

NEWS OF THE STATE.

INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Kalamazoo County Supervisors Intimate Crookedness on the Part of the Sheriff

Victory for Actual Settlers. In the case of Elisha Morgan vs. James Robertson...

Overhead Wires All Right. The supreme court has ended the litigation which has caused the Ann Arbor Street Railway company so much annoyance...

Trouble for Kalamazoo's Sheriff. At the meeting of the supervisors of Kalamazoo county...

Blaze in a Lumber Town. During the absence of the occupants, a fire broke out in the second story of the residence of George Shetley in Carrollton...

"Slips Don't Count." Attorney-General Ellis is being deluged with letters from all parts of the state inquiring if candidates whose names are printed on the official ballot can use slips...

Wanted to Lynch Him. Simon Randall, a farmer, 21 years of age, a native of Carsonville, is under arrest, charged with enticing a nine-year-old daughter of H. Fuller into an adjoining wood and assaulting her...

A Despondent Widow Succeeded. Mrs. Bertha Titus, a widow, committed suicide at Kalamazoo by shooting herself in the temple with a revolver...

Expensive Fire at Zeeland. A large barn containing 30 tons of hay and grain with eight valuable cows was destroyed by fire at Zeeland...

AROUND THE STATE.

Another vein of coal has been discovered near Linwood, Bay county.

A movement is on foot at Calumet for the erection of a public bath house.

The Marine City roller mill company is putting in a system of arc electric lights for street lighting.

A freight train on the Wabash going east ran into and killed four horses on a bridge near Dutton. The engine was derailed.

If a bonus of \$20,000 is raised a manufacturing concern to employ 1,000 men promises to locate at Lake City and have their buildings up in February.

Two passenger trains on the Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron railroad tried to pass on a single track near Grifflord. No one was injured. The locomotives and several cars were smashed.

The old agitation for removing the county seat of Calhoun county from Marshall to Battle Creek is again being revived by the people of the latter place. They claim to pay more than their proper share of taxes, and they think they ought to have a little honor with the burden.

A Branch county liquor dealer some time ago skipped upon learning that the authorities were after him for an alleged violation of the liquor laws. The other day he was advertised to deliver a prohibition speech in Calhoun county. He didn't deliver it, but he himself was delivered to the sheriff on the same day.

DOG POISONERS ARE KILLING MANY VALUABLE ANIMALS AT GRAND HAVEN.

A six-year-old son of Louis Little fell below a train at Iron Mountain. The boy had both legs crushed.

The whistle of the glass factory is now being heard at Grand Haven for the first time in two years.

David Luther, a painter, while working on a scaffold near Adrian fell and received injuries that will cause his death.

The new steamer Wyandotte was presented with a water set of solid silver for her cabin by the people of Wyandotte.

Van Buren county is minus her apple crop this year. C. A. Moulton is about the only man that has produced more than 100 barrels.

It is reported that at the Dickinson county poor farm, the board for the county's poor comes as high as \$8 per week for each person.

A company has been formed at Bay City with a capital of \$40,000 and will erect a large brick building for the manufacture of bicycles.

The 4-year-old daughter of William St. Louis, of Tecumseh, was so badly burned by her clothes catching fire that she cannot recover.

A drunken Bay City man poured a bottle of ammonia into a horse's throat a few days ago and nearly killed the animal. He was arrested.

Edwin Bancin, cook on a dredge at Torch Lake, while emptying potato peelings, stepped on a piece of soap, fell overboard and was drowned.

Clem Murgidge, of Middleville, was thrown out of his buggy in a runaway. He sustained such serious injuries about his head and neck that he will die.

The board of supervisors of Bay county has made the Agriculture society promise there will be no gambling at the county fair hereafter.

Beets sent to the state chemist by farmers of Bay county for examination contained 15 per cent sugar; a mammoth refinery will probably be built at once.

A 15-pound pickerel was caught at Raisinville with a hook and line. It is believed to be the largest fish of this variety ever caught in this manner in Michigan.

The National Lumberman's bank has been fully organized and will be the successor of the Lumbermen's National bank at Muskegon. It is capitalized at \$100,000.

William Van Alstine was caught in a tumbling rod at Harrisville. He was whirled around, striking his head on a block of wood, dying instantly. He leaves a wife and six children.

An English syndicate has purchased the plant of the Michigan whip and halter company at Hastings. Stock to the amount of \$30,000, held by local capitalists, was taken at par.

James McFall, foreman of Peters' camps near Reed City, was crushed under a pair of logging wheels carrying 4,000 feet of logs and was killed. He leaves a widow and three children.

Mrs. Joseph Hieles and three children living at Jackson were found in an unconscious condition from having breathed fumes from a defective oil stove. They are in a critical condition.

A farmer near Mt. Pleasant sent a consignment of eggs to a friend. The friend had told him to send them C. O. D., and the farmer did so, but he made a slight mistake. He sent them to Mr. Cod.

William Boughten, lately of Benton Harbor, has been arrested at Grand Rapids on a charge of adultery at that place and will be brought back there. Mrs. Bell, a widow, is the co-respondent.

An axholer, an aquatic lizard about 15 inches long, of dark gray color and having four short legs and feet, was caught in the Grand river at Diamondale a few days ago. It is a native of Mexico.

While walking with friends near Stirlingville Alex. Watson, an estimable young man, received a bullet in his left side from some unknown source and died shortly after in terrible agony.

OLD BOREAS' PRANKS.

STRONG FALL BREEZES PLAY SAD HAVOC ON THE LAKES.

Numerous Vessels Ran Ashore, Several Sent to the Bottom, Some are Missing and a Few Lives are Lost—The Worst Fall Gales in Years.

The big steamship Veronica from Escanaba with one had a terrible experience in Lake Erie just after leaving Detroit river. A big sea stove her deck housings, swept into the engine room and put out her fires.

A Miraculous Escape. Twelve men on a scow which broke loose from the tug Fisk in a storm had a miraculous escape.

The schooner Zach Chandler went ashore four miles east of life-saving station No. 13, near Deer Park, and is a total wreck.

The steamer S. C. Clark was caught in the mouth of Saginaw Bay in a terrific gale, with five barges in tow.

The tug Onward went down at Traverse City. The Michigan with grain cargo went aground near Manistee.

The schooner M. L. Wilcox lost every shred of canvas in a northwester at Rogersville.

The heavy gale so lowered the water that Toledo harbor was practically closed to navigation.

The steamer Henry Houghton slid half her deck load and came very near foundering off Port Austin.

When off Manitowoc the Jennie Mullin was stripped of her canvas, but was saved by a life-saving crew.

The barge of the steamer George King and the Wilhelm and consorts went aground in St. Clair river.

The M. C. Holland, iron ore, was dropped from the tow of the steamer Curtis at Alpena. She sprang a leak and sank.

The tug John Wesley, from Chicago, was wrecked near Onondaga during a gale. She is high and dry on the rocks.

The Baker submarine boat put in at Sand Beach during a blow in tow of a scow. She is leaking badly.

The tugs Home Rule and Monroe were towing the large dredge Dominion on Lake Erie when the dredge sank. The loss is \$16,000; owned at Charold, Ont.

The schooner A. P. Nichols dragged ashore on Pilot Island at Death's Door entrance to Green Bay, in a gale. She soon filled with water and is in a precarious condition.

The steamer G. W. Morley lost her consort 10 miles north of Sand Beach and she drifted down, apparently unmanageable. An unknown man was washed off the pier and drowned.

The schooner H. P. Baldwin, owned by L. P. Smith, of Cleveland, drifted on Bar Point, Lake Erie, and the water was soon over her deck. She is loaded with coal for Lake Superior and is not insured.

The typhoid fever scourge. The typhoid fever epidemic is still on with no signs of abatement. Over 100 cases are still reported and four deaths resulted on Sunday.

Seventeen violators of the liquor law are under arrest at Mosherville. They are out on bail in most instances. Many other violators have skipped.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

An Extended Strike of Switchmen All Over the Country During the World's Fair.

The switchmen of the country are preparing for a monster strike next May, expecting to cripple the World's Fair business of the railroads and force them to concede to the demands of the employees.

The Buffalo strike and the lesser ones which have occurred this year, said Secretary Joseph Heimerle, of the switchmen's union, "are but preludes to the great strike of 1893."

The plans are all made for a giant uprising and the demands this fall are to test the attitude of the railroads towards us. The Buffalo switchmen are biding their time till next spring, when they will take part in a strike which will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the great lakes to the Gulf.

The Result of the Falling of a Railroad Bridge. An appalling accident occurred to a gang of workmen on the Great Northern railroad near Wenatchee, Wash., resulting in the death of seven of the men, the fatal injury of five more, and the serious injury of six others.

The men were at work laying tracks on the bridge which crosses the Wenatchee river. The false work of the bridge had been undermined by the water, and when the heavy track machine and several cars loaded with rails reached the middle of the bridge the structure collapsed and all went to the river, 60 feet below.

The men were thrown in every direction, and some of them were buried under ties and rails. The water in the river was about three feet deep and ran through a solid rock channel.

The temporary structure was supported by piles driven in the gravel and in such a way that each span depended on the other, hence both spans were a mass of broken timber at the bottom of the gully.

A great railroad combination, rumors of which have been in the air for several weeks, has been consummated. Capitalists largely interested in the Boston & Maine and Philadelphia & Reading railroads have made a friendly alliance.

This explains the surprising activity and sharp advance in the market price of Boston & Maine stock during the past fortnight. Vanderbilt's interests were not the purchasers, as currently believed, but President McLeod, of the Reading, his friends and associates.

The Boston & Maine has a large water front on Boston harbor and is building the largest grain elevator in the United States which will be capable of holding 100,000 bushels in Boston combined. The two corporations have an aggregate mileage of over 9,000 miles and will carry upon its pay rolls over \$10,000,000.

To Manufacture Tin Plate. Articles of incorporation have been filed at Chicago by the Swanson & Tinsplate company, capital stock \$200,000. The incorporators are Walter R. Howard, L. L. Shirley and Jesse E. Roberts.

The company is organized for the manufacture of American tin plate in the principal stockholders are Welsh capitalists. The plant will consist of four mills, will be located at St. Paul Park, a suburb of St. Paul, Minn. The mills will employ not less than 300 men. Work on the buildings will be begun in January and the mills will be in operation by June.

Entire Family Burned to Death. A fire, most appalling in result, occurred in a two-story frame building at the corner of Central avenue and Harriet street, Cleveland, near the Cleveland & Pittsburgh railroad plant, which an entire family, consisting of a father, mother and two little boys perished.

The building was owned by F. J. Vaeha and is a residence and store room combined. In half of the lower portion of the building was a saloon, owned by James Shannon and John Maden. Shannon and his family lived in the upper section of the building. They were the ones that perished.

Peek to be Heard by the Court of Sessions. Labor Commissioner Peck's case came up in the police court before Judge Cutman at Albany, N. Y. The judge said that as the district attorney was not present, and in view of a similar action now pending in court of sessions, he would dismiss this case.

The case in the court of sessions comes up before Judge Clute on November 7. The action brought on behalf of the Erie Anderson is now in the hands of Judge Edwards, of the supreme court, for a decision on the question whether the tariff circulars and answers are public records.

