it is no excuse for neglecting the calls of worthy charities."

The Perfect Man.

From the crown to the nape of the neck is one-twelfth the stature of a perfectly formed man, says the St. Louis Republic.

The hand from the wrist to the end of the middle finger is one-tenth of the total height of a man in perfect proportions.

A man of good proportions is as tall as the distance between the tips of his fingers when both arms are extended to full length.

The face from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the end of the chin is one-tenth of the whole stature of a man of perfect mold.

If the face from the roots of the hair to the chin be divided into three equal parts the first division determines the place where the eyebrows should meet, the second the opening of the nostrils, if the man be perfect in form.

Small Prophets.

The prophecy investigation society predicts Britain's loss of Ireland and India before 1873. If prophets would not be confounded in their own day and generation they should set their dates further in their future.

Altogether Too Much.

If there is anything that makes a girl feel bad, it is to have the young man send her photograph back after the engagement is broken, and not be able to find the trace of a single kiss upon it.—Somerville Journal.

To Be Expected.

A married man should always make it a rule to give his wife an allowance. She always has to make a good many allowances for him, you know.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

PART I.

TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

But the thought of Madeline being alone at that lonely house troubled him greatly. The dead woman had no sons or daughters—all the anxiety and responsibility connected with her affairs would rest on the poor girl. The next day he threw himself into the Scotch Express, and started for her far-away home.

On arriving there he found it occupied only by the rough farm servants. They seemed in a state of wonderment, and volubly questioned Carriston as to the whereabouts of Madeline. The question sent a chill of fear to his heart. He answered their questions by others, and soon learnt all they had to communicate.

Little else it was. On the morning after the old woman's funeral Madeline had gone to Callendar to ask the advice of an old friend of her aunt's as to what steps should now be taken. She had neither been to this friend, nor had she returned home. She had, however, sent a message that she must go to London at once, and would write from there. That was the last heard of her—all that was known about her.

Upon hearing this news Carriston became a prey to the acutest terror—an emotion which was quite inexplicable to the honest people, his informants. The girl had gone, but she had sent no word whither she had gone. True, they did not know the reason for her departure, so sudden and without luggage of any description—true, she had not written as promised, but no doubt they would hear from her to-morrow. Carriston knew better. Without revealing the extent of his fears, he flew back to Callendar. Inquiries at the railway station informed him that she had gone, or had purposed going, to London, but whether she ever reached it, or whether any trace of her could be found there, was, at least, a matter of doubt. No good could be gained by remaining in Scotland, so he traveled back at once to town, half-distracted, sleepless, and racking his brain to know where to look for her.

"She has been deceived away," he said in conclusion. "She is hidden, imprisoned somewhere. And I know, as well as if he told me, who has done this thing. I can trace Ralph Carriston's cursed hand through it all."

I glanced at him anxiously. This morbid suspicion of his cousin amounted almost to mania. He had told the tale of Madeline's disappearance clearly and tersely; but when he began to account for it his theory was a wild and untenable one. However much he suspected Ralph Carriston of longing to see London at last, I did not see him object for the crime of which he accused him, that of deceiving away Madeline Rowan.

"But why should he have done this?" I asked. "To prevent your marriage? You are young—he must have foreseen that you would marry some day."

Carriston leaned toward me, and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"This is his reason," he said—"this is why I come to you. You are not the only one who has entirely misread my nature, and seen a strong tendency to insanity in it. Of course, I know that you are all wrong, but I know that Ralph Carriston has stolen my love—stolen her because he thinks and hopes that her loss will drive me mad—perhaps drive me to kill myself. I went straight to him—I have just come from him—Brand, I tell you that when I taxed him with the crime—when I raved at him—when I threatened to take the life out of him—his cold, wicked eyes looked at me, and I saw in them between his teeth, 'Men have been put in straight-jackets for less than this. Then I knew why he had done this. I cursed myself and left him. Most likely he will try to shut me up as a lunatic; but I count upon your protection—count upon your help to find my love.'"

That any man could be guilty of such a subtle refinement of crime as that of which his accused cousin seemed to me, if not impossible, at least improbable. But as at present there was no doubt about my friend's sanity I promised my aid readily.

