

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIII. NO. 11.

CASS CITY, MICH., FEB. 23, 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.

This is the only Genuine Clearing Sale ever held in Cass City. We need money to pay our taxes and bills coming due; therefore we inaugurate a grand

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 corporation line, has been sold for \$800. Will take \$350. \$100 cash.

HOUSE and lot in Cass City, well located. Cost \$1,000 to build. Will sell for \$600 if sold within 30 days. \$200 cash. Rents for \$6 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, \$225. \$50 cash.

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

CASS CITY

REAL ESTATE

EXCHANGE

C. W. McPHAIL, Prop.

“Michigan! My Michigan! Home of my heart, I sing of Thee; Michigan! My Michigan! Thy lakes-bound shores I long to see; Michigan! My Michigan! From Saginaw’s tall, whispering pines, To Lake Superior’s furthest mines, Fair in the light of memory shines, Michigan! My Michigan!”

For Sale—The John C. Loring farm of 120 acres, all improved. Good buildings and orchard, on good road, only four miles from Cass City. Price \$3,800; cash, \$1,000; balance on easy terms. Apply to Thos. H. McWebb, Caro, or C. W. McPhail, Cass City.

For Sale—The Ames Premiere farm of 100 acres now owned by B. M. Ewing. All improved; fine bank barn 40x60; good, comfortable frame house; fine orchard of five acres. This farm is worth \$8,000. Price \$3,000. Cash \$1,000, balance on easy terms. Apply to C. W. McPhail, Cass City, or owner on premises.

Do You Want to Sell?

Place your property with me.

Do You Wish to Locate

in the best section of Michigan? Write me for list of property at low prices, small payments and easy terms.

C. W. McPHAIL.

It is always best

To use Pure Drugs.

When you use Soda buy the pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

Try Our Own Pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

Also

OUR OWN CONDITION POWDERS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep or any kind of stock.

OUR OWN SANSAPARILLA

For the Blood.

OUR OWN LITTLE LIVER PILLS,

15c. per bottle.

T. H. Fritz, - Pharmacist.

Caught On The Fly.

Zero weather.

Wm. Seed is afflicted with la grippe.

Jas. A. Allen visited at Oxford the fore part of the week.

Dr. D. P. Deming made a business trip to Caro on Monday.

Miss Stevenson, of Tuscola, is a guest at her brother's, G. A. Stevenson.

A. A. Hitechock and Miss Maggie Donovan attended a ball at Inlay City last evening.

Elliot Metcalf was before the pension-examination board at Bad Axe on Wednesday.

Editor Slocom, of the Caro Democrat, and Attorney Gamble, of Caro, were in town Monday evening.

E. D. Bickford and wife returned on Tuesday from an extended visit with relatives at Orangeville, Ont.

Foot Travis is visiting his mother at Lapeer.

G. A. Stevenson has another bargain ad. Read and profit.

J. McCullough transacted business at Deford on Tuesday.

N. Bigelow's father, from Davisburg, is visiting him at present.

Cal. Ale left on Monday for Saginaw, where he will attend a business college.

B. Leadbeater and Miss Mamie Kliff, of Caro, visited friends in town on Sunday.

Jos. Reuter and Miss Anna Mall spent Sunday with the latter's parents at Elmwood.

Mrs. Ella McConkey, of Flint, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. T. McConkey.

Mrs. E. K. Wickware and son, M. M. Wickware, visited relatives in Ellington on Sunday.

Veterinary Robinson now has convenient headquarters in the Edward's livery barn office.

Miss Flora Wells, who was called home by the serious illness of her mother, returned to Pontiac on Thursday last week.

The Marlette Leader says: “J. W. Peck is negotiating the purchase of the Sheridan House at Cass City, and if he secures it will remove there and conduct the business.”

Charley Fairweather, who has been clerking in the store of his brother, H. Fairweather, for some time past, has returned to his home at Inlay City, where he will attend school.

Andrew Segar, of this place, gives us the following for publication: “Ich con dell Doc. Deming vhy de Beople's Pharty is de snaw sthorm like. Dhey do lots of sthorming und blusthoring und den slush all out.”

Miss Minnie Landrigan, who is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Hugh Kaniard, slipped and fell on the ice Monday while carrying her little niece, and broke her left limb. Dr. McLean was called and reduced the fracture.

Albert L. Fournier and Miss May V. Kline, of Bad Axe, were united in marriage at the Tennant House on Monday, by Rev. G. Anderson, pastor of the Baptist Church. Mr. Fournier is proprietor of the Bad Axe saw mills.

We failed to mention a pleasant surprise party that was given Miss Mattie Higgins, at the residence of J. F. Hendrick, last week Wednesday evening. Progressive pedo was the game of the evening. Miss Bell McKenzie captured the nice prize offered for the winner of the most games.

The Gents' Literary Society tested Photographer Maier's camera yesterday. The boys were obliged to sell their society Billy goat to defray the expenses of their recent banquet, but J. H. Striffler kindly loaned them his merino buck, who was in good humor and stood “like a Major” for his picture.

Careful and profitable work is being done at the Michigan School for the Blind at Lansing, and every blind child, or child so nearly blind as to be unable to receive instruction in the public schools, should be there if possible. The school is under the management of excellent teachers. Particulars can be learned by writing to the Superintendent at Lansing.

L. C. Sherman, editor of the Pt. Huron Daily Times, is being boomed by his many admirers as the Republican candidate for congress from the seventh district. Although the seventh district is “out of our territory,” we take the liberty to remark that better “timber” for a congressman than Mr. Sherman is not to be found, and his party can do no less to show their appreciation of the valued work he has done and continues to do for the Republic cause, than by making him the nominee for congress.

Perhaps a more enjoyable time was never spent by twelve of our young people than on the occasion of the Gents' Literary Society sine die banquet at the Tennant House last Friday night. From the time the banqueters seated themselves around the “festive board,” to the closing toast, it was one round of enjoyment. Landlord Farrar, who is never known to do things by halves, had prepared a spread equal in every respect to one that he might be expected to serve to an assembly of United States Senators. The only thing they might have missed, perhaps, would have been wine, but the banqueters preferred to toast only to Nature's pure and healthful drink—water. The “feast of soul and flow of reason” continued uninterrupted until the midnight hour, when the banqueters repaired to their homes, all, with one accord, extolling the success of the occasion.

Mrs. Archie Marks is receiving treatment at the University Hospital, Ann Arbor.

On Monday the P. O. & N. R. R. officials passed over the road. They were: H. Porter, Pres., and his chief clerk; W. C. Sanford and Jas. Huston.

Miss Mattie Higgins left for Bad Axe Tuesday evening, where she will visit her parents and attend a “school of instruction” given by the Great Lady Commander of the L. O. T. M., Lillian Holster.

Morgan W. Bogert and Miss Eliza Burkell were united in marriage at Caro, by Rev. Gifford, last week Monday. They have commenced house-keeping on Mr. Bogert's farm, a few miles northeast of town.

Ten of the Lady Maccabees of this place attended the “school of instruction” given by Lady Commander, Lillian Holster, at North Branch, last week Thursday. They report a very enjoyable and profitable time.

The editor of the Times-Press of Bay City, gave Sam Bettes such a dressing down in his paper as he will remember for several years. Bettes attacked the editor from the pulpit and when the newspaper replied there wasn't a feather left on Samuel. A pile driver blow would be a love tap compared with it.—[Port Huron News.]

The suit of Jos. Klein against the P. O. & N. R. R., to recover damages for the death of a son, who received fatal injuries while assisting in moving freight cars on the above company's road, has been put over until the May term of the circuit court. The case was postponed owing to the forced absence from this state of B. W. Huston, the plaintiff's attorney.

The entertainment given by Miss Irene Pinney, of Cass City, at Roberts' hall on Friday evening, possessed all the elements of success and well rewarded those who braved the inclemencies of the evening to be present. As an amateur Miss Pinney is exceedingly clever and has an undoubted future before the footlights.—[Sanilac Center Republican.]

The seniors of the High School will present the drama “Under the Laurels,” at the Town Hall, next week Saturday evening, March 3. The proceeds of the entertainment will be used to purchase additional volumes for the school library, and the scholars should be assisted in their worthy efforts. For synopsis and cast, see bills, to be distributed next week.

The editor of the Unionville Crescent suggests that prisoners in the county jail be put to work, either cutting ice, crushing stone or working on the road. He thinks that in a short time after this plan was in operation, the county's expense would be greatly reduced by the absence of many of its “boarders,” many preferring to pay their fine to taking chances at manual labor.

In the circuit court Wednesday morning, Judge Beach took the case of Miss Clara Jacobs vs. the F. & P. M. R. R. from the jury, rendering a verdict for the defendant. The plaintiff in a lightening train, which she thought had dived up at the Vassar depot, but which had stopped for a moment some distance away, received injuries which resulted in the loss of a limb. She had brought suit to recover \$50,000 damages.

Here's an illustration of the power of printer's ink: Last Friday the advertisement of the Tuscola County Mutual Insurance Co. appeared for the first time in this paper. On Saturday, W. J. Campbell, who is president of the company and its agent at this place, informs us that nearly every farmer he met made inquiries of him regarding insurance, and on that day he wrote four policies. He has written several more this week, and the end is not yet. There are hundreds of farmers who would just as soon leave their insurance money in their own county, but were simply waiting for an invitation to do so.

A Fowlerville church is lighted and smoked by eighteen or twenty oil lamps, but when the agent of the village electric lighting company offered to put in a wire and give the church an arc light for the cost of the oil now used, one of the deacons fought the proposition vigorously upon the ground that if electric light were used it would necessitate the running of the machinery on Sunday evening, and that was wicked. The deacon carried a majority of the congregation to his view of the situation, the proposition was defeated and the lamps will continue to smoke.—[Leslie Local. Wonder if the above deacon doesn't muzzle his roosters and bandage his hens' feet on Sunday to prevent them from crowing and scratching.]

There's skating on the Cass.

J. F. Lynds, son of C. W. Lynds, of East Elkland, is building a house and barn on his farm on the County line, in the south-west corner of Greenleaf.

G. H. Frank has the work under his direction and is flourishing the mallet with great zeal. We understand that Mr. Lynds has rented the place, and as soon as the buildings are completed will return to Detroit.

County Commissioner of Schools Reavy was in town on Saturday last and attended the meeting of the Teachers' Association. Mr. Reavy, while calling on the many country schools in the county, has been endeavoring, and quite successfully, to introduce a new system of graded work. This system comprises eight grades, and the work of each grade is especially arranged with the view of leading the pupil step by step to higher studies in a systematic manner—in a manner that he may note his own progress and have a mark to strive for. Ambitious scholars of country schools are, under the present system, too often discouraged by being, in the advent of a new term and new teacher, turned back with their class to the commencement of their studies again, after having progressed a considerable way in the subjects. This is repeated to the extent that otherwise ambitious pupils become disheartened and careless. By the new system the grade a pupil attains is recorded, and at the beginning of a term he commences where he left off. The usual review work, however, is in no wise interfered with. When a pupil finishes the eight grades he is given a certificate which will show his standing and will admit him to higher graded schools without examination. Mr. Reavy is also taking the opportunity to deliver a copy of the “Slocom Economic Series of School Blanks” to each of the districts in the county, the Board of Supervisors ordering the furnishing of the same at the county's expense. Mr. Reavy has evidenced that he is thoroughly interested in his work, and that he proposes to leave nothing undone on his part that will serve to build up our country school system.