Had Trouble with Her Mother-in-law. Mrs. Florence Hickman took an ounce dose of chloroform at Charlotte with suicidal intent. Some time ago she purchased the drug at Easton Rapids, but couldn't muster up sufficient courage to take it until this fatal day.

Trouble with her mother-in-law is said to be the cause of the act, and her timely discovery by the same mother-in-law saved her life. A close watch is kept lest she succeed in carrying out her purpose.

A Fatal Drunk. Jesse Hexton was picked up drunk on Canal Street, Grand Rapids, and was locked up in the police station cell-room. An hour later he was found unconscious and soon after died of Judge Edwards, of the city employees whose wages are under five francs per day.

Lord Houghton, viceroy of Ireland, has refused to receive an address which the Irish Methodists wished to present to him. He bases his refusal on the ground that the address contains political references.

HERO AND MURDERER.

A SURVIVOR OF THE FAMOUS JEANETTE EXPEDITION.

Shoots His Wife, His Niece and Then Suicides—A Big Fire Destroys \$10,000,000 Worth of Property in Milwaukee.

An Arctic Hero's Crime. James K. Bartlett, one of the survivors of the Jeannette expedition, shot and killed his wife's niece, Lottie Carpenter, shot his wife in the shoulder, and then shot and killed himself.

Mrs. Bartlett was aroused by a pistol shot in her niece's room and as she rushed out into the hall she met her husband, who with-out a word shot her through the shoulder, inflicting a painful, but not dangerous wound.

Then Bartlett put a bullet through his head. When the neighbors rushed in, they found Miss Carpenter dead by the side of her bed, where evidently she had sunk down when shot as she was trying to escape. Since his return from the Arctic regions Bartlett's mind has been weak as the result of hardships experienced, and he had threatened to murder his wife and niece.

A \$10,000,000 SMOKE. Big Fire in Milwaukee Leaves 610 Families Homeless.

The Cream City—Milwaukee—has been visited by the greatest conflagration in the northwest since the famous and memorable Chicago fire. An entire section of the city of over one square mile in area is now in ashes.

The fire commenced in the establishment of the Union Oil company at 255 East Water street. The fire was burning fiercely when the city department reached the scene. Owing to the hurricane that was blowing at 40 miles an hour the men were almost unable to do anything and for any practical results might as well have done nothing.

From East Water street, where the blaze started, the path of the fire was the path of an immense V, the conflagration of the two bars being in the oil establishment, while one line extended directly east to the lake, the other running to the lake in southerly direction.

Through immense factories from four to seven stories high, which were supposed to be fireproof, the flames spread with as much ease as through the frame cottages which they attacked further east.

After wiping out the factories and wholesale establishments the fire found easy prey in the scores of blocks filled with frame houses which extends east of Milwaukee street. From these flames leaped to the freight houses of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western.

These caught on the southern end and in a moment were ablaze along their whole length, over two blocks. Adjoining were the freight yards of the same railroads as well of the Chicago & Northwestern. These yards were filled with hundreds of loaded cars, all of which were quickly consumed.

Then followed the destruction of the gas works and the explosion of the three big storerooms. This with the cutting off of electric wires by the fire left the larger portion of the city in darkness, or what would have been darkness but for the brilliant glare of the demon flames.

Over 300 dwellings of poor families were destroyed and they were obliged to spend the night in the best shelter they could find. During the course of the fire a number of barns and large livery stables were burned. These were filled with horses, which were liberated by the police.

The horses ran wildly about the streets, but before they could be caught a number of persons were run down and badly injured. The wires of the electric street railways were down and the telephone company's system prostrated.

The firemen exhausted their efforts and battled manfully, but it was impossible to get mastery of the fire which rode on with the violent wind almost directly east, lapping up block after block in such an alarming succession that all efforts of the fire department were almost futile.

Telegrams were quickly dispatched to Chicago, Racine and nearer cities for aid, all of which responded promptly, bringing fire engines and men to assist in the dire calamity, but all effort was without avail and the fire only ceased when it had reached its limit of combustibles, at the edge of the lake. The loss is placed at about \$10,000,000.

The poor families who lost everything were the worst sufferers. Just how many lives were lost is not known, but the captain of the life-saving station reported that four of his men had been buried beneath a falling wall on Broadway as they were going along the street in the endeavor to lend assistance. Another fireman is known to have been killed and a woman was suffocated to death.

Throws Pictures on the Sky. London cable: The Mount Washington signal and search light has been outdone in one capacity by the electric apparatus with which experiments have been made at Earl's Court. The managers have succeeded not only in throwing the distinct forms of gigantic letters upon the clouds, but they have even made the well-known features of Mr. Gladstone appear in ghostly outline in the heavens.

When the man in the moon gets jealous and shines through the clouds the inventor simply makes artificial clouds upon which to throw his announcements. Overlooking the utilitarian possibilities of the invention, the papers are lamenting the prospect of the milky way being used as an advertising board.

An unknown disease, known as benben, has reached New York aboard a bark just arrived from Japan. The Military Rifle association, comprising the national guards of the states of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, held its third annual inter-state rifle competition last week at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

COLUMBIA.

A Movement on Foot to Change the Name of Our Country.

This country is not likely to be called Columbia. A move in this direction was made in the meeting of the World's Fair national commission at Chicago when Commissioner Bullene, of Missouri, presented a resolution requesting Congress to take the necessary steps to secure the name of America to Columbia. The mover of the resolution made a clever speech in its support, deriding the claims of Vesputci to the credit of discovering the continent and demanding that Columbus receive the honor of giving his name to this country.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

Commander-in-Chief Wessort, of the G. A. R. Honors a Deceased. Commander-in-Chief Wessort, of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued general order No. 2, in which he announced the appointment of five members of his official family, as follows: Adjutant-general, E. B. Gray, Milwaukee; quartermaster-general, George L. Goodale, Boston; assistant adjutant-general, J. L. Bennett, Chicago; senior aide-de-camp, Ford H. Rodgers, Detroit, Mich.

The commander-in-chief outlines the policy of his administration, which is to be a vigorous one in the interest of increasing membership of the army. He also gives prominence to the rule in the fundamental law of the army, which forbids the discussion of partisan politics in meetings of the organization. New Democratic Gerrymander in Wisconsin. The apportionment as adopted by the Democratic caucus, with the exception of one district, has passed both houses of Wisconsin's legislature. The exception is in the case of Fond du Lac county, where the Republican arrangement prevailed. Senator Krueger and assemblyman Nease Brown, both Democrats, voted with the Republicans on the ground that the apportionment was not, in their judgment, stand a constitutional test. The majority of the Democrats, however, claim that the apportionment is constitutional and that under it they will still be able to retain a majority in the legislature.

Suicide Because His Friend Had Tremens. "Tip" Brown, a noted village character, of Lyons, N. Y., was attacked by delirium tremens in Christopher Hopp's saloon, and started to drown himself in the river. He was finally prevented from doing so and was taken home. Hopp was a periodical drunkard, and Brown's condition set him to thinking, so it appeared from his talk, as to how he was likely to wind up if he did not stop drinking. He brooded over the matter all night and then cut his throat from ear to ear, expiring instantly.

Race Troubles in Kentucky. Colored people were holding a festival at a church six miles from Williamsburg, Ky., and it was attended by two white men named Riley and Robertson. One of the white men became involved in an altercation with George Bishop, a negro, and a general firing ensued. Riley was shot through the heart and expired instantly and Robertson received two bullets in the abdomen and cannot recover. One negro was killed outright and two wounded. Bishop escaped.

New Brigadier-General of State Troops. Elmer W. Bowen, of Ypsilanti, colonel of the First Regiment and senior colonel of the state troops, has been appointed brigadier-general to succeed General Eugene Robinson, of Detroit, whose term has expired.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods in Detroit and Chicago.

Table with market prices for various goods in New York.

WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

New York, Nov. 1.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say: "There is a car famine from Pittsburgh to the Rocky mountains. This single fact shows the best and worst of business. The west is marketing enormous crops, probably exceeding in quantity all official or unofficial estimates, but Europe is buying but moderately. The demands of the east are not greater than usual and all the elevators, both east and west, are being filled to the top. The yards full of loaded cars. Wheat is selling at the lowest price ever known in New York. Many years ago it touched this price in one day. The belief is that the yield of corn, but the quotation is now 75c for October delivery. Corn has advanced 15c and oats 1c. The belief is that the yield of corn, but the price of cotton is the same as a week ago. The business failures occurring throughout the country for the past six days number 157. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 255.

A disordered brain and a black silk necktie resulted in the death of Andrew J. Schlemann, at Adrian. He hanged himself to a door hinge. He was a dependent ex-postal clerk, and had \$1,000 in the bank, and the same amount in insurance on his life. He was the inventor of a postal car device that Mr. Wannamaker took to with great favor. The cause of his action is believed to be the loss of his wife last year and heavy drinking.

The search for the sunken treasure of the English ship Hussar, which went down off Port Morris, N. Y., in 1780, has practically been abandoned.

"KEEPING COMPANY."

Sweet homely phrase, so often spoke
Among the kindly country folk
When youthful love they smile to see—
"These two are 'keeping company.'"
In fuller and in higher sense,
Through years of rich experience,
Dear love, 'tis true of you and me—
We've kept each other company.
In joy we've sought each other's eyes
To share the gladness and surprise.
In pain, it's e'er the utmost test of ill,
Our hearts have clung together still.
In absence—word with anguish fraught—
We have kept company in thought,
And learned that leagues of distance may
Serve but to spur love on its way.
In death—I pause with bated breath
To share the mystery of death.
Yet love is great! I seem to know
That where thou goest I shall go;
And in God's great eternity
Our souls shall still keep company.
—Philadelphia Times.

THROWN AWAY.

To rear a boy under what parents call the "sheltered life system" is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles and may possibly come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of the proper proportion of things.

There was a boy once who had been brought up under the "sheltered life" theory, and it killed him dead. He stayed with his people all his days, from the hour he was born to the hour he went into Sandhurst nearly at the top of the list.

Then there was an interval and a scene with his people, who expected much from him. No t a year of living "unsponsored from the world" in a third rate depot battalion, where all the juniors were children and all the seniors old women, and lastly he came out to India, where he was cut off from the support of his parents and had no one to fall back on in time of trouble except himself.

Now India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously—the midday sun always excepted.

But this boy—the tale is as old as the hills—came out and took all things seriously. He was pretty and was petted. He took the pettings seriously and fretted over women not worth saddling a pony to call upon. He found his new free life in India very good. It does look attractive in the beginning, from a suburban point of view—all ponies, partners, dancing and so on.

He quarreled with other boys, and being sensitive to the marrow, remembered these quarrels and they affected him. He found whist and gymkhanas and things of that kind (meant to amuse one after office) good; but he took them seriously, too, just as he took the "head" that followed after drink. He lost his money over whist and gymkhanas because they were new to him.

This unbridled license in amusements not worth a trouble of breaking line for much less rousing over, endured for six months—all through one cold weather—and then he thought that the heat and the knowledge of having lost his money and sobered the boy down and he would stand steady. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this would have happened.

His colonel talked to him severely when the cold weather ended. That made him more wretched than ever, and it was only an ordinary "colonel's wigging."

