

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIV. NO. 38.

CASS CITY, MICH., AUG. 30, 1895.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.

To Fit the Purse

Is an absolute necessity in these days of tight money. To hold and increase your trade you must give your customers the best value for their money. I can do this as I buy direct from the manufacturers and save the middleman's profit that small dealers have to pay. Do you know what manufacturers' prices are? If not, drop in and see us. We have a number of lots of Shoes and Clothing that we will close out at or less than manufacturers' prices from now until SEPTEMBER 5th.

New Fall Stock Arriving

Must make room for it. The tax roll shows that we carry the largest stock of Shoes and Clothing in the Thumb. Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

J. D. CROSBY, THE SHOE and CLOTHING MAN.

EXCHANGE BANK,



Cass City, Mich.

Accounts of Business Houses and Individuals Solicited. Interest paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

It is the aim of this bank to confine all of its Capital to this vicinity, that it may assist in the development of this section of the country.

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

Established 1882.

I. B. Auten, Cass City.
John F. Seeley, Caro.
L. C. Blair, Boston Mass.

THE CASS CITY BANK,

Auten, Seeley & Blair.

Responsibility, \$75,000.00

A general banking business transacted.

MONEY LOANED ON REAL ESTATE.

Collections a specialty.

W. S. RICHARDSON, CASHIER.

YES

We are still offering some

BIG BARGAINS

CLOTHING - CLOTHING

A lot of new Suits expected this week—bought at a sacrifice and will be sold the same.

SHOES

We have a Large New Stock of Shoes at Lowest Prices.

Don't forget that our prices are always the Lowest when quality is considered.

FALL DRY GOODS

Have arrived. We can show you the most complete line ever displayed in our store. See our all-wool Dress Flannels, 1 yd. wide, 25cts.; all-wool very fine Cashmere, 1 yd. wide, 35cts. Don't fail to ask for our 1 1/4 yd. wide Serge, all-wool, very heavy, at 50cts. We have a very fine line of Ladies' Combination Suits in cotton and wool, which are extremely low in price—quality considered.

OUR 35 CENT TEA IS THE BEST

in the State. We will convince you that this is true by testing its merits.

2 - MACKS - 2

New Advertisements.

T. H. Fritz—School Books, Tablets, Etc.
J. L. Hitchcock—Dry Goods, Stoves and Bicycles.
Stevenson—Groceries.

Caught On The Fly.

Wm. Helwig is seriously ill.
D. Graham is siding up his barn.
Mrs. T. H. Hunt is on the sick list.
Rev. J. W. Fenn is on the sick list.
The ENTERPRISE until Jan'y '96 for 25c.

Cal. Ale visits friends near Unionville.
J. S. McArthur is in Detroit on business.
O. Lenzner, Sr., was in Gagetown yesterday.
Miss Jane McKenzie has been ill for the past week.

Mrs. Jessie Wright has returned from Algonac.
E. F. Marr now occupies rooms over his clothing store.

Fred Bigelow is helping at Fair-weather's grocery.
A. B. Smalley, of Caseville, was in town on Saturday.

Mrs. A. B. Parmalee, of Pontiac, is visiting friends here.
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Morris spent Sunday at Gagetown.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Reagh left for Manistee on Tuesday.
Henry Dodge, the Elmwood poet, was in town yesterday.

S. Champion has added a 12x18 poultry house to his yards.
L. A. De Witt returned from New York State on Saturday.

Get a hustle on and be ready for the Fair—18th, 19th and 20th.
John McLellan was in Linkville and Kilmanagh on Wednesday.

The Hitchcock block is being "retouched" by Artist Macomber.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Clark called on Bad Axe friends on Sunday.

G. F. Scupholme will lead the Epworth League Sunday evening.
R. Duggan has commenced the brick-work on E. Rushbrook's residence.

Miss Lockwood, of New York City, is the guest of Miss Mary Sheffer.
John Livingston has moved into the Truscott residence on Seeger street.

Robt. Kile and family are moving this week to their farm east of Owendale.
Mrs. Lee, daughter of Mrs. Monroe, left on Monday for her home in Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leonard, of Bad Axe, were in town the first of the week.
W. J. Campbell was in Ellington Tuesday, looking after his farming interests.

A. J. Knapp played ball with the Pontiac team last Friday and this week Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hebblewhite drove to Caro on Monday returning the same evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. McPhail and Herman were at Caro Tuesday, going by the 'cycle route.
John Cain, who has been bar-keeper at the Sheridan House for some time, has returned to Bad Axe.

Misses Vina and Nancy MacArthur have passed examinations in the 2nd and 1st grades respectively.
Miss Carrie Fenn has been elected vice president of the Epworth League, in place of Mrs. J. M. Truscott, removed.

John Krapf, living north-west of town, has been quite ill with fever for some time.
H. B. Fairweather and Joyce spent a few days this week with relatives at Inlay City.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the harvest festival at Gagetown yesterday.
Rev. C. D. Eldridge conducted the funeral of Mrs. Richard Pardo, in Elmwood on Tuesday.

J. M. Fritz, of Nanticoke, Pa., a cousin of T. H. and I. A. Fritz, arrived last evening and will spend a few days with friends here.
O. K. Jones was so unfortunate as to break his bicycle on Monday. It was caused by a collision.

Charles Allen, the boy violinist, and Master Randall, of Oxford, are the guests of W. J. Albertson.
A new fire well is being driven at the corner of Main and Grant streets. The old one will be filled in.

Prof. G. Masselink arrived yesterday and is making preparation for the opening of school on Monday.
A party of Oak Bluffers recently took dinner with Landlord Thatcher and wife at Point of Pines Hotel.

Miss Belle McKenzie returned on Friday last from her extended visit with relatives in Ontario and Detroit.
You cannot afford to overlook the advertisements in this issue. Peruse them and improve the bargains offered.

Jas. Dewar and wife, of Lambton county, Ont., are visiting this week at Andrew Campbell's and other relatives in this vicinity.
The Ladies' Aid Society, of the M. E. church will meet on Wednesday, Sept. 4th, at the home of Mrs. Ed. Eno. Tea served as usual.

The township board met last Monday and went through the usual routine of business. A special meeting will be held next Monday.
Lizzie, daughter of Angus McDonald, of Elmwood, died on Monday. She was buried at Gagetown, Elder Rushbrook officiating.

School begins on Monday next, Sept. 2nd. The faces of the juveniles lengthen perceptibly whenever that event is mentioned.
Mrs. Cooley, of Caro, spent Sunday with friends here, on her way home from Detroit where she had been visiting her son, Allen.

C. W. McPhail arrived home Saturday evening after an extended trip through Texas, California and other southwestern states.
The infant child of John Higgins, of Elmwood township, died last week and the remains were interred in the Elkland cemetery Sunday.

In order to avoid trouble, the party who took the new pipe wrench from the shop of N. Bigelow & Son is hereby notified to return the same.
T. H. Fritz, Miss Cecil Fritz and Miss Mary Fisher left for Columbiaville on Tuesday. Mr. Fritz returned the same evening leaving the young ladies to visit relatives there.

Rev. B. J. Baxter returned last evening from his Northern Michigana trip, and services will be held in the Presbyterian Church Sunday as usual.
Miss Belle Schwarzerer and little brother left for a visit to Canada on Wednesday. She will also attend the wedding of her uncle while there.