S. Y. Kenyon and Samuel Elliott, two enterprising farmers of Ellington township, have hit upon an apparently practical scheme, which, if put into effect, will give employment to from two to five thousand men in this county and eventually put from one to two millions of dollars in circulation. The plan is to remove the large stones, Tolbert saw logs and other obstructions from Cass River, from Cass City to Vassar, and dredge the same sufficiently to permit of running two steam ferry-boats between these points. Stops, enroute, would be made at Point Elmwood, Point Ellington, and Caro. It is figured that the trip from Cass City to Vassar could be made in three hours, and as there would be a ferry running in each direction, the passenger traffic could be accommodated with pleasantness and dispatch. The boats are to be provided with ice-crushers, so that it will be possible to run them the year around. It is thought that from one to two million dollars will be sufficient to put the plan into successful operation, and it is proposed to raise this amount by selling stock. It is anticipated that the shares of stock will be eagerly snatched up, not only by home capitalists, but by moneyed men from every part of the United States, as a careful algebraic analysis makes it plain that a liberal dividend can be declared the stock holders the first year. The enterprising Detroit daily papers have already made the projectors of this scheme a liberal offer if they will furnish them with, and give them the exclusive publication of, a first-class scandal, a la the great Panama Canal scandal. All great enterprises meet with some opposition, and this one is no exception. John McLellan, proprietor of the Cass City and Caro stage line, proposes to fight it “tooth and nail,” and our livery men propose to throw all the obstructions into the river they can. The advantages that the proposed ferry line would offer are too numerous to mention in entire, but we might mention that it would make a fine pleasure trip during the summer months, and in business trips think of the deep mud holes and huge snow drifts that would be avoided; then too, defeated county candidates, instead of being obliged to go to big expense to sail up “Sault River,” a trip could be taken up the Cass for twenty-five cents, round trip fare. As the writer was three hours and ten minutes in making the trip from Ellington to Cass City with horse and cutter on Sunday afternoon, he is heartily in favor of the Cass River ferry-boat-line scheme, and is willing to do what he can to make the project a success.

A Fine Building.

Description of the New Brick Block Block of P. C. Purdy & Son, at Gagetown.

Well may the Gagetown representative of the family of the Great American Eagle screech an extra screech and roost a notch higher because of the various improvements which have been made within her domains within the last few months—the last, but by no means least, of which is the Purdy Block, now completed.

What was a short time since an eyesore to loyal citizens and to the traveling public, has undergone a marvelous transformation and may now be spoken of as “a thing of beauty and a joy forever.”

About Sept. 1st, the property on the corner of Main and Gore streets, owned by Joseph Gage, was sold to P. C. Purdy & Son, bankers. The transforming of the old frame structure into the fine brick block, as it now stands, was placed under the supervision of Wm. Woods, of Davison, who did such satisfactory work in erecting the new school house. Operations were commenced about Nov. 1st and, considering the inclemency of the weather, since that time, the completion of the building has been accomplished in a remarkably short period.

The building is 50x60 feet in size and two stories high besides basement. The foundation is of stone and a spacious basement runs under the entire building. The old frame was somewhat altered and improved in design and veneered with brick. The cornice is both neat and attractive, adding greatly to the appearance of the block. The roof is of tar and gravel.

The banking office proper occupies the southwest corner, having a corner entrance, and is 18x20 feet, with a private office (11x20 feet) and a store room in the rear. The counter is made of selected material, principally bird's-eye maple, and is finished in first-class style. The vault is of brick, the wall being two feet thick all around, and contains 21,000 bricks. The interior is 5x8 feet. The vault door was furnished by the Detroit Safe Co.

Jas. L. Purdy, who is manager of the bank, will, in the future, be assisted by his brother, L. C.

The eastern portion of the block has been fitted up for a general store and has been leased by A. J. Palmer, who deals in dry goods, boots and shoes, gents' furnishings and groceries. The main portion of the store is 22x60 feet, which is devoted to dry goods, boots and shoes. An archway connects with a room 20x20 feet, at the rear of the bank, which has a side entrance and is used for groceries, crockery, etc. The store is also provided with a well-designed office counter. Mr. Palmer also has the rooms above the store for his clothing department.

The portion of the upper story over the bank is divided into dwelling rooms and is certainly very conveniently arranged and tastily finished.

The contractor, Mr. Woods, has distinguished himself here as being a first-class artisan and a hustler. Mr. Purdy is highly pleased that he secured his services.

Happenings On The Hill.

Contributed by Pupils.

“Stick to it and do it.”

Howard Ewing visited the schools last week.

The Teachers' Association met last Saturday afternoon. Many important subjects were discussed and much valuable information was obtained. Mr. Reavey was with us for the second time and his presence was much appreciated.

Spelling has been the principal part of the Friday afternoon programs.

Examinations are very few this month, a result of good work.

School closes Wednesday night of this week.

A number of schools are making preparations to attend the Tuscola County Teachers' Association held at Caro the 23rd and 24th of this month.

The teachers' examination will be held at this place, March 9th.

The actors of “Under the Laurels” are working hard with their parts.

NOTICE.

All parties owing me by book account or notes, past due, please call and settle same at once, by cash or note. I must have settlement by Mar. 10, '94. And oblige

E. McKim.

WANTED.

Two Horses, each to weigh about 1,300, for use on egg wagon.

2-23-2 **A. FRUTKIN & Co.**

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

A Berne Burglar in the Toils.—Stolen Goods at Bad Axe Recovered.—Death of Mrs. J. F. Seelye, Caro.—Other Notes.

Caseville township paid drain tax to the amount of \$7,000 for 1893.

Mr. Proeper is about to erect a saw and shingle mill at Linkville.

Good Brothers, formerly of Waterloo, Ont., new proprietors of the butter factory have arrived and will at once begin operations preparatory to starting the factory to work.—[Brown City Banner.]

Mrs. Martha Seelye, wife of John F. Seelye, proprietor of the Tuscola County Bank, Caro, died very suddenly at Ann Arbor last Saturday, where she had gone to see her daughter, who is a pupil in the university. The remains were brought to Caro on Monday. The deceased had a very extensive acquaintance throughout the state, was a thorough christian and an earnest worker in the many ladies' societies of Caro. The entire community is in mourning over her sudden demise, as she was loved and respected by all. The funeral was held at the Presbyterian Church Wednesday.

Last Saturday a search warrant was issued from Judge Watkins' court for Con Dahmer's room at the Morrow House, at the instance of Mark Ruzak, and about \$50 worth of goods were found belonging to the Busy Big Store, consisting of a lady's chain, a suit of clothes, a plush album, a book and sundry other articles which the said Mr. Dahmer admitted belonged to the said store. On Thursday of this week he was arraigned on the safe robbery before Justice Watkins, plead guilty and was bound over to the Circuit Court and in default of \$1,000 bail was remanded to jail to await trial.—[Bad Axe Tribune.]

During Monday's storm, Harry Woodcock drove a traveling man with his line of samples to Frankenthum station, on the F. & P. M. railroad, his dog “Pat” as was his usual custom, following him. When he left the depot at that place, he decided to drive to the town of Frankenthum and stay all night, for the storm was increasing in violence. At this point the dog lost sight of his master, and being of a philosophical turn of mind, decided to take the train home rather than undertake the unpleasant task of “hunting up” his master in the fast gathering storm. Accordingly, when the train east pulled up, “Pat” mounted the platform, made his way into the passenger coach, and when the brakeman called out “Vassar,” he alighted and determinedly made his way through the snow drifts to his snug nest in the Jewell house barn, where he joyfully welcomed the return of his master the following morning.—[Vassar Pioneer.]

In the ENTERPRISE of Jan. 12 mention was made of the arrest of C. Meunter, on the charge of the larceny of clover seed from Lepphardt Bros. of Berne in the following issue it was stated that Meunter had been discharged and C. Draher arrested on a similar charge. In the meantime suspicions were aroused that H. J. Schlueter was implicated; but ere his arrest could be effected “the bird had flown.” Sheriff Buchanan of Bad Axe, however, was not to be defeated, and a few days ago returned from Arkansas, with Schlueter in custody. He procured the requisite papers at Lansing and similar ones at Little Rock, Ark., and then proceeded to locate his man. Arriving at Pine Bluff, Jefferson county, he found that Schlueter had left there a few days previous, and became satisfied that he was working in one of the lumber mills on the Cotton Belt R. R. As there was but one train a day, other means of conveyance was necessary and the sheriff made use of a hand car with two negroes as propellers. After traversing some forty miles of railroad Schlueter was found at a mill below Freeman, where he was running a steam pump, and was known by the name of Watson. He offered no resistance. He has been bound over to the circuit court for trial and is out on \$500 bail. The trial will take place in the early part of March, when further developments are anticipated. The particulars for this account were obtained from Messrs. Lepphardt by an ENTERPRISE representative while calling at Berne on Tuesday.

Wm. Fairweather has been a sufferer with la grippe the past two weeks.

The Unionville Crescent was issued two days later than customary last week, and when it did appear its editorial columns contained mostly articles pertaining to infantine. The editor is excusable. A nine pound baby boy arrived at his home the Sunday previous.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Props.
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

The very act of receiving, if done graciously and with thankful kindness, is in itself a gift, and one that stimulates renewed generosity.

The princess of Wales will, it is said, withdraw from society, and no wonder. A lady of refined instincts would naturally object to society that has the prince of Wales for a prominent figure.

The exploit of Johnny Crow, the boy hero of Nevada, who rescued his six brothers and sisters from drowning by diving for them under the ice, has created a deep impression. Fortunately the government makes a practice of conferring medals in such cases. Nevada's senators and representative at Washington should take pride in doing all that is necessary to obtain fitting honor for their brave young constituent.

POLITICS has found a new use in Boston. In the police court the principal evidence against a chicken thief was furnished by a hen. She was tied so that she could not move, placed in a darkened room, and covered with blueing, while the suspected thief, with others, was directed to go into the room and lay his hands on the hen. It was expected by the proposer of this plan that the hen would cackle when the thief touched her. So, too, the thief evidently believed, for after the ordeal all hands were covered with blueing but his. He was very much embarrassed at his exposure, but soon confessed that he had been the guilty party.

The lesson taught by the last volume of constant reports is that if Americans desire to secure and hold the trade of foreign countries they must study the taste of the people, not only as to quality, but even their ways of packing and shipping. The fastidious demand of Europeans as to the size and shape of the boxes containing their American dressed meat may be essentially different from the kind of the Chinese. A man wants his put up in, but so long as the European and the Oriental have the money to buy, it is best, in fact necessary, to follow the notions of each. "All things to all men," is a much more allowable policy in business than in politics, for it voices the sentiment of commercial adaptability, which is itself the essence of trade.