What follows is a curious instance of the fashion in which we are all linked together and made responsible for one another. The thing that kicked the beam in The Boy's mind was a remark that a woman made when he was talking to her. There is no use in repeating it, for it was only a cruel little sentence rapped out before thinking, that made him flush to the roots of his hair. He kept himself to himself for three days, and then put in for two days' leave to go shooting near a Canal Engineer's Rest house about thirty miles out. He got his leave and that night at mess was noisier and more offensive than ever. He said he was "going to shoot big game," and left at 10:30 o'clock in an ekka. Partridge—which was the only thing a man could get near the Rest house—is not big game, so every one laughed.

Next morning one of the majors came in from short leave, and heard that The Boy had gone out to shoot "big game." The major had taken an interest in The Boy, and had more than an etried to check him in the cold weather. The major put up his eyebrows when he heard of the expedition and went to The Boy's room, where he rummaged.

Presently he came out and found me leaving cards on the mess. There was no one else in the ante-room.

He said: "The Boy has gone out shooting. Does a man shoot tetr with a revolver and a writing case?"

I said: "Nonsense, major!" for I saw what was in his mind.

He said: "Nonsense or no nonsense, I'm going to the canal now—at once. I don't feel easy."

Then he thought for a minute, and said: "Can you lie?"

"You know best," I answered. "It's my profession."

"Very well," said the major; "you must come out with me now—at once—in an ekka to the canal to shoot black-buck. Go and put on shikar-ki—quick, and drive here with a gun."

He dismissed the driver and drove himself. We jogged along quietly while in the station, but as soon as we got to the dusty road across the plains, he made that pony fly. A country-bred can do nearly anything at a pinch. We covered the

thirty miles in under three hours, but the poor brute was nearly dead.

Once I said: "What's the blazing hurry, major?"

He said quietly: "The Boy has been alone by himself, for—no, two, five—fourteen hours now! I tell you, I don't feel easy."

When we came to the Canal Engineer's Rest House the major called for the boy's servant, but there was no answer. Then we went up to the house, calling for the boy by name, there was no answer.

"Oh, he's out shooting!" said I.

Just then I saw through one of the windows a little hurricane-lamp burning. This was at four in the afternoon. We both stopped dead in the veranda holding our breath to catch every sound; and we heard, inside the room, the "brr—brr—brr" of a multitude of flies. The major said nothing, but he took off his helmet and we entered very softly.

The Boy was dead on the charpoy in the center of the bare, lime-washed room. He had shot his hand nearly to pieces with his revolver. The gun cases were still strapped, so was the bedding and on the table lay The Boy's writing case with photographs. He had gone away to die like a poisoned rat.

The major said to himself softly: "Poor boy, poor, poor devil!" Then he turned away from the bed and said: "I want your help in this business."

The Boy must have spent half the night in writing to his people and to his colonel and to a girl at home, and as soon as he had finished must have shot himself, for he had been dead a long time when we came in.

I read all he had written and passed over each sheet to the major as I finished it.

We saw from his accounts how very seriously he had taken everything. He wrote about "disgrace which he was unable to bear"—"indebited shame"—"criminal folly"—"wasted life," and so on; besides a lot of private things to his father and mother much too sacred to put into print. The letter to the girl at home was the most pitiful of all, and I choked as I read it.

It was utterly impossible to let the letters go home. They would have broken his father's heart and killed his mother after killing her belief in her son.

At last the major dried his eyes openly and said: "Nice sort of thing to spring on an English family! What shall we do?"

I said, knowing what the major had brought me out for: "The Boy died of cholera. We were with him at the time. We can't commit ourselves to half measures. Come along."

Then began one of the most grimly comic scenes I have ever taken part in—the collection of a big written letter, bolstered with evidence to soothe the Boy's people at home. I began the rough draft of the letter, the major throwing in hints here and there while he gathered up all the stuff The Boy had written and burnt it in the fireplace. In due course I got the draft to my satisfaction, setting forth how The Boy was the pattern of all virtues, beloved by his regiment with every promise of a great career before him, and so on; how we had helped him through the sickness—it was no time for little lies you understand—and how he had died without pain, I choked while I was putting down these things and thinking of the poor people who would read them. Then I laughed at the grotesqueness of the affair, and the laughter mixed itself up with the choice—and the major said that we both wanted drinks.

I am afraid to say how much whisky we drank before the letter was finished. It had not the least effect on us. Then we took off The Boy's watch, locket and rings.

Lastly, the major said: "We must send a lock of hair, too. A woman values that."

But there were reasons why we could not find a lock fit to send. The Boy was back-haired, and so was the major, luckily. I cut off a piece of the major's hair above the temple with a knife and put into the packet we were making. The laughing-fit had to stop. The major was nearly as bad, and we both knew that the worst part of the work was to come.

We sealed up the packet photographs, locket, seals, rings, letter and lock of hair with the boy's sealings, and the major said: "For God's sake let's get outside—away from the room—and think."

It took us four hours' hard work to make the grave. As we worked we argued out whether it was right to say as much as we remembered of the Burial of the Dead. We compromised things by saying the Lord's Prayer with a private and a prayer for the peace of the soul of The Boy. Then we filled in the grave and went into the veranda—not the house—to lie down to sleep. We were dead tired.

When we awoke the major said, wearily: "We can't go back till tomorrow. We must give him a decent time to die in. He died early this morning, remember. That seems more natural." So the major must have been lying awake all the time, thinking.

I said: "Then why didn't we bring the boy back to canteen?"

The major thought for a minute: "Because the people bolted when they heard of the cholera. And the ekka has gone!"

That was strictly true. We had forgotten all about the ekka-pony, and he had gone home.

So we were left there all alone, all that stifling day, in the Canal Rest house, testing and retesting our story of The Boy's Death, to see if it was weak in any point.

As soon as the moon was up, and The Boy, theoretically just buried, and we struck across country for the sta-

tion. We walked from 8 till 6 o'clock in the morning, but though we were dead tired we did not forget to go to The Boy's rooms and put away his revolver with the proper amount of cartridges in the pouch. Also to set his writing case on the table. We found the colonel and reported the death, feeling more like murderers than ever. Then we went to bed and slept the clock round, for there was no more in us.

The tale had credence as long as was necessary, for everyone forgot about The Boy before a fortnight was over. Many people, however, have found time to say that the major had behaved scandalously in not bringing in the body for a regimental funeral. The saddest thing of all was the letter from The Boy's mother to the major and me—with big inky blisters all over the sheet. She wrote the sweetest possible things about our great kindness and the obligation she would be under to us as long as she lived.

All things considered, she was under an obligation; but not exactly as she meant.—Rudyard Kipling in Cincinnati Times-Star.

WOOL CARDING.

Improvements in the Process in the Past Thirty Years.

Though the system of American wool carding has not changed since 1860, great improvements have been made in the character of the machinery used.

In 1860 most of the carding machines were mounted on wooden frames and were of small size, the main cylinders being forty inches wide and forty-two inches in diameter, while the new machines are made with iron frames with the main cylinder not less than forty-eight inches in width and diameter, and not infrequently sixty inches in width and forty-eight, fifty-four or sixty inches in diameter. The tendency is still to larger machines.

During the civil war a few iron dollers and strippers began to be made, after which the workers were made of iron, to be followed by iron chain cylinders. The consequence of these changes has been not only larger but heavier machines. A set of machines formerly weighed about 7,000 pounds now the weight is double that.

More expensive work is now put into them. The tops of the iron frames are planed and the arches are planed and nicely adjusted to the wooden frames. Worst carding machinery is now largely built in this country. The worst card of the best quality consists of what is termed a breast, having several workers on it, and two main cylinders and two large dollers. Sometimes instead of a breast large Hickenis are used, agreeable to the opinion of some manufacturers who believe that they are more efficacious in cleaning stock.

The process of carding since 1860 is much improved in the way of condensing the roving or roving as it leaves the finisher card. Tubes are now entirely out of date, and oscillating rubber rollers or aprons, or the two in combination, have taken their place. The stock is now removed from the doffer by a noiseless doffer comb capable of running at a high speed instead of being done by a comparatively slow-moving comb operated by a crank and a pitman attached to what was termed a quick arbor.

The mechanism for self-feeding on the first breaker was wholly unknown in 1860. The progress that has been made within this period has been very marked, not only in the carding, but in the spinning process. Perfection of movements, automatically effected, is constantly the aim of machine builders.

THE DOG WENT.

Mutual Toleration to Save Their Mutual Feelings.

When a candidate for the Academia De Musset went to pay the customary visit to an influential "Immortal," whose chateau was in the environs of Paris. At the moment that the port rang at the gate, an ignoble whelp of incredible ugliness covered with mud, rushed to meet him with joyous barks, and fawned upon him to the detriment of the poet's new pantaloons. Disgusted as De Musset was, it would have been perilous to drive off the immortal's faithful dog, so he was compelled to let the frightful animal lick his hands, cover him with caresses and dirt, and precede him to the drawing-room. A moment later the academicien entered. De Musset noticed his embarrassment, at which he was not surprised, considering the behavior of the animal. They adjourned to the dining room, followed by the dog, which, after giving vent to his delight by various gambols and barks, placed two muddy paws on the cloth, seized the leg of a cold chicken, and began contentedly to devour it. "That's the most abominable brute I ever heard of," thought De Musset, and continued aloud: "You are fond of dogs, I see." "—and of dogs?" echoed the "Immortal." "I hate dogs." "But this animal here?" "I have tolerated the beast only because it is yours, sir." "Mine!" said De Musset. "I thought it was yours, which alone prevented me from killing it." The two men roared with laughter. De Musset had made a friend. The dog was speedily ejected.

A Far-Sighted Young Man.

Shippin Clarke—Why do you give such expensive jewelry to your fiancée?

Cashin Hand—I do it from economical motives.

Shippin Clarke—How's that?

Cashin Hand—If I spent money on theatres, oyster suppers, candy and the like it would be sunken capital; but after we are married, I shall be able to raise money on that jewelry. See?—Puck.

The Sandycroft Mystery.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Enna, who happened to be writing a note for her uncle at a side table, neither turned nor spoke. For a minute or two she sat as if changed to marble, then she finished the note and addressed it and chatted for a minute or two with her uncle; then she left the room, and was seen no more till late in the eve. The same evening Roden happened to light on the newspaper and saw the paragraph.

Three days later Enna received an enclosure from Mrs. Bosworth bearing the Paris postmark. Inside it was gummed, a newspaper cutting, similar in purport to the notice in the Times, under which, in Darvill's writing, were the following lines: "You probably know already all that the enclosed will tell you; if not, it will serve to break the news. I must ask you to suspend your judgment till we meet. I need hardly say that I am most anxious to see you. I hope to be in London in the course of a few days, when I will at once write you and inform him when he (and you) may expect me at Sandycroft. In heart yours as ever, V. D."

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Darvill arrives at Sandycroft.