A special meeting of the Macabees is called for Monday evening to make arrangements for attending the Canboro picnic on the 4th. All turn out.
The Cumber school trustees have been fortunate enough to secure the services of Myron Hanson, of this place, who begins his duties next Monday.

Miss Iris Hitchcock gave a Salamagunda party in Forester's Hall, Wednesday evening. A large number were present and an enjoyable evening was spent.
The Ladies' Daylight Reading Club will give an entertainment on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 10th. Proceeds to be used for the purchase of a public library.

The brickwork of the M. E. church has been completed and the carpenters and painters are pushing their part of the work. Bids are called for in this issue for the papering.
A number of young friends were very nicely entertained at the residence of Hugh Seed, Sr., on Monday evening last. Games were in order and all enjoyed themselves.

A. E. Hicks, of Kingston, "stuck" type in the ENTERPRISE office a few days this week. He left last evening to accept a position as agent for the National Life Assurance Assn.
An effort is being made to secure a competent judge for poultry at the fair, in the person of Mr. Tucker, of Concord. S. Champion is the chief mover and is receiving encouragement.

We are indebted to the Brown City Driving Association for complimentary to their race meeting Sept. 11th and 12th also to the Capac Agricultural Society for the same favor. Capac fair will be Oct. 1st to 3rd.
A basket picnic and Prohibition rally will be held in Vail's grove Marlette, on Tuesday Sept. 3rd. Ex-Gov. St. John, of Kansas, and other speakers will be present, also a cornet band. Reduced rates on railroads. All will be welcome.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Truscott left Monday evening for Grandstone City where the Doctor expects to locate. The ENTERPRISE wishes them happiness and prosperity. They have each taken an active part in the M. E. church and will be greatly missed in that capacity.
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The Bad Axe Tribune has the following to say regarding the MacArthur-Philp wedding:—The marriage of Miss Beekie Philp at the home of her mother at high noon Wednesday to Prof. Duncan MacArthur, of South Dakota, though a very quiet affair so far as the number attending the ceremony is concerned, elicited more general attention than any event of the season. Miss Philp was a favorite in this community. Her graceful form, commanding presence and happy good cheer made her a host of friends. Reared from childhood in the village, every body knew her and everybody liked her and the announcement of the marriage was a matter in which everybody felt they had a sort of personal interest. Mr. MacArthur is a gentleman of culture, having graduated from the State Agricultural college. He is at present engaged in the Indian department of the Civil Service, in charge of the Indian schools at the Yankton reservation, South Dakota. He is a young man of fine ability and fine appearance. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Fultin assisted by the groom's father, Rev. MacArthur, of Cass City, in the presence of the immediate friends of the contracting parties, the house having been beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers. Immediately after the ceremony, a dinner was served and the young couple left all their relatives and old associates for Greenwood, South Dakota, their future home, bearing with them the unmeasured good will of a host of friends.

C. W. Heller left for Battle Creek the first of the week, to accompany Mrs. Heller on her return home from that city where she has been undergoing medical treatment. They returned Wednesday, Mrs. Heller having improved considerably.
While G. S. Farrar was returning from his farm Wednesday evening he collided with another rig and was thrown violently to the ground. Fortunately no bones were broken but George feels pretty sore from the shaking up. Both rigs were considerably damaged.
With this issue we send our readers a supplement in the shape of a four page paper telling all about the grand Sunday School Rally to be held at Caro on Friday, September 6th. This will undoubtedly be one of the greatest gatherings ever held in the county and you should read the supplement very carefully.

We have again been requested to mention the ungentlemanly conduct of boys and young men who congregate in front of the churches at the close of Sunday evening services. We fear it will be necessary to have the marshal disperse the boys if they do not take the hint and be gentlemen.
ATTENTION COMRADES—Remember that Sept. 4 is voucher day, and all ex-soldiers coming to Cass City on that day can have their vouchers filled out at the Post room, and also have a dinner, all for 25 cents. Come early. L. A. DeWitt will be at the Post room to fill vouchers and the ladies to serve dinner. By order of Ways and Means Committee.

SIXTH ANNUAL FAIR.

At Cass City Sept. 18,

MICHIGAN MENTION.

BRIEF ITEMS ABOUT MICHIGAN PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The Miners at Ishpeming and Negaunee Becoming Rebellious Against Their Owners—Some Prospects of a Break—Others Remain Firm.

Striking Miners Becoming Dissatisfied. The strike of the miners of Ishpeming and Negaunee is still on, but the enthusiasm of the men is fast dwindling away. Instead of about 2,000 men participating in the daily marches less than 500 now appear. The men are beginning to feel that their leaders are too head strong and there are said to be some who think they have been deceived by the leaders as to the prospects of help from outside sources. Many families are said to be suffering now. The strike is a loss in wages to the workmen of the country of about \$1,000,000 per day. Public sympathy is now not with the strike movement. The mining companies have offered an advance of from 10 to 25 per cent over the old wages which, considering the price at which their ore was sold for this season's delivery, is fair and is so looked upon. Many miners are leaving, probably 700 having gone. For a time men were not permitted by the union to leave town to seek employment elsewhere, but this has been changed.

Symptoms of internal dissensions in the union are fast coming to the surface. Many who were promised support on condition that they appear daily in the marching column, and attend the park meetings, are in want of relief. Coad and Wasley, the president and secretary, have quarreled on account of the flexible disposition of the latter, who was willing to concede a little. Many of the men say that the reign of terror for which some of the leaders have been responsible, could be shattered in a day by anyone from the ranks who would dare propose a return to the mine under the conditions offered by the companies.

Clever Attempt of 13 Prisoners to Escape

One of the most wonderful attempts at escape from prison ever known in Michigan was that at the Wayne county jail at Detroit. Thirteen men had dug a tunnel five feet deep and 17 feet long, leading from one of the cells in ward 1, to the outer wall of the jail building, before being discovered. Several tons of earth had to be removed from the tunnel and disposed of in the ward, to say nothing of a few stones that weigh between 200 and 300 pounds each. Besides digging this tunnel a section of floor flagging, 19x27 inches in size, was removed in one of the cells, about a foot of hard concrete was dug through, and a stone foundation, three feet in thickness, was pierced in addition to this bricks had been dug out of the partition walls between the cells, in spaces large enough to permit the body of a man to pass. Only one layer of brick was left in each partition, and each prisoner, at a given signal, could have connected his cell with the adjoining one, so that every man would have had a clear way to the cell from which the tunnel was dug. The plot was discovered only 24 hours before the time set for the escape.

Eleven Salvationists Arrested at Pontiac

There was great excitement in Pontiac when the marshal and police arrested the entire corps of the salvation army, 11 men and women, near their barracks on Pine street, which lodged them in the Oakland county jail over Sunday, because they had dared venture nearer than 50 feet to the line of Saginaw street, the principal business street of the town. The church people of the town held an indignation meeting and protested strongly against the action of the authorities. The members of the salvation army held services in the jail. They say they will bring action for false imprisonment.