A GUNX's baby case is on the hands of the federal authorities. An idiot girl came in last week on the steamship Bohemia at Boston. She slipped through in violation of the law forbidding landing of imbeciles, but was finally detained by an inspector for examination. Her worthy kindred from Silesia left her with the inspector and slipped off to their Western destination, glad, doubtless, to be rid of the poor creature. The steamship company do not know where she came from or to whom to return her. The case is absorbing in interest and baffling to all who have to deal with it, but it is evident that the original fault lies with the steamship company that received the girl without personal inquiry into her condition at the port of embarkation, Hamburg.

A WASHINGTON inventor is at work on the old problem how to make the heat of the sun available in more ways by focusing the sun's rays and thus concentrating it in small space. He proposes gigantic burning glasses by which he hopes to be able to bore tunnels through mountains and do many things easily that now require great labor. Many strange things have been done during the past fifty years which would once have been thought impossible. It is believed by many scientists that the sun's heat comes from electricity and that it is in one way or another the source of electricity on this planet. It was at one time a project of Edison to get electric power directly from the sun's rays. Perhaps he has not given up this idea as for the present impracticable.

THE PARVENS of this country were never more slavish in their attentions to royalty when the prince of Wales was on this side of the Atlantic than are some of the lum-tum clubs of the East now to Pompadour Jim Corbett. At Harvard university he was wined and foted in imitation of the return of some great Roman commander encircled with his victorious eagles. The most exclusive "literary" clubs gave him receptions and one of these a big banquet, as if the essence of literature had trickled down from the gray matter of the head to the bone and muscle of the fist. It does not appear that the deposed monarch of the ring, Sullivan, was in it at all, much as it would have been better to his wounded soul could he have spread his literary lists over the banquet board as toastmaster.

NEW YORK and Philadelphia are to be connected by an electrical railroad. That New Yorkers should be willing to be whisked off to Philadelphia by electricity is intelligible, but why any Philadelphia should want to go to New York any faster than he can now is not so clear.

WHILE California is in the mid-winter fair business, she ought to put on exhibition a few regiments of sheriffs and deputy sheriffs who have been chased out of the mountains by Bandit Evans and his army of one.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON "THE LIGHTNING OF THE SEA"

A Most Eloquent Discourse from Job 41: xxxii. "He maketh a path to shine after him"—The Audience Enchained with Interest.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 18.—In the Brooklyn tabernacle this forenoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage preached an unusually attractive and eloquent gospel sermon to a crowded audience who listened with rapt interest. The subject was "The Lightning of the Sea," the text selected being Job 41: xxxii. "He maketh a path to shine after him."

If for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible there will yet be texts unexpounded and unexplained, and unappreciated. What little has been said concerning this chapter in Job from which my text is taken, bears on the controversy as to what was really the leviathan described as disturbing the sea. What creature it was I know not. Some say it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea monster now extinct. No creature now floating in Mediterranean or Atlantic waters corresponds to Job's description.

What most interests me is that as it moved on through the deep it left the waters flashing and resplendent. In the words of the text: "He maketh a path to shine after him." What was that illumined path? It was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the sea. That this figure of speech is correct I am certifying by an incident. After crossing the Atlantic the first time and writing from Basle, Switzerland, to an American account of my voyage, in which nothing more fascinated me than the phosphorescence in the ship's wake, I called it the lightning of the sea. Returning to my hotel I found a book of John Ruskin, and the first sentence my eyes fell upon was his description of phosphorescence, in which he called it "The Lightning of the Sea." Down to the postoffice I hastened to get the manuscript, and with great labor and some expense got possession of the magazine article and put quotation marks around that one sentence, although it was as original with me as with John Ruskin. I suppose that nine-tenths of you living so near the sea-coast have watched this marine appearance called phosphorescence, and I hope that the other one-tenth may some day be so happy as to witness it. It is the waves of the sea, the billows; the waves of the sea crimsoned, as was the deep after the sea-fight of Lepanto; the waves of the sea on fire. There are times when from horizon to horizon the entire ocean seems in conflagration with this strange splendor, as it changes every moment to tamer or more dazzling color on all sides of you. You sit looking over the taffrail of the yacht or ocean steamer watching and waiting to see what new thing the God of beauty will do with the Atlantic. It is the ocean in transfiguration; it is the marine world casting its garments of glory in the pathway of the Almighty as he walks the deep; it is an inverted firmament with all its stars gone down with it. No picture can present it, for photographer's camera can not be successfully trained to catch it, and before it the hand of the painter drops its pencil overawed and powerless. This phosphorescence is the appearance of myriads of the animal kingdom rising, falling, playing, flashing, living, dying. These luminous animalcules for nearly one hundred and fifty years have been the study of naturalists and the fascination and solemnization of all who have brain enough to think. Now, God, who puts in his Bible nothing trivial or useless, calls the attention of Job, the greatest scientist of his day, to this phosphorescence, and as the leviathan of the deep sweeps past, points out the fact that "he maketh a path to shine after him."

Is that true of us now and will it be true of us when we have gone? Will there be subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trail of gloom or good cheer? Can any one between now and the next 100 years say of us truthfully as the text says of the leviathan of the deep, "He maketh a path to shine after him?" For we are moving on. While we live in the same house, and transact business in the same store, and write on the same table, and chisel in the same studio, and thresh in the same barn, and worship in the same church, we are in motion and are in many respects moving on, and we are not where we were ten years ago, nor where we will be ten years hence. Moving on! Look at the family record, or the almanac, or into the mirror, and see if any one of you is where you were. All in motion. Other feet may trip, and stumble, and halt, but the feet of not one moment for the last sixty centuries has tripped, or stumbled, or halted. Moving on! So ciety moving on! The world moving on! Heaven moving on! The universe moving on! Time moving on! Therefore, it is absurd to think that we ourselves can stop, as we must move with all the rest. Are we like the creature of the text, making our path to shine after us? It may be a peculiar question, but my text suggests it. What influence will we leave in this world after we have gone through it? "None," answer hundreds of voices, "we are not one of the immortals. Fifty years after we are out of the world it will be as though we never inhabited it." You are wrong in saying that. I pass down through

this audience and up through these galleries, and I am looking for some one whom I can find and I am looking for one who will have no influence in this world 100 years from now. But I have found the man who has the least influence, and I inquire into his history and I find that by a yes or a no he decided some one's eternity. In time of temptation he gave an affirmative or a negative to some temptation which another hearing of, was induced to decide in the same way. Clear on the other side of the next million years may be the first you hear of the long-reaching influence of that yes or no, but hear of it if you will. Will that father make a path to shine after him? Will that mother make a path to shine after her? You will be walking along these streets, or along that country road, 200 years from now in the character of your descendants. They will be affected by your courage or your cowardice, your purity or your depravity, your holiness or your sin. You will make the path to shine after you or blacken after you. Why should they point out to us on some mountain two rivulets, one of which passes down into the rivers which pour out into the Pacific ocean and the sea, the other rivulet flowing down into the rivers which pass out into the Atlantic ocean? Every man, every woman, stands at a point where words uttered, or deeds done, or prayers offered, decide opposite destinies and opposite eternities. We see a man planting a tree and treading the soil firmly on either side of it, and watering it in dry weather, and taking a great care in its culture, and he never plucks any fruit from its bough; but his children will. We are all planting trees that will yield fruit hundreds of years after we are dead; orchards of golden fruit, or groves of deadly upas. I am so fascinated with the phosphorescence in the track of a ship that I have sometimes watched for a long while, and have seen nothing on the face of the deep but blackness. The month of water chasms that looked like gaping jaws of hell. Not a spark as big as the firefly; not a white scrawl of surf; not a taper to illumine the mighty sepulchers of dead ships; darkness three thousand feet deep, and more thousands of feet long and wide. That is the kind of wake that a bad man leaves behind him as he plows through the ocean of this life toward the vaster ocean of the great future.

Now, suppose a man seated in a corner grocery, or business office among clerks, gives himself to jolly skepticism. He laughs at the Bible, makes sport of the miracles, speaks of perdition in jokes, and laughs at revivals as a frolic, and at the passage of a funeral procession, which always solemnizes sensible people, says, "Boys, let's take a drink." There is in that group a young man who is making a great struggle against temptation, and prays night and morning, and reads his Bible, and is asking God for help day by day. But that guffaw against Christianity makes him lose his grip of sacred things and he gives up Sabbath, and church, and morals, and goes from bad to worse, till he falls under dissipations, dies in a lazar house and is buried in the potter's field. Another young man who heard that jolly skepticism made up his mind that "it makes no difference what we do or say, for we will all come out at last at the right place," and he says, "Some money that came into his hands for others he applied to his own uses, thinking perhaps he would make it straight some other time, and all would be well even if he did not make it straight. He ends in the penitentiary. That scoffer who uttered the jokes against Christianity never realized what bad work he was doing, and he passed on through life, and out of it, and into a future that is an not now going to depict. I do not propose with a search-light to show the breakers of the awful coast on which that ship is wrecked, for my business now is to watch the sea after the keel has plowed it. No phosphorescence in the wake of that ship, but behind it two souls struggling in the wave; two young men destroyed by reckless skepticism, an unillumined ocean beneath, and on all sides of them. Blackness of darkness. You know what a gloriously good man Rev. John Newton was, the most of his life, but before his conversion he was a very wicked sailor and on board the ship "Harrowick," instilled infidelity and vice in the mind of a young man, principles which destroyed him. Afterward the two met and Newton tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse, and died a profligate, horrifying with his profanities those who stood by him in his last moments. Better look out what bad influence you start, for you may not be able to stop it. It does not require very great force to ruin others. Why was it that many years ago a great flood nearly destroyed New Orleans? A crawfish had burrowed into the banks of the river until the ground was saturated, and the banks weakened until the flood burst.

But I find here a man who starts out in life with the determination that he will never see suffering and he will try to alleviate it; and never see discouragement but he will try to cheer it; and never meet with anybody but he will try to do him good. Getting his strength from God, he starts from home with high purpose of doing all the good he can possibly do in one day. Whether standing behind the counter, or talking in the business office with a pen behind his ear, or making a bargain with a fellow-trader, or out in the fields discussing with his next neighbor the wisest notion of crops, or in the shoemaker's shop pounding sole-leather, there is something in his face, and in his phraseology, and in his manner, that demonstrates the grace of God in his heart. He can talk on religion without awkwardly dragging it in by the ears. He loves

God, and loves the souls of all whom he meets, and is interested in their present and eternal destiny. For fifty or sixty years he lives that kind of life and then gets through with it and goes into heaven a ransomed soul. But I am not going to describe the port into which that ship has entered. I am not going to describe the pilot who met him outside at the "lightship." I am not going to say anything about the crowds of friends who met him on the crystalline wharves up which he goes step by step of chrysopeas. For God in his words to Job calls me to look at the path of foam in the wake of that ship, and I tell you it is all that gleam with splendors of kindness done, and rolling with illumined tears that were wiped away, and a-dish with congratulations, and clear out to the horizon in all directions is the sparkling, flashing, billowing phosphorescence of a Christian life. "He maketh a path to shine after him."