"And now," I said, "my dear boy, I won't hear another word to-night. Nothing can be done until to-morrow; then we will consult as to what steps should be taken. Drink this and go to bed—yes, you are as sane as I am, but, remember, insomnia soon drives the strongest man out of his senses."

I poured out an opiate. He drank it obediently. Before I left him for the night I saw him in bed and sleeping a heavy sleep.

VI.

The advantage to one who writes, not a tale of imagination, but a simple record of events, is this; He need not be bound by the recognized canons of the story-telling art—need not exercise his ingenuity to mislead his readers—need not suppress some things and lay undue stress on others to create mysteries to be cleared up at the end of the tale. Therefore, using the privilege of a plain narrator, I shall here give some account of what became of Miss Rowan, as far as I can remember, I heard it some time afterward from her own lips.

The old Scotchwoman's funeral over, and those friends who had been present departed, Madeline was left in the little farmhouse alone, save for the presence of the two servants. Several kind bodies had offered to come and stay with her, but she had declined the offers. She was in no mood for company, and perhaps being of such a different race and breed would not have found much comfort in the rough homely sympathy which was offered to her. She preferred being alone with her grief—grief which after all was bound to be much lightened by the thought of her own approaching happiness, for the day was drawing near when her lover would cross the Border and bear his bonny bride away.—She felt sure that she would not be long alone—that the moment Carriston heard of her aunt's death he would come to her assistance. In such a peaceful, God-fearing neighborhood she had no fear of being left without protection. Moreover, her position in the house was well defined. The old woman, who was childless, had left her niece all of which she died possessed. So Madeline decided to wait quietly until she heard from her lover.

Still there were business matters to be attended to, and at the funeral Mr. Douglas, of Callendar, the executor under the will, had suggested that an early interview would be desirable. He offered to drive out to the little farm the next day, but Miss Rowan, who had to see to some feminine necessities which could only be supplied by shops, decided that she would come to the town instead of troubling Mr. Douglas to drive so far out.

Madeline, in spite of the superstitious element in her character, was a brave girl, and in spite of her refined style of beauty, strong and healthy. Early hours were the rule in that humble home, so before seven o'clock in the morning she was ready to start on her drive to the little town. At first she thought of taking with her the boy who did the rough outdoor work; but he was busy about some-

thing or other, and besides, was a garrulous lad who would be certain to chatter the whole way, and this morning Miss Rowan wanted no companions, save her own mingled thoughts of sadness and joy. She knew every inch of the road—she feared no evil—she would be home again long before nightfall—the pony was quiet and sure-footed—so away went Madeline in the strong primitive vehicle on her lonely twelve miles' drive through the fair scenery.

She passed few people on the road. Indeed, she remembered meeting no one except one or two pedestrian tourists, who like sensible men were doing a portion of their year's task in the early morning. I have no doubt but Miss Rowan seemed to them a passing vision of loveliness.

But when she was a mile or two from Callendar she saw a boy on a pony. The boy, who must have known her by sight, stopped, and handed her a telegram. She had to pay several shillings for the delivery of the message, so far from the station. The boy galloped away, congratulating himself on having been spared a long ride, and Miss Rowan tore open the envelope left in her hands.

"The message was brief:—'Mr. Carr is seriously ill. Come at once. You will be met in London.'"

Madeline did not scream or faint. She gave one low moan of pain, set her teeth, and with the face of one in a dream drove as quickly as she could to Callendar, straight to the railway station.

Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, she had money with her, so she did not waste time in going to Mr. Douglas. In spite of the crushing blow she had received the girl had all her wits about her. A train would start in ten minutes' time. She took her ticket, then found an idler outside the station, and paid him to take the pony and carriage back to the farm, with the message as repeated to Carriston.

The journey passed like a long dream. The girl could think of nothing but her lover, dying, dying—perhaps dead before she could reach him. The miles flew by unnoticed; twilight crept on; the carriage grew dark; at last—London at last! Miss Rowan stepped out on the broad platform, not knowing what to do or where to turn. Presently a tall well-dressed man came up to her, and removing his hat, addressed her by name. The promise as to her being met had been kept.

She clasped her hands. "Tell me—oh tell me, is he not dead?" she cried.