Thompson Has a Murder and a Big Fire

The lumbering town of Thompson was greatly wrought up by a drunken murder and the burning of several buildings. The town was full of lumbermen and Alex. St. Mary and J. McVelle imbued very freely. Hot words led to blows and St. Mary drew a knife and gave Lavelle a wound that caused him to drop dead. St. Mary was at once taken to jail. The greatest excitement prevailed, and it was during this commotion that someone set fire to the town, which has but little fire protection, and three buildings were soon in ashes.

Michigan Liquor Dealers Meet at Detroit

The Michigan Liquor Dealers' Protective association, sent 600 delegates to the third annual convention, at Detroit, from its 50 counties. Mayor Plimpre made a welcoming address. The treasurer's reported showed receipts of \$25,000 and disbursements \$24,971, leaving a balance of \$738. Officers elected: President, Chas. A. Kelley, of Grand Rapids; vice-president, John F. Moloney, of Sault Ste. Marie; treasurer, James Wells, of Bay City. The convention goes to Port Huron next year.

Two Boys Fatally Burned

Fire caught in a bed at John Anderson's boarding house at Menominee, and his two boys, aged 5 and 7, were fatally burned. The father was hurt while trying to rescue them, and the mother had a leg broken by jumping from a window with her babe.

Martin Herb, a Peddler, Suicided by Hanging Himself at Saginaw because he had been swindled in a horse trade.

Dave McEwen shot Chas. H. Ramsay with a load of birdshot, at Ludington. It is said that last winter Ramsay went to McEwen's house while he was away and attempted to assault Mrs. McEwen. The latter kept the information from her husband, but he learned of it at last and the shooting is the result. Ramsay will recover.

Samuel Soderberg, the treasurer of Muskegon county who was reported to have skipped with his lady clerk, has returned to Muskegon and states that he had been on a visit to Chicago. He denies that he was ever short in his accounts and says that his lady clerk has been visiting in Traverse City.

TRAIN ROBBERS IN MICHIGAN.

A Chicago & West Michigan Train Held up in True Wild West Style.

A desperate train robbery, almost equal to the daring crimes for which the west has been famous, took place on the C. & W. M. railroad near New Richmond. Soon after the night express left New Richmond, Mich., and while swinging around a curve through a swampy stretch of ground, Engineer Zibbel observed a man swinging a lantern, and put on the brakes. Before he could bring the train to a stop, however, it bumped into a big pile of ties which the robbers had placed there. The train crew started out to see what was the matter and were met by a volley of bullets. Engineer Zibbel was warned back by two balls close to his head. Brakeman Timothy Murphy jumped off the rear coach with his lantern. The robbers saw him and fired, striking him in the groin. The baggage car next to the engine carried an express box which was deadheaded back from Chicago empty. This was what the robbers were after, evidently supposing it to contain valuables. They called upon Baggageman Vanetta to open the door, but upon his refusal to do so they fired a small calibre bomb at the side door, shattering it, and sprang inside. The box was locked and they resorted to dynamite to get it open. Finding nothing they turned their attention again to the train crew and relieved the engineer and fireman of their watches and the conductor of about \$7 in cash.

The passengers were not molested, but they were afraid they would be. There was a tremendous scramble for hiding places for valuables of all kinds and many of the women were in hysterics. The passengers were mostly tourists bound for the northern resorts. The robbers were amateurs, Conductor Rice thinks, and did the job very clumsily and with little preparation. He is confident that he would recognize the men if he should see them again. There were four of them and they were neither masked nor disguised and made no apparent effort at concealment.

After the news of the robbery had spread several posses of deputy sheriffs, railroad and express detectives and Grand Rapids police started on the hunt for the robbers, being spurred on by the offer of \$1,000 reward for their capture. The express officials now admit that four packages of money were secured from the safe, but they decline to give the amounts.

Latterly two men answering the description of the robbers boarded a Lake Shore train at Dorr and rode to Eagle Mills, three miles from Grand Rapids. The trainmen notified the police. The robbers walked into the engine and boarded a C. & W. train for the north at 11:30 p. m. Detective George W. Powers, of the Grand Rapids police force, boarded the train also and attempted to place the men under arrest. Both drew their revolvers and fired at the detective, one bullet lodging in his brain. The men jumped from the train and made their escape. The entire police force and all the deputy sheriffs started after them. Powers died a few hours later. Powers was one of the most popular officers on the force. He was 57 years old, and served gallantly in Co. K, Third Michigan volunteers, during the war.

One of the Supposed Robbers Shot Dead.

George A. Smalley, supposed to be one of the C. & W. train robbers and the man who shot Detective Powers, was shot and instantly killed at McBain. Soon after Smalley arrived at McBain word was received from Charles Dunham, sheriff of Wexford county, to capture Smalley, and he was shot and killed at McBain. Smalley is known as a desperate character, but the men were armed for any emergency. Refusing to give himself up and reaching for his guns, which were in a belt on his body, he was shot, two balls striking him in the left side, killing him instantly. He had two of the best make pistols with full magazines, and a belt filled with cartridges. No money was found on his person.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

George Boyle was killed in a sewer cavern at Belding.

The Detroit & Mackinac railway has completed its survey to Cheboygan.

A case of small-pox is reported in the family of William Durrin, near Galesburg.

The Seventeenth Michigan Infantry will hold its annual reunion at Lansing, Oct. 2.

Negotiations are being made for the establishment of two large tanneries in Gladstone.

William Miller, of Portland has fallen heir to \$1,000 left to him by a train at England.

Charles Smith, whose legs were mangled by a train at Durand died from the shock of amputation.

The body of an unknown man was found on the beach on Heaver island. Close by was found a lady's silk dress.

About 3,000 people attended the Washtenaw, Livingston and Oakland county farmers' picnic at Whitmore lake.

Miss Ella Backus has been admitted to the bar at Traverse City. She is the only woman lawyer north of Grand Rapids.

A. T. Stephens, of the M. A. C., goes to North Carolina as professor of agriculture in North Carolina's agricultural college.

Mrs. Garrity, of Mackinac City, cut her throat from ear to ear, but barely missed the jugular vein. She is supposed to be insane.

Fire at Kensington destroyed Fred Weitz's barn, dwelling, and barn and S. Varnes' store house. Loss, \$2,500.

Geo. L. Legge, aged 23, one of the editors of the Sunfield Sun, was struck by an electric car at Grand Rapids and instantly killed.

The houses of Widow Furney and E. J. Marsh were destroyed by fire at Paris. The fire is supposed to have been the work of tramps.

Several building and loan associations in Michigan having advertised to issue coupon stock fully paid up upon which guaranteed dividends are paid at a specified rate of interest, Attorney General Maynard has rendered an opinion that the issuing of such stock is illegal.

CASUALTIES.

Three tramps are believed to have been killed in a freight train wreck on the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus road near Millersburg, O.

Peter Heup, a tinner, 27 years old, was drowned, in the river at Milwaukee. He leaves a widow and three children.

Henry Ziemer, one of the best-known policemen in Cincinnati, was struck by a car and killed in a horrible manner. He was waiting to make some arrests.

The 10-year-old daughter of Conductor Byers fell from her father's train at Lowell, Ind., and was run over by the cars. One leg was so badly smashed that amputation was necessary.

George Schultz, while trying to catch a motor car at Quincy, Ill., missed his hold and fell under the wheels of the trailer following. His body was badly mangled and he died before he could be conveyed to the hospital.