And here I correct one of the mean notions which at some time takes possession of all of us, and that is as to the brevity of human life. When I bury some very useful man, clerical or lay, in his thirtieth or fortieth year, I say, "What a waste of energies! It was hardly worth while for him to get ready for Christian work, for he had so soon to quit it." But the fact is that I may insure any man or woman who does any good on a large or small scale for a life on earth as long as the world lasts. Sickness, trolley-car accidents, death by fire, and all the rest, do not destroy his life than they can tear down one of the rings of Saturn. You can start one good word, one kind act, one cheerful smile, on a mission that will last until the world becomes a bonfire, and out of that blaze it will pass into the heavens never to halt as long as God lives.

There were in the seventeenth century men and women whose names you never heard of who are to-day influencing schools, colleges, churches, nations. You can no more measure the gracious results of their lifetime than you could measure the length and breadth and depth of the phosphorescence last night following the ship of the White Star line, 1,500 miles out at sea. How the courage and consecration of others inspires us to follow, as a general in the American army, cool amid the flying bullets, inspired a trembling soldier, who said afterward, "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder, and went on." Aye, the old man's white mustache, either in right or wrong directions. A few days ago I stood beside the garlanded casket of a gospel minister, and in my remarks had occasion to recall a snowy night in a farmhouse when I was a boy, and an evangelist spending a night at my father's house, who said something so tender and beautiful and impressive that it led me into the kingdom of God, and decided my destiny for this world and the next. You will be before twenty-four hours go by, meet some man or woman with a big pack of care and trouble, and you may say something to him or her that will endure until this world shall have been so far lost in the past that nothing but the stretch of angelic memory will be able to realize that it ever existed at all. I am not talking of remarkable men and women, but of what ordinary folks can do. I am not speaking of the phosphorescence in the wake of the "Campania," but of the phosphorescence in the track of a Newfoundland fishing-smack. God makes thunderbolts out of sparks, and out of the small words and deeds of a small life he can launch a power that will flash and burra and thunder through the eternities. How do you like this prolongation of your earthly life by deathless influence? Many a babe that died at six months of age, the anxiety created in the parent's heart to meet that child in realms seraphic, is living yet in the transformed heart and life of those parents, and will live on forever in the history of that family. If this be the opportunity of ordinary souls, what is the opportunity of those who have especial intellectual, or social, or monetary equipment? Have you any arithmetic capable of estimating the influence of our good and gracious friend who a few days ago Rev. John Newton was, the most of his life, but before his conversion he was a very wicked sailor and on board the ship "Harrowick," instilled infidelity and vice in the mind of a young man, principles which destroyed him. Afterward the two met and Newton tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse, and died a profligate, horrifying with his profanities those who stood by him in his last moments. Better look out what bad influence you start, for you may not be able to stop it. It does not require very great force to ruin others. Why was it that many years ago a great flood nearly destroyed New Orleans? A crawfish had burrowed into the banks of the river until the ground was saturated, and the banks weakened until the flood burst.

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a Winkleroid, a Guttenberg, a Marlborough, a Dectur, a Toussaint, a Bolivar, a Clarkson, a Robert Raikes, a Harlan Page, who had 125 Sabbath scholars, eighty-four of whom became Christians, and six of them ministers of the gospel.

With gratitude, and penitence; and worship, I mention the grassest life that was ever lived. That ship of light was launched from the heavens nearly 1900 years ago, angelic hosts chanting, and from the celestial wharves the ship sprang into the roughest sea that ever tossed. Its billows were made up of the wrath of men and devils, Herod's and Sanhedrin persecutions stirring the deep with red wrath, and all the hurricanes of woe smote it, until on the rocks of Golgotha that life struck with a re-sound of agony that appalled the earth and the heavens. But in the wake of that life what a phosphorescence of smiles on the cheek of souls pardoned, and lives reformed, and nations redeemed. The millennium itself is only one roll of that irradiated wave of gladness and benediction. In the sublimity of all senses it may be said of him, "He maketh a path to shine after him."

But I can not look upon that luminosity that follows ships without realizing how fond the Lord is of life. That fire of the deep is life, myriads of creatures all a-swim, and a-play, and a-ramp in parks of marine beauty laid out, and parterred, and roseated, and blossomed by omnipotence. What is the use of those creatures called by the naturalists "crustaceans" and "copepods," not more than one out of hundreds of billions of which are ever seen by human eyes? God created them for the same reason that he creates flowers in places where no human foot ever makes them tremble, and no human nostril ever inhales their redolence, and no human eye ever sees their charm. In the botanical world they prove that God loves flowers, as in the marine world the phosphorescence proves that he loves life, and he loves life in play, life in brilliancy of gladness, life in exuberance.

And so I am led to believe that he loves our life if we fulfill our mission as fully as the phosphori fulfill theirs. The Son of God came "that we might have life, and have it more abundantly." But I am glad to tell you that our God is not the God sometimes described as a harsh critic at the head of the universe, or an infinite scold; or a God who likes funerals better than weddings; or a God that prefers tears to laughter, an omnipotent Nero, a ferocious Nana Sahib; but the loveliest being in the universe, loving flowers, and life, and play, whether of phosphor in the wake of the Majestic, or of the human race keeping a holiday.

But, mark you, that the phosphorescence has a glow that the night monopolizes, and I ask you not only what kind of influence you are going to leave in the world as you pass through it, but what light are you going to throw across the world's night of sin and sorrow? People who are sailing on smooth sea and at noon do not need much sympathy, but what are you going to do for people in the night of misfortune? Will you drop on them shadow, or will you kindle for them phosphorescence? At this moment there are more people crying than laughing; more people on the round world this moment hungry than well-fed; more households bereft than homes unbroken. What are you going to do about it? "Well," says yonder soul, "I would like to do something toward illumining the great ocean of human wretchedness, but I can not do much." Can you do as much as one of the phosphori in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, creatures smaller than the point of a sharp pin? "O, yes," you say. Then do that. Shine! Stand before the looking glass and experiment to see if you can not get that scowl off your forehead; that peevish look out of your lips. Have at least one bright ribbon in your bonnet. Embroider at least one white cord somewhere in the midnight of your apparel. Do not any longer impersonate a funeral! Shine! Do say something cheerful about society, and about the world. Put a few drops of heaven into your disposition. Once in a while substitute a sweet orange for a sour lemon. Remember that pessimism is blasphemy, and that optimism is Christianity. Throw some light on the night ocean. If you can not be a lantern swinging in the rigging, be one of the tiny phosphori back of the keel. Shine! "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Make one person happy every day and do that for twenty years, and you will have made seven thousand three hundred happy. You know a man who has lost all his property by an unfortunate investment, or by putting his name on the back of a friend's note? After you have taken a brief nap, which every man and woman is entitled to on a Sunday afternoon, go and cheer up that man. You can, if God helps you, say something that will be him good after both of you have been dead a thousand years. Shine! You know of a family with a bad boy who has run away from home. Go before night and tell that father and mother the parable of the prodigal son, and that some of the illustrious and useful men now in church and state had a silly passage in their lives and ran away from home. Shine! You know of a family that has lost a child, and the silence of the nursery glooms the whole house from cellar to garret. Go before night and tell them how much that child has happily prospered since he was a struggling orphan. Shine! You know of some invalid who is dying for lack of an appetite. She can not get well because she can not eat. Broil a chicken and take it to her before night, and cheat her poor

appetite into keen relish. Shine! You know of some one who is hesitating, and you like him, and he ought to be a Christian. Go tell him what religion has done for you, and ask him if you can pray for him. Shine! Oh, for a disposition so charged with sweetness and light that we can not help but shine! Remember if you can not be a leviathan lashing the ocean into fury, you can be one of the phosphori, doing your part toward making a path of phosphorescence. Then I will tell you what impression you will leave as you pass through this life and after you are gone. I will tell you to your face and not leave it for the minister who officiates at your obsequies. The failure in all eulogium of the departed is that they can not hear it. All hear it except the one most interested. This, in substance, is what I or some one else will say of you on such an occasion: "We gather for offices of respect to this departed one. It is impossible to tell how many tears he wiped away; how many burdens he lifted; or how many souls he was under God instrumental in saving. His influence will never cease. We are all better for having known him. That pillow of flowers on the caslet was presented by his Sabbath school class, all of whom he brought to Christ. That cross of flowers at the head was presented by the orphan asylum which he befriended. The three single flowers—one was sent by a poor woman for whom he bought a ton of coal, and one was by a wife of the street whom he rescued through the midnight mission and the other was from a prison cell which he had often visited to encourage repentance in a young man who had done wrong. Those three loose flowers mean quite as much as the costly garlands now breathing their aroma through this saddened home, crowded with sympathizers. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Or if it should be the more solemn burial at sea, let it be after the sun has gone down, and the captain has read the appropriate liturgy, and the ship's bell has tolled, and you are let down from the stern of the vessel into the resplendent phosphorescence at the wake of the ship. Then let some one say, in the words of my text, "He maketh a path to shine after him."

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But, mark you, that the phosphorescence has a glow that the night monopolizes, and I ask you not only what kind of influence you are going to leave in the world as you pass through it, but what light are you going to throw across the world's night of sin and sorrow? People who are sailing on smooth sea and at noon do not need much sympathy, but what are you going to do for people in the night of misfortune? Will you drop on them shadow, or will you kindle for them phosphorescence? At this moment there are more people crying than laughing; more people on the round world this moment hungry than well-fed; more households bereft than homes unbroken. What are you going to do about it? "Well," says yonder soul, "I would like to do something toward illumining the great ocean of human wretchedness, but I can not do much." Can you do as much as one of the phosphori in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, creatures smaller than the point of a sharp pin? "O, yes," you say. Then do that. Shine! Stand before the looking glass and experiment to see if you can not get that scowl off your forehead; that peevish look out of your lips. Have at least one bright ribbon in your bonnet. Embroider at least one white cord somewhere in the midnight of your apparel. Do not any longer impersonate a funeral! Shine! Do say something cheerful about society, and about the world. Put a few drops of heaven into your disposition. Once in a while substitute a sweet orange for a sour lemon. Remember that pessimism is blasphemy, and that optimism is Christianity. Throw some light on the night ocean. If you can not be a lantern swinging in the rigging, be one of the tiny phosphori back of the keel. Shine! "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Make one person happy every day and do that for twenty years, and you will have made seven thousand three hundred happy. You know a man who has lost all his property by an unfortunate investment, or by putting his name on the back of a friend's note? After you have taken a brief nap, which every man and woman is entitled to on a Sunday afternoon, go and cheer up that man. You can, if God helps you, say something that will be him good after both of you have been dead a thousand years. Shine! You know of a family with a bad boy who has run away from home. Go before night and tell that father and mother the parable of the prodigal son, and that some of the illustrious and useful men now in church and state had a silly passage in their lives and ran away from home. Shine! You know of a family that has lost a child, and the silence of the nursery glooms the whole house from cellar to garret. Go before night and tell them how much that child has happily prospered since he was a struggling orphan. Shine! You know of some invalid who is dying for lack of an appetite. She can not get well because she can not eat. Broil a chicken and take it to her before night, and cheat her poor

appetite into keen relish. Shine! You know of some one who is hesitating, and you like him, and he ought to be a Christian. Go tell him what religion has done for you, and ask him if you can pray for him. Shine! Oh, for a disposition so charged with sweetness and light that we can not help but shine! Remember if you can not be a leviathan lashing the ocean into fury, you can be one of the phosphori, doing your part toward making a path of phosphorescence. Then I will tell you what impression you will leave as you pass through this life and after you are gone. I will tell you to your face and not leave it for the minister who officiates at your obsequies. The failure in all eulogium of the departed is that they can not hear it. All hear it except the one most interested. This, in substance, is what I or some one else will say of you on such an occasion: "We gather for offices of respect to this departed one. It is impossible to tell how many tears he wiped away; how many burdens he lifted; or how many souls he was under God instrumental in saving. His influence will never cease. We are all better for having known him. That pillow of flowers on the caslet was presented by his Sabbath school class, all of whom he brought to Christ. That cross of flowers at the head was presented by the orphan asylum which he befriended. The three single flowers—one was sent by a poor woman for whom he bought a ton of coal, and one was by a wife of the street whom he rescued through the midnight mission and the other was from a prison cell which he had often visited to encourage repentance in a young man who had done wrong. Those three loose flowers mean quite as much as the costly garlands now breathing their aroma through this saddened home, crowded with sympathizers. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Or if it should be the more solemn burial at sea, let it be after the sun has gone down, and the captain has read the appropriate liturgy, and the ship's bell has tolled, and you are let down from the stern of the vessel into the resplendent phosphorescence at the wake of the ship. Then let some one say, in the words of my text, "He maketh a path to shine after him."