"Mr. Carr is not dead. He is ill, very ill—delirious and calling for you."

"Where is he? Oh take me to him!"

"He is miles and miles from here—at a friend's house. I have been deputed to meet you and to accompany you, if you feel strong enough to continue the journey at once."

"Come," said Madeline. "Take me to him."

"Your luggage?" asked the gentleman.

"I have none. Come!"

"You must take some refreshment."

"I need nothing. Come!"

The gentleman, glanced at his watch.

"There is just time," he said. He called a cab, told the driver to go to top speed. They reached Paddington just in time to catch the mail.

During the drive across London Madeline asked many questions, and learnt from her companion that Mr. Carr had been staying for a few days at a friend's house in the West of England. That yesterday he had fallen from his horse and sustained such injuries that his life was despaired of. He had been continually calling for Madeline. They had found her address on a letter, and had telegraphed as soon as possible—for which Miss Rowan thanked her companion with tears in her eyes.

Her conductor did not say much of his own accord, but in reply to her questions he was politely sympathetic. She thought of little outside the fearful picture which filled every corner of her brain, but from her conductor's manner received the impression that he was a medical adviser who had seen the sufferer, and assisted in the treatment of the case. She did not ask his name, nor did he mention it.

At Paddington he placed her in a ladies' carriage and left her.

He was a smoker, he said. She wondered somewhat at this desertion. Then the train sped down West. At the large stations the gentleman came to her and offered her refreshments. Hunger seemed to have left her; but she accepted a cup of tea once or twice. At last sorrow, fatigue, and weakness produced by such a prolonged fast had their natural effect. With the tears still on her lashes the girl fell asleep, and must have slept for many miles; a sleep unbroken by stoppages at stations.

Her conductor at last aroused her. He stood at the door of the carriage. "We must get out here," he said. "All the momentarily-forgotten angel came back to her as she stood beside him on the almost unoccupied platform."

"Are we there at last?" she asked.

"I am sorry to say we have still a long drive; would you like to rest first?"

"No—no. Come on, if you please." She spoke with feverish eagerness.

The man bowed. "A carriage waits," he said.

On the station was a carriage of some sort, drawn by one horse, and driven by a man muffled up to the eyes. It was still night, but Madeline fancied dawn could not be far off. Her conductor opened the door of the carriage and waited for her to enter.

She paused. "Ask him—that man must know it—"

"I am most remiss," said the gentleman. He exchanged a few words with the driver, and coming back, told Madeline that Mr. Carr was alive, sensible, and expecting her eagerly.

"Oh, please, please drive fast," said the poor girl, springing into the carriage. The gentleman seated himself beside her, and for a long time they drove on in silence. At last they stopped. The dawn was just glimmering. They alighted in front of a house. The door was open. Madeline entered swiftly. "Which way—which way?" she asked. She was too agitated to be able to ask any more questions.

"Allow me," said the conductor, passing her. "This way; please follow me." He went up a short flight of stairs, then paused, and opened a door quietly. He stood aside for the girl to enter. The room was dimly lit, and contained a bed with drawn curtains. Madeline flew past her traveling companion, and as she threw herself on her knees beside the bed upon which she expected to see the loved, heard, or fancied she heard, the door locked behind her.

VII.

Carriston slept on late into the next day. Knowing that every moment of bodily and mental rest was a precious boon to him, I left him undisturbed. He was still fast asleep when, about midday, a gentleman called upon me. He sent up no card, and I supposed he came to consult me professionally.

The moment he entered my room I recognized him. He was the thin-lipped, gentlemanly person whom I had met on my journey to Bournemouth last spring—the man who had seemed so much impressed by my views on insanity; and had manifested such interest in the description I had given—without mentioning any name—of Carriston's peculiar mind.

I should have at once claimed acquaintance with my visitor; but before I could speak he advanced, and apologized gracefully for his intrusion.

"You will forgive it," he added, "when I tell you my name is Ralph Carriston."

Remembering our chance conversation, the thought that, after all, Charles Carriston's wild suspicion was well-founded, flashed through my like lightning, and my great hope was that my visitor might not remember my face as I remembered his. I bowed coldly but said nothing.

