

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIII. NO. 9.

CASS CITY, MICH., FEB. 9, 1894.

BY WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

THE
EXCHANGE BANK,
Cass City, Mich.

Responsibility, \$40,000.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

E. H. PINNEY, Proprietor.
H. L. PINNEY, Cashier.



CLEARING SALE

—IN—



CLOTHING.

Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings.

1/2 OFF

Sale. All Suits and Overcoats are marked in plain figures, and we will cut the price one-half.

Underwear, Gloves, Hats and Caps come in for a big cut.

Come early and get your choice as the sale will last but a short time.

McDougall & Co.

Fresh, Juicy Steaks.

—AT—

Central Meat Market,
J. H. WINEGAR, Prop.



Meats of all kinds nicely served.

CASS CITY BANK.

Established 12 years.
Responsibility, \$35,000.00.

Bargains in Real Estate.

40 ACRES, 1/2 mile south of corporation line, has been sold for \$800. Will take \$650. \$100 cash.

HOUSE and lot in Cass City, well located. Cost \$1,000 to build. Will sell for \$550 if sold within 30 days. \$200 cash. Rents for \$8 per month.

44 FEET corner West and Main Streets—two principal streets in town. Fine chance for agricultural implement business. Will sell at bargain. \$100 cash.

TWO fine residence lots, sold for \$200. My price \$125. Cash, \$50.

40 ACRES, 1/2 mile from Deford. Worth \$400. My price, \$325—\$50 cash.

C. W. McPhail, Proprietor.
W. S. Richardson, Cashier.

PERFUMES.

Toilet Soap,

Tooth Brushes,

Hair Brushes,

COMBS,

TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

T. H. Fritz, - Pharmacist.

Obituary Poetry.

BY JOSEPH BERT SMILEY, GALESBURG ENTERPRISE.

Sometimes when a man has finished his beloved son, here,
When his spirit, sore and weary,
Has departed from this sphere,
Sometimes when a man has died this wicked vale of strife and sin,
Someone writes a little poem,
O'er his cold and lifeless clay,
Who will write an ode to him.

When he's gone to joys immortal,
When his soul from earth has fled,
When a man is stiff and helpless,
When he's silent, and is dead,
Someone writes a little poem,
O'er his cold and lifeless clay,
Which, if he had still been living,
Would have killed him, anyway!

Caught On The Fly.

Mrs. R. E. Gamble is visiting relatives in Caro.

A. H. Aie, of Elkton, was in town Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Wilson, of Caro, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. H. Pinney.

To cure dull times apply printers' ink continually to the afflicted part.

A snow this morning which, if followed by a freeze-up, will make sleighing.

James Dillman has sold his fine span of heavy draught colts to a Bay City drayman. Consideration, \$300.

Ice houses are being filled, but with not a too good quality of ice. The ice crop was greatly damaged by a severe absence of zero weather.

Miss Irene Pinney is visiting Miss Annie McKenzie, at Sanilac Center, this week. Miss Pinney will reproduce "Fanchon the Cricket" at that place under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. James, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brooker, and Dr. and Mrs. J. H. McLean visited at W. Weydemeyer's, at Wickware, on Monday evening. We have not heard of any hen roosts being robbed along the way.

Adam Muck is now doing blacksmithing in his new shop. The building is supplied with an iron roof, and it is Mr. Muck's intention to either veneer with brick or sheet the sides with iron in the spring. Altogether the new shop is a neat and convenient one, and it has risen like a mushroom.

Don Wales was at Caro Monday for D. Freeman.

Hiram Daugherty, of Marlette, was a caller in town on Tuesday.

Thos Sheridan, of Elkton, was in the city Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Minnie Hern entertained her friend, R. H. Williams, of Saginaw, last week.

J. P. Howe is enjoying a visit at his former home at Clarkston, Oakland county.

Wm. Fairweather shipped a carload of live stock to East Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gougherty have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Sheridan this week.

We now have a live correspondent at Elkton. If you want all the neighborhood news, subscribe!

Peter Lamont, of St. Thomas, Ont., is here at present visiting friends and looking after his business interests.

Misses Bell McKenzie and Eva Wickware were the guests of Miss Mamie Keiff, of Caro, Saturday and Sunday.

E. Rushbrook is preparing to build a residence in the spring on his lot at the corner of Sherman and Third Streets.

Vassar business men "close up shop" each evening at 8 o'clock, and are now getting quite well acquainted with their wives.

Mrs. D. McLachlan, of Glenheim, Ont., and Mrs. Henry Clarke, of Grand Rapids, are at present guests of their sister, Mrs. C. Hanson.

The "Happy Club" to the extent of two sleigh loads spent a very pleasant evening at the residence of Hugh Cooper last Friday evening.

We are requested to announce that the next regular meeting of Semper Chapter, O. E. S., will be held on Wednesday evening of next week.

Attorneys Frank Pales, of Bay City, and W. J. Gamble, of Caro, were doing business before Circuit Court Commissioner Brooker on Monday.

A sleigh load of young people surprised Miss Vina McArthur at her home two miles west of town, Friday evening last. They report having a very enjoyable time.

Postmaster Seed was heard to mournfully hum the following lines the other day at about 4 o'clock p. m.:

Children coming home from school,
Rush in at the postoffice door;
They love to ask, "Is there any mail?"
And then, "Is there any more?"

We understand that J. W. Gordon is thinking seriously of erecting a house on his farm one mile west of town. We don't believe, however, that "John" is thinking very seriously of engaging in farming himself, but will build that he may find a tenant for the place. He is the state agent for the Deering Binder Company.

James Kelly, one of the three young men living northwest of Gageton, for the arrest of whom on the charge of assault and battery the Toohy brothers have sworn out warrants, was arrested and taken to Caro by Deputy Sheriff Striffler on Saturday last. It is thought that the other boys are working in the lumber woods in Northern Michigan.

An item is going the rounds of the papers warning farmers against buying or using samples of seed wheat from Russia and Austria, it having been discovered that this wheat is full of weevil, which will produce a similar bug by millions wherever planted. Farmers everywhere are requested to burn all such wheat at once and not plant it under any circumstances.

We are pleased to announce that, after several weeks of agitation, the organization of a fire company in Cass City is about completed. An enthusiastic meeting was held last Saturday evening, at which time the citizens present decided to re-organize the old fire company in order to avail themselves of some forty-four dollars in the treasurer's hands belonging to that defunct organization. The meeting was adjourned until Monday evening to give a committee, appointed to look up the by-laws, books, etc., of the old company, time to report. On Monday evening the following officers were elected: President, W. I. Frost; vice-president, J. P. Howe; secretary, Henry Stewart; treasurer, E. H. Pinney; chief, H. S. Wickware. Another meeting is called for next Monday evening, when the "privates" will be assigned to the hook and ladder truck, hose cart and engine, respectively, and captains for each chosen. The citizens of Cass City (with some exceptions) have at last awakened from their lethargy in this respect, and all may feel more secure, hereafter, in case of fire, as the flames, instead of being "encouraged" by a mob, will have to battle with an organized body of men.

Deputy Sheriff Striffler attended to official duties at Owendale on Monday.

C. W. McPhail offers a number of real estate bargains in a new ad. this week.

Geo. Powell has moved on an 80 acre farm which he recently purchased near Argyle.

Keep on the good side of the small boy; he may have a snow-ball in his pocket.

N. F. McClinton and Chas. Seed visited friends in Caro on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McDougall were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Howell, of Caro, on Sunday.

Sam'l Striffler, one of Argyle's live merchants, was a pleasant caller the fore part of the week.

A. C. Graham formerly a merchant at Freiburgers, but who is now filling a good position in the Custom House at Pt. Huron, visited with his brother-in-law, E. F. Marr, on Monday.

Rev. Fraser, of Caro, G. H. Moore of Vassar, and P. R. Weydemeyer, of Cass City, represented their lodges at the county Oddfellow's meeting here last Friday.—[Layville Monitor.]

Merchant Stevenson proposes to do his part towards making the hard times easier, and in a large, new ad, on fourth page announces liberal reductions for a limited time. Don't fail to peruse the ad. carefully.

Geo. Hoagland's residence, which was recently partially destroyed by fire, is being rebuilt. The building was insured in the California State Investment Co., which is represented by E. B. Landon, of this place, and Mr. Hoagland cannot speak too highly of the company for their prompt adjustment of his loss.

Spring poetry is quoted steady in the newspaper market at 5 cents a yard. The hard times are not expected to in anywise limit the usual output the coming spring, as lambs will skip and play, leaves will take on their greenish hue, brooklets will babble as loud as ever and flowers will bloom, all reports to the contrary and Grover Cleveland notwithstanding.

Ex-Treasurer John M. West left Caro last Monday for Duluth, near where he is engaged with a mining company, but to a friend he stated before leaving that he would be glad to make good the amount, but had nothing to do so with, so that this practically leaves the matter between the county and his bondsmen. A special session of the county board has been called to consider the matter.—[Detroit Journal.]

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist Church will be held at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Spurgeon, on Wednesday next, Feb. 14, at 3 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend. Tea will be served from 5 to 8.

Last Sunday evening a series of revival meetings were commenced in the M. E. Church by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Gilchrist, and will be continued each evening (Saturday evening excepted) for some time. Thus far the attendance has been good and the interest manifested exceptionally encouraging. Results are eagerly anticipated.

Elder Wilson, of Bay City, under the auspices of the Church of Christ, preached last Lord's Day at 3 o'clock in the Baptist Church. He presented a most logical and convincing discussion on "The Kingdom of God." Not only did he set forth the King, the code of laws and the subjects in clearness and simplicity, but his presentation was so vivid as to hold his hearers spellbound for one hour and a half. "Come again, Bro. Wilson," is the voice of all who heard him.—[Com.]

Happenings On The Hill.

Contributed by Pupils.

"To climb steep hills requires slow space at first."

Miss Lillie Schenek visited the schools Thursday.

"The bookkeeping class are beginning to think themselves quite bookkeepers.

The actors of the play, "Under The Laurel," are laboring hard with their parts.

The botany class is detecting the difference in the kinds and shapes of leaves.

Mrs. Hanson and two sisters that are visiting her were callers at the schools Monday.

A number of the scholars in the Primary room are unable to attend school on account of sickness.

The members of the chemistry class are laboring with some difficult experiments. They are very successful with them.

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The directors of the Tuscola, Huron & Sanilac Fair Association, at a meeting held the first week in January, fixed the dates for their next fair as September 25 to 28. We notice that at a meeting of the directors of the Caro Fair Association, held three weeks later, the same dates were decided upon for their fair. The officers of our Fair Association have always worked in harmony with the other fair associations in this county and there has heretofore been no conflicting of dates. As the dates for the Cass City fair were decided upon first, and duly announced, it would seem that our neighbors have shown a little discourtesy. However, we have but little doubt but what the matter will be amicably arranged.

Our Churches.

Pastors and others are invited to contribute.

"We go our ways in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side."

Special services are in progress at the Grant M. E. Church, under direction of pastor and others.

Baptist services will be held in the Baptist Church next Sunday evening after the regular service.

The M. E. Sunday school teachers' meetings will be held Saturday evenings during the special services.

Epworth League topic for Sunday evening: "Samuel: A Mother's Gift to God." Leader, Miss Fosta Brown.

A tea will be given at Bethel M. E. Church on Friday evening. Proceeds to apply on the large heater put in last week.

It is expected that Rev. Gerrit Huyser, of the Presbyterian Church, will deliver a sermon Sunday evening of especial interest to the young people.

M. E. Church services, Popple and Grant Circuit, Sunday, Feb. 11: Preaching by Rev. J. T. Gurney.—Wakesfield, 10:30 a.m.; Popple, 2 p.m.; Grant, 7 p.m.; subject, "Duty." Epworth League at Grant, 2 p.m.

E. Rushbrook's subjects for Sunday Feb. 11, will be: At 3 p. m. "The Two Resurrections, and The Great White Throne Judgment and Who Will Be There." At 7:30, "Will Israel be Literally Restored to Palestine."

Young people's prayer meeting, Baptist Church, at 6 o'clock Sunday evening. Subject, "Christian Watchfulness." Matt. xxv. 13. Leader, Miss E. Spurgeon. All are invited. Bring your Bibles and Gospel Hymns.

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Attacked by a Boar.

While assisting a younger brother to drive a boar into the sty on Tuesday, J. A. Waldon, son of John Waldon, living six miles east of town, was suddenly attacked by the brute. In endeavoring to get out of the animal's reach, Mr. Waldon fell backwards over a small log in the yard, and while in this position the boar buried its tusks into his right thigh, making a gash about six inches long and tearing the muscles badly. Had not Mr. Waldon's little brother bravely come to his assistance with a club, he would have fared still worse.

Dr. Edwards, who was called, pronounced the wound quite painful but not necessarily serious.

Mr. Waldon, as will be remembered by many in this vicinity, had the misfortune to have both his feet so badly frozen in a Montana blizzard a number of years ago that amputation of both members was necessary. He is supplied with artificial feet, but was more helpless in his "tussle" with the mad boar than he would otherwise have been.

Mr. Waldon is about 25 years of age, a printer by trade, and has been stopping at home for several months past. His many friends are pained to learn of his misfortune, but hope for a speedy recovery.

ELIWOOD.

Our sick have about all recovered.

Mr. Whitsell lost a fine cow last week.

The revival meetings at the Sutton Church are being quite well attended.

A load of young people attended the meeting held in the city one night last week.

P. and B. Stone have finished hauling the wood for the school and a very nice lot it is.

Frank Hayes is not able to move very fast on his lame ankle as yet, but it is getting along nicely.

The Ladies' Aid met at Mrs. Woolman's on Thursday last and elected the same officers for the ensuing year.