With gratitude, and penitence; and worship, I mention the grassest life that was ever lived. That ship of light was launched from the heavens nearly 1900 years ago, angelic hosts chanting, and from the celestial wharves the ship sprang into the roughest sea that ever tossed. Its billows were made up of the wrath of men and devils, Herod's and Sanhedrin persecutions stirring the deep with red wrath, and all the hurricanes of woe smote it, until on the rocks of Golgotha that life struck with a re-sound of agony that appalled the earth and the heavens. But in the wake of that life what a phosphorescence of smiles on the cheek of souls pardoned, and lives reformed, and nations redeemed. The millennium itself is only one roll of that irradiated wave of gladness and benediction. In the sublimity of all senses it may be said of him, "He maketh a path to shine after him."

But I can not look upon that luminosity that follows ships without realizing how fond the Lord is of life. That fire of the deep is life, myriads of creatures all a-swim, and a-play, and a-ramp in parks of marine beauty laid out, and parterred, and roseated, and blossomed by omnipotence. What is the use of those creatures called by the naturalists "crustaceans" and "copepods," not more than one out of hundreds of billions of which are ever seen by human eyes? God created them for the same reason that he creates flowers in places where no human foot ever makes them tremble, and no human eye ever sees their charm. In the botanical world they prove that God loves flowers, as in the marine world the phosphorescence proves that he loves life, and he loves life in play, life in brilliancy of gladness, life in exuberance.

And so I am led to believe that he loves our life if we fulfill our mission as fully as the phosphori fulfill theirs. The Son of God came "that we might have life, and have it more abundantly." But I am glad to tell you that our God is not the God sometimes described as a harsh critic at the head of the universe, or an infinite scold; or a God who likes funerals better than weddings; or a God that prefers tears to laughter, an omnipotent Nero, a ferocious Nana Sahib; but the loveliest being in the universe, loving flowers, and life, and play, whether of phosphor in the wake of the Majestic, or of the human race keeping a holiday.

WAITING WAS USELESS.

Old Grimshaw Saw no Use in Spooning About for Three Years.

"Mr. Grimshaw!"
"Well, what is it?"
It was Henri Spoondrift, only son and heir of old Spoondrift, the flour merchant, who spoke first, according to the Chicago Times. He had left Maude Grimshaw in the parlor and entered the library to ask her father's consent.

"Mr. Grimshaw, I—I—"
"Yes, I know. You are young Mr. Spoondrift, son of your daddy and all that, but don't spring any old chestnuts on me! If you have anything to say out with it."
"Mr. Grimshaw, for the last three years I have—I have—"
"Yes, I've seen you spooning around here for the last three or four years. You must know the house pretty well by this time. Is there anything you wish to say to me before we part?"
"Sir! I love—love—that is I love—"
"Pudding, probably? So do I, if it's the right sort. Young man, do you think I care two continental cocked hats whether you love pudding or not?"
"Mr. Grimshaw, can I speak to you?" pleadingly inquired the young man.

"Speak to me! Why, blame your eyeballs, I've been trying my best to get you to talk! What in thunder ails you, anyhow? If you want a nickel for ear fare, why don't you get it from the man instead of a chest protector?"
"For three years I have loved your daughter Maude!" desperately announced Henri.
"You have! Then you are an idiot! A man who will spoon around for three long years hasn't the sense of a chickadee! Does Maude suspect that you love her, or you call it?"
"She does. I am sure that she likewise returns my love."
"Yes, she's just blathered enough. She could have her pick of a dozen football chaps, and yet she wants to marry a young man who couldn't pull a turnip up by the roots!"

"Mr. Grimshaw, I am not an athlete, but I will—"
"Shut up! You mean you will learn to ride a bike or become a champion runner, but I don't care two

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.

GROSBY'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. MCCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucher.
Graduate of Vic. University 1895. Office at residence on Sugar street. Specialty—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 Edward's livery barn, Cass City.

J. H. STRIFFLER,
Auctioneer, Cass City Mich. Sales of all kinds promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales solicited. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ENTERPRISE.

J. D. BROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery. Residence, 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 ENTERPRISE.

Societies.

I. O. F.
COURT ELKLAND, No. 826, meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. in the hall. Visiting brethren in vicinity are invited to attend.

A. H. PIERCE, R. S. I. K. REID, C. R.

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

G. A. STEVENSON, N. G. BRO. W. SEED, Secretary.

M. O. T. M.
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting M. O. T. M. brethren cordially invited.

ED. KEATING, COMMANDER. A. D. G. LILLEN, 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 Church and Entertainment, 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

"The Civic Pools of the World."

That was what Mr. Samuel R. Capen of Boston called the American people in a paper read before the national conference for good city government. He said the deplorable condition of our municipal governments had branded us as such in the eyes of mankind.

The conference in Philadelphia drew together a unique gathering of individuals who would like to see a change for the better in American city governments. There was Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, a Bonaparte of the Bonapartes, for one. Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, civil service commissioner, was another. A sprinkling of ministers was thrown in, too—among them aggressive, big hearted Washington Gladden of Ohio and philanthropic Dr. W. S. Rainsford of St. George's parish, New York city. Mr. Gladden thought there should be an organization of citizens for good government in every town in the Union.

This, he thought, should keep a steady watch on the doings of the city officials, and in the spirit of kindness and brotherly love bring them up with a turn whenever they seemed to be stepping aside from the middle of the road. Some of Gladden's views are as follows:

The men who try to do their duty in the municipal offices often feel that they are quite alone. We are just as much bound to sustain good men while in office by our cordial approval as we are bound to vote for good men.

There are honest men in the government, but they find it difficult to resist the rapacious and anarchical tendencies.

To meet these conditions some kind of municipal league is necessary. The work of such a league is simply that of investigation, publication, education. Its main business is to find out the facts concerning the work of the public servants and bring these facts to the light of day. Such an organization should assume a sympathetic rather than a hostile attitude toward the occupants of the offices. Its work is that of criticism. Such an organization must be strictly nonpartisan. Men with political ambitions can take no part in it.

Mr. Roosevelt was sure that the only way to inaugurate honest and clean city government was for the good men to go in themselves to the primaries and there work with might and main to get proper persons nominated to municipal offices without respect to party.

Mr. Moorfield Storey, a Boston gentleman, told of a man who had traveled across Europe from Buda-Pesth to Liverpool and in the whole journey did not see a place that was not better governed than our American cities are.

At the close of the conference steps were taken to form a national municipal league. It is to be composed of associa-

tions in American cities that are working for good municipal government. The general impression among all the improvers seemed to be that if city government could be divorced from party politics the year of jubilee, municipally speaking, would be at hand.

Government Paper Money.

Our friends the Populists get occasionally a recruit to their ranks from the goldbug camp. Many a man who cannot go with them in their ideas of government ownership of railroads and telegraphs quite agrees with them that the government ought to issue all the paper money. The argument is advanced that, if the United States government alone has the right under the constitution to coin money, then it should have the exclusive right also to print the paper money which represents coin.

The financial writer of the New York Sun, Mr. Matthew Marshall, though in the very hotbed of the banking interests of the country, favors a government currency to the exclusion of all other kinds. The paragraph quoted below from one of his recent letters defines his half Populist goldbug position:

The various descriptions of our national paper money should be reduced to one in name and in form as they are now in substance. Silver certificates, for example, ought to be legal tenders as well as the silver dollars which they call for, and a greenback or a treasury note ought to be as certainly redeemable in gold as the gold certificates are. This uniformity can be secured by having one kind of government paper money, and no more, and making that one kind specifically redeemable in gold, while a nearer approach to symmetrical simplicity would be attained if all bank circulation, national as well as state, were to be suspended. Certainly if government money is good enough to be a part of our circulating medium, it is good enough to be the whole, and if, as many people maintain, it ought not to be issued at all, then a scheme must be devised to substitute for it a bank circulation which shall be in equal credit in all parts of the country. Of the two, a government currency is demanded by much the larger portion of our citizens.

A Military Strike.

In effect such a strike took place on board the Netheroy, bought in New York for the service of Brazil. The New York World is authority for the story. The crew as well as the steamer itself was obtained in New York and vicinity. It is as well as the ship was American. The fact that this crew was largely made up of newspaper correspondents may account perhaps for some of the things that happened.

The story told is that as the Netheroy neared Rio Janeiro its commander assembled his crew and passengers and made a speech to them. In substance it was that that ship was out for a fight and would never let up till it had grappled with the forces of Mello and exterminated them or been exterminated. He wanted all hands to understand that before they went on with the undertaking they had commenced. Then the men addressed went apart and consulted among themselves. Did they, after all, want to face cannon and possibly get killed?

They made up their minds and returned answer to the admiral. It was that they would fight—yes, they would fight. But it would be on their own terms. For a given time—not a long time either—each man must be paid \$1,000. Then if he lost his life a generous pension must be awarded his dependant heirs.

If he lost a leg or an arm, the permanent pension to himself must be so much; if he lost his eyesight, so much more. The commander thought when the terms were made known to him that the men had all lost their heads already. The pensions were on the liberal basis that was to have been expected from men who pensioned themselves.

The men had known beforehand that they were to fight. That was what they expected. But this is the first instance on record of soldiers dictating to their authorities what their pay should be and also the size of their pensions. If Uncle Sam's boys had as much foresight when they volunteered for the civil war, much fuss about pensions would have been saved. But then every man must not be expected to know as much as newspaper correspondents who enlist for glory and money both.

California's Exposition.