"I believe, Dr. Brand," he continued, "you have a young relative of mine at present staying with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Carriston is my guest," I answered. "We are old friends."

"Ah, I did not know that. I do not remember having heard him mention your name as a friend. But as it is so, no one knows better than you do the unfortunate state of his health. How do you find him to-day—violently?"

I pretended to ignore the man's meaning, and answered smilingly, "Violence is the last thing I should look for. He is tired out and exhausted by travel, and is in great distress. That, I believe, is the whole of his complaint."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, poor boy. His sweet heart has left him or something. But as a doctor you must know that his mental condition is not quite what it should be. His friends are very anxious about him. They fear that a little restraint—temporary, I hope—must be put upon his actions. I called to ask your advice and aid."

"In what, Mr. Carriston?"

"In this. A young man can't be left free to go about threatening his friends' lives. I have brought Dr. Daley with me—you know him of course. He is below in my carriage. I will call him up, with your permission. He could then see how Charles, and the necessary certificate could be signed by you two doctors."

"Mr. Carriston," I said, decidedly, "let me tell you in the plainest words that your cousin is at present as fully in possession of his wits as you are. Dr. Daley—whoever he may be—could sign no certificate, and in our day no asylum would dare to keep Mr. Carriston within its walls."

An unpleasant sinister look crossed my listener's face, but his voice still remained bland and suave. "I am sorry to differ from you, Dr. Brand," he said, "but I know him better than you do. I have seen him as you have never yet seen him. Only last night he came to me in a frantic state. I expected every moment he would make a murderous attack on me."

"Perhaps he fancied he had some reasons for anger," I said.

Ralph Carriston looked at me with those cold eyes of which his cousin had spoken. "If the boy has succeeded in converting you to any of his delusions I can only say that doctors are more credulous than I fancied. But the question is not worth arguing. You deal with me as you see fit, so I must do without you. Good-morning, Dr. Brand."

He left the room as gracefully as he had entered it. I remained in a state of doubt. It was curious that Ralph Carriston turned out to be the man whom I had met in the train; but the evidence offered by the coincidence was not enough to convict him of the crime of endeavoring to drive his cousin mad by such a far-fetched stratagem as the inveigling away of Madeline Rowan. Besides, even in wishing to prove Charles Carriston mad, he had much to say on his side. Supposing him to be innocent of having abducted Madeline, Carriston's violent behavior on the preceding evening must have seemed very much like insanity. In spite of the aversion with which Ralph Carriston inspired me, I scarcely knew which side to believe.

Carriston still slept; so when out on my afternoon rounds I left a note, begging him to remain in the house until my return. Then I found him up, dressed, and looking much more like himself. When I entered dinner was on the table, so not until that meal was over could we talk unrestrainedly upon the subject which was uppermost in both our minds.

[To be Continued.]

Some of Uncle Sam's Big Things.

The greatest coal oil region in the world is in Pennsylvania.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

The greatest lake in the world is Lake Superior, 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep.

The highest waterfall in the world is that of the Yellowstone River, 650 feet in depth.

Nowhere in the whole world is natural gas so plentiful as it is in Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

The greatest city park in the world is Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, containing over 2,900 acres.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is over Cedar Creek, in Virginia, 80 feet wide and 250 feet high.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the supply of which appears inexhaustible.

The longest river in the world is the Mississippi and Missouri, 4,100 miles long; its valley is the largest in the world, containing 500,000 square miles. It is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe.

The most wonderful agglomeration of natural phenomena in the whole world is to be seen in the Yellowstone National Park, with its 140 springs, its sulphur and mud springs, geysers, sulphur, and quartz mountains, etc.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Apple Sauce.

There are many varieties of apples to choose from in cooking, and many ways of cooking them. A great deal depends on the way they are cooked, whether they are palatable or not. In making apple sauce they are sometimes cut up in a careless manner, put into a tin basin on the stove, stewed and sweetened in a haphazard way, and dished with some portions stewed soft and hard lumps remaining. Take the same apples, put into an earthenware pudding-dish, add sugar according to the apples are tart, a little water, cover close with a plate, cook slowly in the oven, until the apple turns red, the sugar and water combined with the juice of the apple turns into a delicious jelly with all the aroma of the fruit in it—that does justice to the apple.