About 20 of the neighbors gathered at N. Lacone's on Monday and did good execution on the wood pile with saws and axes.

H. Dodge is getting out logs for lumber and shingles. We understand the mill is to be moved on his premises in the spring to do the sawing.

The spelling match came off Saturday night at the school house between the Elkland society and Cedar Run society, resulting in a victory for the Cedar Run society, Arthur Rogers being the best speller in both societies. The visiting society will have to change the poetry that was composed on their victory over the Bingham School to fit their defeat this time. Quite a little dissatisfaction was expressed that night, but aside from that everything passed off quite pleasantly.

The following piece of poetry was written by H. Dodge just before the match:

BEFORE THE CONTEST.

The challenge is out, the night is set,
That soon our doom will seal,
And even a dog would pity us,
If he knew how scared we feel.
Dance Fortune, may your kindly face,
Turn toward this trembling band—
Be with us in this hour of need,
Oh! help us, give us aid,
The power that guides the stars at night
And the orb of day at noon,
Be with us, help us if you can,
—Don't let us drop too soon.
It is not so much the getting beat
That adds to all our woes,
But, don't you see if we get beat
The other side will crow?
And if any power will give us aid
So help us Saturday night,
Well brace right up and toe the mark,
And spelt them "out of sight."

Fire at Deford.

On Tuesday evening the dwelling house of E. W. Clark, general merchant at Deford, occupied by Frederick Sleeper, caught fire from the chimney and was totally consumed. Mr. Sleeper saved only a few of his household effects. Merchant Clark also lost a quantity of his household goods, which he had not yet moved out, having occupied the house but a short time before. The building was formerly used as a store and was the first one built in Deford, being erected in 1882 by Hiram Daugherty and Arthur Bruce. As there was no insurance on the property, the loss to Mr. Clark will be quite a severe one.

Morris Kirby, formerly instructor of our cornet band, has been engaged as instructor of the band at Caro. He is also working at the barbering business. We understand that Morris has passed through a railroad smash-up in Indiana since leaving this place and received quite serious injuries; also that he will soon commence suit against the company to recover damages. It takes more than a common, everyday railroad smash-up, or even a trip to Pinnebog, to kill a genuine bandman. Eh? Morris.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Big Fire at Pt. Sanilac.—Thief Caught at Bad Axe.—Brown City Postmaster Missing.—Other Notes.

An effort is being made to organize a Y. M. C. A. in Caro.

Bad Axe is to have a cigar factory. A Detroit gentleman is the projector.

Lapeer had a blaze Saturday night. Two stores and a residence went up in smoke.

Editor Hubble, of the Marlette Leader, is building a new brick building for his newspaper office.

The Brown City Banner reports ex-Postmaster Mackellin, of that place, as having skipped out, leaving a shortage of \$555 in his accounts with Uncle Sam.

John R. Graham, a general merchant of Applegate, made an assignment last Tuesday for the benefit of creditors. U. S. Galbraith, of Amadore, was made assignee. Liabilities amount to \$3,000, with assets nominally the same.

While cutting blocks at the stove mill last Friday, Steve Randall, a lad sixteen years of age, had the misfortune to cut three of the fingers from his right hand and the fourth was so badly injured that he will never be able to use it. Dr. Graves dressed the injured member.—[Caro Democrat.]

The clothing store of C. M. Oldfield & Co., of Port Sanilac, was burned with the entire contents Monday night. The loss is about \$5,500, with \$2,500 insurance. The records of the township treasurer and village clerk, together with the young men's library, were also destroyed. The building was owned by Allan Sheldon & Co., of Detroit. The total loss is about \$7,000. This is the second time the clothing store of Mr. Oldfield has been destroyed by fire within two years. Cause of the fire unknown.

When Sheriff Buchanan was in Ionia last week he met and visited with the three Huron county boys who are doing time there. Peter Carrievau is running one of the engines, having become a competent engineer while there a trade that will be of some value when he is released next June. Charles Heath says it a blessing that he was sent there as it put an effectual check on his downward career. He has thoroughly reformed, has been converted and is teaching one of the Sunday school classes in the House. Both these men have gained good time. Walter Richards is surly and at times is hard to get along with, the keepers often finding it necessary to lock him in a dungeon and put him on a diet of bread and water in order to subdue him.—[Bad Axe Democrat.]

A firm struck, town Monday styled The Chicago Bankrupt Clothing Co. and renting the wooden building next to the Exchange Hotel, flattered their red banner in the air, and announced that they were ready for business. "Six entire stocks must be sold by order of the courts and the money turned over to the creditors" was the way the advertisement read. The scheme is very old; in fact it is old enough to grow a full beard, and the people of this vicinity were aware of the fact. There were no ordinances to prevent their catching a few suckers, so the town people proceeded to do them up. The dray-men charged them double toll; The Democrat would not insert their advertisement at any price; they paid big rent and in fact things were doubled all around. So far, but few have even priced the goods offered for sale and the company will depart at the close of the week, firmly believing that the people of this vicinity have a good stock of common sense.—[Caro Democrat.]

On two occasions past the office safes of the Morrow House and Irwin House at Bad Axe has been relieved of a liberal amount of cash, but until this week, no arrests have been made. Now it transpires that Conrad Dahmer, a prominent clerk of that place and a boarder at the Morrow House, is the one who has been doing the stealing. A dispatch from Bad Axe to Tuesday's Evening News says: The arrest of Conrad Dahmer, charged with robbing the safe at the Hotel Morrow on the night of the 2nd, has shocked the community. Dahmer has been a boarder at the Morrow for about two years, and a trusted clerk in Mark R. Azek's big store. He is said to be of an influential family in New Hamburg, Ont., and has some highly respected relatives in this county. Suspicion attached to Dahmer through a statement of a dining room girl at the Irwin House, who noticed his peculiar actions at the time of a like robbery of the safe of that house on the 27th of last December. A portion of the money was found wrapped in a cloth used a wiper of his bicycle. Dahmer made a clean confession and returned about \$87.

SHARK'S BIG HARVEST.

A SUPREME COURT TAX TITLE DECISION

Working Much Hardship to Property Owners.—Lake County Man's Brutal Treatment of a Young Girl.—State News.

The decision handed down in the supreme court in the case of Cole vs. Shelp, in which it was held that lands sold for delinquent taxes under the law of 1899 or 1891, which gives the owner of the property a day in court, is proving a bonanza to the state however much of a hardship it may be for property owners who have allowed their real estate to be sold for delinquent taxes since 1887. The decision holds that when a property owner fails to pay his taxes and subsequently fails to take advantage of his day in court the land must be sold, and the tax title becomes an absolute debt to the property, the holder thereof being authorized to institute ejectment proceedings if necessary to secure possession.

Heretofore it has been supposed that a tax title could be defeated in the courts at a small expense, but this decision disposes of that theory. As a result of the court's ruling property owners whose real estate is delinquent for taxes assessed since 1887 are rushing in from all sections of the state and paying up in order to save their possessions, while tax sharks are equally as active in their endeavors to purchase valuable property at a nominal figure. It is stated property worth thousands of dollars has been purchased for a mere song, and that ejectment proceedings in these cases will soon be commenced against the original owners. One case is instanced where an Alpeña man paid less than \$15 for a tax title on valuable northern timbered lands and within five days sold his title for \$2,200.

Leasing furnishes another instance which illustrates the workings of the decision clearly. W. L. Rice, a merchant, occupies property worth about \$50,000, which came into his possession through a deed from George W. Rice. Taxes for 1887-89 had been returned delinquent. Rice failed to take advantage of his "day in court," and subsequently W. G. Wiley paid the taxes and claimed possession of the property on the ground that the deed title deed. Rice refused the demand, but the circuit court has decided that Wiley is the owner. Another point which here arises is whether the tax title cuts off a mortgage on the property, there being one held by Detroit people for a good sum. Wiley claims that they do, it being incumbent on the mortgagee as well as the owner of the fee to see that the taxes are paid. It is not unlikely that this phase of the matter will find its way to the supreme court for final adjudication.

Ruined by Her Supposed Benefactor.

Austin Reed was lodged in jail at Baldwin charged with a heinous crime. Reed's wife deserted him several years ago, and his sister died with him and remained until she died some three years since. During that time Reed took a little girl, a county charge, from the superintendent of the poor to raise. Her name was Jennie Vargason, and she is now 14 years of age. She has been living in Reed's habitation, a one-story, one-roofed cabin on the banks of a lonely lake, far from neighbors, sunless, and has grown up so far uncultured and uncivilized, save, if rumors be right, in evil. Recently the girl's father, hearing that she was poorly treated, asked for an investigation. Superintendent of the Poor Randall went out to Reed's farm, nine miles from Baldwin, and finding the girl poorly clad took her back to the poor farm near Chase, where she was examined by two physicians, who discovered that she had been made the object of some person or persons of carnal desires to such an extent as to produce diseased conditions. The girl, on being questioned, accused Reed and his son of being the guilty parties, and said the crime had been going on right along for at least a year and a half, and up to the very day before she was brought away.

A warrant was issued and Reed was lodged in jail. Reed is past middle age, sober and industrious, and has borne a good reputation. He has held various township offices, and is at present a member of the county board of supervisors.

Ruined His Friend's Home.

W. W. Putney, of Kent City, found A. H. Whitney, a prominent merchant, in the company of his wife when he returned home unexpectedly. Putney struck his wife on the head with a poker and chased Whitney, who escaped by jumping upon a passing train. The affair created great excitement as all are prominent property holders.

LATER.—A. H. Whitney, of Kent City, was arrested at Grand Rapids on a capias for \$20,000, sworn out by W. W. Putney. The suit is based on the criminal relations of Whitney with Putney's wife and alienating her affections.

Michigan contains 58,915 square miles, nearly 3,000,000 population, 83 incorporated cities, 70 incorporated towns and 7,410 miles of railroad. There are in the state 143,813 farms, with crops worth \$184 each per annum. The total value of crops in 1891 was \$69,097,370. Crops were worth \$8.35 per acre.

The accounts in the treasurer's office of Tuscola county were found in a serious mess when the present incumbent took charge, and a committee appointed by the supervisors to investigate discovered that John M. West, the former treasurer, was \$1,135.35 short and his bondsmen will be called upon to settle.

McKnight's market, Master's store and the land office at Grayling were destroyed by fire. Loss \$5,000. The register saved the land office books.

Francis Lillier's sash and door factory burned at Grand Rapids. Loss \$10,000, insured for \$5,000. Twenty-five men are thrown out of employment.

St. Joseph citizens held a special election to decide for or against bonding the city for \$50,000, to be used in paving their streets and putting their walks and viaducts in first class repair. The election resulted in 14 against and 739 for the bonds.

THROUGHOUT MICHIGAN.

Mason business places close at 7 o'clock evenings, on account of 73,500 services.

Charles Webster, a deaf mute, aged 46, was killed near Wolverine by a Michigan Central train.

The Florence mine, at Iron Mountain, has shut down, throwing out of employment 50 men.

Dr. J. W. Robinson has been arrested at Cedar Springs on a charge of practicing medicine without a diploma.

The steamer L. S. Payne sank in ten feet of water in the harbor at St. Joseph. The ice cut a hole in her hull.

Edwin Quinn's house, near Caro, burned, and the family barely escaped with their lives, and walked barefooted half a mile to a neighbor's house.

Fire at Ithaca destroyed four frame shops and dwellings worth about \$2,500, but the loss was covered by insurance.

Frank Booth, a farmer near Imlay City lost a large barn, farm implements and 70 sheep by fire. The loss is \$2,500 insured for \$1,500.

A number of cattle have died in the vicinity of Salem from some unknown disease, which baffles the skill of the local veterinary surgeons.

The little village of Martin, in Allegan county, has over forty cases of measles, while chickenpox is afflicting the remainder of the population.

Michael McManan, of Bay Mills, was whipped by his captors and ordered out of town because he habitually beat his wife and aged father. He left.

A week old baby was left on the Johnson house steps at Imlay City, and when found and taken in one of its feet and one hand were partially frozen.

Patrick Higgins has been discharged in the case of the killing of Eugene Finch, of Alma, and arrested on a charge of violating the local option law.

John, the six-year-old son of Christian Lutz, an employe of the Michigan Furniture company, died at Ann Arbor from the effects of being scalded with hot coffee.

Jerome Munson, aged 62, of New Lothrop, was killed by a falling tree which was blown over upon him. He leaves a large family in destitute circumstances.

The dry goods store of A. B. Parks, of Adrian, was damaged by fire, smoke and water to the extent of \$10,000, fully insured. The fire started from leaking gas.

A bank will be started at Marlette by A. E. Sleeper and A. W. Merrill, of Lexington. It will be known as the Commercial bank of Marlette, with a capital of \$100,000.

At the Farmers' Institute at Coldwater, ex-Governor Luce had a resolution adopted asking the legislature to appropriate \$3,000 a year to aid farmers' institutes throughout the state.

Frank Squires, a well-known farmer who lived twelve miles north of Battle Creek, cut his throat with a razor because of domestic troubles. He was forty-five years old and had a divorced wife.

George Dell was attacked by a lynx near Summit City. He fought the animal desperately with an ax, but the battle might have ended in Dell's death had not a wood-chopper rushed to his rescue.

It is believed that a compromise will be arranged between the State and the Central Agricultural associations whereby the former will be allowed to hold its fair in Detroit without forfeiting its claim on the grounds in Lansing.

Four Benton Harbor women pounced upon Albert Livingston, ex-convict broommaker, and gave him a terrible horsewhipping for taking improper liberties with little girls. The scoundrel has skipped the town.

Adrian is much alarmed over the rapid spread of diphtheria. Five deaths occurred within a few days, and the whole neighborhood has been exposed. All measures possible are being taken to stop the epidemic.