Colonel Bernage, dressed for dinner, was standing with his back to the drawing-room fire, waiting for the rest of the party, none of whom had yet made their appearance. Although the day had been warm and sunny, the spring was not yet sufficiently advanced to allow of fires being dispensed with. As it happened, Alwyn Bernage was at this time from home. Three days before he had set out on one of his periodical journeys starting after dark with his brother in the tubery, and presumably, judging by the length of his previous absence, he would not be back for a week or ten days to come. Among the servants it was sometimes remarked that a "queer fat" it was on Mr. Alwyn's part always to travel by night—just like a commere traveler, you know, or a man who had no time during the day to call his own.

The colonel had just looked at his watch, when the door opened and Roden Bosworth entered.

"Well, Roddy, and how's the picture getting on?" inquired the colonel pleasantly, as he moved an inch or two further from the fire.

"Only slowly, sir; but perhaps it will be none the worse in the end on that account. Sometimes when I'm in a dissatisfied mood, I paint out a morning's work in two or three minutes, and then it has all to be done over again."

"It seems a pity you didn't get it finished in time for one of the spring exhibitions."

"That was out of the question, sir; but let us hope it will lose nothing by the delay. In any case, it will be in time for next year." Then, after a momentary pause, "You expected Captain Darvill to-day, sir, did you not?"

Roden, from his eyrie in the tower, had seen the captain arrive, but he wanted certain information, and it seemed to him that the only way to get it was by asking a leading question.

"Darvill's here; arrived an hour ago, bringing with him a very splendid tiger skin. Shot the brute himself, so he says. I remember that on one occasion—but tut-tut—if I've told that story once I've told it twenty times."

"I saw the announcement of Captain Darvill's marriage a little while ago. I presume that he has brought his wife with him to Sandycroft as well as the tiger skin."

The colonel laughed. "Well, no, that's just what he hasn't done. It seems that they had a very bad passage across Channel, and that Mrs. Darvill prefers resting for a few days before going anywhere."

Roden had gotten the information he desired.

Again the door opened, this time to admit Ivor Penleath.

He was four years older than his sister. Like her he had black hair and eyes, but there the likeness ended. Instead of being tall he was rather under the medium height, but his frame was well knit and muscular. His dark olive complexion, his glittering black eyes, his thin, curved nostrils and his small but carefully curled mustache, caused many people at first sight to take him for a Spaniard, or an Italian, and that there was a strain of passionate Southern blood in his veins though it might be in the third or fourth degree, even those who knew him best were most inclined to believe. Ivor Penleath was one of those men who neither forget nor forgive a slight, much less an injury, real or fancied.

"Well," said his uncle to him, "have you finished packing and got everything ready for a start?"

"There was really very little to pack. All my heavy traps will be sent from my den in town direct to Liverpool. Such things as I have with me here are all in readiness."

"It is to be hoped that both you and Seniac will be able to give a good account of yourselves on your return. By the way, have you seen the tiger-skin Darvill has been good enough to bring me?"

"Yes, I have seen it," said Ivor, slowly.

"I don't think I ever saw a finer one. Must have been an enormous brute."

"Does Darvill say that he shot the tiger himself?"

"Certainly. He would hardly think of bringing me a pelt, that had been shot by somebody else. But why do you ask?"

"For no reason in particular except that one year, when we were together in the north, he gave me the impres-

sion of being rather a chancy sort of fellow with a gun. I recollect that he peppered one of the keepers rather severely."

The colonel's brow contracted for a moment. Had his nephew's words brought to his recollection a certain incident of his own younger days, which he gladly would have forgotten, but could not?

"In that case," he said dryly, "it is only charitable to assume that he has improved in his shooting between then and now. Ah! here he is."

Vivian Darvill came slowly forward, twisting a finger round his watch-guard and smiling one of his facile but pleasant smiles. Before he was well inside the door his keen glance had swept the room. He seemed to breathe more freely. Enna was not there. It was well. It would give him a chance of pulling himself together and of feeling his way with these others before the crucial moment came.

"I was beginning to fear that our pure country air had had the effect of a soporific, and had soothed you to sleep," said the colonel. "You and Mrs. Asplin have met already to-day. This is my graceless nephew, Ivor Penleath. How many years you and he have been acquainted is best known to yourselves. This is my young friend Roden Bosworth, whose name I feel sure will one day be far more widely known than it is now. Roden, you have often heard us speak of Captain Darvill. And now we are only waiting for Enie to be an complet."

Captain Darvill was a tall, broad-shouldered, fair-complexioned man, with steel-gray eyes and a tawny mustache. Few people would have disputed his right to be considered eminently good-looking. He had an imperturbable temper, together with a genial, cheery manner, the result of careful cultivation, and on the possession of which he secretly prided himself. He was usually a great favorite with very young men, but scarcely so much so, perhaps, with those of his own age, or his seniors. In conversation with ladies he puts on a softly deferential and semi-caressing manner, which many of them seemed to find singularly fascinating, while to others it was exactly the reverse.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Bosworth," he said, as he "took in" Roden smilingly from head to foot.

"Although I have not known you personally before, I have by reputation. Mrs. Darvill is dying to have her portrait painted. You and I must have a talk together later on. He had not forgotten that Roden's mother was one of the witnesses to his Scotch marriage.

"And so you're going to leave us, old boy, in the course of an hour or two," he went on as he turned to Ivor.

"Awfully sorry to leave it."

"I'm about to leave England, if that's what you mean," responded Ivor, in his chilliest tones; "though why that fact should be a source of sorrow to you I fail to perceive."

"Oh, come, Penleath, you take a fellow up too sharp, really. I was in hopes, now I've come back, and shall have plenty of time on my hands that you and I would see a good deal of each other—eh?"

"It was kind of you to think of me at all."

"Oh, I'm not one of those fellows who forget old friends. Out of sight out of mind was never my motto. As some poet has said: 'Though distance may divide his heart.'"

But Ivor had turned his back on him and was crossing to where Mrs. Asplin was sitting with her hands loosely folded on her lap.

Darvill looked after him with his set imperturbable smile and drew one end of his mustache through his finger and thumb. "A queer fellow, Penleath," he remarked in an aside to Roden. "But a fine heart and a splendid disposition when you come to know him, only you wait to know him first, you know."

At this moment the dinner gong sounded through the house. With the first stroke Miss Penleath entered the room. Her dress was of dead black silk, profusely trimmed with jet. She wore a necklace and bracelets of malachite and coral set in a filigree work of dull gold. The heavy coils of her hair were shot through and held in place by two arrows of gold, feathered with emeralds. Her face was perfectly colorless except for the rich carmine of her lips, its clear ivory-like pallor being accentuated by the intense blackness of her eyes, with her somewhat heavy brows drawn close over them than usual, in which glowed a sombre, intense fire such as no one there had ever seen in them before. Roden stared at her in astonishment; for the first time in his life it dawned upon him that there might be potentialities about this girl, the sweet, familiar side of whose character was all he had hitherto known, as to which as yet he was an utter stranger. Darvill started and drew in his breath as if he were gazing on an apparition. It seemed impossible that the clinging, timorous, blushing girl he remembered so well, who looked as if made for nothing but love and kisses, could have developed into this stately, ice-cold goddess far more beautiful than anything he had conceived of her in his dreams. There must be witchcraft in the air. Fool, idiot that he had been to barter away this precious jewel, whose rarity had only this moment been made clear to him! He stood like one spellbound.

"I was beginning to think that some demon or hobgoblin had spirited you away," said the colonel smilingly to his niece. "Here's Darvill, who is dying to see you (though he hasn't said so, I'll give him the benefit of the doubt). You and he used to be good friends years ago, though for the life of me I can't call to mind when and where it was that you met last."

"It was in Edin burgh that we met last, it was not, Captain Darvill?"

said Enna, in distinct composed tones, her large, glowing orbs fixed full on his face.

He advanced a pace or two and put out his hand, which she just permitted the tips of her fingers to rest on for a moment. His face was as colorless as hers—even his lips had faded to a bluish-gray tint like those of a man at the point of death.

"Your memory serves you well, Miss Penleath. It was in Edin burgh that I had the pleasure of meeting you last." He scarcely seemed conscious of what he was saying.

"But many things have happened since then, Captain Darvill, have there not?—your marriage for instance." Then, as she looked round the room, "But I do not see Mrs. Darvill."

"That is a pleasure which at present is denied us," interposed the colonel. "Mrs. Darvill is somewhat indisposed by her journey, but Sandycroft will be honored by her presence a little later on."

At this juncture Phlipson, the butler, announced dinner. The captain blessed him in his heart. "Darvill, will you take in Miss Penleath?" said the colonel, who thereupon proceeded to offer his arm with old-fashioned gallantry to Mrs. Asplin. Ivor and Roden, who were the best of friends, fell in at the rear.

"If it can be so contrived, I would very much like to have a few words with you in private in the course of the evening," said Darvill, in a low voice, to his companion, on their way to the dining-room; "He was looking straight before him; not yet could he face those sombre, accusing eyes."

"I will see what can be done," she replied. "I shall be glad to listen to anything you may have to say to me." He spoke with a sort of icy condescension, like one granting a favor to an inferior. Never had Darvill realized so acutely as at that moment what an abject and contemptible hound he really was. As a rule he was on the best of terms with himself, thoroughly believing in himself as a really creditable specimen of humanity.

"Ivor, I want you to sit by me," said Enna to her brother when they reached the dining room. "I shan't have another chance of boring you for a long time to come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUDDEN PROMOTION.

Honors Thrust Upon Him By Force of Arms.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century the little province of Transylvania was in a state of revolution and consequent disorder. Finally there came a time when there was no ruler, and the Turkish Sultan sent word to Ali Pasha, then at Maros Vasarhely, that come what might, a prince of Transylvania must be elected. Ali Pasha was in a quandary. He stood at his window, as the story runs, meditating upon his sovereign's commands, not knowing what to do, and yet afraid to do nothing, when he saw a tall, strong man crossing the market place.

At that time, and especially in that country, a strong arm was the best patent of nobility. At home Ali Pasha had seen the lowest slave lifted to places of power. He sent a messenger into the market place with orders to bring the tall, strong man into his presence. The order was obeyed, and as the stranger entered he was greeted with the words, "You must be prince of Transylvania!"

"I!" exclaimed the astonished prince-elect. "I know nothing about government! I can't read or write! I am a butcher."

"No matter for that," said Ali Pasha; "a man may be an excellent regent though he can not read."

But the butcher was not ambitious, and still resisted.

"If you want a man as prince of Transylvania," he said, "I can tell you of one who has no equal. If you will let us go and find him, I will lead you."

With 500 Turkish horsemen Ali Pasha and the butcher rode to Maharkog and surrounded the castle of Michael Apafi, whom they hailed at once as prince, carried to Maros Vasarhely, and proclaimed as regent. This was in 1661, states the Youth's Companion, and the prince thus chosen remained in power until his death in 1690.

A Purely Parisian Story.

A story is reported from Paris which could not have come from any other country than France. About a dozen years ago an old fellow known as Pere Maupy, who had contrived to scrape together a few hundred francs, invested them in a patch of ground on the heights of Montmartre, where he built a number of huts for the accommodation of ragpickers. The "Cite Maupy" became a great settlement, and Pere Maupy himself figured in novels and pictures, and occasionally at the police office. He was not very popular with his tenants. He fixed his rents, would not abate the figure and employed vigorous methods to secure his money. His wife was a great help to him in the proceedings. Maupy died a few days ago, and his tenantry, who mustered at his funeral, behaved with most unseemly hilarity, whereupon the widow, to avenge this insult to the memory of the departed, evicted them in a body. Then she retired to her solitary cabin where she committed suicide by means of charcoal, after writing a will in which she directed that no ragpicker should be permitted to attend her burial.—New York Post.