Journalists may remark with modest pride that it is no wonder the Pacific Midwinter show is a success, because a newspaper man, M. H. de Young, was at the head of it as director general. The reason given by Governor Markham of California for attempting the Midwinter fair will be interesting to the rest of the country.

He says California was the first state to make an appropriation for the World's fair at Chicago. Only one state—Illinois herself—made a larger one. All was done that could be to set the Golden State adequately before the country and the world. Then, when the big show opened, Californians visited it by the thousand. They looked at first, of course, at the exhibits from their own state; but they shook their heads and said: "This show does not at all represent our state as it should. It is impossible to transplant California to Chicago."

Then the disappointed ones put their heads together and planned out how to bring the world to see California on her own ground at home. Thus, and thus only, could she be fitly judged. The result is the beautiful Midwinter exposition begun just five months ago and wrought out with all the spirit of western enthusiasm. When the Chicago fair opened in May, the flowers and grass could not yet grow because of frost.

In beautiful Golden Gate park at San Francisco the lawns, beds and borders around the exposition buildings are even in midwinter covered with emerald green.

and rainbow hued novers. Fruits in a bewildering profusion never before displayed anywhere will make the eyes of the world stand out round and big with wonder. Happy California, happy visitors to the year of jubilee, municipally speaking, would be at hand.

It will be a cruel stroke of fate if Gladstone shall be forced to go out of office and out of life without seeing the last great state measure on which he has set his heart accomplished. Many as are the hurts and stings he has endured during his long career, nothing apparently ever sank into his soul like the conduct of the Conservatives during the long session devoted to the Irish question. There is something which is in his late speech nearer a note of discouragement than any previous utterance of England's greatest statesman. We mean the speech in which he mentions the "unexampled indecency of the opposition, who had reckoned on breaking down the health and powers of the prime minister and driving him into retirement."

The huge vaults of the United States treasury are quite inadequate to withstand the smartness of the modern burglar. It is the faithful treasury guards and policemen who keep the country's money safe.

These are times of fearful strain, physically and mentally. Keep your head level and hold yourself together and wait, and you will come out all right.

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

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite all away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepard, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Fritz's.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house on his family. He has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it if procurable. G. A. Dykenon, Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Ointment remedy that he has used in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do what is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and "tried." Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store. Regular size 60c, and \$1.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

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 profits 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.



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothby (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed out of order. I used a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

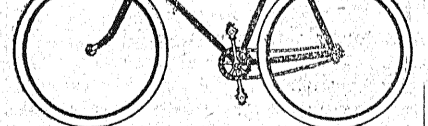
For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

THE "FLINT"



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

FLINT BUGGY CO., FLINT, MICH.

STEVENSON'S RACKET

Is in selling goods at a price that

BAFFLES COMPETITION

And makes them weary.

ENDS MARCH 2, 1894.

- 1 Pail Syrup, 2-gals, 55c.
- 7 bars Bell's Buffalo Soap, 25c.
- 1 lb. Fine Cut Tobacco—a dandy—22c.
- 1 lb. Stevenson's Racket Plug Tobacco, 22c.
- 5 lbs. California Seedless Raisins, 25c.
- 25 lbs. Stevenson's Golden Rod Flour, 44c.
- 5 gals. Electric Head Light Oil, 45c.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.

Good Delivered.

P. S.—Remember when the time expires Regular Price will be charged.

HOWE & BIGELOW

KANT KONSCIENTIOUSLY

KOMPLAIN, KAUSE

KASH KUSTOMERS KEEP

KONTINUALLY KOMING,

KAUSING KONSIDERABLE KOMMOTION,

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HARDWARE DEALERS

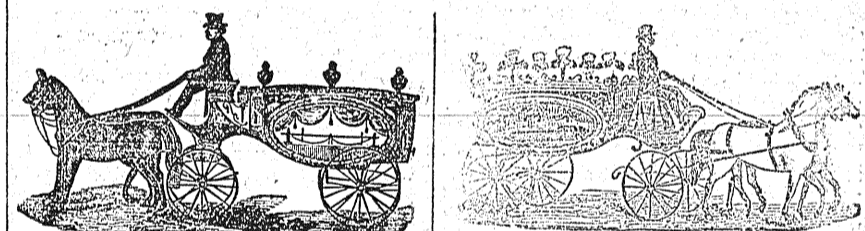
We are better prepared than ever to furnish anything you want in Cook or Gasoline Stoves, both new process and generators.

Nails and Builders' Supplies Cheaper Than Ever.

Strictly pure Linseed Oil and the Best Brands of White Lead always on hand. A car load of Barb Wire will arrive in a few days. Come and get prices on anything you may need in our line. Tin Snapping will be a special feature of our Tin Shop the coming season.

J. P. HOWE, N. BIGELOW.

A. A. MCKENZIE,



UNDERTAKER & FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

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

CASS CITY, - - MICH.

Gagetown 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, - Gagetown, Mich.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co. advertisement listing various horse-drawn vehicles and harnesses with prices.

No. 37. Surrey Harness.	\$11.00
No. 71. Road Wagon.	\$26
No. 72. Road Wagon.	\$26
No. 73. Farm Wagon.	\$55
No. 74. Farm Wagon.	\$55

Stop Borrowing

Your neighbor's ENTERPRISE and send in your name and \$. Be quick!

TUSCOLA COUNTY

Map of Tuscola County showing various ranges and towns. The map includes labels for SAGINAW BAY, WISNOR, WATERTOWN, and other locations. It also shows the layout of the county's ranges and the locations of various towns and villages.

OFFICERS

President, W. J. CAMPBELL, Cass City.
Vice-President, R. S. WEAVER, Watrousville.
Sec., C. D. PETERSHANS, Caro; Treas., J. M. EALY, Caro.

Organized
Sept. 12, '89.

Nearly 2,400 now insured, with \$2,500,000 insurance.

Sixty losses paid promptly and a good reserve fund still on hand.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

C. D. Petershans, Caro. W. J. Campbell, Cass City.
B. F. Eayers, Almer. J. E. Cragg, Gilford.
M. D. York, Arbela. E. D. Cook, Akron.
J. E. Burton, Wells. John Haas, Fremont.

MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

Cheap and reliable insurance for farmers. Nearly \$20,000 has been saved the farmers of Tuscola County in four years.

AGENTS:—C. D. Petershans, Caro; W. J. Campbell, Cass City; M. D. York, Millington; D. A. Graham, Vassar; B. F. Eayers, Caro.



MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

HEART DISEASE 20 YEARS.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
Dear Sirs: For 20 years I was troubled with heart disease. Would frequently have falling spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or get out of bed to breathe. Had pain in my left side and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn out. The least excitement would cause me to faint. I was also much troubled with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until I began taking your *New Heart Cure*. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own household work without any trouble and consider myself cured.

THOUSANDS CURED

It is now four years since I have taken any medicine. Am in better health than I have been in 40 years. I honestly believe that *Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure* saved my life and made me a well woman. I am now 62 years of age, and am able to do a good day's work.

Mrs. ELMIRA HATCH, Elkhart, Ind., 1888.

WOMEN CURED FREE

Lost Honor, Varicose Veins, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Small or Shrunken Ovaries, Enlarged and other important diseases removed by Dr. D. C. Williams' Pink Pills. Write for circular. IMPERIAL P. O., 28 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich. 21-62

For Sale by G. & F. Fritz



What is this Non-pull-out anyhow?

It is the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled from the watch. To be had only with Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark. A postal will bring you a watch case opener.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

DO YOU KNOW

That no person is capable of treating the eyes?



Unless skilled in the laws of optics, light and refraction?

J. F. HENDRICK

Examines eyes by the very latest scientific methods, for all errors of refraction.

No two eyes are alike, therefore each eye must be examined separately. Eyes are frequently ruined by the use of

Improperly Fitting Glasses,

Such as are purchased at stores and of peddlers. Glasses furnished at prices ranging from 50c. upwards, according to style of frame and quality of glass.

My Jewelry and Silverware department is full and I am offering goods at hard times prices and if you wish anything in my line call and I will prove it to you.

J. F. HENDRICK,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

CASS CITY BAKERY.

FRESH BREAD, BUNS, PIES, COOKIES, WEDDING CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.

Warm or cold lunches served at all hours of the day.

Cass City and Dairy Minnesota flours kept for sale.

I am sole agent for the Gately Donovan & Co., East Saginaw. Bibles, albums, and subscription books; lace and chenille curtains and draperies; silverware, rugs, wringers, clocks, on easy monthly payments or cheap for cash.

Joseph Reuter, Proprietor, Main St. Cass City.

AN HONEST MAN

WANTED—to sell our STANDARD Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc., to consumers. These goods sell themselves after one trial. Big profit to agents. Write for circular. IMPERIAL P. O., 28 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich. 21-62

Probate Notice.

State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Tuscola, made on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1894, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Sylvester Aie, deceased, late of said county, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office, in the village of Caro, for examination and allowance, on or before the 3rd day of July next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of April, and on Tuesday, the 3rd day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of these days. Dated February 6th, A. D. 1894.

JOHN G. LAING, Judge of Probate.

21-64

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

It isn't always the full pocketbook that runs over first.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

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

RESCUE.

Awfully cold Tuesday morning. Meetings at Grant M. E. Church are progressing finely.

We would incidentally mention that Miss Proudfoot is getting better.

There is not much use reporting sickness for nearly all are more or less affected.

The Dramatic Club of West Grant is going to give an entertainment at Gage-ton in the near future.

There is to be a box social at the school house at Grant Centre on the 7th of March, to aid the organ fund, for the school.

Be it known to all men, that we have been in the northern parts of Canada, have tested the temperature and found the cold much more intense than we ever found it here; but the storm of last week beat all our former experiences.

ELKTON.

Last week's correspondence.

W. L. Doyle was in town this week. John Maywood was in town last week.

John H. Fairbanks who has been very ill is recovering.

Business men had a lively time shoveling snow from their doors after the snow storm.

G. E. Holtzman has returned from attending the funeral of his sister at Cridition, Ont.

R. H. Morrison, harness maker, has shipped his goods to Pontiac, where he will commence business.

Mr. Aaron Cornell who is attending a Detroit Veterinary college is home with his family at present.

Mr. D. Kelley who has been sick all winter and given up by practical physicians is improving wonderfully under the treatment of Dr. J. McColl.

Court Elkton, I. O. F., will have a debate at their next meeting. Subject: Which is the most independent life, the farmer or the laboring man.

The infant daughter of Chas. Nash, principal of the Elkton schools, died Sunday night at 11:30 o'clock. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Steel in the Presbyterian Church, Tuesday, Feb. 13.

KINGSTON.

John Fury has been quite sick for some two weeks past with inflammation of the lungs.

A terrible snow storm last week Monday. Ye scribe was caught away from home in that blizzard and failed to get his communication in last week.

L. W. Ostrander has bought the old

Good Templar's building, that was formerly a blacksmith shop at Ellington, and is moving it on his farm for a barn.

Abram Van Denmark, of Fairgrove, was calling upon some of his old friends in Ellington, whom he knew many years ago. He is an old pioneer of Akron and has lived in Fairgrove many years.