Owing to the lack of funds, the faculty of Alma college is being reduced. The last professor to go is Prof. Butler, who has spread over the vast field of philosophy, economics, sociology, literature, rhetoric and elocution.

Rev. George Koehler, of Kalamazoo, has been holding revival meetings at Vicksburg, and hasn't been afraid to roast the rowdy element. He has received a whipsaw letter of a very threatening nature, but he'll go right on with the work.

Theodore Ratke, Jr., of Royal Oak, was arrested charged with incest with his mother, his father being complainant. The boy is 19 years old. Another child, a girl 11 years old, is sick with the measles. As soon as she is better a mother will be arrested.

The Berrien county supervisors held a special meeting at St. Joseph, accepting the offer and approving the site offered. The estimated cost for the county building was \$70,000. This is preliminary step to moving the county seat from Berrien Springs.

A movement is on foot among the Calhoun county supervisors to remove the county seat from Marshall to Battle Creek. The activity of tramp-catchers at Marshall is the chief cause. Battle Creek people will raise money for a site and building to facilitate the change.

Mrs. Chas. Raymond, of Benton Harbor, accuses Mrs. Campbell, an old-time friend of stealing her pocket-book and all her wealth. Mrs. Raymond says Campbell kept the cash—\$30—and threw the purse and a \$50 note into the fire. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were arrested.

The result of the recent revival at Bay City was shown when the evangelists churches took in hundreds of new members. The First Presbyterian church alone increased its membership to 160, and other churches correspondingly. Of the 1,900 persons converted during the revival nearly one-half have already united with churches.

A joint meeting of the aldermen of Bay City and West Bay City was held to consider the proposition of running an intake pipe to Saginaw Bay to provide both towns with pure water. The work will cost \$500,000. Neither city can undertake it now, but something must be done soon.

HAWAIIAN'S CELEBRATE

The Anniversary of the Overthrow of the Monarchy.—Willis Wouldn't Take Part.

News received from Honolulu by the brig W. G. Irwin, tells of the celebration of "Abrogation Day,"—the first anniversary of the abrogation of the Hawaiian monarchy. Among the chief exercises were a parade of military forces, a reception in the council room (formerly the throne room), and a mass meeting in the evening on Palace square, which has just been named "Union Square" by the Annexation club. United States Minister Willis declined for himself and the admiral and United States naval officers President Dole's invitation to the reception.

He closed his note by expressing the hope that more satisfactory relations may soon be obtained between the two governments.

The American league is rapidly growing, and is coming to the front as the chief political organization in support of the provisional government and the cause of annexation. It is developing a strong opposition to what its members regard as an endeavor of the planter-capitalists to control the government to their own interests, in opposition to those of the working classes of whites. A strong resolution was passed opposing the further importation of Chinese laborers. The league desires to see Hawaii become a white man's country, and not mainly given up to the great estates of capitalists manned by Asiatic laborers. To this end they prefer to see a portion of the profits of the planters sacrificed, and some of the sugar estates given up to society, long live Hawaii!

It is becoming evident that party lines are going to run mainly upon these issues for the future. The planting interest is certain to make a strong fight for itself. Planters as a class, however, are unlikely to antagonize annexation or any government which tends towards it.

Vaillant Guillotined.

Paris cable: Vaillant, the bomb thrower, was executed Feb. 4, at 7:10 a. m. His last words were: "Death to society; long live Hawaii." There were no incidents of an exciting nature other than this.

When the hour of execution was announced the night before large crowds began to assemble, and it became necessary to increase the number of principal streets leading to the square. At 3 a. m. four companies of the Gardes Republicaines and a squadron of mounted Gardes formed around the square. Meanwhile the crowd continued to increase, and signs of approaching turbulence on its part were noticeable. An ugly rush of men and women up the Rue de la Roquette took place at 4 a. m., but was stopped by the police.

Promptly at 3:30 o'clock M. Deibler, the executioner, appeared at the staging of the guillotine. A few minutes later the two familiar wags rumbled into the square. They brought the guillotine and Deibler's assistants. M. Deibler entered and took a bloody knife from his pocket; the woman washed it and hid it. Mansfield threatened Algire if he didn't keep mum. Algire asserts that the man planned to place his secret in Miss Wood's room for two days before the murder.

At 7 o'clock the guards appeared with their pikes, and after an evening with M. Deibler for about two minutes he was led to the guillotine. All was made ready, and at 7:10 o'clock Vaillant's head fell into the basket.

TOBACCO WAS THE CAUSE.

Notobac Cures the Tobacco Habit and Consumptive Guts Well.

Great excitement and interest has been manifested in the recovery of an old-time resident of Two Rivers, Wis. Mr. Joseph Bunker, who was for several years considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco-habit cure called "Notobac." Talking about his miraculous recovery to-day he said: "Yes, I used Notobac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought and so did a my friends to try it."

Consumption. Now they say as you say, "how healthy and strong you look, Joe," and whenever they ask me what cured my consumption, I tell them Notobac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. The morning I began the use of Notobac I weighed 127 pounds; to-day I weigh 169, a gain of 42 pounds. I eat heartily and sleep well. Before I used Notobac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get Notobac? At the drug store. It is made by the Sterling Remedy company, general western office, 45 Randolph street, Chicago, but I see by the printed matter that it is sold by all druggists—I know all the druggists in this town keep it. I have recommended it to over a hundred people and do not know of a single failure to cure."

Woman's Rights?—An All of Leavenworth, Kan., is discussing the latest development of the woman's rights movement. Mrs. George Blackman, secretary of the board of police commissioners, virtually rules the police force. Her husband, who has been a guard at the penitentiary, has resigned his present place and assumed the office of sergeant of police, under appointment signed by his wife.

He will succeed Barney Cunningham, an old and faithful officer, dismissed merely because he is not a married man.

Mobbed a Recreant Hubby.

Eight masked men accompanied Mrs. George Cullins of Madison township, Muskingum county, O., to the home of a neighbor, Miss Collins, where they found Mrs. Cullins' husband. They took him out and beat him severely, perhaps fatally, releasing him only when he promised never to visit her house again. In the meantime the wronged wife entered the house and whipped the wrong woman.

Ex-Gov. J. W. Boggs says he thinks the defeated Gov. Rice at the election of 1854, was playing with a gun. Samuel the 6-year-old, was shot in the right side by his older brother. About 60 shots are imbedded in his flesh, some of which penetrated the little fellow's lung, and his recovery is doubtful.

The clothing store of C. M. & W. A. Oldfield was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$4,000; insurance, \$2,500. The books and records of the village clerk, township treasurer and the library of the young men's reading-room were also destroyed. The building was a total loss, \$7,500.

The handsome wife of N. H. Brown, of near Perry, who eloped with Brown's cousin, Charles Pitts, of Tonawanda, N. Y., who had been visiting with them. The Browns never lived happily together. The runaway wife leaves behind two children, both boys, to be cared for by their father.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

NEWS GATHERED FROM MANY SOURCES.

The Russia-Germany Commercial Treaty Signed.—Five Men Drowned by a Yacht Captured.—Other News.

Emperor William Says Something.

Berlin cable: Emperor William attended the dinner given by Chancellor von Caprivi to members of parliament and delivered a speech. In this he announced the fact that the treaty of commerce with Russia had been signed. His majesty said that never before had the reichstag to make a decision fraught with such important consequences as this treaty. Its rejection, he said, would be inevitably followed by a tariff war and at not a very remote period by a real war. "Let every deputy," he continued, "realize his responsibility. The favorable terms of the treaty were entirely due to personal intervention of the czar and his strong love of peace. The treaty is marked throughout by love of peace. The czar had been compelled to overcome a vigorous resistance on the part of the manufacturing and commercial interests of Russia."

Emperor William was exceedingly gracious and animated, and remained at the soiree for three hours. Herr Levitzow, the president of the reichstag, submitted to the emperor the grievances of the farmers against the proposed tariff increase. His majesty listened attentively and then repeated that the passage of the bill was of high political necessity. By passing it the reichstag would win the lasting gratitude of the Germans, and he concluded by saying that patriotism and responsibility forbade its rejection.

THE MURDERER CAUGHT.

Kalamazoo Killed Think They Have the Man Who Offended Butcher Schilling.

March 21, 1893, at noon, Louis Schilling, prominent Kalamazoo, Mich., butcher, murdered the wife of his meat market while his assistants were at dinner. Robbery was the motive as money he was known to have was not found. The crime was committed with a knife, his throat having been cut. His majesty listened attentively and then repeated that the passage of the bill was of high political necessity. By passing it the reichstag would win the lasting gratitude of the Germans, and he concluded by saying that patriotism and responsibility forbade its rejection.

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CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.—Forfeith day.—The resolution of Senator Stewart, declaring that Secretary Carlisle has no power to issue the bonds for which bids have been advertised, was discussed, but no action was taken. HOUSE.—The internal revenue bill was taken. The principal fight came upon the proposal to extend the duty on whisky from 30 cents to 50 cents, and to extend the duty on rum from three to eight years. These provisions, especially the one relating to an increased bonded period, were bitterly opposed by prominent members upon both sides of the House, and despite opposition, the latter proposition, that is, the one to increase the bonded period, was carried. Only one other amendment of importance—the internal revenue features of the bill was carried. It was a provision to extend the operation of the income tax to all monies and personal property given or bequeathed by inheritance. This, it is estimated, will increase the revenue from the income tax to about \$3,000,000 per annum.

SENATE.—Forty-first day.—The bond issue was again discussed. Senators Stewart and Allen contended that the secretary of the treasury had no authority to issue bonds as proposed. No action was taken. The tariff bill was passed by a vote of 294 yeas to 140 nays—a majority of 154 yeas. The vote was 154 yeas to 140 nays. The vote was 154 yeas to 140 nays. The vote was 154 yeas to 140 nays.

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SENATE.—Forty-first day.—The



THE QUEEN

It was near midnight and the gates of the exposition were closed. In the various pavilions, with their multitudinous attractions, the orchestras were already at a click when "God Save the Queen" of an altogether conventional loyalty without which no English ceremony ends and as, with the aim of getting nearer to the Macquarie fort, where I thought more easily to regain my vessel in the roadstead, I had made the tour of the galleries, I found myself unexpectedly before the circular grating of the captive balloon.

Flaming, but beneath the force of the breeze, where I thought more easily to regain my vessel in the roadstead, I had made the tour of the galleries, I found myself unexpectedly before the circular grating of the captive balloon.

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so violent that we all three fell on the bags of sand.

Both the female passenger and I began to ask questions.

"What does this mean?—What is it?—What has happened?"

The captain, who was the first to regain his feet, I asked over the void.

"The cable is broken," said he. "We are loose!"

Secretly frightened, but unwilling to let it be seen, I said: "This is a captive balloon; will it be strong enough to permit us to land in safety?"

took it from her again, and then ensued between us a strange struggle of ferocious, famished creatures.

Very far below us at vast undulations shone, which at that height, I judged to be the Blue mountains.

"Without losing time in answering her, I strove to maneuver the ropes, I pulled them one after the other, hoping thus to discover that which communicated with the escape valve.

And I evidently succeeded, for Miss Arabella exclaimed clapping her hands: "We are descending, monsieur; the balloon is descending!"

We were really descending as could be told by the strong shocks of the car, and again I pulled at the rope, but more delicately, in order to avoid too sudden a reaction.

"What a gentleman you are," enthusiastically exclaimed Miss Arabella. "What you are doing for me is so kind! I want to think of you having been together all this time without having been introduced!"

BANE OF IRISH VILLAGES.

The Returned Miscreant Who Makes Himself Ring-leader of Loafers.

It is the wholesale dry-rotting of the boys growing up in the Irish towns and villages, merely through contact with this ever-swelling army of loafers and vagabonds, which makes one ask, with a sinking heart, what hope there is of the new generation.

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HE GOT THE PLACE.

He Wanted to Be Foreman of the Composing Room.

"Colonel McMapleall," read the managing editor from the applicant's card; "ahem! so you want to be foreman upstairs, eh? Do you think," he continued, doubtfully, "that you are capable of running a large printing office to the satisfaction of all concerned?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the applicant, emphatically. "Oh, I have had charge of men before—and of women, too! My experience as a strategic, diplomatic, peace-preserving, fault-finding, pacifying, long suffering, never-grumbling, much-badgered commander has been extensive and crucial, sir; crucial!"

"Indeed!" returned the managing editor, raising his eyebrows; "ahem! Colonel McMapleall, may I—er—ask just what you were colonel of?"

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report



ASSORTED NOTES.

The next door neighbor to pride is shame.

Love can live where all other good would die.

Spiritual dyspepsia is harder to cure than any other kind.

It never makes the day any brighter to growl at cloudy weather.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

You can always be happy if you are willing to rejoice with others.

If some of our heads were not so big our hearts would grow faster.

When people are hired to be good they will stop as soon as the pay stops.

When you don't walk straight yourself don't watch somebody else's feet.

Truth needs no policies nor stratagems nor licensings to make her victorious.

Some temptations come to the indolent, but all temptations attack the idle.

The man who seeks his reward in this world never gets a price that suits him.

Some people who are over sensitive in feelings are underly sensitive in conscience.

Drowsy is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the famous specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

The American eagle can grow in mighty near every forin language.

EARLY CORN OVER 1 FOOT LONG.

Salzer illustrates in a colored plate a new early corn, a giant of its kind, and offers \$300 in gold for the largest ear in 1894. In addition to this early Giant corn, which yielded in 1893 110 bushels per acre, he has over twenty other profitable field corns. He has the best fodder corn in the world. He is the largest grower of farm seeds, such as oats, barley, wheat, millet, potatoes, etc., in America. Fifty kinds of grasses and clovers.