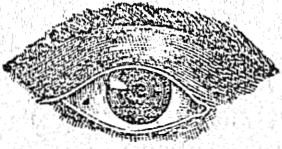
Her Tender Heart.

"Oh, I am too tender-hearted to kill a mouse," said the little, blue-eyed woman. "I just drop them out of the window." And then every man in the room felt a sort of tender thrill under his vest, with the exception of the fellow who had happened to remember that she lived in a fourth-story flat.—Indianapolis Journal.

J. F. Hendrick

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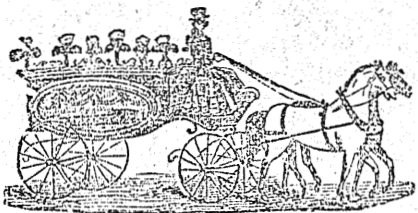
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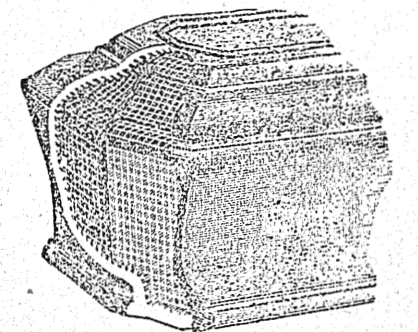
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INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKE (CEMENT.)



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

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100 ACRES. Partly improved, with 5 miles of Cass City. Price, \$1,000.
25 ACRES. One mile west of Cass City. Price, \$1,000.
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The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Fritz Bros.

Try Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at Fritz Bros.' Drugstore.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

All the Chit-Chat From the County Round About Briefly Told For Busy Readers.
OWENDALE.

C. S. Graves talks of selling out and removing to the county seat.

H. D. Huger took the evening train Thursday for Marlette on official business. Diphtheria is reported east of town at M. McDonald's.

Howe & Bigelow, of Cass City, were here on Wednesday and Thursday last and erected eave-troughs on the following residences: Hector Crawford's, David Coulter's and A. C. Keer's.

Rumors are that the big mill will start soon, as there is a fine assortment of logs harvested safe in town and are still coming at the rate of 32 car loads per day.

T. Phillips, our bustling livery-man, is doing a land office business these days, and well Tom deserves it, as his rigs are always in good shape and ready on short notice.

The Ladies Aid Society have, the past week, put a stone foundation under the Methodist Church, and the treasurer of the society still reports ample funds in the vaults.

Dan Ferson and daughter, Ida, of Rosecommons, are presently visiting friends south of town.

Ben Day has leased the residence of R. Ballagh on the old farm south and east of town, and work in the woods for John G. Owens.

Angus Crawford and Miss Maggie Ballagh were united in the bonds of matrimony at Bad Axe on Wednesday the past week, by the Rev. Hillas. The happy young couple are now receiving congratulations from their many friends and acquaintances in this vicinity.

John McDonald was in Cass City Saturday.

KARR'S CORNERS.

Mr. Scripture's son and his family have come from the Washington state to see his father, who is in very poor health. We also hear that Mr. Scripture has sold his farm and will soon be leaving us. This we are sorry to hear as we never like to lose any of our neighbors.

A beautiful steamer of Weaver and Field, 26 feet long, floats from the top of the pole recently raised on the corners.

Willie and Miss Birdie Jenereaux Sundayed at Mr. Mamma's.

Rev. Manly Karr made his parents a short visit last week. He has just been visiting relatives in Canada of late and has just returned.

The pole that was raised on the Corners last Monday stands 66 feet above the ground, and is straight as a plumb-line.

Last Monday four of our citizens enjoyed a lively coon hunt without catching any coon. Try again boys.

We are glad that our brother of Reseno spoke about our mistake in our former correspondence. It was Cyrus and not Silas Doty, a mistake in writing the name that's all. Just about like your item last spring saying John Muma taught school in Dis. No. 4.

A heavy rain last Friday evening. John Karr is ill with pneumonia.

Geo. Charter has completed the new steps at the front of the school house in Dis. No. 3.

Miss Grace Karr will begin her school Monday.

Archie Mark is building a root house for bugas.

Geo. Karr is very busy drawing corn stalks, corn and bugas, from his father's farm.

WEST GRANT.

Apples are about all picked. Lots of corn yet to husk.

Mr. King has moved into the house recently occupied by Mr. Douglas.

Mr. Williamson raised his barn last Tuesday and now it is inclosed and about a third shingled.

Mr. Bolton, of Gageton, is painting the school house. He has the first coat on.

We know the teacher, and we see the Williamson school house quite often, but we never knew of the house having a series of services that our Bro. of Reseno spoke about last week. The school had exercises Columbus Day. They were appropriate, interesting and well rendered. Perhaps this is what our Bro. meant.

DEFORD.

Will Lewis and Alva Wilber, from the Imlay City regions, were here last week trying to supply us with phosphate in the shape of aged equines.

Mr. Mathews, from near Imlay City, visited Will Rutherford last week.

Jas. Harrington has gone to Imlay City in search of a horse.

Jos. Parks and family have moved to east Saginaw.

Lewis Rutherford, stone mason, labors in Kingtown village.

Fred Valentine is finishing off the house lately purchased from J. Ellisworth.

A. A. McKenzie buys potatoes at this point. Forty-five cents per bushel is the price paid.

While in Cass City last week we overheard two Republicans chatting as follows: "A very quiet campaign. Yes, but there is a strong under-current." Just then the language was a trifle dark to us. But when the New Era came out and exposed the strong, silvery under-current, all was plain.

Mrs. Osborn has moved into S. Gowling's house.

Jack Wells has moved into the Osborn house.

C. J. Malcolm and wife, of Wilmot, visited at Samuel Shirks' last Wednesday.

George O. Ronrk had a log rolling on the 26th. Nine acres gone up well.

Mart Sole, of Wilmot, visited Jessie Sole, of Novesta, last Sunday.

James Cooper is on the sick list.

Study how to vote correctly this week.

New York had her Tweed and Caro has her Atwood.

Will Bentley has bought a fine two-year-old colt.

Fred Chatwick has bought Will Bentley's mare.

The Turks are now located in the woods near Rules, amilesouth of Novesta.

Apples Wanted.

I wish to buy all the apples in this vicinity this fall. Will buy them delivered at Cass City, or pack them in the orchard. Highest market price paid.

S 26 A. A. MCKENZIE.

Job printing neatly executed at the Enterprise office.

BOYS.

Do you wish to make money at home during your spare time? If so, write to S. E. MIXARD, Lulay, Mich.

10-23-3

Old newspapers for sale at this office. Fifty cents.

Try Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at...

Dr. Jaques' German Worm Cakes destroy worms and remove them from the system. Sold by A. W. Seed.

For Bee Keepers supplies go to Landan Eno & Keating's. 7-8

UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDER, and UNCLE SAM'S NERVE and BONE LINIMENT; these two great medicines are sold by A. W. Seed.

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullman's Great German Worm Lozengers, only 25 cents per box. For sale by T. H. Fritz's

Try Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills, 40 in each package, at T. H. Fritz's.

Try Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at T. H. Fritz.

Try Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills 40 in each package, at Fritz

Go to C. D. Struffer for Bargains in Boots & Shoes and Dry Goods for the next 30 days. I wish to Reduce my Stock to make room for more. 8-20

Auction bills printed on short notice at the Enterprise office.

Try DAYLIGHT PILLS for human ills. Sold by A. W. Seed.

HAPPY HOME BLOOD PURIFIER and HEALTH TONIC purifies the blood and makes home happy. Sold by A. W. Seed.

"Advertising is to business what steam is to machinery—the grand propelling power."—Mecaturgy.

DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP is the best for the general ailments of children. Sold by A. W. Seed.

For Dropsy, Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure.

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A State School of Mining Engineering, giving practical instruction in Drawing, Physics, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Shop-practice, Chemistry, Assaying, Ore Dressing, Metallurgy, Surveying, Mining, Mineralogy, Petrography, Geology, etc. Has summer schools in Surveying, Shop-practice and Field Geology. Laboratories, shops and Stamp Mill well equipped. Tuition free. For catalogues apply to the Director, Houghton, Mich. 9-9-3w

GUNS

Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Sportsmen's Goods of every variety. Bicycles. Send stamp for New Illustrated Catalogue. F. A. BERGER, 123 N. Baum St., SAGINAW, E. S. MICH.

JUST RECEIVED

—AND ELEGANT LINE OF—

Crockery AND Glassware

of Latest Patterns. Do not fail to call and see them.

OUR STOCK OF Groceries and Bazaar Goods is Fresh and Complete. Highest Market Price paid for Butter and Eggs.

James Tennant

For Nervous Headache, Dr. Miles' Remedy.

NOTICE.

We, the undersigned, forbid any person or persons hunting or shooting on our premises, and any person or persons found hunting or shooting thereon will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Dated at Greenleaf, the 10th day of October, 1892.

ANDREW J. SEIGLER,
J. F. MORRIS,
JOHN RITTELL,
E. J. WRIGHT,
D. WIGHT GILBERT,
WALLACE GILBERT,
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LAWRENCE FIELDS,
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10-14-3

WANTED wide awake workers everywhere for the world's largest photographic supply house. The greatest stock on earth containing 800,000; retail at \$3.25, cash or installments; mammoth illustrated circulars and terms free daily output over 1500 volumes. Agents will with success. Mr. Thomas L. Martin, Centerville, Texas, cleared \$711 in 9 days; Mrs. Rose Adams, Worcester, O., \$24 in 10 minutes; Rev. J. Howard Madison, Lyons, N. Y., \$401 in 7 hours; a bonanza; magnificent outfit on only \$1 on credit. Freight paid. Ad. GLOBE PUBLISHING CO., 723 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA., PA., OR 355 DEAR BORN ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

What Makes a Beautiful Woman.

ELKHART, IND., JULY 1st, 1891.
DULLMAN'S GREAT GERMAN MEDICINE CO.: My daughter has been afflicted with Female troubles for over six years and I have paid out over \$750 in vain trying to find relief for her. A lady friend advised me to secure a bottle of Dullman's Great German Female Uterine Tonic and she has been completely cured by it. We gave it a fair trial and the results were wonderful. We cannot recommend it too highly to all ladies who are afflicted.

BENJAMIN GANGER.
For sale at Fritz's Drugstore.

Read Carefully.

DULLMAN'S GREAT GERMAN MEDICINE CO.—Gentlemen:—For over 4 years I have been afflicted with an eruption of the skin, which became very troublesome and I could get no relief. I was also troubled very badly with constipation, which nothing I tried gave permanent relief until I took Dullman's Great German Blood, Liver, Stomach, and Kidney Remedy, and since taking I have been entirely cured. For a tonic, blood purifier and general health restorer I can heartily recommend it.
MRS. W. M. COPELAND, Flint, Mich.
For sale at Fritz's Drugstore.

PALACE BARBER SHOP.