Frank Gould was in Caro last week after subpoenas for witness in his suit with George Carpenter about his lap robe that was stolen from him last fall and found in Carpenter's possession. The suit is expected to come off this week.

The spelling school and exhibition combined, that was held in the school house in District No. 1 the evening of the 7th, proved to be a grand affair and a great surprise was sprung upon the teacher, E. J. Darbee, the whole school and the many visitors of the district, by Fred Orr opening the door and stepping quietly in followed by his whole school from Almer, one after the other which caused some stepping aside and crowding together to make room for the visitors. All enjoyed themselves hugely and a good time was had by all present.

ELMWOOD.

School Commissioner Reavy visited our school on Friday last.

Mrs. Baxter, of Greenleaf, is visiting old neighbors in this part this week.

We had our share of the blizzard that passed over the country last week.

Thos. Leach, wife and daughter, R. Webster and wife, and I. Waidley and wife visited with friends east of the city on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Huffman visited at M. H. Eastman's, in Novesta, last week. They report that Marvin had the misfortune to lose two horses lately.

We see our Bro. of Deford has an eye to business if every one else is complaining of hard times. That's right, if we see any one who will make the trade we will send them over.

REPLY TO "AFTER THE CONTEST."

Our poetry has been answered. But it did not make us blue—the answer written by Jennie. At the bottom signed by Hugh.

They speak of our education. Insinuating that isn't very good; Remember, Hugh, we're inferior. While you have royal blood.

Our education has been neglected—Perhaps we'll see the day we'll rue it; But when it comes to learning us, I don't think Hugh can do it.

You got hold of our friend, Rogers, And took him to number one, And after you had got him there You thought you'd have some fun.

He spelled right well the whole book through—Our speller you had found—He knew the spelling book so well, From it he would not go down.

You finally took to Webster, The book of great renown, And there where Jennie had studied She finally spelled him down.

And of all the crowing We heard it day and night, "You had got our Champion Rogers And spilled him out of sight."

CANBORO.

Received too late for last week.

Harvey Parker—he gripes this week.

George Finkle makes steam for Mat Smith.

School vacation this Saturday for two weeks.

Zimmerman's shingle sawyer went home sick Friday last.

Grippe, chicken pox and whooping cough is all the go in these parts.

Miss Rachel Hildie went to Wolf-ton on Monday last on a visit to her sister's, Mrs. Wm. Wolf.

The Winger boys have been purchasing some timbered land and probably will put a shingle mill to work on the same. They are the lads for push and energy.

Miss Bertha Richards, who was visiting at her sisters, Mrs. Clifton Jerome, has returned to her home in Flint. Miss Myrtle Jerome accompanied her as far as Sebowaing.

The type setter in the ENTERPRISE made an item of last week read "Lund-d Hildy was sick," etc., and we got a rap over the knuckles for it. Please correct. Hildy went to Bad Axe or Elkton.

Lady Commander, Mrs. John Lown of this place, was pleasantly surprised Saturday night of last week, and was the proud recipient of a fine L. O. T. M. breast pin, presented to her as a slight token of the regard and esteem that the members of her Hive held her in.

Do not recollect of ever hearing thunder and seeing lightning in this time of the year in this country before. But in March in the year 1876 we saw in Ontario a heavy storm of thunder and lightning and heavy snow storm prevailing at the time in the same year there were heavy frosts after the wheat had headed out which was badly injured; in some localities not a half crop.

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

KINGSTON.

Geo. Veight was at La Mott's Corners Monday.

A. Noble and son, Bert, Sundayed at Sanilac Centre.

Ex-Judge Van Tassel was in town this week on business.

Wm. Colton and J. B. Beverly were in Caro last week on business.

Now is the time to choose your men for the coming city election.

John Decker was in town on Tuesday, shaking hands with the boys.

The Baptist Ladies' Aid will give a social in King's Hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 24.

E. Parker is sawing wood every day, yet he is getting a salary of \$25 a year as city marshal.

Fred. Arnold and daughter, Mrs. Mark Day, are recovering from an attack of la grippe.

Quarterly services in the M. E. Church next Sunday morning. Dr. Dawe will preside.

The I. O. O. F., of this place, attended the funeral of James Glynn, of Silverwood, last Sunday.

Mit Trennaman, formerly of Kingston, was in town Tuesday. Talks of returning to this place.

Grand Lady Commander Hollister conducted a school of instruction here one evening last week.

Wm. Colton has traded his farm northwest of Kingston, for the farm of W. Milliken, three miles east of this place.

N. Adamson has moved his photo gallery over H. C. Pelton's store. When completed it will be very convenient.

F. C. Lee has formed the acquaintance of two of "Job's comforters," and feels like saying with Job, "miserable comforters are ye all."

While Jno. Curtis, Sr., was at work in the barn the other day his feet went faster than his body and, as a result, he has a black eye. Not as young as you used to be, John.

The house occupied by John Dean, of this place, and owned by W. H. Hearty, of Wahjamega, burned to the ground on Monday last. It is thought that the fire was caused by throwing ashes on a pile of sawdust. All the household goods were saved as were also the doors and windows. The house might have been saved if Kingston could have boasted of a much needed fire engine.

A Good Opportunity.

I offer a splendid opportunity to a live, enterprising man. To such I will sell, for the price of one state right, a one-half interest in my patent washing machine. Am unable to attend to the business of selling state and county rights myself. The first machine has just been completed and is ready for a test with any machine in the market. Call on me immediately.

1-26 ELLIOTT METCALF, Cass City.

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, out-door 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 & 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.

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.

Is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and eat his food in peace, and without risk in using "No-to-bac," sold by all druggists. Book at druggists or by mail free. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. 7-23-92.

Office of J. N. McElroy, Druggist, Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1891.

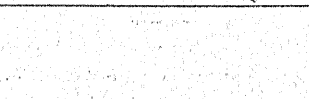
Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.: Dear Sirs—I sold three bottles of P. P. P., large size yesterday, and one bottle small size to-day. The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. It came back on her and a half bottle, \$1 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since.

I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of his 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 hallowing and well.

Yours Respectfully, JOHN McELROY.

"The 'God bless you, Dr. Wheeler,' of Geo. W. Cooper, 15 Lawn St., Cleveland, Ohio, is genuine and from the heart. He writes, July 28th, 1892: 'My son commenced to have fits when 10 years old. He had them three or four times a month, and as high as 19 in three days. I had him treated at the hospital and by different doctors, but it done him no good. Sixteen months ago he commenced to take Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer, and has had only one fit since. I think him entirely cured. Will gladly answer any questions about your great medicine.' The makers offer \$50 reward for an incurable case of Nerve Disease. Large \$1 bottles at T. H. Fritz.

An Open Letter



Hard Times Made Easy.

P. S. MCGREGORY, J. S. MCARTHUR, CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CARPETS, AND FURNISHINGS. 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, Mouldings, Ironing Boards, Brackets and

GENERAL PLANING MILL WORK.

GO TO

LANDON, ENO & KEATING,

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



THE BABY'S HAIR.

Deep hid away the little box: Deep in my heart th' key...

A ring of gold—a baby's hair! Silken and soft and fine...

For hearts may break, yet day by day Will all some burden bear...

Girls Who Sigh for City Life.

We all know the girl who writes, "I want to come to the city and earn my living; what chance have I?"

"I felt like posting an immediate answer and saying, 'Stay where you are.' I didn't do it though, for I knew it would be useless.

"Oh, no, my little country maid, stay where you are if you have a home and friends. Be content with fishing for trout in the brook rather than cruising a stormy sea for whales.

"Sit Down." Sit, down. Whether it is waiting for the milk to boil up or the change to come back—sit down.

There are axioms and epigrams which nearly set forth the excellence of man's helpmate, but a fillip for the whole of them, unless the woman knows enough to sit down.

Devilled Oysters. Open a sufficient number of oysters for the dish, leaving them in their deep shells and their liquid.

bers before the business of the world, and the women of Kansas have said down to some purpose in politics...

Federation of Women's Clubs. There was filed in the office of the county clerk of Essex county, N. J., the other day, a document of considerable interest.

This certifies that there exists in the United States of America an association composed of about three hundred clubs having an aggregate membership of about 40,000 individuals from the United States and foreign countries...

And this further certifies that at a regular meeting of the association held on Friday, the 13th day of May, 1893, the persons whose names are hereto affixed were elected to the several offices provided for in the constitution of the association...

How to Live a Century. First, live as much as possible out of doors, never letting a day pass without spending at least three or four hours in the open air.

Second, keep all the powers of mind and body occupied in congenial work. The muscles should be developed and the mind kept active.

Third, avoid excesses of all kinds, whether of food, drink or of whatever nature they may be. Be moderate in all things.

Fourth, never despair. Be cheerful at all times. Never give way to anger. Never let the trials of one day pass over to the next.

The period from fifty to seventy-five should not be passed in idleness or abandonment of all work. Here is where a great many men fall. They resign all care of interest in worldly affairs, and rest of body and mind before.

Anybody who can follow these directions ought to live to be one hundred years old at least. There is always this comfort, however; if we cannot live up to our ideals we can at least try our best to do so, and the steady effort will be bringing us contentment nearer them.—Medical Age.

She Keeps "Obey" Out of the Ceremony. In her speech before the Pilgrim Mothers the Rev. Anna Shaw said: "I never use the word obey in the marriage ceremony. I wouldn't marry a woman that was such a fool as to promise to obey a man in everything and mean it. I wouldn't marry a woman that was such a liar as to promise to obey and not mean it."

Cheese Fingers. Take one quarter of a pound of puff paste and roll it out thin; then take two ounces of Parmesan cheese, half a teaspoonful of cayenne and a pinch of salt. Mix these and sprinkle the cheese over half the paste, turn the other half over it and cut it with a sharp knife half an inch wide and any length you please.

One quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda (or three rounding spoonfuls of baking powder), two eggs, half flour, to make a batter thick enough to drop with a spoon.

Open a sufficient number of oysters for the dish, leaving them in their deep shells and their liquid. Add a little lemon juice, pepper, salt and cayenne. Put a small piece of butter on each, and place the shell carefully on a gridiron over a clear, bright fire, and boil for a few minutes.

CHANCE OF HIS LIFE.

T was too dark for him to work in the middle room where the fire was, and the other room was so cold that his fingers grew numb and dropped the brushes.

A fortnight had passed. The young artist seemed to walk in a dream. The cold had lessened, and by day he went constantly about the streets. The picture on the easel had been hurriedly finished; he had not begun another, but worked only at his pen and ink drawings by gaslight through the long evenings.

But now? Well, he wished that he had never left the tropics to come North for the great exposition. What had he gained by coming? A little more knowledge of art—and of misery.

"Ha, old man! Getting warmed up? I tell you this is dandy weather—for the coal barons. Guess my ears are frozen, after all. Say, what do you think has happened? They'll be calling 'extras' all night. Whv, a crank has shot the governor. In broad daylight—getting out of his carriage on a public street."

"Died instantly."

The artist groaned, got up and walked into the next room, came back and groaned again. "I wanted to call on him; I wanted to talk to him on a subject of immigration restrictions. I had some suggestions to offer him; I know he would have listened—they were about diverting the immigrants off to the tropics—now it is too late!"