Apples should always be cooked in porcelain or earthenware, and stirred with a wooden or silver spoon.—Good Housekeeping.

Blindness and Taxation.

An ordinance in Sterling, Conn., exempts blind persons from taxation. Farmer Barbour claims exemption under the law, and proved to the satisfaction of an intelligent judge and jury that, though he could mow, hoe, and load hay on a cart he was stone blind.

GIRLS ABOUT TO MARRY.

Advice That is Sound and Practical—How to Make Home Happy.

Allow me just a word or two in the ears of many of the bright girls who are about to marry.

Do not marry, my dear, until you and Jack have a small bank account. I take it you have had to work for your own living, therefore you are the more independent, and, to use a Hibernianism, "What is yours is your own."

The land teems with saving funds; I hope you have a book in one of them, with a good balance in your favor. If necessary draw out some of this for your house furnishing, but not all; leave a reserve for the rainy day which may come in the shape of ill-health or we know not what form. Let your furnishing be simple, but tasty; do not devote the greater part to a swell carpet for your parlor or a walnut suite for your bed-room. Paint your rooms around the edge for about two feet, and have tasty ingrain carpet rugs, and remember there is much light wood furniture which is inexpensive and really charming.

This suggestion, if followed, will give you excellent effects. Less work and more health in your family. Buy yourself good and durable clothes, and a sufficiency to last for some time. In place of an imitation seal sacque and a hat surmounted by a cockatoo as big as a young turkey, select a fine cloth coat and, at least, two woolen gowns and plenty of durable underwear.

A young girl of my acquaintance, in very moderate circumstances, was extremely particular to have a black silk dress in her wedding outfit, which was much coveted by her less pretentious friends, but I doubt if she would have been considered such an object of envy had she seen her as I did, six weeks after the wedding, when she entertained me in a much worn "Mother Hubbard" wrapper, and with slipshod feet which disclosed all too plainly the holes in her stockings; her face wore a lugubrious air of discontent; she had not found marriage the holiday it promised to be. As I looked at her front door, already covered with finger marks, I sighed to think what a little industry, combined with soap and water, would effect, and what a miserable future awaited her companion in misery, who out of the great lottery had drawn such a blank. I will give but one more illustration out of possibly a hundred. I know a young woman who moved out of a tasty little home because, as she told me, she "would rather have a handsome bedroom suite and a real Brussels carpet than a whole house to herself." I may say that she lived to miss her husband as well as her house, for he, having no longer a home of his own, began to look around him, and meeting plenty of idle people like himself, he soon found more congenial company than his lazy wife. Remember how much you have in your own power, unless you have married an exceptionally bad man, you can make or mar him. Do not be persuaded to marry unless you can see your way clear before you. Then, having joined hands, throw all your heart, courage and determination, into your work.

It is for life. Make then, I beseech you, an earnest effort to secure your happiness and his. Give him a loving welcome, an attractive home and well cooked meal, and, above all, let him find you fair to look upon. Let your eyes be as two jewels for depth and brilliancy, and your soft hair shall be a brow whereon sweet content shall rest.—Home Journal.

Eugenio's Limited Education.

The Empress Eugenie, though naturally intelligent, was in some respects extremely ignorant, says a Paris letter. Educated as were the high-born young Spanish girls of her generation—that is to say, not educated at all—she was forced all through her palmy days to struggle against this great disadvantage. She never could learn the art of spelling, and all her private notes and letters are thickly peppered with faults of orthography. She ascended the throne at the age of 26—a period in life rather late for the commencement of one's education. But to her credit be it said, she did her best, by incessant reading, to supplement the defects in her early mental training. She spoke English to perfection, and the emperor and she were wont to converse in that language when they did not want their attendants to know what they were talking about. She was an elegant and fearless horsewoman, but her principal talent was for art, and she drew in crayon exceedingly well.

Broke Up the Lawyer.

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of the old dandy, who was to be the next witness.

"Yes, sah, I does. One ob dese yeah lawyers done gib me foah dollars for to swear to siffin. Dat's the value of an oath. Foah dollars, sah!"

And then there was consternation in the courtroom.