George L. Legge, one of the editors and proprietors of the Sunfield Sun, was struck by an electric car at Grand Rapids, Mich., and instantly killed. He went to Grand Rapids to attend the annual Schaubenfest. He was 22 years old.

Robert McBurnie, ex-representative and merchant, broke his arm pitching ball in a game at Eckerly, Ind.

Mrs. Frank Krebs, of Michigan City, fell from a chair at Laporte, Ind., and received internal injuries which caused her death.

Carrie Siltz, aged 5 years, was bitten by a St. Bernard dog at Milwaukee. She may not recover. The dog was owned by a saloonkeeper named Pfetschinger.

Robert M. Hutchings, son of a banker, accidentally shot and killed himself while cleaning a revolver at Galveston.

The little son of Phillip Allosbrack was instantly killed at Ososso, Mich., by being run over by a heavy truck at the Ososso Casket Works.

Joseph Kneeland, an inventor of valuable paper machines, was run over by a train and killed at Northampton, Mass.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

INTERESTING CHRONICLE OF GENERAL NEWS MATTERS.

Uncle Sam Will Investigate Waller's Case—War Department Engineers Report that the Chicago Drainage Canal Will Seriously Lower the Lake Levels.

France "Called Down" by Uncle Sam. Washington: There is good authority for the statement that a peremptory demand will be made by the United States upon France for the release of Consul John Waller, of Tamatave, Madagascar, and that satisfactory indemnity will be required for his arrest and imprisonment, with a probable request for a commission to determine Waller's rights in Madagascar. The discussion of the case between the French and American diplomats has reached a point where it is said that there is little else for the United States to do, owing to the fact that repeated requests for a copy of the charges and testimony on which Waller was convicted have not been furnished by the French government. More than this U. S. Ambassador Eustis has been refused permission to visit Waller in prison.

LATER.—Acting Secretary of State Adee has received information that permission has been accorded Mr. Eustis to interview Mr. Waller. The French authorities are evidently being alive to the fact that no more delay will be allowed and have made promises to produce the papers bearing upon the Waller case as soon as possible.

Paris: The Temps publishes a letter from Tamatave, which says that the French are incensed at the commander of the American cruiser Castine for refusing to salute the garrison and to accord other customary courtesies on the ground that America has not recognized the French protectorate. The Americans have also caused irritation by persisting in a personal investigation of the Waller case.

Chicago Canal Will Lower Lake Levels. The report of the board of army engineers, appointed by the secretary of war to examine and report upon the effect of the Chicago drainage canal would have upon the waters of Lake Michigan, has been received at the war department. The board finds that the canal probably would reduce the average level of Lake Michigan about six inches and probably Lake Huron about three inches. The board would be objectionable to the shipping interests, and the Lake Carriers' association is making every effort to prevent the building of the canal, and has secured the co-operation of the Canadian engineers and Canadian shipping interests in opposing any steps that would result in lowering the lake levels. Of course, Lake Michigan is wholly in the United States, but it is the level of Lake Huron, which is governed by the level of Lake Michigan, and that it is a border lake. In addition, it is urged that the lowering of the water in both Lakes Michigan and Huron may, on account of the reduced outflow, result in a smaller effect on Lakes Erie and Ontario.

Robbers Hold up a Union Pacific Express. Bandits captured the eastbound overland flyer on the Union Pacific railroad near Gothenburg, Neb., and the engine was cut off and sent forward in the regulation Jesse James order while the outlaws looted the train at their pleasure. They compelled the engineer at the point of revolvers to go back to the baggage car, open the door and gain admittance. The pressman was compelled to open the larger combination safe and the robbers proceeded to blow the top off of it with dynamite. The express messenger says that the robbers did not get over \$100 for their trouble. While they were using the engine to get the express car open the fireman ran off with the engine to Gothenburg for assistance.

Eightfold Death of Eight Farmmen. An explosion at furnace H, of the Carnegie Steel Co., at Braddock, Pa., killed eight men, fatally injured three more and seriously burned 15 others. The explosion cost \$30,000. The engine was cut off and sent forward in the regulation Jesse James order while the outlaws looted the train at their pleasure. They compelled the engineer at the point of revolvers to go back to the baggage car, open the door and gain admittance. The pressman was compelled to open the larger combination safe and the robbers proceeded to blow the top off of it with dynamite. The express messenger says that the robbers did not get over \$100 for their trouble. While they were using the engine to get the express car open the fireman ran off with the engine to Gothenburg for assistance.

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I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite, and tone up the system and thus give sweet and refreshing sleep and vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Women of 1795.

Here is a curious extract from the Lady's Monthly Magazine of 1795, which is written in the style of the proverbs, as follows: Who shall describe a woman of fashion? Her value is only in her jewels. She seeketh powders and paint, and with her hands willingly maketh cosmetics. She bringeth food and raiment from afar, that it may be more costly; nothing homely, or cheaply purchased, pleaseeth her. She considereth a piece of china and buyeth it, and squandereth her husband's money in vanity. She girdeth not her body with modest raiment; her apparel is scant and unbecometh. She maketh her house the resort of gamblers; her candles burn and give light to evil doings. She layeth her hands on the cards; yea, eagerly her hands divideth the pool. She maketh card purses, and delivereth tickets of invitation for masks and revelry. She openeth her mouth to utter evil words; her tongue retaileth scandal. Her children are nurtured by a stranger and respect her not. Her husband, too, he despiseth her. Fortune, birth, and beauty might have raised her above all others; but she is the child of folly. Her conduct should, therefore, have made her a pattern for all women and her works would have praised her in the gates.

"And you said Dodkins is married?" "Yes." "Why, I thought he hadn't a cent of money." "He hadn't. But he's all right now. The young lady has any quantity of cash. All he will have to do now is to clip the coupons off the bonds of matrimony."—Washington Star.

Nature appears to me to have ordained this station here for us as a place of sojournment, a temporary abode only and not as a fixed settlement or permanent habitation.—Cicero.

AN ACCIDENT.

Mr. Quintus Hummel, of 118 Michigan Ave., Detroit, tells a War Story of his own Experience, and the Result.

(From Detroit News.)
Our representative called at 118 Michigan Avenue, the residence of Mr. Quintus Hummel. Mr. Hummel is a veteran of the late war, and received, in the campaign, an injury which has given him much pain and suffering since. He belonged to a Michigan cavalry regiment and his horse becoming frightened one day reared up, throwing him backward. In falling he struck his spine on a sharp stone, inflicting a deep cut over five inches long. The injury affected the kidneys. About two years ago the left kidney started to bleed, and has been doing so ever since. Mr. Hummel, in a few pointed sentences, gave our representative the following account: "The accident of my 'war days' left me in bad shape; pain in my back and spine rendered me almost useless, and I was compelled to give up work entirely. I could not turn over in bed without assistance. I have spent hundreds of dollars in various ways trying to find relief. Physicians have told me my spine was honeycombed for 13 inches. I had given up in despair, never hoping for relief, when a friend told me about Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have done me a world of good. The pains have disappeared from my back, and the bleeding of my kidney has almost entirely stopped. I know I can never be entirely cured, as I would have to be a new man, but Doan's Kidney Pills have done more to make me feel like a new man than all the other things I have tried during past years. I have not had any recurrence of the pain or bleeding since taking them."