If you will cut this out and send it with 15c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive a large package of above Giant corn and his mammoth catalogue.

Playing cards were invented for the amusement of the crazy king Charles V. of France, in 1380.

The American eagle can grow in mighty near every forin language.

PIERCE'S GUARANTEE CURE

OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

Playing cards were invented for the amusement of the crazy king Charles V. of France, in 1380.

ST. JACOBS OIL IS THE KING-CURE OVER ALL.

FOR SCIATICA

IT HAS NO EQUAL, NO SUPERIOR, ALONE THE BEST.

CALIFORNATOURS

Have been inaugurated in the Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways. The "California Special," equipped with elegant Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars, is run daily at 8:30 p. m. for LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO and the MID-WINTER EXPOSITION. This is the "TRUE SOUTHERN ROUTE" traveling a country clothed in perpetual sunshine, with the odor of Florida and Florida's reduced rates are now in effect, and tickets on sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada. In addition to the above service, a Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car leaves St. Louis daily on this train and runs through to Los Angeles. For descriptive circulars, maps, folders, etc., address H. C. TOWNSEND, General Passenger Agent, ST. LOUIS, MO.

JNO. E. ENNIS, Agent, 199 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Are You Going South This Winter?

IF SO MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS TO GO VIA THE BIG FOUR ROUTE.

Whether in pursuit of health or pleasure, no portion of the country offers so many and varied attractions at this season as the Sunny South. The Orange Groves of Florida, redolent with the perfume of sweet blossoms, wave their branches in hearty welcome to the tourist from the Snow-clad Northland and the mellow breezes of the Southern Sea woo the invalid from the Blizzards of the Frozen North. There is one line to Florida "The Big Four Route" which on account of its excellent train service, perfect connections in Union Depots and absence of transfers, forms the "Tourist's" Ideal Line to Florida. From all points north of the Ohio River the Big Four Route, in connection with the Through Car Lines from Cincinnati, will be found to offer the Best Time, Best Service and Best Equipment to all Northern Points, and if you desire to travel with comfort and ease be sure your tickets read via the Big Four Route.

E. O. MCCORMICK, D. B. MARTIN, Pass'r Traffic Mgr., Gen'l Pass'r Agt, CINCINNATI, O.

FREE.

Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST FIT. BEST IN WEARING.

The foot or part sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the foot in digging and in other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

Those Pimples

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Heaton, 78 Laurel St., Phila., says—"I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of S. S. S. my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—apparently, sleep well and feel like running a foot race, all from the use of S. S. S."

Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Those Pimples

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.

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Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Old Year Has Gone

And the New Year has taken its place.

OLD PRICES ARE GONE

And new ones take their place.

PLEASE REMEMBER

When you are looking after

FURNITURE

To give us a call. We still keep a full line of

BED ROOM - SUITS,

PARLOR SUITS,

CHAIRS OF ALL KINDS,

DINING CHAIRS,

ROCKERS OF VARIOUS STYLES,

BEDS, SPRING MATTRESSES,

Pillows, Louges, Extensions and Center Tables, Mirrors (French, German and American Plate), Shels, Table and Floor Oil Cloth, Curtain Poles, Window Shades—all kinds and prices.

All goods sold for Cash.

L. A. DeWitt.

CLOTHING

At Manufacturers' Prices.

Until further notice, we will sell Clothing at manufacturers' prices. We cannot give you 50 per cent. off because our former prices were not high enough to admit of it.

The cost of our goods cut a great figure, as we buy direct from the manufacturers and save the middle man's profit. Hence can sell you for about what others pay.

SHOES

We have some especially good bargains in Shoes and everything sold at Hard Times Bargain Prices.

NOW IS THE TIME AND THIS THE PLACE

To get most value for your money. Terms—Cash.

CROSBY'S SHOE AND CLOTHING HOUSE.

FREE! FREE!

All goods delivered to any part of the town free of charge. We have on hand an

IMMENSE STOCK OF GROCERIES,

Too heavy for these hard times, and in order to reduce our stock we are offering great bargains in every department. Come early and avoid the rush.

H. B. Fairweather.

Farm produce bought and sold.

H. S. WICKWARE

...SELLS...

A 1 VEHICLES Of All Kinds.

H. S. WICKWARE.

Best Equipped Blacksmith Shop in the Thumb.

Professional Cards.

DR. N. MCINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur.
Graduate of Vic. University 1895. Office at residence on Segar street. Speciality—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

H. C. EDWARDS, M. D.
Graduate of University of Michigan. Was hospital assistant to chair of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology. Special, eye, ear, throat and nose. Glasses and Artificial Eyes properly fitted. Office over McDougall & Co's. store.

I. A. FRITZ,
DENTIST. All work done equal to the best. It is my aim to make every job of work a blessing to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. Office over Fritz Bros' drugstore. Not at home on Tuesdays.

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

J. H. STRIFFLER,
Auctioneer. Cases of all kinds promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales solicited from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the Entrepreneur.

J. D. BROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Solicitor in Chancery. Reference: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in second story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich.

H. B. BURT,
Auctioneer, Wickware, Mich. Have filed the requisite bonds, and am prepared to attend sales of all kinds. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Arrangements can be made at the office of the Entrepreneur.

Societies.

I. O. O. F.
COURT HILLMAN, No. 329, meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m., local time. Visiting brethren in vicinity invited to attend.
T. K. REID, C. R.
A. H. PIERCE, R. S.

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
G. A. STEVENSON, N. G.
Geo. W. SEEB, Secretary.

K. 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.
ED. KEATING, COMMANDER.
A. D. GILLIES, RECORD KEEPER.

L. O. L.
Cass City Lodge, No. 214, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
ELIAS McKIM, W. M.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

An independent newspaper. Published every Friday morning at the ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, Segar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Michigan.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; six months, 60c.; three months, 30c.; strictly in advance.

Business locals, 5c. per line first insertion, 3c. per line each insertion thereafter.

Cards of Thanks, 25c. each. Resolutions of Condolence, Etc., 25c. per line. Items announcing Entertainments, Etc., where money is to be derived, 5c. per line. When bills are ordered a notice will be given free.

Notices for Charitable Entertainments, FREE. A reasonable amount of space granted to citizens for the discussion of matters of public interest. Rates on display or standing advertisements can be obtained at the office.

The wide circulation of the ENTERPRISE in the counties of Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac, makes it a valuable advertising medium.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL,

Proprietors.

OUR MOTTO:

PERSEVERANCE, PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

Nervous Americans.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell appears to take quite too gloomy a view of this subject in a paper in McClure's Magazine. He says that the American people are fast becoming a very short lived people, and that if they were shut in of themselves and had no influx of foreign vitality for a few years the effect on the census would be startling.

This may have been true of a generation ago, but is it so now with our improved knowledge of how to live? As purely American ancestry as any is certainly found in the Connecticut valley. Yet there the proverb is that people never die, but dry up and blow away. They frequently live to be a century old. As to mere increase of population, that of itself is no sign either of prosperity or of growth toward a higher civilization. Fewer people and a better quality of them would be a real indication of civilized progress. It is the very lowest, most worthless forms of life that propagate the fastest.

It seems likely, taking a larger view of the matter than that of the mere medical man, that the American climate and spirit are developing a new race. Its nerves will be finer, its skin will be finer, and there may be perhaps less of heavy bone and bulk than characterizes the older European peoples, but we shall not fall off any in height or real strength. Did not the American Corbett thrash the British champion in three rounds, and was not the world's champion brute before Corbett also an American? Both were of Irish descent, it is true, but they belong to the new American race and inherit its spirit.

There is a profound meaning to this hustle and hurry which Dr. Mitchell thinks will exterminate the Americans. It means that we are going to show the world that work which heretofore required two days for the doing can be done in one. Brain and spirit will come in in the new American race and control the lower, heavier forces of matter. Dr. Mitchell is indeed right when he insists that young people shall not be hurried so—girls in school and boys in business. He declares that a girl should have the best of food, air and exercise, but not be crowded in her studies till the age of 17. After that she can bear hard study and long hours of school. In like manner the boy is put to business far too young in America. He becomes a little old man in a counting room when he should

be a boy playing active outdoor games. A reasonable system of outdoor physical training for both boys and girls will correct the evils the doctor complains of.

Woman as an Athlete.

At a village in West Virginia a youth was engaged to a girl, but they quarreled. Then the mean spirited youth began to talk about her in a way in which no gentleman would ever permit himself to speak of any woman. The young lady heard of it. She consulted her girl chums. There were four of them. They went one night to the farm where the gabbling youth lived and called him out by throwing pebbles at his bedroom window. He came, and no doubt was immensely flattered to find himself confronted by five pretty girls. But he changed his mood when, without a word, these five strong country maidens grabbed him and tied him to the fence. There they whipped him within an inch of his life and bade him adieu. He will at least not talk about nice girls for some time to come.

In New Jersey the same day two tramps went into a farmhouse and demanded money. The mistress of the mansion was alone. Did she faint and scream and then give to the two villains all her own and her husband's savings? No, she did not. She ordered the fellows to leave. Then one drew a pistol and threatened her. Before you could count three the lady had snatched up an ax handle and struck the man with the pistol a terrible blow on the head. It felled him. Then the second tramp started to run, but before he could get away that dreadful ax handle struck him on the back of the head and downed him too. Then at her leisure madam took the pistol from one fellow and a knife from the other. "Now, get out!" she said, and they got. How Charles Reade would have enjoyed such confirmations of his theory that really women were tremendously strong creatures if they would only use their strength!

Russia will not have her Jewish subjects, the United States will not have them without the stiffest kind of credentials, and now Germany refuses to let them cross her territory without a passport from Russia and the certain assurance that they will not be sent back from America after they get there. Why do not our American and English brethren send them to Canada? Canada is crying for settlers. These Russian Jews get the hang of things in America rapidly and show a power to take care of themselves that is unsurpassed by that of any race.

The hardships of life from overcrowding and starvation are becoming so great in some quarters of the world that if the people in those quarters had any sense they would be deterred from marrying and raising families only to plunge them into misery. But such people have no sense.

Who but an American minister to a foreign country, even a negro country, would have had the gall to write a letter to the head of the government criticising his political course? But Americans have nerve enough for any thing.

The great peace navies that have cost so much money appear to be catching it all around now, when there is a prospect of any of them being wanted for actual use. The charges in England against the weakness and inefficiency of the naval fighting outfit are a menace to the Gladstone administration. In the French chamber of deputies M. Lockroy, son-in-law of Victor Hugo, declared that the French war vessels are inferior in speed, number and everything else to those of the other nations of Europe. Much the same statement was made in Great Britain with regard to the navy of that country, where it was said the Gladstone government had permitted the British navy to run down till it was far inferior to that of France. Meantime in America the United States government was considering the purchase of the Ericsson torpedo boat Destroyer. About that time the Brazilian government came along, however, and purchased her for service against the rebels. When she reached Rio from New York, she was found to be leaking badly and was said to be utterly unfit for fighting service. The Brazilians refused to accept her, though they had bought her. This, with the fact that our crack gunboats, Machias and Castine, have to be cut in two and pieced because they are topheavy, looks as though our navy was not much better than the rest of them that are built in time of peace. Italy's is perhaps the weakest and rottenest of all, owing to the corruption in the state departments of that unhappy country.

Speaking of the failure of patent car couplers to meet the situation, a writer says, "A fact that partially explains the failure to get the perfect car coupler is the unfamiliarity of most inventors with the real needs of the situation." Just so. Why does not some intelligent brakeman invent the perfect car coupler himself?

In the midst of hard times in England the London Times still has one consolation. It is that the United States has a deficit for 1893-4 three times as large as the British one.

Some people would have to be taken all apart and put together and made over again before they could be modeled into useful, practical citizens.

Do You Like Blizzards?

If not, why do you remain in the North when you can go South and avoid the blizzards and live with more comfort. You can be out in the Sunshine all the time and have green vegetables from your garden every day in the winter. Fuel costs nothing. It costs less to live and there is more pleasure in living every month of the year along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad than in the North. Lands are very cheap. Now is the time to investigate. Write E. E. Posey, General Passenger Agent, Mobile, Ala.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds. If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest, and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz's drugstore. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fester Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, 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 T. H. Fritz, Drugstore.

Office of J. N. McElroy, Druggist,

Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1891.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.:

Dear Sirs—I sold three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one bottle small size today. The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. It came back on her and a half bottle, \$1 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since.

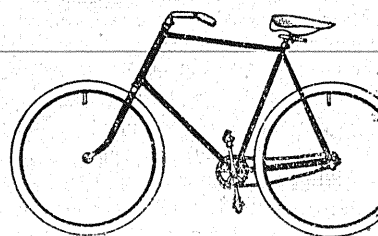
I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of the turkeys, a small one took sick, and his wife gave it a teaspoonful, that was in the evening, and the little fellow turned over like he was dead, but next morning was up howling and well.

Yours Respectfully,

JOHN McELROY.

A late prominent patent medicine manufacturer once gave his opinion that we couldn't make Brant's Balsam a great seller, because we gave such large bottles for the money, there wouldn't be the large profit made by other manufacturers with which to advertise the goods. He hadn't learned that quality and quantity are advertising always fully appreciated, as proven by the rapid growth of sale of Brant's Balsam, the leading seller everywhere. Large bottles, small doses, quick effect. 25 and 50 cent sizes at Fritz's Drug Store.

THE "FLINT"



High Grade, Latest Design, Weight 33 lbs. Price, \$100. Wheels at 50c prices. Agents Wanted. Liberal Discounts. Send for Circulars.

FLINT BUGGY CO., FLINT, MICH.

Job Printing.

LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
ENVELOPES.

BILL HEADS,
CIRCULARS
PROGRAMS.

STATEMENTS,
SHIPPING TAGS.