HOT AND COLD BATHS,

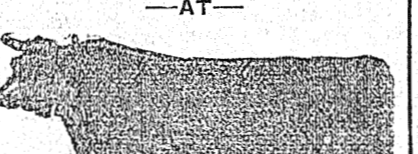
Razor Honing and Concaving a specialty. Cold Cream Pimple Eradicator and Capillaries always in stock.

S. CAMPBELL, Proprietor

Fine line Cigars and Tobaccos.

Fresh, Juicy Steaks,

—AT—



Central Meat Market.

J. H. WINEGAR, Prop.

Meats of all kinds nicely served.

DEAFNESS.

ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Scientifically treated by a method of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the deafness is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

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WOODS' PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Remedy.

Promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emis stone, Spasms, Paralysis, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses. Bears prescribed over 20 years in thousands of cases; is the only reliable and honest medicine known. Ask Druggists for Woods' Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave his store. Inclose price in letter, and we will send a copy of the elegant medicinal paper called GRANGE BLOSSOMS, which will afford you more healthful enjoyment than you have had for many a day; such number contains hundreds of letters from young ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents from those of the opposite sex; if there is a man or woman who has not found his or her affinity here's the golden opportunity. Address GRANGE BLOSSOMS, room 15, 18 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

THE WOOD CHEMICAL CO., 121 Woodway Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Cass City by A. W. Seed and Fritz Bros. and all responsible druggists everywhere.

AGENTS

We want good live agents—ladies and gentlemen (no boys), all over this State and, with the right parties, who will devote the whole or portion of their time to the work, we are prepared to assign exclusive territory, and to make exceptional terms, whereby their lowest earnings will be \$200 per month. If you cannot take an agency yourself, but would like to secure a complete set of this great work book for your own personal use, send us a letter or a postal card and we will tell you how to obtain one. Under any circumstances send at once for special descriptive circulars and illustrated pamphlet, and private terms to agents (which will be sent you free), to

DOMINION PUBLISHING CO.,

624 Woman's Temple, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

10-14-2

DO YOU WANT TO MARRY or do you wish such letters from gentlemen and ladies of culture and means from all over the country? If so, just send ten cents and receive a copy of the elegant matrimonial paper called GRANGE BLOSSOMS, which will afford you more healthful enjoyment than you have had for many a day; such number contains hundreds of letters from young ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents from those of the opposite sex; if there is a man or woman who has not found his or her affinity here's the golden opportunity. Address GRANGE BLOSSOMS, room 15, 18 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN People Want MICHIGAN Grown Trees.

We want one energetic man in every town to supply the wants of our customers. Experience required. J. C. BRADY & CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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NEW GOODS

A Very Desirable Line of Ladies' Muffs and Scarfs just received.

Big Line Lace Curtains!

Large Stock of CLOPES to Select From.

New Dress Goods!

Storm Serges in Desirable Shades.

2 MACKS 2.

FRITZ'S DRUG STORE.

Special Announcement.

I desire to thank the people of this vicinity for their Liberal Patronage in the past and ask a continuance of the same. We will try and use you well.

I have some special offers to make in Wall Paper for the next few days, in order to make room for my next spring's stock.

I also have a nice line of Books, Albums, Bibles, Stationery and School Supplies, Patent Medicines, Etc.

Am also getting in a nice line of Holiday Goods which will be ready for inspection in a few days.

Prescription Filling a specialty at reasonable prices. Call and see me.

T. H. FRITZ, Prop.

Don't Break!

Don't My Back

Your Back

PULLING BEANS

By Hand

Bean Harvester to do the Work

You can ride and pull ten acres a day. Call and see sample I now have. This is a new Implement I have just added to my business.

I have also secured the Agency for the Osgood U. S. Standard Scale, will weigh from 3 to 5 tons. \$35 buys a Hay and Stock Scale.

W. J. CAMPBELL,
Prop. of Tuscola County, Agricultural Depot.

DON'T FORGET

That we are still in the field and keeping up our reputation for fair dealing and low prices. We offer some

Fine Bargains in Fall Goods

Our line of Underwear is complete, and at prices to suit all.

LADIES!

Don't fail to see the latest thing in Cut Dress Patterns. We have them, and you cannot fail to find what you want.

Our reputation for keeping the **FINEST LINE OF CLOAKS** in the city is to be sustained this Fall and Winter.

GROCERIES

We have a most complete line. Don't fail to try our 25c and 35c Teas. Highest market price paid for Butter and Eggs. **CASH PAID FOR EGGS.**

We will have any photograph you may wish enlarged for any person trading \$10 in cash. Remember the place.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.
First door east of Postoffice.

MACK W. WICKWARR, Publisher. CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

THE WONDERFUL INFLUENCE SHE HAD OVER HIM.

THAT was a shrewd sort of a girl at Reading who when her dearly beloved father climbed the golden stairs, sent in a bill to the executors charging for the time and trouble she had in nursing him.

In His Life the Only Being Who Could Manage Him—Her Kindness and Generosity—A Beautiful Woman in Her Youth.

Always the bravest, strongest and most fea ed, consequently the most beloved chief among the Utes was old Ura or Ouray. No one had power to change his mind but "Copeta." She was the dearest of all his possessions, and secure in the love of his great heart, she was not afraid of him.

THAT masculine souls in the East are sacrificing their mustaches for the reason that, although as soup strainers, they are very good, the cholera bacillus is liable to find lodgment therein and to subsequently work its pernicious way into the interior.

Such a pretty woman she was! When Ura first knew her—she was twenty years younger than—she was slender and graceful, with beautiful hair, hands and feet, and such eyes!

THE United States have at least one thing to serve as a consolation for having been so long without any navy worthy of the name. The money we now spend in building up a navy nearly all goes for new work; for construction and not for reconstruction.

She dresses now as do the other women—in a short calico dress in one piece, moccasins, belt and native ornaments. Her hair, which was worn loose over her shoulders and back, was cut at Ura's death as a badge of mourning and loneliness.

It has been discovered that the linked sweetness long drawn out of the accordion was first heard A. D. 1829. The inventor was not crucified for the reason that his diabolical invention did not come into use until after a kind Providence had permitted him to escape across the river.

The girl having a sweet kind disposition, as have all these childlike-hearted women, she is very proud. Proud, because she was Ura's squaw, and proud she was in Washington.

INDIA in a state of unprecedented health is enough to keep the hands of Great Britain busy. The task of enforcing cleanliness, careful living and sanitary improvements upon a tribe of 250,000,000 human beings many of them weltering in filth from their birth, and nearly all the weak children of immature parents is quite beyond the power of any government on earth.

Ura's death occurred so soon after this trip that being "in mourning," she made no use of her clothes dishes or trinkets given her; and when she wished to show them to us about a year ago, preparatory to their disposal, she found they had decreased in number. Many dishes had been stolen or borrowed, and so she wisely concluded to sell the remainder or give them away before her stock entirely disappeared.

A TENNESSEE girl committed suicide because her father wouldn't pay his grocery bills. Her high sense of honor refused to allow her to consume food that had not been paid for to sustain life, and as she had no other method of living she decided to die.

The day of her exhibition she drove down to the agency, stopped at the house where we were visiting and said: "Your three squaws katchum hat. Fiqua nna wickup" (go my house).

LEGAL authorities announce that in California there cannot be any such thing as an outlaw. The statutes neglect to provide for him. There are several individuals who have been for some time deporting themselves out there in a manner that shows deplorable ignorance of the statutes. It is hoped that this information, bruted abroad, will tend to sweeten their dispositions. They can't be outlaws, and efforts in that direction are wasted.

As she had a comfortable backboard, two well-cared-for horses, and we knew she was a good, clean cook, we accepted the invitation. After a drive of seven miles nearly all the time in sight of the beautiful Green River we reached her home. Several one-room log houses, three canvas wickups varying in age, color and size, two brush houses, on which the brush is renewed every week, thus keeping it always cool and shady, and many corrals comprised Copeta's residence.

It is time now to turn attention to the railroads. Some of them have abated the smoke nuisance, but others are making no effort to do it. No more time is needed for education. The master mechanic of any road may learn how to stop smoke on inquiry of his neighbors. He should be forced to act. Railroad companies will soon find it to their interest to abate the nuisance along their entire route. People will some day travel on or that line whose cars are not continually surrounded and filled with a cloud of soot and cinders.

She did not live here alone, for the rich Indians always have many "brothers" and friends who help them spend the extra they have. To-day Copeta alone entertained us. We were first seated alone in one of the log huts. It was carpeted, and contained a set of red plush furniture that I had purchased from some one when he changed posts. Copeta brought us water in a willow bottle made by herself, and we passed it from mouth to mouth.

AGITATION of the smoke question has set the wits of inventors at work and numberless devices have been evolved. Some of them are reasonably successful and all are being steadily improved. There are other elements which enter into a perfect combust on of bituminous coal which is really the smoke-preventing agency. These are capacious fire boxes, large chimneys, good draught, careful firing and a variety of things which are easily found out. Some have more value than others. But the important facts are that successful means of checking smoke have been found and that the time has gone by when an offender can plead ignorance.

In another house there was a rude home-constructed table, covered with a slightly worn damask cloth which by its color, must have been purchased "before the war." The table was set with her Washington dishes, the lack filled out by her own home-bought ware. A bouquet of flowers in an elegant cut-glass celery dish and an early primrose at each plate testified to her love for flowers. At my place was a card dish of solid silver.

BESIDES the waste on the private timber lands, fire and theft are despoiling the national domain at a fearful rate. In the census year 1880 a total of \$3,528,171 worth of standing timber was reported destroyed by fire. The stolen timber is another item of national loss that shows how well a system of forestry management would pay the country. In the eleven years from 1881 to 1891, inclusive, the actual thefts discovered by the agents of the department were \$64,234,103, and the amounts actually recovered of this enormous sum were only \$1,009,242. The actual thefts were probably much larger as the number of agents is too small to discover every case.

I drank from a gold-lined goblet, but my friend across the table used a tea-cup. Beside my plate was a knife with a dainty pearl handle, a fork to match and a spoon of tin. She had silver fruit dish, sugar bowl and a cream jug, but spoonholder "lost." She once possessed a set of delicate china that any woman would have envied, but only a few dishes remain.

It immediately, as a short time before she had been offered \$20 for it and refused to sell. When asked what she wanted with money she replied with "ker-chuck," the name of the card game.

IN A LIGHTNING FLASH.

She also gambles by holding in one of her closed hands a piece of money, and changes it often to the other hand, constantly swaying her body to the music of meaningless Indian words; then the opposite party guesses with his hand. This "ker-chuck" she will keep up as long as she has ought to bet, and will often leave her Navajo blankets, beads, leggings and all her money when she goes yet just as often she carries away that which was another's.

THE BOLT REVEALED THE TERRIBLE DANGER.

The Ship Was Bearing Down Upon Them Before the Hurricane and But for the Lightning Would Have Sent All Souls to Davy Jones.

In the month of June, 1884, business called me to Martinique. The Corsica a staunch, full-rigged brig, owned by Bartol, of Baltimore, was the only vessel which offered no means of transit at the time, and in her I took passage. She was not meant for passenger traffic, and had no accommodation therefor; but I had known her commander, Captain Paine, in other years, and he welcomed me cordially and made me comfortable.