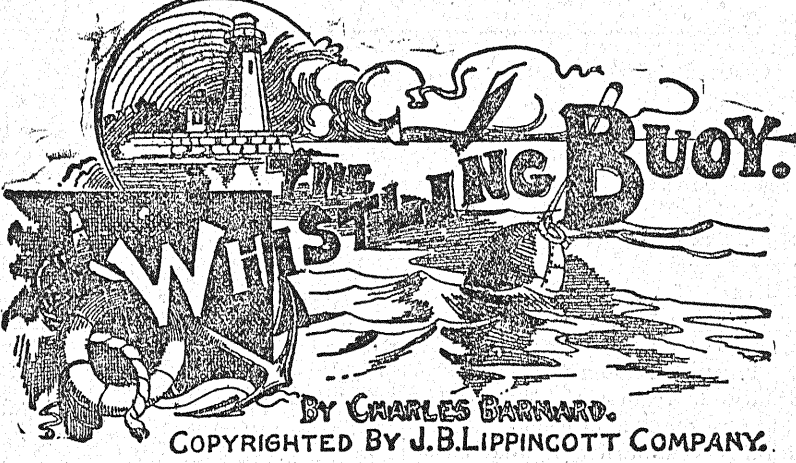
Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, by mail, from Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Get the agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

The Great
SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

HIGHEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE BEST
PREPARED FOOD
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

BLOOD POISON
A SPECIALTY
Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, Quaternary, and all other forms of blood poisoning permanently cured in 10 to 15 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. \$5.00 per bottle. Send for circular. Address: Dr. J. C. Kennerly, 302 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.



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[CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.]
Through all these events the screw churned up the water, and the ship sailed west towards the inevitable. The fog still hung thick over the water, and the men at the bows had twice signalled to the bridge that danger lay ahead, and twice the steamer turned aside and vague shadowy forms of fishing-boats drifted past in the mist.

Very few passengers ventured out of the saloons. Only here and there a rubber-clad passenger braved the cold, raw wind and the wet decks and murky air. Among these, one man, in an absurd ulster dragging his heels after the manner of the feminine-looking footmen at the doors of Fifth Avenue carriages, slowly paced the deck, silent and bitter with himself and all the world. His luck had turned. The smoking-room bet was declared off—that was something—but at what a fearful cost! He had saved his money and met the one man in the world whom he held in mortal dread—on shipboard, too, and an officer of the ship, in whose hand all their lives were held—shut upon a ship with a man who he felt sure in his cowardly little soul would not hesitate to throw him into the sea. The situation was more horrible than any he had read in the wildest French novel. That nothing of the kind could happen never entered his head. His mind was completely unstrung by terror and remorse. At any moment his wife Julie might come upon deck and insist upon her rights. He felt sure she had gone to Paris and was now returning to New York for no purpose except to establish in some way her position as his wife.

He walked to and fro on the deck not far from the bows. It was not the best place, but since he came up from the saloon the pilot, dressed in oil-cloth the color of gold, had come out upon the bridge, and he dared not pass under the bridge to reach a pleasant part of the deck. Nor did he dare to go below and insist upon her rights, for he must in so doing pass his wife's state-room door, and he dared not meet her alone. He was practically in a trap, and he must keep to the farther end, nearest the bow, and stay there until chilled to the bone in the bitter wind and searching fog. Seeing a man at the extreme end of the bows standing like an old-gold statue and dripping at every angle, he went towards him and stood at the rail, looking down at the curling foam above the ship's fore-castle.

He swept through the water—nearer and yet nearer, every second, to the land—to exposure and misery. Even as he stood there the ship was a mile nearer her port, a mile nearer to his disgrace. Suddenly there came over the gray water a faint moan.

The oilcloth-clad figure beside him started and leaned forward, as if to listen. Again that moan—far away, blood-chilling in its mystery. To the young man it seemed the despairing cry of some lost soul.

Again it spoke. To his fevered imagination it was as the cry of a child perishing of neglect—the moan of starvation, misery and despair. His heart seemed to freeze, and he slipped on the wet deck and fell down, a limp mass, by the rail. The yellow mariner kicked him aside with an oath, and shouted some strange words backward towards the affrighted sailors on deck and officers on the bridge.

Below, the big bell clanged, and the engineers sprang up and with tremendous efforts pulled at the valves, that the mighty engine stop, lest all be lost. An instant's silence in the engine-room, and then the bell clanged twice. Reverse! Reverse for dear life! The ponderous link motion strained under the stress of the small engine that puffed and roared to force it over. It was done, and then through the mighty cylinders rushed again the insistent steam. Every eccentric turned to guide the power in a new direction, and the whole awful force of the engine, 2,000 horses straining as one frantic beast, was bent to resist the terrific momentum of the ship, lest disaster overwhelm all.

The ship shook in the sea, and every heart on board seemed to stop with chilling suspense.

On the bridge the Captain stood with blanched face, expectant, resolute, fearful, yet confident in his immense machine. His heart seemed to keep time with the revolutions of the straining screw.

She slowed—stopped.

By his side stood his pilot, confounded with alarm and astonishment.

"Thought you said, Johnson, we were twenty miles south of Nantucket; and here we are right on the land!"

"I dunno! I give it up. I must be broken! All up. Lemme get down. I'll never take tiller again. I don't know what it means. I don't know where we be. Hark! What's that?"

"It's the buoy. We have passed to starboard of it."

"No. Listen. It's a fish-horn."

A number of passengers had come out of the saloon and were talking loudly on the deck.

"Keep quiet below."

"The ship is in trouble. They have reversed the engine to stop her."

"It is no matter. The sea is calling me again, as it does in my dreams. It's no matter now. Father—Sam—will never know how I died. I'm almost—almost glad it is so near. I can go home—to my mother—and my father."

A little glass on the marble washstand rattled. The ship was struggling, perhaps for her life.

Then, after a long, breathless pause, the bell clanged again. Then returned that freezing silence.

"The ship has stopped. Hark! They are signalling some other vessel. I think we have escaped the danger, whatever it is. Come, let us go on deck."

He saw that while she was in this excited state of mind it would not be wise to attempt to reason with her. It was better for the time to ignore her fears and try to divert her attention to other matters till she was calmer. As for this woman—this Madame Potard-Rochet—she would probe her acts and motives till he found the truth. That she had some motive in her cruelty he clearly recognized. What that motive might be he would find out the moment his family were safe at home in New York.

"Let us go up-stairs, Mai, and see what is going on."

"And you do not care, even if it were true?"

He stepped over her and gently raised her, and then, for the first time since he had known her, he gravely kissed her forehead. She snatched his hand and covered it with kisses and a flood of tears.

"There, there, my child you are better now. Believe me if I tell you that I believe in you, I believe in you more than you think. We will not care for her any more. The moment we reach New York I will set men at work on the marine records of every part of the world, and we will find the name of that ship if it takes from now to doomsday, whenever that legal holiday may be."

Her reply was to draw him down to her and to kiss him on the cheek and to say—

"I—I thank you—more than I can ever tell. Let me fix my hair, and I'll go with you. I'm not afraid of that woman now—not if you are near me."