CARDS,
DODGERS,
POSTERS,

AUCTION BILLS.

Our prices are right.
Work Unexcelled.
Get our Estimates.

Enterprise Steam
Printing House,
Cass City.

G. A. STEVENSON'S EMPORIUM

GOODIES FOR THE INNER MAN

HARD TIMES PRICES, ENDING FEB'Y 17,

Balance of this week and next week only.

- 5 lbs. Crackers, 40 cents, Hard Times Price, 25c.
- 8 lbs. Rolled Oats, 40c. Hard Times Price, 25c.
- 6 lbs. Rice, 36c. Hard Times Price, 24c.
- 1 lb. broken Java Coffee, 30c. Hard Times Price, 20c.
- 1 doz. Lemons, 30c. Hard Times Price, 25c.
- 1 doz. Oranges, 30c., 40c. Hard Times Prices, 25c., 35c.

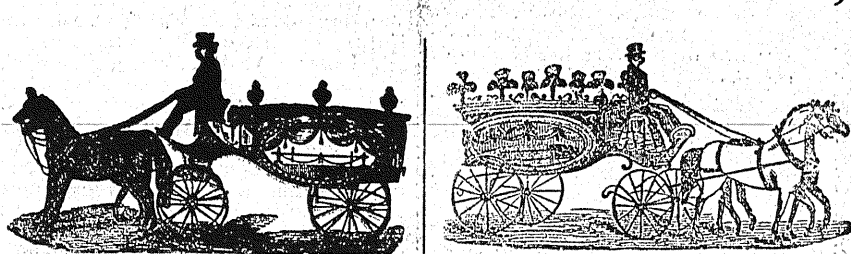
In fact everything kept by me will be sold at a low price because Low Prices makes the nimble sixpence keep the slow dollar guessing.

Yours,

G. A. STEVENSON.

P. S.—As the Golden Rod flour is the pride of the nation so Stevenson's Golden Rod Flour is the pride of Cass City, because it is white, has the strength, stands at the head in leavening power, guaranteed one-half patent and retails at \$1.75 per hundred. Try it and be convinced. It will be delivered right to your door.

A. A. McKENZIE,



UNDERTAKER & FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets, and Undertaker's Supplies on hand. Two Hearses always in readiness. First door west of McDougall & Co's.

CASS CITY, - - - MICH.

Gagtown Furniture and Undertaking Rooms.

A. A. McKENZIE, Proprietor.

A Full Line of Furniture and Undertakers' Supplies, Mouldings and Picture Frames.

All Kinds Repairing Done on Short Notice.

—Good Hearse When Desired.—

R. BOLTON, Manager, - Gagtown, Mich.

GOLD WEATHER IS HERE!

The undersigned are loaded for bear with everything in the line of

COOKING - AND - HEATING - STOVES,

All Sizes, Styles and Prices.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE!

We have an Immense Stock of everything in this line and make as low prices as any of 'em.

We have a tin shop, presided over by an excellent workman, in connection.

HOWE & BIGELOW.

J. P. HOWE.

N. BIGELOW.

P.P.P.
CURES ALL SKIN
AND
BLOOD DISEASES.

P.P.P.
CURES SCROFULA

P.P.P.
CURES BLOOD POISON

P.P.P.
CURES RHEUMATISM

P.P.P.
CURES MALARIA

P.P.P.
CURES DYSPEPSIA

PATENTS

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.



DR. L. L. CARMER
Stricken Down with Heart Disease.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
GENTLEMEN: I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to publish, unsolicited, to the world the benefit received from Dr. Miles' Restorative Remedies. I was stricken down with Heart Disease and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 80 to 140 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the chest, oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicines without the least benefit. A friend recommended your remedies. She was cured by Dr. Miles' remedies. I have taken three bottles of your New Improved Heart Cure and two bottles of your Nervine. My pulse is normal, I have no more violent throbbing of the heart, I AM A WELL MAN. I sincerely recommend every one with symptoms of Heart Disease to take Dr. Miles' Restorative Remedies and be cured.
L. L. CARMER
Gypsum City, Kans.

THOUSANDS
CURED

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY RETURNED

For Sale by G. H. Fritz

LADIES!

Leave your order for

CALLING CARDS

—AT THE—
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

FINEST LINE!

LATEST STYLE CARDS!

Printed on Short Notice.

MEN CURED FREE

Loss of Vigor, Varicocele, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Small or Injured, Complete Gynecomastia, and all other impediments to marriage removed by Dr. Dowd's Remedies. If restored, we will refund the prescription (sealed) free to any one.
CHAS. DELLON, Jackson, Miss.
Stamps

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.
For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youth's athletes or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes six floor room; new scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen and editors now using it; 100 circulars, 40 engravings free. Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:
"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hit my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hit myself as I do now, the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."
T. D. M., Norcatur, Kans.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

25 Per Cent Off

WINTER HATS & BONNETS

that are trimmed, and untrimmed

FELT SHAPES,
until March 1, 1894.

Big Reduction

IN CHILDREN'S CAPS!

Mrs. E. K. Wickware.

Nearly opposite Hitchcock's.

Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases

are all gold as far as you can see. They look like solid cases, wear like solid cases, and are solid cases for all practical purposes—yet only cost about half as much as an out-and-out solid gold case. Warranted to wear for 20 years; many in constant use for thirty years. Better than ever since they are now filled, at no extra cost, with the great bow (ring) which cannot be pulled or twisted off the case—the

Non-pull-out

Can only be had on the cases stamped with this trade mark. All others have the old-style pull-out bow, which is only held to the case by friction, and can be twisted off with the fingers. Sold only through watch dealers. Send for a watch case opener to the manufacturers

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

Facts People Do Not Know.

Cooler, pleasanter summers, with days one hour shorter. Warmer, pleasanter winters, with days one hour longer. The entire year for comfortable, outdoor work. Purer air, purer, softer water, better health, and longer life for yourself and family. Wild lands, \$3 an acre. Improved farms, \$10 to \$15 an acre, within one mile of railroad stations. Two or three crops every year from the same land. You can find all of these in Eastern Mississippi and Southern Alabama, along the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. We are anxious to prove these facts. Come and see. Half fare excursions every two weeks. Full particulars sent by E. E. Posey, G. P. A., M. & O. R. R., Mobile, Ala., or F. W. Green, Gen. Agt., M. & O. R. R., No. 108 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Attention, Correspondents!

We again open the competition for the desk which was contested for (but not successfully) during the week of the fair, and, as this is a splendid time of the year for canvassing, we have but little doubt but what this useful piece of furniture will be "taken off our hands."

We make the conditions of the competition the same as before, viz: Give the desk to the correspondent securing the largest list of new, yearly, cash subscribers at \$1.00 each, providing said list amounts to at least six in number. Contest closes Saturday, March 17, 1894.

As a special inducement you may offer to club the following papers with the ENTERPRISE at the prices herewith given:

Enterprise and Detroit Twice-a-Week Free Press, each one year..... \$1.70
Enterprise and Detroit Tribune, each one year..... 1.25
Enterprise and American Farmer, each one year..... 1.10

Sample copies of any of the foregoing papers can be obtained at this office, or, by request, will be mailed.

Trusting that it will be possible for you to "push" this matter, we remain,
Yours Truly,
WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

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

WILMOT.

John Croaker was a Cass City visitor Tuesday.

L. H. Mills is calling on friends in the south part of the state.

John A. Teskey and son are surveying at Novesta Corners this week.

Ira W. Calkins and Martin Flynn have a nice pile of 200 cords of green beech and maple wood ready for shipment to some body who has the ready "come down."

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ford was taken very sick Sunday morning. His life was despaired of for some time, but with skillful treatment from Dr. Bates, of Kingston, and Dr. Sington, of Marlette, is getting some better and is considered out of danger at this writing.

RESCUE.

Things are very quiet about the Center at present.

The K. O. T. M. tent one mile east of here is doing finely.

One of George Finkle's children was scalded on Monday by hot water splashing upon its shoulder as the mother was emptying a vessel into a tub preparatory to washing.

Mr. Ahren, one of the proprietors of the Huron Tribune, made us a pleasant call last Saturday.

Protracted meetings will be held in the Grant M. E. Church every evening this week by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gurney. A large awakening is expected.

There is rumor of an attempt being made by school Dis. No. 3 to disorganize Dis. No. 7 by attaching two sections of land in No. 7 to itself and giving the remainder to Dis 4. Hope they will let us know when it happens.

WICKWARE.

There is strong talk of starting a People's party paper in Squalie county.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Ellis, of Cass City, visited with Mark Crjland over Sunday.

Social hop at David McQueen's Tuesday night. A good enjoyable time reported.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hatitt returned home to Cadillac, Mich., after a few weeks visit with friends and relatives.

Jno. Wheeler, who has been very sick the past fall and winter, has returned home from Bay City, where he has been doctoring.

A very sad accident happened to James Waldon last Monday. While doing chores about the barn he was attacked by a vicious male hog. He was thrown down and was badly torn about the limbs and body before help arrived.

ELLINGTON.

Dwight Turner will move back upon his own farm in Elmwood the last of March.

Andrew J. Turner, who moved to Caro last spring, will return to his farm the last of March.

There was a concert held at the Sutton Church last week Friday night and the spelling school was adjourned.

An oyster supper will be given this week Friday at the house of J. H. Mosher, by the Epworth League of the M. E. Church of Ellington. All are invited. Bill, 20 cents.

Mrs. Hutchinson, it is thought, has the consumption. She took a heavy cold late last fall and had the

grippe and has been failing all winter, and is in a precarious condition at present. But little hopes for her recovery.

A surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Bailey last Saturday night, which was not so much of a surprise after all, especially to Mrs. Bailey, who had learned of it of William Colwell Sr.'s little girl, but said nothing about it to her husband.

Although times continue hard at present let us all hope for better times soon and try to get along the best we can until they do come. According to all accounts times are hard the world over, so we are not the only ones that are seeing hard times. One thing that makes hard times is caused by many because of their continually spending for strong drink what they ought to use for their own and families benefit. Some of the same class are inveterate users of tobacco which is a curse to many as well as strong drink. If men, yes and women too, who dabble in one or both of those ingredients, would throw them aside it would be better for them and their families and the world at large.

KINGSTON.

Business booming.
A. E. Hicks is entertaining a brother from afar.

Undertaker Lee has purchased a bran new hearse.

George Meidlein is in Caro on Tuesday last.

John Stewart has returned to Denver, Colorado.

Neil Burns and Mr. Mathews, Sr., are on the sick list.

N. H. Burns and wife Sundayed in the vicinity of Cass City.

A public ball is advertised for Thursday, Feb. 22nd, in King's Hall.

Frank Meidlein is on the gain. We all hope to see him around soon.

The revival meetings which were being held in the M. E. Church have closed.

A sleigh load of our young people attended the Clifford special services one night last week.

A party of young people of Silverwood attended the social held at Mr. Syflett's on Saturday evening.

Landlord Noble has given up hopes of securing a well of water after the fourth unsuccessful attempt. Too bad!

Phil Usher is soliciting for the ENTERPRISE. Encourage Phil and do yourself a good turn by giving him your name and the requisite cash for the leading paper in the section.

Farmer Blinn, living 3 1/2 miles west was greatly surprised on Thursday night of last week by a large number of his friends among whom were a load from here and also a load from Caro.

On Friday of last week occurred the death of Thomas Tong, aged 65 years. It is a singular coincidence that he died on the 35th anniversary of his wedding. Funeral services were held at Dayton M. E. Church, Rev. Bacon officiating. Undertaker Lee had charge of the remains.

ELKTON.

A. H. Ale took in Bad Axe the fore part of the week.

Farmers are making the wood, lumber and logs hustle.

R. Klein has shipped several car loads of wood and logs the past week.

Elkton roller mills are kept busy. Notwithstanding the hard times, people will eat.

The Latter Day Saints commenced revival meetings at the Town Hall Monday evening.

William Diefenba has opened a blacksmith shop in the old Manks stand side wagon shop.

Mrs. Joseph and Daniel Neuber have just returned from visiting their old home in Waterloo, Ont.

Attorney W. L. Doyle is working up a good practice, judging from the experience he has had lately.

Mrs. L. G. Fitzgerald is having a sale to make room for a large stock of spring and summer millinery.

Chester Matthews, who met with the accident of having his hand shot today, is recovering we are informed.

Our schools are to celebrate the 22nd inst, by having an entertainment. The proceeds will be used for the purchasing of a flag.

The board of trustees have received from the Supt. of Public Instruction twenty Vols. of Michigan History for use of the schools.

We think the Cass City ENTERPRISE a newsy and wide-awake paper and the writer will endeavor to increase its circulation in this vicinity.

Treasurer Moore is now looking after the unpaid taxes. Under the present tax law every person who owns land should hustle to pay his taxes as it will cost him much trouble and extra expense if the tax is returned.

The first Presbyterian Church of Elkton, was dedicated Sunday, Feb 4, by Rev. D. Howell, from Lansing. They have engaged as pastor for the coming year Rev. Mr. Steele, from Lexington, who will conduct revival meetings commencing Wednesday, Feb. 7.

GAGETOWN.

Dr. Morris was at Cass City Monday. Wm. Gage, of Linkville, was in town Monday.

Purdy & Son have moved into their new bank.

Joseph Bildstein was let off on suspended sentence by Justice Purdy.

Miss Lizzie Wills, of Reece, made her aunt, Mrs. James Wills, a visit Sunday.

Isiah Waidley, of Elmwood, was in town Monday a. m. on business and pleasure.

R. S. Brown and wife were the guests of C. E. Lynds and family, of East Elkland, on Sunday last.

James Huston, Superintendent of the P. O. & N. R., was in town Tuesday, on business with the road.