SHE ASKED FOR NOTHING.

But the Sympathetic Observer felt that She Needed a Great Deal. Occasionally in the gamut of familiar notes which is sounded on the harp of humanity in New York there rings one that is new—some marked variation on an old theme. Beggars are a familiar object and the direct appeals which are made to sympathy are such palpable attempts to play on feeling that one becomes hardened to them.

Toward the night of the Fourth of July we had got into the region of storms, and shortly after 10 o'clock on the evening of that day the wind came out from the northeast and very soon great drops of rain came pattering upon the deck.

A novelty of this kind occurred the other night as a gentleman was passing through West Twenty-fourth street. The clock was striking midnight. He saw sitting on the steps of a brown-stone house a woman. She was dressed poorly, she was about 60, and there was a droop of weariness in her spare, bowed figure. A small paper box and a few papers were resting on the steps in front of her.

The brig was heading upon her course very near south, with the wind upon the larboard quarter. By and by a blinding flash of lightning shot out from the ebony vault and a broad blue sweep through the heavens.

The gentleman stopped and asked: "Why don't you go home?" "I just set down to rest myself," she replied simply.

It was now as dark as dark could be. The blackness was so utter that there was relief in closing one's eyes. Not a trace of our tall spars could I detect, and the men who stood only a few feet off were hidden as by an opaque barrier. And the rain now came down in torrents.

"Have you got a bed to go to? Do you want any money?" inquired the gentleman.

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

But her looks, her tone, the hour of night all worked on the gentleman. He felt that he ought to give the woman something. He went back. She was still drooping on the steps.

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed, fingering it. "A dollar! You can't afford this. I never can repay you."

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

But the man was on his way again. And he passed along his way he thought "I wonder if that could have been a new bluff."

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

But it probably wasn't. There are no landmarks sitting around on doorsteps in Manhattan, and the thing was too beautifully done if it were acting to be anything short of the highest art.

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

Knights of Pythias. The Knights of Pythias order was founded by Justus H. Rathbone in Washington, in 1844, his system having been previously prepared while he was teaching school in the Northwest. The order was founded on the well known story of Lamson and Pythias six of the fellow-clerks of the founder in one of the government departments being initiated. The order immediately began to increase and spread; the grand lodge of the District of Columbia was organized on April 8, 1864, and four years afterward, on August 11, 1868, the supreme lodge of the world was instituted by representatives from the grand lodges of the District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware.

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

Experiments With Gun Cotton. In the report of her majesty's inspector of explosives for the past year, two samples of gun-cotton were referred to, one of which had been under water for sixteen years while the other had been buried under ground for twenty years. Both these samples were in fine condition, and as ready for their work as on the day of their manufacture.

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES. A West Chester, Pa., woman has a curious collection in the shape of a number of teeth of relations.

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A Holyoke confectioneer is putting in a cough drop machine that will cough out one ton of drops a day.

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

Grated clams stewed in cream with truffle chips and herbs, masquerade at Narragansett as "Neptune salad."

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

A promising lad was taken to the Cardiff infirmary, London, not long ago to be relieved of fifty-three marbles which he had swallowed for "keeps."

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

entered more willingly and gratefully upon the work of repairing damages at sea than did those who were set to splice our broken backstay.

THE ORCHESTRA STOPPED.

Only the Wickedly Worldly People Were Disappointed. The poetic-looking man with long hair and the woman with pale blue eyes were especially interested in the last passages of the play. They sighed deeply and exchanged soulful glances every time the heroine and her best fellow had any trouble.

Say Mister give me a plug of JOLLY TAR PLUG TOBACCO. No MONKEYING

but give me the genuine JOLLY TAR PLUG I've chewed it and when I find a good thing I hang on to it. JOLLY TAR CAN'T be beat.

STRATTON'S PATENT HARMONICS. ADMIRAL, Single Reed. DICTATOR, Double Reed. Dealers please send for Catalogue. No Harmonics Sold at Retail.

JOHN P. STRATTON & SON, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, 43 & 45 Walker Street, New York.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A NATURAL REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

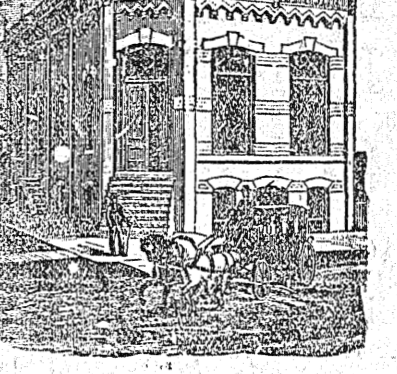
This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE A Valuable Hour on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the renowned Pastor Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856 and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$5.

CARSON & EALY SUCCESSORS TO A. T. SLAUGHT & CO.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLES To all Lands in Tuscola Co.



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

Worldly people in the immediate vicinity were convinced that the man with long hair and the woman with pale blue eyes were recently married. The curtain descended upon a thrilling scene wherein several pairs of devoted hearts, rarely held apart by dire and distressing necessity, were reunited.

The leader of the orchestra had waved his baton and the drum responded with vigor. The man with the long hair and the woman with the pale blue eyes were conversing earnestly. With ineffable tenderness they gazed into each other's faces.

The trombone had suddenly discovered clear sailing ahead and was snorting boisterously. "Tant-a-ra-um!" The cornet had started late but was making a notable spurt.

The long-haired man leaned closer to the blue-eyed woman. Worldly people in the vicinity were fully assured that he was talking very loud and hoped in their hearts the orchestra would stop without warning.

The man with long hair paused, lowered his voice and proceeded with his conversation. The Detroit Tribune says that only the worldly people were disappointed.

LOST LANS. The Submarine of the U.S. and of Expedition Island. The whole crust of the globe is probably in motion, changing its relative level as it gradually adjusts itself to the contractions of the interior, on which it rests.

The look-out was on the point of crying out, but the captain stopped him. "We must get the men to their stations without alarm if we can," he said, and then he leaped aft, shouting as he went.

All hands—all hands for tacking! To the braces—ever, man! Captain Paine was again by my side, and we peered off into the darkness. The dull roar was plainly heard, but we could see nothing, we could not even see the head of our own bowsprit. The old sailor groaned in agony.

"If I could only see," he muttered. At that moment, while yet the words quivered upon his lips the lightning blazed forth in the heavens and the sea was illumined far and near.

"Heaven save us!" burst from Paine's lips, and I echoed the prayer. Upon our weather bow and but a few cables' length distant, loomed up the spectral outlines of the hull and spars and the billowing canvas of a heavy ship. She was heading directly across the line of our course and we were dashing toward each other at a fearful rate.

During the brief moment of light the captain had been as one paralyzed, but when the darkness had again shut in he started into life.

"Ready about!" he thundered. And from that instant his orders were given so promptly and so plainly that the men, who had come to realize that their lives were in the balance, made no blunder nor mistake.

"Is she coming into stays?" ground out the captain, with his hands clenched and his teeth set like the jaws of a vise.

As he spoke, we heard the "ore-top-sail" flap, and in a moment more the stay-sail had taken the wind on the other side. The order for swinging the main yards had just been given when the heavens and the sea were again illuminated by the lightning's blaze and a cry of horror went up from our deck.

The ship was now upon our starboard bow, hurling the spray from her sides upon our cathead, and I verily believe that a man upon our foreyard arm might have leaped upon her deck, but she was not upon her course—no, thank heaven! She had snuffed the danger and with her helm hard down, was hauling away from us.

It was dark again—pitchy dark—and while we watched and waited, with hearts hushed to a painful stillness, our vessel was caught as by a mighty grasp. There was a momentary heaving and straining, a low grating groaning sound, then followed a snap and a crack—and nothing more. Were we free? The answer was at hand.

DR. CLARKE

Merrill Bk., (Cass & 22) Detroit, Mich.
The Regular Old Established
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Is still treating with the greatest
SKILL AND SUCCESS ALL

PRIVATE, NERVOUS AND
CHRONIC DISEASES

ORGANIC Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, arising from indigestion, excess of exposure, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Exhausting Drains, "Self-Distrust," Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Ambition, Unhappiness to Marry, Dyspepsia, Stomach Derangements, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Varicose, etc., are treated by new methods, with never-failing success, safely, privately, speedily.

And Skin Diseases, All Forms affecting Body, Nose, Throat, Skin and Bones, Blisters, Eruptions, Acne, Eczema, Old Sores, Ulcers, Painful swellings from whatever cause, positively and forever expelled from the system, by means of safe vegetable remedies. Stiff and Swollen Joints and Rheumatism, the result of blood poison, positively cured.

And Urinary Complaints, P. n. ul, Difficult, too frequent or scanty Urine, Unnatural Discharges, Promptly Cured. Constitutional or Acquired Weaknesses of Both Sexes treated successfully.

If in need of medical aid, write me a statement of your case at once and send for Book and question list. Forty years' experience enables me to cure where others fail. No experiments. Consult the old Doctor. Medicines sent everywhere free from observation. Consultation personally or by letter free and confidential. Call on or address

F. D. CLARKE, M. D.,
Merrill Block, DETROIT, MICH.



HON. Z. AVERY,
ONE OF THE LARGEST CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS IN MICHIGAN.

HEART DISEASE 30 YEARS.

GRAND ISLAND, NEB., April 8th, 1892.
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

GENTLEMEN: I had been troubled with HEART DISEASE FOR THE LAST 30 YEARS, and although I was treated by able physicians and tried many remedies, I grew steadily worse until I WAS COMPLETELY PROSTRATED AND CONFINED TO MY BED WITHOUT ANY NEW HEAVY CARE, and began to feel very bad sink- ing spells, when my pulse would stop beating and it was with the greatest difficulty that my circulation could be started, which would bring me back to consciousness again. While in this condition I tried your NEW HEART CURE, and began to improve from the first, and now I am able to do a good day's work for a man 68 years of age. I give Dr. Miles' NEW HEART CURE all the credit for my recovery. It is over six months since I have taken any, although I keep a bottle in the house in case I should need it. I have also used your NERVE AND LIVER PILLS, and think a great deal of them.

Z. AVERY.

SAISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR MONEY RETURNED.

For sale in Cass City by Fritz Bros.

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.

TIME TABLE NO. 3.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.	Pass.
Pontiac	A. M. 8:40	P. M. 5:20	A. M. 8:30
Oxford	9:15	9:15	9:15
Dryden	12:02	7:04	9:48
Inlay City	12:30	7:29	10:3
North Branch	12:40	8:02	10:37
Clifford	3:10	8:29	10:52
Kingston	3:55	8:41	11:11
Wilcox	4:15	9:02	11:21
Deford	4:52	9:02	11:26
Cass City	5:45	9:25	11:44
Gagetown	6:10		11:57
Owendale	7:15		12:33
Berne	7:15		12:33
Cassville	7:45		12:50

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed.	Freight
Cassville	P. M. 3:30	A. M. 5:45	A. M. 5:45
Berne	3:48		6:15
Owendale	4:11		7:05
Gagetown	4:24		7:20
Cass City	4:39	5:20	8:10
Deford	4:52	5:38	8:35
Wilcox	5:10	6:02	9:15
Kingston	5:28	6:26	9:55
Clifford	6:18	7:38	11:25
Inlay City	6:33	7:59	12:25
Dryden	7:10	9:00	2:00
Oxford	7:50	10:35	3:00

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

Flag stations, where trains stop only on signal.