A friendly sailor, with an eye to a shilling, sprinkled some sea-water over young Mr. Royal Yardstickie, and the young man struggled back to a humiliating consciousness that he had fainted with superstitious fear, or from the prick of a guilty heart, or from both. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to walk, he moved away from the bows, as if to go aft to the saloon. As he reached the first-deck engine he saw the people pouring out of the saloons and going to the ship's side, as if to see something on the water. He saw an officer clear the people away from a railing, while a sailor threw over a rope ladder. The officers on the bridge seemed to be expecting something, and as the crowd out of his view he mounted the base of the little engine, where he could see all that passed on the deck and on the bridge. To his surprise, he found the ship had stopped, and there was a good deal of suppressed excitement among the throng of passengers.

Then, to his amazement, over the side of the ship from the rope ladder came Skipper Johnson of Mr. Manning's yacht. Young Mr. Yardstickie prided himself on his nerves. He had nerves once. They seemed to be quite gone now, for he trembled so much he could not stand on the edge of the engine, and was forced to step down on the deck and hide behind a crowd of sailors and firemen. Presently over the heads of those before him he saw the young skipper mount the steps to the bridge, where both pilot and captain seemed to welcome him heartily.

Mai and the Judge experienced some difficulty in finding their way to the deck. They had stopped at Mrs. Gearing's room, and found her, poor lady, quite hysterical, and only Mai's calm confidence that no harm had come to the ship allayed her fears. She would not go on deck. "If it is safe," she said, "I'd rather stay here; and if we are all going to the bottom I'd rather keep in my room and be drowned in comfort than be pushed overboard by some frantic servant." The stairways were all crowded with people struggling to get on deck, some white, scared, and silent, others talking feverishly with all about them, both friends and strangers, others laughing hysterically, and all urged by the one motive of personal safety. By dint of a little patience, the Judge found a place for Mai and himself behind the stern of a deck-boat directly under the bridge. The people all about them were talking in whispers. It was evident the officer had commanded silence.

Just then an officer near the ship's side called to some one on the bridge—"Thirty fathoms out, sir, and no bottom."

"All right. Go round to the other side and bring that fisherman to me."

Mai had taken the Judge's arm, and at the word "fisherman" she trembled slightly. He looked down upon her, and she smiled with an effort and endeavored to steady herself against the boat. Then there was some commotion on the other side of the ship, but, as the house was in the way, they could not see what was going on. They were not long in ignorance; for the voices of the officers on the bridge were painfully distinct in the hush that had fallen on all the people.

Just then a sudden burst of sunlight lit up the wet rigging till it sparkled as if hung with jewels. The sunlight passed, and a big rift of blue appeared in the gray mist overhead.

[To be Continued.]

IN THE DAYS OF OLD.

SCENES IN SENATE DURING NINETEENTH CONGRESS.

How Randolph and Clay Came to Fight a Duel—Fierce Invectives of the Famous Virginia Orator—Statements of the Old School.

(Washington Correspondent.)

HE old Senate Chamber, now used by the Supreme Court, was admirably adapted for the deliberations of the forty-eight gentlemen who composed the upper house of the Nineteenth Congress. Modeled after the theaters of ancient Greece, it possessed excellent acoustic properties, and there was ample accommodation in the galleries for the great numbers who then visited Washington. The senate used to meet at noon, and generally conclude its day's work by three o'clock, while adjournments over from Thursday until the following Monday were frequent.

John C. Calhoun was Vice-President of the United States, and consequently President of the Senate—a position which to him was very irksome, as he was forced to sit and dumbly listen to debates in which he was eager to participate. He had been talked of by some of the best men in the country as a candidate during the then recent Presidential election, but the North had not given him any substantial support.

Regarding each Senator as an Ambassador from a sovereign state, he did not believe that as Vice-President he possessed the power to call them to order for words spoken in debate. Senator John Randolph abused this license, and one day commenced one of his tirades by saying: "Mr. Speaker! I mean Mr. President of the Senate and would-be President of the United States, which God in His infinite mercy avert," and then went on in his usual strain of calumny and abuse.

When Mr. Van Buren had first been elected to Congress Rufus King, of this state, had said to G. F. Mercer, also a member: "Within two weeks Van Buren will become perfectly acquainted with the views and feelings of every member, yet no man will know his."

This prediction was verified, and Mr. Van Buren soon became the directing spirit among the friends of General Jackson, although no one was ever able to quote his views. Taking Aaron Burr as his political model, but leading an irreproachable private life, he rose by his ability to plan and to execute with consummate skill the most difficult political intrigues.

He was rather under the medium height, with a high forehead, a quick eye and pleasing features. He made a noble and dignified figure, and when, on his leaving the Senate, his household furniture was sold at auction, it was noticed that the carpet beneath a large looking glass in his study was worn threadbare. It was there that he had rehearsed his speeches.

Senator Randolph of Virginia, attracted the most attention on a part of strangers. He was at least six feet in height, with long limbs, an ill-proportioned body, and a small, round head. Claiming descent from Pocahontas, he wore his coarse red hair long, parted in the middle, and combed down on either side of his fallow face.

His small, black eyes were expressive in their rapid glances, especially when he was engaged in debate, and his high-toned and thin voice would ring through the Senate Chamber like the shrill scream of an angry vixen.

He generally wore a full suit of heavy, irish-colored English broadcloth, the long, rolling collar of his surtout coat almost concealing his head, while the skirts hung in voluminous folds about his knee breeches and the white leather tops of his boots. He used to enter the Senate chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding whip and followed by a favorite dog, which trotted beneath his desk.

He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long index finger of his right hand at his opponent as he urled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes, while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim in a low tone, "Tins, more porter!" and the assistant door-keeper would hand him a foaming tum-

ber of potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon.

He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and, as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a Senator to order, the illustrious pronounced President Adams "a traitor," Daniel Webster "a vile slanderer," John Holmes "a dangerous fool," and Edward Livingston "the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs."

One day, while he was speaking with great freedom of abuse of Mr. Webster, then a member of the House, a Senator informed him in an undertone that Mrs. Webster was in the gallery. He had not the delicacy to desist, however, until he had fully expressed the vitals of his wrath. Then he set upon Mr. Speaker Taylor, and after abusing him soundly he turned sarcastically to the gentleman who had informed him of Mrs. Webster's presence and asked, "Is Mrs. Taylor present, also?"

Henry Clay was frequently the object of Mr. Randolph's denunciations, which he bore patiently until the "Lord of Roanoke" spoke one day of the reported alliance between the president and the secretary of state as the "coalition" of Elfil and Black George—the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the blackleg." Mr. Clay at once wrote to know whether he intended to call him a political gambler or to attack the infamy of such epithets to his private life. Mr. Randolph declined to give any explanation, and a duel was fought, without bloodshed.

Senator Tazewell, Mr. Randolph's colleague, was a first-class Virginian abstractionist and an avowed hater of New England. Dining one day at the white house he provoked the president by offensively asserting that he had "never known a Unitarian who did not believe in the sea-serpent." Soon afterward Mr. Tazewell spoke of the different kinds of wines, and declared that Tokay and Rhenish wine were alike in taste.

"Sir," said Mr. Adams, "I do not believe that you ever drank a drop of Tokay in all your life." For this remark the president subsequently sent an apology to Mr. Tazewell, but the Virginian senator never forgave nor forgave the remark.