L. H. Richardson, of Mayville, district agent for the Deering Binder Co. is transacting business here this week.

Nora Lemunyon and sister, Mrs. Robinson, of Wayne, who have been visiting their parents, returned to their home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ann McCarthy, of Owendale, while on her way to church at this place fell on the ice and fractured some of the bones in the wrist of her right arm.

Mr. Lemunyon and family wish to express their thanks and gratitude to the many kind friends and neighbors for their sympathy and aid during their late illness and bereavement.

R. S. Brown and wife were the guests of Isaac Wilson and family, of Unionville, on Friday last, and Mrs. Brown installed the officers of Coy Circle, No. 2, Ladies of the G. A. R. in the afternoon.

The injuries sustained by Peter Gage at the recent accident may yet prove serious. Prof. Owen, a specialist in nervous and spinal diseases, of Detroit, is expected this week to make a diagnosis of the case.

Mrs. H. A. Donpere, in going into her cellar Friday night, fell from the top step to the cellar bottom, striking on her left arm, knees and left side and though no bones were broken, she received severe bruises and her escape from something more serious is remarkable, as she held a lamp in one hand and an earthen bowl and butcher knife in the other. Mrs. D. says she held to the lamp and dish till they were smashed in her hand on the cement bottom.

NOVESTA.

Little Cecil Warner is quite sick at this writing.

Mrs. McDonald was very sick last week but is better at this writing.

There was a dance at T. Little's Friday evening and a good time is reported.

Miss Maude Houghton is home from Kingston, where she has been for some time.

Miss Maude Bailey, of Seymour Lake, Oakland County, is visiting her uncle, R. H. Warner, and other friends in Novesta.

Mrs. J. Norris is very low at this writing. She has been sick for some time. Drs. Kellogg and Bates held a consultation last week and have small hopes of her recovery.

We were in error last week in an item that Elder Williamson, Bay City, preached in the Quick School House. It should have been Elder Wilson. He has been holding meetings here all week.

We have been informed that Arthur Rogers, a Novesta boy, came out victorious at the spelling school at Cedar Run, Saturday evening. That's right, Arthur, keep Novesta at the front, as she ought to be.

There was quite a commotion in School District No. 2 last Thursday evening, when it was given out that the officers would not allow any more meetings to be held there, the plea being that the people mar the desks and seats. Great Scott! The officers must want to take care of the seats for the good they have done, for they are the ones that were in the old Cass City school house years ago. Why not come out and give the real cause, viz: that they burn a little wood that you have to pay a small per cent of and do not get the benefit.

Bargains in Millinery.
25 per cent off for cash on all trimmed and untrimmed hats and bonnets until April 1st.

Mrs. E. K. WICKWARE, third door west of Cass City House.

Savannah, Ga., March 17, 1891. Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.: Dear Sirs—I have suffered from rheumatism for a long time, and did not find a cure until I found P. P. P. which completely cured me.
Yours Truly,
ELIHA F. JONES,
16 Orange St., Savannah, Ga.

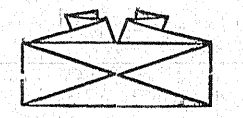
Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

The truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. There is nothing in it that the man who wants to quit and can't run no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists. Book it dealers or by mail free. Address, The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

All kinds of orders and blanks kept in stock at the ENTERPRISE office.

An Open Letter



Hard Times Made Easy.

P. S. MCGREGORY, CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES, AND FURNISHINGS.
J. S. MCARTHUR, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CARPETS, CLOAKS, ETC.

CASS CITY, MICH., January 1, 1894.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

In sending all our friends and customers a New Year's Greeting, we beg to inform them that we will do our share toward making hard times easier to bear. In our new commodious quarters we made extensive preparations for an exceedingly large trade, and, though our sales have been good for the times, they are not up to our anticipations. The result is we have a large stock on hand from which we must realize money. We will begin an Immense Slaughter Sale on Saturday, January 6 and continue till February 20. All who have participated in our previous sales know that when we advertise a big cut in prices we mean it. This sale will be one of the greatest slaughters we have ever offered. Cost of goods will "cut no figure." We must sell. One special feature will be our One Dollar Sale. Come and see what bargain you can get for \$1.00, including Men's, Women's and Boys Boots and Shoes, Men's Pants, Boys' Suits, Plush Caps, Men's Sock Rubbers, and numerous other articles worth 50 percent more. We will sell Men's, Boys, and Children's Suits and Overcoats at unheard-of prices. Boots and Shoes, Underwear, Collars, Ties, Gloves and Mitts, Dry Goods, Carpets, Etc., at a Great Sacrifice. Special attention is called to our Big Cut in Dress Goods. About \$2,500 worth of good, staple styles will go at greatly reduced prices. Ladies' Cloaks will be sold Regardless of Cost. Come and get our prices and carry the good news to your neighbors. Our loss will be your gain. Highest market prices for Butter and Eggs.
Yours Respectfully,
2 MACKS 2.

We now have a shoemaker in connection with our business. All repairing neatly done.

HARD TIMES

Are not very pleasant, to be sure, but
DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

We are still doing business at the old stand, and our prices correspond with the times.

Choice Groceries, Chinaware, Bazaar Goods, Etc., comprise our stock and we would be pleased to deal right with you.

JAMES TENNANT,

GREAT REDUCTION SALE!

Of Dry Goods, from Feb. 1st to Feb. 25.

—MY STOCK OF—

COOK AND PARLOR STOVES

Is the Largest in the County and prices the smallest. See my \$11.75 cook, No. 9, size of oven 21x22 inches, weight 300 lbs. It is a hummer and costs less than 4c. a lb.

I have on hand the New and Improved

WESTERN WASHING MACHINE,

Price \$5 to \$9. My stock of

Anti-Rust TINWARE

Is complete. Experience has proven to me that it's the cheapest.

I am Headquarters for Nails, Barbed and Smooth Fence Wire, Hay Baling Wire of all kinds and Blacksmith Goods. Produce wanted.

J. L. HITCHCOCK'S Three Story Brick.

For Bargains In

Sash Doors, Blinds, Frames, Washing Machines, Moldings, Ironing Boards, Brackets and

GENERAL PLANING MILL WORK.

GO TO

LONDON, ENO & KEATING,

MILL NEAR THE P. O. & N. DEPOT.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Props.
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

An Oakland man with three wives has been sent to jail for fifteen days. This is almost cruelty. Only a fortnight's respite after all he must have suffered.

The train robbers who have demonstrated such ability in breaking open express car safes are about ready for promotion to positions where they can practice their art with the superior facilities of prison bars.

PATTI sang to 7,000 people at full rates in Chicago the other night. It should be remembered, however, that the poor we have always with us, while there is a bare possibility that there may come a time in the far-distant future when Patti will retire from the concert stage.

KING HUMBERT is an artist on the spot, and he seems so apprehensive of the immediate future as to get his \$20,000,000 savings securely housed in a London bank. The hour for the dissolution of the kingdom of Italy does not seem very far off. If as an outcome an Italian republic should be formed, the American people will scarcely protest. How would the United States of Europe sound, made up for example, of Italy, France, Switzerland and possibly Spain and Portugal?

The western Indian's belief in a great spirit is written over the map of the Northwest. Manitoba is one record and lakes Michigan and Huron have many names that commemorate the piety or superstition of the Indians. A considerable space in the northern part of lake Michigan is called Manitow and here are North and South Manitow islands. A considerable island in lake Huron is the Grand Manitow. Colorado also has its Manitow and it occurs, doubtless, elsewhere in the West.

The sad ending of the Howard case has not seriously depressed the fraudulent industry of fabulous English estate claims. A Florida newspaper says that "there are several old-time residents of Jacksonville who are direct descendants and heirs to an immense estate in England, amounting to somewhere into the hundreds of millions." This is the "Townley estate" fraud, exposed in the cable dispatches from London. In an endeavor to check enterprise in this form of rascality the London Times publishes a report of all chancery cases of unclaimed money, and it appears that no really considerable sum awaits any claimant in any case of the kind.

A notorious man of New York has become engaged to a belle of Baltimore, and the affair has made quite a stir. A correspondent of the World, writing of the betrothed pair, says: "He has attended all the junior cotillions during the season with her, the bouquets he gave her always attracting attention for their beauty. At the Christmas cotillon she had a beautiful bouquet, which is said to have weighed twenty-eight pounds and contained over 1,000 violets." Any girl that can go about with a bouquet weighing twenty-eight pounds must be a hummer. At the same time most of us would think three or four times before marrying a maid of such mazonian strength.

The men who as humble members of an humble crew on board the steamship Amsterdam, voluntarily gave up their lives to save those of a crew on board a foundered fishing schooner deserve to be remembered in song and story. The perishing were strangers. The would-be rescuers did not even know the name of the schooner to whose succor they were going. It was sufficient for them that they witnessed the signal of distress. The perils they must encounter to offer relief were of no consequence. It was of such men Addison sang:

Abandoned courage and compassion joined,
Temper: each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.

While their memory is fresh let the misanthrope be dumb.

DR. JOHN T. NAGLE of New York has evolved the idea of a transcontinental boulevard, with termini at New York and San Francisco. The boulevard, as proposed by the doctor, is to be wide, fine and well made, taking in many towns and cities, giving the country the grandest driving track in the world. It is to be built by the government and should be begun at once, thus providing work for thousands of unemployed. The scheme is not without virtue. A boulevard from New York to San Francisco would be one of the wonders of the world. To the cities along the line it would give a drive known only in fairy tales. It would also, and here is its greatest virtue, enable people who cannot afford to ride to walk out of New York city.

The perpetrators of the recent train robberies are still at large, and no special effort seems to have been made to capture them. Are we coming to the point where our immigration circulars will read—"Come West, young man, and be held up with the country?"

Wild animals are very bold in some parts of Southern California this winter. Several instances have lately been noted in San Bernardino county of travelers on the highway being attacked by wildcats.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM.

"Now It Came to Pass While I Was Among the Captives by the River of Chebar That the Heavens Were Opened and I Saw Visions of God."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 4, 1894.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon the hymns, the scripture lesson and the prayers, as well as the sermon, were about the future world more than about this world. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject: "A Vision of Heaven," the text being: Ezekiel 1:1: "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the River of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the River Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the holy scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile seated by that river Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had, or ever will have, seated on the banks of the Hudson, or Alabama, or Oregon, or Thames, or Tiber, or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight; whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about 5:30 and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God; a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the twelve gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence, and laughter and light, that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and to conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the earthly calendar."

There was a name not given me, but from the tenderness, and sweetness, and affection, and interest taken in my walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age, and decrepitude, and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city, and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part. I looked in for a few moments at the great temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. St. John was right when in his Patmos vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "The Temple of My God." I saw it this morning; the largest church I ever saw; as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and head-dress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, save one. And the head-dress was a garland of rose, and lily, and mignonette, mingled with green leaves called from the royal gardens, and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand, and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who were them were prodigal sons, and once fed swine in the wilderness, and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing Father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of the one who presided in that immense temple. The chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and his forehead was a morning sky, and his lips were eloquence omnipotent. But his attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which he had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "he trod the wine press alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness or power, and I have heard the most of the great organs, and the most of the great orators. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David!" And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was, "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was, "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling

Christ himself, when all the worshippers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said, "Let us go. This is too much for my mortal ears. Can not be the overwhelming symphony?"

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachrymal, or tear-bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals, or tear-bottles into which the Orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachrymal or tear-bottle, instead of earthenware as those the Orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear-bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said, "Why, do you not know? That is the bottle to which David the psalmist referred in his fifty-sixth Psalm, when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth; tears of repentance; tears of bereavement; tears of joy; tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting-up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said: "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as 'golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints.'" And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of the earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and he cannot forget them, and they are before him world without end."

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open, and some worship at one hour and others at other hours, we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr Place, and we met there, or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and flood, and under sword and rack. We saw John Wickliffe, whose ashes were by decree of the Council of Constance thrown into the river; and Rogers, who bathed his head in the fire as though it had been water; and Bishop Hooper, and McKail, and Latimer, and Ridley, and Polycarp, whom the flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenes, and Huguenots, and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is the way," said one of the attendants. As we came up to him he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abney, to whom he paid a visit of thirty-six years, and I told him that many of the churches opened their Sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, O the Joyful Song," and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come we talking of the Lord." "Why were you talking of the Lord?" and he said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church, The Temple of God and the Lamb." And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns, "Arm of the Lord, Awake!" or, "Come, Let us Join our Friends Above!" or "Love Divine, All Love Excelling."

And while we were talking on that street, called Song row, Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marched on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy, and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune, of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It is not Death to Die." And Toplady came up, and asked whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." And we met also on Song Row, Newton, and Hastings, and Montgomery, and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window, snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth, and started never to die.

"But," say some of my hearers, "did you say anything of our friends in heaven?" Oh yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says one, and I said there are many marks of their last sickness still upon them. "I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor about them. They are all well, and ruddy, and songful, and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down and how-

ered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dreams with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land of the living, and you will see them, or drop, or typhoid, or ever sweep. The aroma blows from orchards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens, compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October; the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are superb and perfect. No controversies, or jealousies, or hates; but love, universal love, everlasting love. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that for their happiness knows no bounds, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace, and join with them in the same exploration of planets, and the same tour of worlds."

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity?" Do my departed parents regret to have their children lost? I will tell you that I saw in the face of one of their nature? Well, from what I saw their childhood had advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to mid-life, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in heaven?" I will tell you that I saw in the face of one of their nature? Well, from what I saw their childhood had advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to mid-life, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

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And while we were talking on that street, called Song row, Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marched on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy, and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune, of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It is not Death to Die." And Toplady came up, and asked whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." And we met also on Song Row, Newton, and Hastings, and Montgomery, and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window, snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth, and started never to die.