CONNECTIONS.
Pontiac, D. G. H. & M. and Mich. Air Line Division G. T. R. Y.
Oxford, Detroit and Bay City division of M. C.
Inlay City, C. & G. T.
Clifford, F. & P. M.
Berne Junction, S. T. & H.

JAMES HOUSTON Superintendent.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

For Brain-Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Taken up but 6 in. square floor-room; weighs scientific durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 30,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for circular.

40 cts.; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd's, Scientific Physical and Vocational, 9 East 14th, New York.

Try Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills at T. H. Fritz's.

Additional Local

J. A. McDougall was a Caro visitor on Sunday.

R. Fincher is completing the upright to his house.

Miss Lizzie Dillman is home from Oxford on a visit.

Attorney F. S. Wheat, of Caro, was in town on Friday last.

Mr. Jones has his house on Houghton St. nearly completed.

Miss Nellie Crouch, of Bad Axe, is the guest of Mrs. E. F. Marr this week.

Miss Crittenand attended the teachers' examination at Unionville last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Young, of Port Huron, are the guests of Mrs. Blanch Parker this week.

Mrs. J. F. Hemrick returned last Saturday from her two weeks visit at Grand Rapids.

Hiram Taylor and wife, of Clio, Mich., visited at H. C. Wales the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Marr, of Caro, visited their son, E. F. Marr, of this place the fore part of the week.

A. A. McKenzie is buying potatoes at Deford this week. He expects to ship a few carloads from that point.

Vote "early and often" next Tuesday for the best candidates for county offices regardless of Party's ties and prejudices.

The weather was very unfavorable for the Republican meeting Monday night, and as a consequence the attendance was small.

Mrs. Fournier and family of Sanilac county, have moved to town and occupy the residence of John Hutton, on Houghton St.

A. Maxfield, of Highland, Oakland County, has purchased the Scripture farm three miles north of Cass City, and will take possession in the spring.

If you are not positive that your name is already registered on the polling list of your township, see that it is placed there tomorrow, (Saturday, Nov. 5.) This is his last chance.

The man who will vote for a candidate whom he knows to be incompetent and unfaithful, simply because he is on his party ticket, belittles one of the highest privileges of American citizenship.

S. A. Patridge a People's Party speaker, talked to a small audience at the Town Hall last Friday night. The inclemency of the weather was no doubt the cause of the extremely small turnout.

The suit brought by Wm. Lafa against Jas. Folconer, to recover the possession of five tons of hay and two head of cattle, was tried in Judge Wales' court on Monday, and resulted in a verdict in favor of the defendant. Griff Covey, of Unionville, appeared for the plaintiff, and J. D. Brooker, of this place, for the defendant.

Bad Axe Tribune: "Mrs. Sohn Leonard, was presented with a very fine picture, the one of the three ladies, which is said to be from life, which was shown in Donaldson and Kewley's show window and which attracted so much attention. It was presented to her by the boarders and members of the family in honor of her 39th birthday. Mr. H. S. Scatcherd made the presentation."

Half sheet posters were printed at the ENTERPRISE office the fore part of the week, announcing a mammoth auction sale of stock, grain, implements, etc., at the farm of R. J. Beach, one half mile east of Gagetown, on Thursday, Nov. 10, at ten o'clock a. m., sharp. Included in the large amount of property to be sold are one 160 sheep. A free lunch will be served. A. A. McKenzie will officiate as auctioneer.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.—The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in the postoffice at Cass City, Mich., for the week ending November, 5th '92.

Father of the late Harold Beckwith, The Millionaire Beckwith, Mrs. Amanda Harrison, Walter McCool, Carrie McIntyre, Henry Price, Norman A. Smith. Persons calling for above will please say "advertised."

A. W. SEED, P. M.

Following are the real estate transfers for Elkland township: Wm. Muntz and wife to Wm. Sommerville, n. e. of n. e. Sec. 16, \$1,250; George A. Stevenson and wife to Frank Ellis, part of lot 4, blk. 2, Cass City, \$260; Robert Wallace and wife to James Wallace, s. e. of s. w., Sec. 14, \$1,000; Sally Briggs to Catherine Fisher, lots 5 and 6 blk. 4, Cass City \$900; C. H. Phyle et al to O. E. Clark and wife, n. 1/2 of lots 7 and 8, blk. 2, Seed's add's Cass City.

The secret service division has discovered a counterfeit of the new issue of the \$2 silver certificate, series of 1889 check letter B 2235: W. S. Rosecrans, register, and James W. Hyatt, treasurer. The most marked difference between this note and the genuine, and a difference which will result in the detection of the counterfeit at a glance, is that the upper loop of the "J" in James in the signature James W. Hyatt points directly between the D. C. after Washington in the genuine, while in the counterfeit it is about one-eighth of an inch to the left, or immediately under the letter D.

Very Much Surprised. I have been afflicted with neuralgia for nearly two years, have tried physicians and all known remedies, but found no permanent relief until I tried a bottle of Dullman's Great German Liniment and it gave me instant and permanent relief. 25 cents per bottle. Signed A. B. Snell. For sale at Fritz's drugstore.

WHILE U R HAIRRAHING

For your favorite candidate

REMEMBER

That we are still headquarters for everything in the line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Tobaccos, Candies, Etc.

WE WANT

your Butter and Eggs and will pay the highest market price.

JOHN SCHWADERER.

WHY IS IT?

Why are we capturing the crowds?
Why are we having such marvelous trade?

LISTEN:
We have the largest and hand-somest store.

We carry the largest stock.

Our prices are always the lowest.

We always have something in the line of bargains to offer you.

FAIR WEATHER BROS.

A Prize Picture Puzzle

EXPLANATION.—The following picture contains four faces, a man and his three daughters. Any one can find the man's face, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces of the three young ladies. The picture was published in a few newspapers some time ago, and attracted considerable attention. Our standard remedies. We now offer a **LOW** prize competition in connection with it. As the sale of our medicines into new homes, those who entered the former competition are requested to compete in this one. As to the reliability of "The Ford Pill Co.," and the estimation in which our medicines are held in Toronto, Canada, where they are best known, patrons are referred to the local newspapers, wholesale druggists and leading business houses generally of Toronto.

The proprietors of "The Ford Pill Co." will give an elegant pair of Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness, valued at \$500, (delivered free in any part of the United States), to the first person who can make out the three daughters' faces. To the second will be given an elegant Lady's Gold Watch, set in sapphires and diamonds. To the third will be given a pair of Ladies' Diamond Earrings. To the fourth will be given a handsome China Dinner Service. To the fifth will be given a Kodak Camera. To the sixth, a Swiss Music Box. To the seventh, a French Mantel Clock. To the eighth, an elegant Banquet Table. To the ninth, a pair of Crown Derby Vases. To the tenth, a complete Lawn Tennis Set, and many other prizes in order of merit. Every competitor must cut out the above "Puzzle Picture," distinguish the three girls' faces by marking a cross with a lead pencil on each, and enclose same with 15 U. S. two-cent stamps for one of the following "Prize Remedies": "Ford's Prize Pills," "Ford's Prize Remedy," or "Ford's Prize French Cure." Select any one of the above remedies you desire. Address "The Ford Pill Co.," Cor. Wellington & Bay Sts., Toronto, Canada. The person whose envelope is postmarked first will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. As this advertisement appears simultaneously throughout the United States, every one has an equal opportunity. To the person sending the last correct answer will be given an elegant Upright Concert Grand Piano, valued at \$600.00. To the first person from the last sending a correct answer will be given a gentleman's fine Gold "Sandos" Watch, which strikes the hours and quarter hours on small cathedral gong at pleasure, and valued at \$300.00. To the second from the last, a complete set of first-class English Sledges. To the fourth from the last, a suite of Parlor Furniture. To the fifth from the last, a handsome Silver Tea Service. To the sixth from the last, an elegant Piano Lamp. To the seventh from the last, a handsome pair of Portfolios. To the eighth from the last, a genuine English leather travelling Trunk. To the ninth from the last, two pieces of genuine French Statuary, and many other prizes in order of merit.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR EACH STATE.

A special prize of a Silk Dress Pattern (sixteen yards, any color), or a first-class Sewing Machine (any make desired) will be given to the first person in each State in the U. S. who can make out the three daughters' faces. We shall give away 200 valuable prizes, and special prizes, (if there should be so many sending correct answers). No charge is made for boxing or mailing prizes. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. Extra premiums will be given to only those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicines. Nothing is charged for the prizes in any way. They are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise "Ford's Prize Remedies," which are standard medicines, and will be used in every family for years where they have been once introduced. All prizes will be awarded strictly in order of merit, and with perfect satisfaction to the public. The remedies will be sent by mail, postpaid, and prizes free of duty.

A WATCH FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER.

An extra premium of a genuine "Fearless" Watch, (stem winder), will be awarded to every person who sends a correct answer within 30 days after this advertisement appears, in case they should not be fortunate enough to secure one of the larger prizes. That is, if any one can find the three faces and enclose them within 30 days from the time this advertisement appears in the newspaper, they are guaranteed either one of the leading prizes, or an extra premium of a watch on conditions stated. Answer may be noticed that does not contain 20 cents for one of Ford's Prize Remedies. Address THE FORD PILL CO., "37," Cor. Wellington & Bay Sts., Toronto, Canada.

Societies.

I. O. F. COURT ELKLAND, No. 826, meets the second and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m., local time. Visiting brethren in vicinity are invited to attend.
M. H. EASTMAN, C. R.

I. O. O. F. CASS CITY LODGE, No. 208, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
G. A. STEVENSON, Secretary.

I. O. T. M. Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.
Wm. BENTLEY, COMMANDER.
Jas. HIGGINS, RECORD KEEPER.

Tyler Lodge. Regular communications of TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., for 1892: Jan. 9, Feb. 6, Mar. 12, Apr. 9, May 7, June 4, June 24, (St. John); July 9, Aug. 6, Sept. 3, Oct. 1, Oct. 29, Dec. 3, (Election of Officers); Dec. 27, (St. John).

Edmund Brotherhood: W. M. A. H. ALE, Secretary.

First Methodist Episcopal Church. REV. S. M. GILCHRISTE, Pastor. SERVICES.—Public service, 10:30 a. m. Class meeting, 11:50 a. m. Sabbath school, 12:30 p. m. Young people's meeting, 5:45 p. m. Public service, 7:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:00 p. m. All cordially invited.

ELBERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR and WILD CHERRY for Coughs and Colds. Sold by A. W. Seed.

MEN'S SUITS!

Our Great Special Sale of Men's

Suits, Pants and Gents Fur-

nishing Goods.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

\$16 SUITS, \$15 SUITS, \$12 SUITS,

Sacks, Cutaways, and Frocks.

\$9.75

\$4.50 \$7.50 \$6.00 \$5.50

SACKS AND Cutaways

McDOUGALL & COMPANY

McDOUGALL & COMPANY

McDOUGALL & COMPANY

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