William Henry Harrison, a tall, spare, gray-haired gentleman, who had gone from his Virginia home into the western wilderness as aide-de-camp to Gen. Anthony Wayne, had been elected a senator from the state of Ohio, but probably never dreamed that in years to come he would be elected president by an immense majority, with John Tyler on the ticket as vice-president.

Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, had, however, begun to electioneer for the democratic nomination for the vice-presidency, basing his claim upon his having shot Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, and he was finally successful. He was of medium size, with large features and light auburn hair, and his private life was attacked without mercy by his political opponents.

The senators were rather exclusive, those from the south assuming the control of "good society," which was then very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few senators or representatives brought their wives to cheer their congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings.

The diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at headquarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction.

The Washington assemblies were very ceremonious and exclusive. Admission was obtained only by cards of invitation, issued after long consultation among the committee men, and, once inside the exclusive ring, the guests were subjected to the most rigorous disciplinary rule of a master of ceremonies.

No gentleman, whatever may have been his rank or calling, was permitted on the floor unless in full evening dress, with the adornment of pumps, silk stockings and flowing cravat, unless he belonged to the army or navy, in which case complete regimentals covered a multitude of sins.

The ball, commencing upon the stroke of 8 precisely, opened with a rollicking country dance, and the lady selected for the honor of opening the festivities was subsequently toasted as the reigning divinity of fashion of the hour.

The "minuet de la cour" and stately "quadrille," varied by the "basket dance," and on exceptional occasions, the exhilarating "cheat," formed the staple for salatorial performance, until the hour of 11 brought the concluding country dance, when a final squad of roysterers bobbed "up the middle and down again" to the airs of "Sir Roger de Coverly" or "Money Musk."

The music was furnished by colored performers on the violin, except on great occasions, when some of the Marine band played an accompaniment on flutes and clarinets. The refreshments were iced lemonade, ice cream, port wine negus and small cakes, served in a room adjoining the dancing hall, or brought in by the colored domestics, or by the cavalier in his own proper person, who oftentimes appeared on the dancing floor, blowing his way to the lady of his adoration, in the one hand bearing well-filled glasses, and in the other sustaining a plate heaped with cake.

PERLLEY.

CONDITIONS IN NEBRASKA.

Corn Promises a Large Yield, Except in the State's Garden Spot.

McCook, Neb., Aug. 26.—On crossing the Missouri River running to Lincoln, the Burlington land agents' party found a prospect which, from an agricultural standpoint, could not be excelled. Corn is luxuriant and sturdy and every stalk shows large-sized ears sticking out from it. It is so far advanced that the uninitiated could be made to believe very readily that it is past all harm from any source. Notwithstanding its fine appearance, however, it is not yet out of danger of frost, and will not be for at least two weeks.

A fine crop of oats has been reaped in this section. Much of it is still in the shock and a good deal of it has been stacked. It is thrashing out from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre and will average about forty. The wheat crop has all been harvested, and farmers are now busy plowing their land preparatory to putting in another crop of winter wheat.

Leaving Lincoln the outlook is much less promising. Between Waverly and Fairmont, a distance of sixty miles, is a stretch of country which has usually been described as the garden spot of Nebraska. Crops have always been abundant here, however poorly they may have been in other parts of the state. Last year and this year have been the only known exceptions to this rule. Somehow this belt has suffered severely this year. It has rained copiously on all sides of it and all around it, but the clouds refused to give it a drop of moisture until too late to save the corn crop. For a stretch of country sixty miles long and sixty miles wide the corn crop is a comparative failure. It will only run from a quarter to half a crop, averaging as a whole about one-third an ordinary crop.

Oats have not fared so badly. They are thrashing out from thirty-five to forty bushels an acre. Heavy rains fell over this section at the end of last week. They came too late, however, to save the bulk of the corn. Very much of it is wilted beyond redemption and a good deal of it has already been cut for fodder. Wheat in this section is thrashing out fifteen bushels to the acre.

West of Fairmont the scene again changes and an ocean of waving corn, strong and luxuriant, is to be seen as far as the eye can reach in every direction. The crop from Hastings to the western boundary of the state is practically made, and nothing but a killing frost can now blight it. It will average not less than sixty bushels to the acre, and very many large fields will yield fifty bushels.

Around McCook is where the disasters of last year were most severely felt. The gains of this year have more than made up for the losses then sustained. The whole section of country looks like a veritable garden, and the people feel buoyant beyond expression. Winter wheat is thrashing out about twenty bushels to the acre and the best fields are yielding thirty bushels. Spring wheat is running from twelve to eighteen bushels to the acre. Oats average from fifty to sixty bushels, the best fields thrashing out 100 bushels.

Alfalfa is a new crop here with which the people are delighted. All kinds of live stock eat it with relish, and it is proving to be fattening fodder. The first year it yields one ton to the acre, but after the third year it yields three crops a year, which foot up seven and one-half tons to the acre. It is worth in the market \$5 per ton, but to feed cattle the results have shown it to be worth \$70 per acre. It is the coming crop all along the flats of the Republican valley.

QUEER MONEY.

The Circulating Medium That a Traveler Found in Mexico.

Here is an amusing account of a traveler who went many years ago to Mexico, and found the natives using a strange kind of currency. Says he: "In one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change, she returned to me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a small biscuit. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer, who had witnessed the incident, hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was legal tender in many parts of the country."

"I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacturer authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth three farthings each. Afterwards, in my travel, I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that I discovered was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp were not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them."

Harper's Round Table.

He Stood Higher.

Mrs. Bellefield (to her daughter)—Mr. Dukane is over head and heels in love with you, dear.

Miss Bellefield—So is Mr. Gaswell, mamma.

Mrs. Bellefield—But you must remember that Mr. Dukane is six feet tall, while Mr. Gaswell is only about five feet seven in height.

Here's a story going the rounds of the Broadway (New York) hotels: A bashful benedict told the clerk before registering he was a newly-married man and a stranger, and didn't know how to announce the fact of his arrival in town with his bride. The clerk told him to put it down as man and wife. He did so, and registered as "M. and W. W. Beaver Falls, Pa."

PERLLEY.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Regarding each Senator as an Ambassador from a sovereign state, he did not believe that as Vice-President he possessed the power to call them to order for words spoken in debate.

Senator John Randolph abused this license, and one day commenced one of his tirades by saying: "Mr. Speaker! I mean Mr. President of the Senate and would-be President of the United States, which God in His infinite mercy avert," and then went on in his usual strain of calumny and abuse.

When Mr. Van Buren had first been elected to Congress Rufus King, of this state, had said to G. F. Mercer, also a member: "Within two weeks Van Buren will become perfectly acquainted with the views and feelings of every member, yet no man will know his."

This prediction was verified, and Mr. Van Buren soon became the directing spirit among the friends of General Jackson, although no one was ever able to quote his views.

He was rather under the medium height, with a high forehead, a quick eye and pleasing features. He made a noble and dignified figure, and when, on his leaving the Senate, his household furniture was sold at auction, it was noticed that the carpet beneath a large looking glass in his study was worn threadbare. It was there that he had rehearsed his speeches.

Senator Randolph of Virginia, attracted the most attention on a part of strangers. He was at least six feet in height, with long limbs, an ill-proportioned body, and a small, round head.

Claiming descent from Pocahontas, he wore his coarse red hair long, parted in the middle, and combed down on either side of his fallow face.