"But," say some of my hearers, "did you say anything of our friends in heaven?" Oh yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says one, and I said there are many marks of their last sickness still upon them. "I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor about them. They are all well, and ruddy, and songful, and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down and how-

ered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dreams with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land of the living, and you will see them, or drop, or typhoid, or ever sweep. The aroma blows from orchards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens, compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October; the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are superb and perfect. No controversies, or jealousies, or hates; but love, universal love, everlasting love. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that for their happiness knows no bounds, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace, and join with them in the same exploration of planets, and the same tour of worlds."

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity?" Do my departed parents regret to have their children lost? I will tell you that I saw in the face of one of their nature? Well, from what I saw their childhood had advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to mid-life, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in heaven?" I will tell you that I saw in the face of one of their nature? Well, from what I saw their childhood had advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to mid-life, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

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IS A NOBBY DRESSER.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND IS ALWAYS UP TO DATE.

Of All the Executives He Seems to Have the Keenest Taste For What He Wears—Some Pen Pictures of the Nation's Magistrate.

[Washington Correspondence.]

IF ALL OUR PRESIDENTS Grover Cleveland seems to have most thoroughly realized the cosmetic effects of dress. By a judicious selection of wearing apparel he has succeeded in making himself seem some inches taller than he is, thus adding dignity to the executive presence, and, moreover, that diminution of fleshiness apparent in him is largely the result of an evident regard for appearances in nearly everything he wears. Yet the President is a conservative dresser. Black is his favorite color and plainness the general effect he appears to aim at, sartorially speaking.

For instance, those citizens who are familiar from personal observation with the President's personal appearance on formal public occasions have noticed an almost invariable uniformity of attire in him. His costume comprises a long, black frock coat, with wide lapels, black waistcoat, wide black trousers and a black necktie, or to adopt an occasional term of Mr. Cleveland's own, "neckerchief." His overcoat is always very high and always black, and his hat high, glossy (not "shiny") and of the stove pipe pattern. All this, be it understood, when he is seen on what may be called public functions—making a speech, opening an exposition or riding in a procession.

The President likes to wear a flower in his buttonhole, and he prefers the flower white. It is not a rare thing for him to carry his gloves when he has them with him in his hand. It pleases him, too, to hold his hat in his left hand when his fellow citizens have occasion to pass in procession before him, to thrust his right hand into the lapel of his greatcoat and remain in that attitude, smilingly contemplative. It is noticed, also, that the calendar of public mourning is registered in Mr. Cleveland's high black hat. For days after Rutherford B. Hayes' death the presidential tile bore a wide mourning band. When official sorrow grows subdued with time this band shrinks into a ribbon. It may be remarked here that Mr. Cleveland was not pleased when, shortly after his second inauguration, numbers of hats reached the white house, gifts to him from admirers all over the country. Mr. Cleveland would rather buy his own hats.

The shoes worn by the President on these official occasions are square, wide and laced. He has been seen, though, in button shoes. The heels are low and the soles "beveled." Mr. Cleveland does not like "shined" shoes. His foot leather is rubbed and brushed only. Mr. Cleveland pays from \$12 to \$25 a pair for shoes. He was once fond of the congress make, but seems to have abandoned them now.

Reflection the third and last: How desirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven. Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Rev. Mr. Cook, who, for twenty-two years has presided over that Hyde Park out-door meeting, told me that last winter going through a hospital in London he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his departure from earth to heaven. Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven, as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you can not any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety? Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

"The King there in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay before me,
To stand with him in glory,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

The little villa near Waterloo, where Napoleon planned the historic battle, has been offered for sale by the Belgian architect who has long been the owner of it. It was here, too, that the emperor held his last council of war.

When the President is out with gun he looks pretty much like the average sportsman. His boots, however, are prodigious affairs. They come up to his hips, being, of course, in sections, as it were. He wears a gray flannel shirt on these expeditions. There are also a corduroy jacket and a belt. Mr. Cleveland is not, however, a Centaur. It does not appear that he ever donned a scarlet coat, white breeches and top boots to chase across country with his fellow creatures for the sake of experience.

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His wristbands, or to use the vulgar term, his "cuffs," are connected by neat links of the metal now in such favor on Wall street. These articles were a birthday gift from Mrs. Perine, mother of the first lady in the land.

The presidential linen is invariably white, never dotted or lined—that is, on occasions when Mr. Cleveland is seen officially or quasi-officially. The President's linen does not shine with starch. It has what laundrymen call "domestic finish." The shirt bosoms have a wide pleat running up and down, and the shirts themselves open front and back. During the hot afternoons of last summer, when Mr. Cleveland played billiards in the white house billiard room and the magisterial waistcoat was unbuttoned, the initials "G. C." were visible to the naked eye, worked in red in the conventional place for such evidences of ownership.

Mr. Cleveland's socks and half hose—he never wears stockings—are usually dark brown or black. He wears black cloth slippers at home, and when the exigencies of public business necessitate a disturbance of his domesticity he is generally found in a dressing gown of dark blue material. When he dines at home he wears a dress suit, or if it be an informal, Mr. Cleveland wears his frock coat and white necktie. There is no authenticated picture of Mr. Cleveland since he re-entered on the presidency in which a scarf pin forms part of his attire.

What may be termed the President's special outfits include a fisherman's suit and a shooting outfit. Mr. Cleveland possesses a full equipment of oilskins, all yellow, even to the hat, which fits both ways, so to speak, with long projecting blinkers back and front. This suit shelters the wearer from rain and spray, and explains Mr. Cleveland's readiness to go fishing in all sorts of weather. The President's fisherman equipment includes stout boots which come up to the knees, and into which his trousers are tucked. He wears on his right hand a stout leather glove, around which he authoritatively twists his line whenever a finny monster is presumed to have "biten." There is one capacious pocket in the oilskin coat, in which a book is placed. While awaiting the pleasure of the fishes Mr. Cleveland looks at his book.

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A Victim of Lunatics. "The Man of Iron," otherwise "Giles the Wizard," was one of the persons put to death during the witchcraft persecutions at Salem, Mass. His real name was Giles Corey and at the time of his awful death he was an old man past 80. When accused of being a "wizard" (which the Salem lunatics seem to have considered the masculine of "witch") he calmly met their charges and coolly informed them that he would die rather than communion with evil spirits. He was put to the peine forte et dure (death by pressure with huge weights), his fortitude during his dying moments winning for him the title used in the first line.

Growth of Liberalism. For the first time on record a Hebrew has been gazetted officer to one of the crack highland regiments of Queen Victoria's army. These regiments, notwithstanding their Scotch origin and dress, are nowadays composed mainly of Englishmen, Welshmen and Irishmen. But this is the first time that they have had on their rosters a highlander of the chosen race, which, prior to the present reign, was barred from holding positions in the army and navy, and even from membership of parliament.

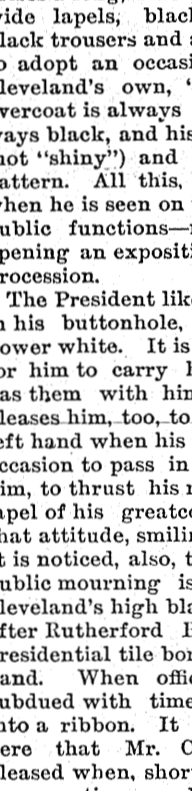
Superstition in China. The official Gazette of Peking published six columns in a recent issue in which were enumerated the emoluments and honors conferred on the 423 physicians who attended the emperor's mother in her recent serious illness. The Gazette protests against the doings of the Buddhist priests, who, during her illness, were continually denouncing the locomotives, to whose smoke and whistling they ascribed the illness.



FOR OFFICIAL OCCASIONS.



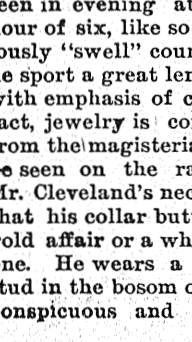
IN EVENING DRESS.



MR. CLEVELAND AT HOME.



MR. CLEVELAND AT HOME.



A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

She saw the long files of insurgent prisoners led along the streets, fawceted together by their elbows, with lowered heads, still fierce and shuddering from the bloody battle guarded by a cordon of soldiers. She saw the exasperated crowd flinging itself savagely upon these victims of their leader's folly, trying to break through the cordons of the soldiers, the women more furious than the men, striking at the prisoners with their umbrellas, crying, "Death to the assassins! To the fire with the incendiaries!"

When some poor panting wretch, exhausted by fatigue, tottered and fell, and was picked up by the gendarmes and put in one of the vehicles of relief which followed the convoy, there was a howl of fury from the mob: "No, no," they cried, "shoot him on the spot!"

And as the dismal tramp passed through the villages, on the quiet country roads, there was the same chorus of insults and execrations, a torture that knew no cessation till the prisoners reached the camp at Satory, where they had the naked earth for bed, and the sky for a roof.

Perhaps some among these pilgrims of the chain may have assisted in that emile procession on the 27th of May, when Emile Gols and his myrmidons drove the priests and gendarmes to the place of butchery in the Rue Haxo.

The day of reprisals had come, and the day was bitter. And the cry of Paris is like the voice of the daughter of Zion that bewailed herself, that spreadeth her hands, saying, "Woe is me now, for my soul is wearied because of murderers!"

In all her wanderings, those loiterings under the limes and the maples, on the boulevard, or on a bench in the Champs Elysees, where the old air of gaiety began once more to enliven the scene, Kathleen had as yet heard nothing of the missing Serizier.

The people whom she questioned were either densely ignorant—they had never heard of the man—or they remembered him vaguely as one of those heroes of the hour, a shoddy Achilles, who had struck in a grand uniform and played the soldier in a passing show; or they were indifferent, shrugged their shoulders, believed that Serizier had been killed on one of the barricades at Belleville yonder, or that he had been shot at Mazas with a gang of insurgents.

At last, however, one tender June evening, when the storied windows of Notre Dame flung broken colored lights, like scattered jewels, upon the placid bosom of the Seine, hard by the Luxembourg, Kathleen sat in the shadow yonder, like the black hull of some slave-ship, Kathleen, standing by the low parapet, listening to the deep-toned harmonies of the distant organ, heard two men talking of Serizier.

They had known him evidently; he had been one of their intimates at some period of his career; but they were not talking of him with any warmth of friendship. The man had been too great a brute to conciliate even his own class.

"He got off, sure enough," said one. "He was cleverer than Theophile Ferre, or Raoul Rigault, or Megy, and the rest of them. I met him after dark, on the 25th of May, in the Rue Jeanne d'Arc. He was in a fever of fight, poor wretch, shaking from head to foot with agitation and excitement. After all, there is a difference in killing and being killed, and Serizier thought his turn had come. His boots and trousers were red with the blood of the Dominicans, and he complained of having to wear uniform that was likely to betray his identity. He was colonel of the 101st battalion, you may remember, and had been very proud of his uniform—build that he was. Well, he had never done me any good, but that I could remember; but one is glad to hide a hunted beast when the hounds are close upon him; so I told him I had a married sister living in the Rue Chateaux des Rentiers, and that I could get him shelter in her lodgings, which was on the ground-floor, at the back, looking into a walled yard—a safe kennel for any dog to hide in. He jumped at the offer, and I took him to my sister's place, gave him a supper, and a bit of carpet to lie upon, and a blouse and a pair of linen trousers in exchange for his fine feathers, and lent him a razor to cut off his military moustache; and at break of day he left us, clean-shaven and dressed like a workman."

"And you conclude that he got out of Paris that morning?" asked the other man.

"He was a fool if he did not, having a fair chance."

"The question is whether he would not be easily forgotten, and the Government was hard on his track on account of the slaughter of the Dominicans, which really was a little touch; even so, the Internationals thought he had gone too far. I should think it would be easier for him to hide in Paris than to leave Paris just then."

"Perhaps; but there has been plenty of time since for him to get off. I dare say he is living by his craft as a currier in one of the big provincial towns. He would have to live by his trade; for I know he carried no money with him when he made that morning."

"A currier! Here was something gained, at least," Kathleen thought. "Until this moment she had not known the original avocation of the warrior Serizier, commandant of the famous 101st, the hero of the day and night at Châtillon. A currier! Here was a shining off indeed for the Ajax of the gutter!"

One of the provincial towns! Alas, this was indeed a vague clue. Rouen, Havre, Lyons, Tours, Rennes—the names of a dozen great cities came into Kathleen's mind as she went slowly homeward, downcast and disheartened. He lived; that was something for her to know. He lived to expiate his crime, to suffer as she suffered, to render blood for blood. Her life, her brain, her heart should be devoted to the task of finding him; her hand should point him out to the law he had outraged.

All that night—the soft summer night, full of the murmuring of leaves—even here in desolate Paris, where the ruined houses stood up blank and black, with shattered windows, through which the moonlight shone and the June winds blew; a handful of dust, a fragment of crumbling mortar, falling every now and then as the zephyrs touched the broken walls—all this night Kathleen lay broad awake, staring at the casement opposite her bed; and when day dawned—the sweet summer dawn that came so soon—she sprang up, and began to wash and dress. Her plan was formed.

"One of those two men had said there was safer hiding for such as Serizier in Paris than outside Paris; the other had said that he had no money upon him at the time of his supposed flight. Without money how could he have taken a long journey, unless he had walked, like the two sisters? But the colonel of the 101st—the man who had wallowed in feasting and drunkenness, who had held his impious orgies in the violated churches of Paris—was doubtless too luxurious a person to tramp the weary leagues along the white dusty roads, under the pitiless sun. No; he would stay in Paris. He

would think himself safe in his workman's blouse, among workmen, most of them members of the International Society, that fatal association which had sown the seeds of anarchy all over Europe. Amongst these men the assassin would be safe; they would not betray a brother, even were he known as the murderer of the helpless.