"Too bad," said Pratt, in a final way. "I tell you this fire feels good. I'm glad to get home to it. Been doing a lot on that picture to-day, Clyde?"

"Anything wrong?" asked the clerk, stretching his long limbs comfortably and throwing back his blond, neat head.

"No," he answered, slowly. "Nothing wrong. Things move slowly in my line—that's all. There are a great many hindrances. Had a bad sort of light today and I didn't get on very fast. I'll make up to-morrow—I'll work on those pen and ink drawings."

"That's right. Never saw a fellow who had more irons in the fire. You'll strike luck one of these days. Rich, too."

"I hope so. Did you have your dinner, or shall I go out to buy the things? I think I'd like a little outdoor run."

"No, I haven't dined. I brought a parcel, but we really need some coffee. I'm afraid you'll find it pretty bitter outside."

He hardly minded the air that stung his forehead and numbed his other features as he hurried over to the street where the stores were. The loud cries of the newsboys rang jarringly in his ears.

Assassinated! The great and liberal-minded governor shot down? Was there none to interpose? Why had not some one been there to strike aside the murderous hand? He would have done it—he, if only fate had written that he should be at the spot. Like an electric flash the scene flashed through his brain and was beheld by his soul's eyes.

weapon, but thank God, only into empty air! Voices and faces closing excitedly around in an impenetrable wall; shouts of courage and splendid presence of mind; the word hero! It was the chance of a life—for fame and friends!

"A pound of your best coffee," he said, faintly, "and you may grind it, if you please."

The clerk at length questioned him. "I say, old fellow, anything serious occurred? You don't seem quite yourself."

"Very likely where it's warmer," said Weatherly with a shade of firmness.

Pratt looked puzzled, but said no more.

But the artist went on walking the streets. It was not utterly new—the fantastic desire, the frenzy of expectation. From early youth he had dreamed vague dreams of his ingathering himself, of leaping to sudden glory by a single unhesitating, heroic deed.

Explosions in the Kitchen Which Did Not Turn Out as Expected. The head of a home in Northeast Baltimore was awakened by his wife with the information that burglars were in the house.

He was dead. In the struggle the pistol had been discharged. The chance of his life had come when Clyde Weatherly had gone mad as it were.



A GUANT APPARITION. chanting mountains' haze and fix it on his canvas. Perhaps it had even lurked among the plans that had led him back to the North.

The chance of his life would soon arrive. And thus it was he walked the streets in the bitter December weather, hollow-eyed, gaunt, with serious, almost frowning brow, but ever alert, of bearing. Waiting, watching!

As the days wore on his friend Pratt wondered what the poor fellow was expecting so confidently. Was it some relative who should die and leave him a legacy? Was it the drawing of a lottery prize? Why should Weatherly pore over the daily papers with such greedy anxiety? And what were his plans if the "good luck"—whatever it might be—should fall him before the new year?

The clerk's curiosity was a grain too strong to be suppressed one morning when he saw the other breathing hard over a paragraph in the newspaper just brought in.

"What is it?" he asked, and Weatherly stammered some half-coherent reply about "danger" and "protection." Later on Pratt was surprised to find his friend had been exciting himself over the report that a well-known millionaire of this city had been visited by a stranger of seedy aspect—presumably a crank—who had declined to wait or state his business.

Pratt, being in a hurry to get away to the office gave him some hasty information and hurried out; what Weatherly's interest in the matter might portend he wondered, and wondered for a long time until a brilliant idea occurred to him, namely, that the artist wanted to make sketches of the mansion—and possibly of the rich man himself. Then Pratt forgot the incident.

The last week of the year had slipped away—all but a single day. With his sons at home from school on their holiday vacation the millionaire was too well occupied to think of danger to himself. Nor had the servants' eyes for any foreign figure in shabby overcoat passing and re-passing in the avenue. It was a cold, dull day, there was not even snow.

Pratt had gone to the office with just a tinge of uneasiness in his mental condition. Weatherly had shown him a revolver the night before, newly purchased, it appeared, and when he had ventured to ask what it meant, the artist had replied

gravely that tramps and murderers were committing crimes everywhere and that no house seemed secure. Pratt had been able to sleep as usual, but his uneasiness had begun in earnest in the morning, when he saw the revolver go into the artist's pocket before he set out.

"What if he should mean suicide?" the good-hearted fellow asked himself. "He has grown so despondent. I'll coax him to put it aside to-night, when I have a chance."

It was past noon when the millionaire and his handsome sons came down the great stone steps of the mansion.

"It is going to snow, boys," said the father. "I am sorry we didn't have the carriage, after all. But we shall need umbrellas; go back for them."

He sauntered out toward the curb, turned and looked cityward down the avenue behind him, suddenly as if risen out of the frozen earth, a man approached. At the light footstep the millionaire faced about and stood stone-still. A guant apparition, with wild, unseeing eyes, for just the space of a second, leveled a pistol at his bosom.

The next instant the apparition's other arm had clutched the one that held the revolver. The figure fought with itself! Both hands were at its own throat, choking itself, while a husky, despairing cry for "help" came from its lips.

THE ALARM AT MIDNIGHT. Explosions in the Kitchen Which Did Not Turn Out as Expected.

The head of a home in Northeast Baltimore was awakened by his wife with the information that burglars were in the house.

He was dead. In the struggle the pistol had been discharged. The chance of his life had come when Clyde Weatherly had gone mad as it were.

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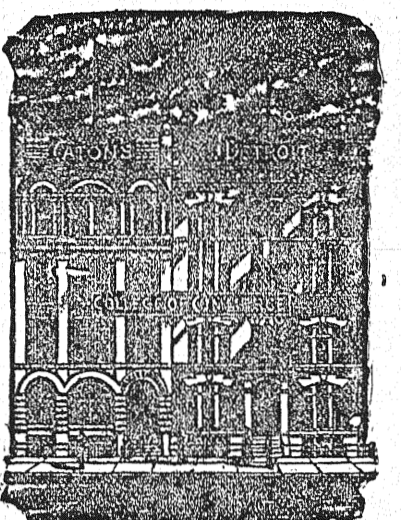
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The Modern, Progressive BUSINESS Training School,

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ABSTRACTS OF TITLES

To all Lands in Tuscola Co.

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For long or short time.

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ABBOTT'S EAST INDIA CORN PAINT REMOVES CORNS, BUNIONS AND WARTS SPEEDILY WITHOUT PAIN.

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.

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PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business.

160 ACRE FARM FOR SALE.

Wishing to retire from farming I offer for sale my farm of 160 acres, situated one-half mile from the corporation line of Cass City. The land is clay loam, and is all cleared and under cultivation.

PATENTS

THOS. S. SPRAGUE & SON, U.S. Patent Attorneys, 111 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent Business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Job Printing.

LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, ENVELOPES, BILL HEADS, CIRCULARS, PROGRAMS, STATEMENTS, SHIPPING TAGS, CARDS, DODGERS, POSTERS, AUCTION BILLS.

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Enterprise Steam Printing House, Cass City.

Notice to Contractors. Sealed proposals, for the building of a brick veneered school house, will be received up to March 7, at 2 o'clock p. m. at which time bids will be opened and contract let to lowest responsible bidder, giving adequate security for the proper performance of the work. Plans and specifications can be seen by calling at the residence of D. G. Wright, Sec. 3, Novesta.

ISAAC HALL, ED. BEEBEYSEY, D. G. WRIGHT, COMMITTEE.

3-CENT COLUMN.

CUSTOMERS wanted for milk. Have fresh milk cows. 1-10. ROBT. HALL.

CHEAP FOR CASH—House and lot 1/2 mile west of town. Enquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Cedar rails and posts. 2-23-3. JOHN STRIFFLER.

FOR SALE—Good three-year-old colt; or will exchange for young stock. Will sell on time if desired. J. W. ENO, 1 mile west and 1/4 north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Timber suitable for barn frames, lumber, etc. Enquire at J. M. Young's store, Gageton.

FARMS FOR SALE—Two of 120 acres each, three of 80 acres each, three of 40 acres each and one of 20 acres. Also village lots in Cass City. For information address or call on 1-19. O. K. JAMES, Cass City, Mich.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One horse, cutter and harness. 1-12. E. McKim.

FOR SALE—Good farm horse, weight about 1,200 lbs. Cash or time. E. H. PINNEY.

FOR SERVICE—A registered Durham bull. Will stand for season at my barn in town. 1-24. J. H. STRIFFLER.

FOR SALE—Good house and 2 1/2 acres of land, situated within the village. Good orchard, well, cistern and fences. J. S. DEMING.

FOR SALE—House and two lots, located in central part of Cass City. M. M. WICKWARE.

FOR SALE—8 1/2 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Dog Farm, 5 1/2 miles from town. Apply to J. C. LAING.

FOR SALE—Real estate for sale. For full information address O. K. JAMES.

WHITE LEGHORN hens for sale. A. A. F. MCDOWELL.

\$150 BUYS the corner lot on North side of Main St., opposite O. Doyne's residence. 1-19. DR. McLANE.

\$600 Buys 80 acres, or will exchange for village property. DR. J. H. McLEAN.

FOR SALE—One small cook stove. Cheap for cash. Enquire at this office.

Cass City Markets.

Cass City, Feb. 23, 1894.

Wheat, No. 1 white	60
Wheat, No. 2 white	58
Wheat, No. 2 red	55
Wheat, No. 3 red	52
Corn, per bu.	48
Corn Meal, per cwt.	1.25
Oats, per bu.	27
Rye	30
Barley, per 100 lbs.	90 to 110
Feed, per 100 lbs.	4.00 to 5.00
Clover seed, per bu.	4.00 to 5.00
Eggs, per doz.	14
Butter	18
Live Hogs, per cwt.	4.50 to 5.00
Beef, live weight	1.50 to 2.00
Smoked Ham—Per lb.	1.00 to 1.25
Mutton—live weight, per lb.	1.10 to 1.25
Lamb, live weight	2.15 to 2.50
Yard	42
Yellow, per lb.	10
Chickens—live, per lb.	10
Chickens—dressed, per lb.	10
Chickens—live, per lb.	04
Hens, new pressed	7.00 to 8.00
At market	54
Wheat, old	54

First Methodist Episcopal Church. REV. S. M. GILCHRIST, Pastor. SERVICES—Public service, 10:30 a. m. Class meeting, 11:45 a. m. Sabbath school, 12:15 p. m. Young people's meeting, 6:30 p. m. Public service, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

PASSENGER TIME CARD.

In Effect November 26th, 1893. Standard Time.

STATIONS.	Southwest.	Northeast.
A. M. P. M. A. T.	Dep. A. M. P. M. P. M.	Dep. A. M. P. M. P. M.
5:40 9:50	Saginaw, E. S.	8:10 9:00
5:45 9:55	St. Louis, Mo.	8:15 9:05
5:50 10:00	St. Paul, Minn.	8:20 9:10
5:55 10:05	St. Peter, Minn.	8:25 9:15
6:00 10:10	St. Cloud, Minn.	8:30 9:20
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