She was in the streets when any of the shops were opened, before workaday Paris, no sluggard, whatever her vices—was beginning to stir. This was sheer restlessness, for she could do nothing without the help of her fellow-men. At eleven o'clock she was in a small office in the Marais—an office to which she had gone with Rose years ago, soon after their first coming to Paris, to inquire for work. It was a registry for servants, for clerks in a small way, and for shopmen. Here she asked how many curriers' workshops there were in Paris. She thought there would be several—ten perhaps, or even twenty.

The agent gave her a trade-directory, opened it for her at the head of "Curriers." There were two hundred and thirty-two curriers in Paris—two hundred and thirty-two workshops, at any one of which the man Serizier might be plying his trade.

Hardly strange, taking this fact into consideration, that the law had hitherto failed to touch this offender; more especially as the government, though ready to administer stern justice upon such of the Communist assassins who came in its way, did not give itself very much trouble in hunting down those who had made their nest out.

And then, again, the harmless Dominicans were solitary men. There was no wife or child, no friend or sweetheart, to avenge them.

"It will be longer than I thought," Kathleen said to herself, as she stood at a desk in the shadow at the back of the little office, copying that long list of names and addresses.

Two hundred and thirty-two workshops! There were names of streets which she had never heard of—districts, suburbs, of whose very existence she was ignorant. The work of copying those addresses alone occupied her for nearly two hours; she was so careful to write every address correctly, to be sure of every name.

When her task was done she gave the agent two francs for the use of the book, ink, and paper, and asked him where she could buy a good map of Paris. He directed her to a shop in the next street, where she got what she wanted; and this done, she went home.

Rose was singing over her baby, singing in the small window, bright with flowers. Philip had fitted the windows with flower-boxes of his own designing—Swiss, rustic, what you will—constructed out of odd pieces of rough oak, the refuse of his cabinet-maker's work. Rose was the gardener, who bought and planted the flowers, and tended these humble gardens day by day; and never had bloomed finer carnations than Rose's Gloire de Malmaison yonder, or lovelier roses than her carnations.

Durand was at work in his carpenter's shop hard by, with a sheaf of chisels, carving a bird whose breast feathers seemed ruffled with the summer wind, so full of life was the chiselling. What a happy hour it was in the July afternoon! The bit of blood and fire had rolled by, and left the little household unscathed, untouched. Nay, in the midst of death and doom the babe had been born, and the Trinity of domestic love had been made perfect.

Kathleen sank down into a chair near her sister's sighing, faintly in weariness.

"My love, how tired you look!" said Rose tenderly. "Have you been far?"

"No; only to the Marais."

Rose hid of late abstained from all close questioning of her sister. She knew that Kathleen wandered about the streets aimlessly, wearied herself with long walks that seemed utterly without end or motive. But this idle wandering might be one way of living down a great grief. It was well perhaps to let the mourner take her own way. Nothing so oppressive as obtrusive sympathy. Rose sympathized, and said very little.

At his wife's instigation Durand watched the girl's lonely walks on two or three occasions—saw that she suffered no harm, went into no vile quarters, provoked no insult; and after being assured of this, Rose was content to let her follow her own devices.

"The angel of consolation may be leading her," she said; "saints and angels know what is best for her."

And in her high-strung faith as a Papist, Rose Durand believed that her sister's pure spirit hovered on earth, in a communication with the souls of that mighty company which had gone before, that great cloud of witnesses hovering round us, invisible, impalpable—the spirits of the faithful departed.

Kathleen sat silent, those dreamy eyes of hers gazing across the flowers to the blue cloudless sky. The dark-violent eyes seemed larger and more lustrous than of old now that her face was pinched and thin; but O, so unsuspectingly sad!

"Why were you not home at dinner-time, dear? Have you had anything to eat since this morning?"

"I think not," Kathleen answered absently.

"And you went out so early! I was at your door before six, and found you were gone. You must be faint for want of food."

"I never feel hungry. I am a little tired, that's all."

The boy had dropped off to sleep by this time. Rose laid him softly in his cradle, and then busied herself preparing a meal for her sister.

She made some coffee in a little brown pot, which needed only a handful of burning charcoal to heat it. She brought out some Lyons sausage, a plate of salad, a bunch of crisp light bread, a roll of butter in a little covered dish half-full of ice. Everything in Rose's domestic arrangements was fresh and clean and neat. The cloth she spread on the table was spotless, washed and ironed by her own hands.

"Come, pet," she said, and coaxed her sister to the table, taking off her bonnet, smoothing the soft golden hair, kissing the pale brow, so full of gloomy thought.

Kathleen took a little coffee, but ate nothing. She sat with her eyes fixed on vacancy, scarcely conscious of the meal that had been spread for her, quite unconscious of Rose's face watching her.

"My dearest, if you don't eat—if you go wandering about and fasting for long hours—you will be fit for nothing; you will drop down in the streets; you will be carried off to a hospital."

added Rose, with tears in her eyes—for there were times when she felt as if it were but a question of weeks and days how long she might keep this idolized sister—"you ought to be careful of my own and Philip's. We are both so fond of you."

"Yes," Kathleen answered, in a low voice, "and for his sake."

She forced herself to eat, and did tolerate justice to the white sweet bread and the fresh salad. Her meals in her own apartment were less luxurious. A slice of dry bread, eaten standing, a handful of cherries and a crust, a cup of milk. She had hoarded her little stock of money ever since Gaston's disappearance. She held it ready for any expenditure that might help her in her scheme of vengeance.

"I want to be strong," she said quietly, when she had finished her meal. "I have got some employment—a kind of place, to which I shall have to go very early every morning."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Rose, sitting at work by the window, moving the cradle with her foot. "Why did you do that, dear?"

"I hardly know," answered Kathleen, with her eyes on the ground. "I thought it would be better for me to be employed."

"But I don't think you are strong enough for employment of any kind, just yet, dear," said Rose anxiously.

The idea seemed to her fraught with peril, with stress even.

"O, but I shall get stronger now that I have a motive, a settled purpose in life, a task to perform. You will see that I shall do so, Rose. Have no fear."

Her eyes brightened, she flashed as she spoke—a hectic fatal light, Rose thought.

"I hope, whatever place you have taken, that the work is very easy," said the elder sister, after a pause.

"O yes, it is easy enough—very easy, in the open air mostly. You will see that my health will improve every day."

"I shall be full of thankfulness if I see that; and if the employment adds to your happiness."

"I will try and cried Kathleen eagerly. "It will make me very happy, if I succeed."

"Dearest, I never like to question you about yourself," said Rose, in a pleading tone, "for I know there are heart-wounds which should never be touched. But I should be so glad if you would tell me frankly, fully, what you are going to do?"

"I cannot, dear."

"Cannot! O Kathleen, is not that hard between such sisters as you and me?"

"All my life has been hard since the 21st of May."

"And I am to be told nothing?"

"Nothing more than I have told you already. I have taken upon myself an avocation which will oblige me to go out very early every morning; to be out something at dusk. I want you to understand this, and not to be uneasy when I am away from home."

"I cannot help being uneasy. I am anxious about you every hour of the day. Why cannot you stay at home, Kathleen, and let me take care of you? I could get you work that you could do in your own room; sheltered, safe, protected from the pollution of the streets, from the hearing of foul language, from brushing shoulders with respectable people."

"I hear nothing; feel no degradation. I think nothing, am conscious of nothing, but my own business."

"Is this business—respectable—worthy of a good Catholic?"

"Yes, it is respectable. There is warrant for it in the Scriptures."

Rose looked at her with acute anxiety. That pale fixed face, the strange brightness of the eyes, suggested an exaltation of spirit, a state of mind which touched the confines of madness. And yet the girl's voice was soft and gentle, her movements were quiet and deliberate. There was no wildness of gesture, no sign of actual unreason. Kathleen was terribly in earnest, that was all.

From that hour the girl's health seemed to improve; both mentally and physically, there was a change for the better. Her eye had a steady light; there was less of exaltation, of feverish excitement. Her whole being seemed braced and strengthened, as if by some heroic purpose. Yet there were times when the light in those steady eyes, the marble lines of the firmly-set lips, were almost awful.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Too Quick For Him.

The only man who ever was too quick for Joe Dye, the bad man of Ventura, was Petroleum Scott, the old Ventura oil man, a tall, wiry, nervous chap, who would be the terror of stonographers if he were a public speaker. Phillips Brooks is a leisurely drawer compared to Scott. Scott and Dye had a legal contest over an oil-claim on the Sespe, and while the case was pending, Scott prudently avoided discussing it with Joe, whose temper and trigger-finger were notoriously quick and apt to act in concert. One day, Scott and Dye met in a Santa Paula saloon, and sitting down at a table together, clinked glasses and chatted about things in general. Scott carefully abstained from talking about the case, but Joe finally bronched the subject and made some statement about the records that was not correct. This is the way Scott tells the story: "Without thinking, I said, 'Joe, you're a damn liar,' and as soon as the words were out of my mouth, he yanked out his revolver and stuck it under my nose. But I was too quick for him. I took it all back before he could shoot."

In Tunn.

Many ladies who get confused in the process of cross-examination would envy the etiquette which prevails in Tunis. A princess who was recently proceeded against by two negroes in her employ, was allowed to give her evidence from the concealment of a curtained partition. Whether this arrangement gave her the requisite presence of mind, or whether from the inherent strength of her case, she certainly won the verdict. We do not learn that the negroes were accorded the same privilege, which might have been an advantage to them.

Among the Flowers.

An eccentric New Yorker, much given to hospitality, has concealed among the flowers on his dinner table an artificial mocking-bird, which, at the pressure of an electric wire by his foot flutters and gives a musical chirp. Strangers are amused by the ingenious toy, but his family and friends understand that the bird only flies and sings when a subject is broached which is likely to prove offensive or painful to one of the guests.

VERSATILE VERA.

A New York Lady Who Is a Journalist in London.

Mrs. Alfred Berlyn, who is well known to English readers as "Vera," was born in New York, educated at Queen's college, Harley street, and received a journalistic training under her father, Mr. Bernard H. Becker, the well-known journalist, to whom she acted as assistant, says the London Lady's Pictorial. After her marriage with Alfred Berlyn in 1885 she took seriously to journalism—in which profession her husband is also engaged—and has been associated with the leading women's papers, especially with the Lady's Pictorial.

She has also written a number of short stories, and contributed special articles on social and other matters to various periodicals and weekly journals. As a writer of smart essays and descriptive papers Mrs. Berlyn is well known in the provincial press. Mrs. Berlyn's bright and sympathetic style renders all her work of unfailing interest, and she is gifted with that excellent and rather unusual thing in woman, a keen perception of humor, which often makes itself pleasantly conspicuous in her work.

In an attempt to score six for cyclists and several dozens for himself, he never ceases by night or day to plot and plan for the supercession of radical improvement of what is in the hope of what may be. But many a time and oft, and mainly through blind faith in the creations of his brain, does the poor fellow burn his fingers and issue from his ventures all poorer, but seldom wiser, than he entered. It is regrettable always that habitual inventors seldom see that, with a single mind originating a sequence of inventions, there must exist varying degrees of merit and originality. In nine cases out of ten every inventor's goose is to him a swan, and it is hard for him to see it in any other light. Nothing is sadder than to hear of a man devoting time, thought and money to working out an idea, when that idea is known to specialists as one which has been tried in the fire of experiment and found wanting. The men of ingenuity can seldom bring themselves to believe they are not first and original inventors, or that their inventions, clever though they may be, are of no practical utility. Expert, educated opinion, is the last, and not as it should be the first, thing they seek when the inventive afflatus is upon them, and it, therefore, often happens that they frequently labor for weeks and months at a time, only to discover ultimately that they have travelled without avail, and all their work has been thrown away. Our strong and persistent advice to the man of ideas and devices is to request the advice of one or more accredited experts before he spends time and money upon what may be but dead sea fruit after all.—Cyclist.

ALIKE IN ALL COUNTRIES.

The Inventor Is Ever the Same, no Matter What He Has Invented.

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MRS. CHAN-TOON.

She Is the First European Lady Who Ever Married a Burmese.

The accompanying portrait is that of the first European lady who has ever married a Burmese husband. Miss Mabel Cosgrove married Mr. Chan-Toon, some two months ago, and the incident is peculiarly interesting, as Mr. Chan-Toon achieved a quite phenomenal success in 1885 by taking all the scholarships open to law students—a feat no Englishman has ever performed. Mrs. Chan-Toon is almost 30 years of age, a native of Cork, and accomplished young lady, having written a novel and a number of short stories. Mr. Chan-Toon is a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and at present one of the leading barristers in Rangoon.

A Peculiar Bequest.

A Christian newspaper, which does not give itself up to the comic element, relates that a Danish lawyer named Nikolson bequeathed the whole of his property to trustees to be employed in the purchase of bicycles for the use of children attending school, and part of the money is to be toward paying a teacher to train the boys in bicycle riding. The validity of the will has been disputed by the sons of the testator, who refuse to acknowledge it, so that it is still a question of doubt whether the children will reap the benefit of the strange bequest. That the testator was sincere enough, and that he recognized in the wheel untold blessings which might have escaped the observation of a mind of less acumen, the concluding portion of the will should go to prove. It says: "I have always found a bicycle a capital protection against the impertinence of those people who persist in stopping you in your walk to spin a long yarn in the hot sun or in the biting east wind. My machine, unlike a horse, never shied once; and in my drives I have had no need to entrust life and limb to the tender mercies of a coachman."

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So many forgeries of ancient books have been perpetrated that some critics have been led to suppose that all the ancient writings we possess are but impostures.

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