His small, black eyes were expressive in their rapid glances, especially when he was engaged in debate, and his high-toned and thin voice would ring through the Senate Chamber like the shrill scream of an angry vixen.

He generally wore a full suit of heavy, irish-colored English broadcloth, the long, rolling collar of his surtout coat almost concealing his head, while the skirts hung in voluminous folds about his knee breeches and the white leather tops of his boots. He used to enter the Senate chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding whip and followed by a favorite dog, which trotted beneath his desk.

He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long index finger of his right hand at his opponent as he urled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes, while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim in a low tone, "Tins, more porter!" and the assistant door-keeper would hand him a foaming tum-

ber of potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon.

He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and, as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a Senator to order, the illustrious pronounced President Adams "a traitor," Daniel Webster "a vile slanderer," John Holmes "a dangerous fool," and Edward Livingston "the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs."

One day, while he was speaking with great freedom of abuse of Mr. Webster, then a member of the House, a Senator informed him in an undertone that Mrs. Webster was in the gallery. He had not the delicacy to desist, however, until he had fully expressed the vitals of his wrath. Then he set upon Mr. Speaker Taylor, and after abusing him soundly he turned sarcastically to the gentleman who had informed him of Mrs. Webster's presence and asked, "Is Mrs. Taylor present, also?"

Henry Clay was frequently the object of Mr. Randolph's denunciations, which he bore patiently until the "Lord of Roanoke" spoke one day of the reported alliance between the president and the secretary of state as the "coalition" of Elfil and Black George—the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the blackleg." Mr. Clay at once wrote to know whether he intended to call him a political gambler or to attack the infamy of such epithets to his private life. Mr. Randolph declined to give any explanation, and a duel was fought, without bloodshed.

Senator Tazewell, Mr. Randolph's colleague, was a first-class Virginian abstractionist and an avowed hater of New England. Dining one day at the white house he provoked the president by offensively asserting that he had "never known a Unitarian who did not believe in the sea-serpent." Soon afterward Mr. Tazewell spoke of the different kinds of wines, and declared that Tokay and Rhenish wine were alike in taste.

"Sir," said Mr. Adams, "I do not believe that you ever drank a drop of Tokay in all your life." For this remark the president subsequently sent an apology to Mr. Tazewell, but the Virginian senator never forgave nor forgave the remark.

William Henry Harrison, a tall, spare, gray-haired gentleman, who had gone from his Virginia home into the western wilderness as aide-de-camp to Gen. Anthony Wayne, had been elected a senator from the state of Ohio, but probably never dreamed that in years to come he would be elected president by an immense majority, with John Tyler on the ticket as vice-president.

Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, had, however, begun to electioneer for the democratic nomination for the vice-presidency, basing his claim upon his having shot Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, and he was finally successful. He was of medium size, with large features and light auburn hair, and his private life was attacked without mercy by his political opponents.

The senators were rather exclusive, those from the south assuming the control of "good society," which was then very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few senators or representatives brought their wives to cheer their congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings.

The diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at headquarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction.

The Washington assemblies were very ceremonious and exclusive. Admission was obtained only by cards of invitation, issued after long consultation among the committee men, and, once inside the exclusive ring, the guests were subjected to the most rigorous disciplinary rule of a master of ceremonies.

No gentleman, whatever may have been his rank or calling, was permitted on the floor unless in full evening dress, with the adornment of pumps, silk stockings and flowing cravat, unless he belonged to the army or navy, in which case complete regimentals covered a multitude of sins.

The ball, commencing upon the stroke of 8 precisely, opened with a rollicking country dance, and the lady selected for the honor of opening the festivities was subsequently toasted as the reigning divinity of fashion of the hour.

NEW FURNITURE STORE

I have purchased the large stock of FURNITURE formerly owned by L. A. DeWitt. I have a larger stock of

General - Furniture

Than I wish to carry on account of room to show my goods. Therefore I will

MARK - DOWN - ALL - MY - GOODS

And some of them less than cost for the next 60 days. I have many small articles you are liable to want if you could see them. Come and examine my goods if you don't buy. It will give me pleasure to show them.

J. S. McNair, - - CASS CITY.

Our UNDERTAKING Department

Is complete. Come and see us. We make a specialty of this business whenever and wherever called on.

We Remain Yours Truly,

J. S. McNair, - - Martin Anthes.

GRAIN DRILLS

—A full supply of—

EMPIRE, SUPERIOR AND CHAMPION GRAIN DRILLS.

—Also a large stock of—

BUGGIES, ROAD WAGONS

AND WAGONS.

A Full Line of Repairs.

See our Feed Cutter and Horse Power.

J. H. STRIFFLER

THE AUCTIONEER.

SPECIAL SALE!

COMMENCING AUG. 15

UNTIL SEPTEMBER 15.

LOOK OUT

FOR

BARGAINS!



FROST & HEBBLEWHITE

TEN THINGS TO REMEMBER

- 1st—The OLIVER PLOW leads.
- 2nd—I handle the only genuine Oliver repairs sold in Cass City.
- 3rd—The Oliver cannot be surpassed for hard ground.
- 4th—I sell eight different styles of Plows.
- 5th—I keep in stock repairs for all the leading Plows.
- 6th—I keep a General line of Farm Implements.
- 7th—you will need a Feed Cutter next winter.
- 8th—Reasonable prices and square dealing guaranteed.
- 9th—It costs you nothing to look over our stock.
- 10th—Remember the place.

W. J. Campbell.

West end Main Street—opposite Town Hall.

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, 35c., strictly in advance.

Advertisements.

All changes of advertisements must be sent to this office no later than Wednesday noon of each week, else they can not be inserted in that week's issue. Reasonable rates are charged for display advertisements. Local notices in our paid local columns are five cents per line for first insertion. Notices of festivals, lectures, concerts and all entertainments of a money-making character are charged for at the rate of one dollar for each insertion. Cards of thanks are twenty-five cents for each insertion.

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

A. A. P. McDOWELL, Proprietor

OUR MOTTO:

PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

Conducted by the Ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

EXTRACTS.

From A Speech of John G. Woolley's At Cleveland, July 2nd, '95.

Continued from last week.

I must not seem to call her idle, she does work and exquisitely at light house-keeping, "taking her meals as it happens," except table d'hôte, with all the delicacies of the season, for Sunday, and being mainly occupied in sedentary ways, embroidering doilies, splashers, fascinators, and the like, all very fine and very proper, no doubt, but conducive of hepatic lungs and anchylosed joints. The church is dying of tuberculosis, and it ought to start a revival right here for each one of you to ask himself "Am I a drop of red blood in the body of Christ, or am I only a tubercle?" What she needs is to get out into the open, and have a baptism of immensity, and catch the long swinging strides of power, and feel the expansion of "all truth."

For lack of this Christian politics is in a bad way. Two-thirds of the Christian population are denied the right of suffrage, and nineteen-twentieths of the other third deny themselves the privilege of voting their real sentiments, but perennially yield their convictions to party exigency, and vote as they are voted. The tomato-can tramp is not more regularly "voted" than the average Christian man. The tramp is handled in "blocks of five," and gets money or beer, the Christian men are handled in masses and get ease, customers and offices. A very prominent leader of young men and, in his way, the foremost leader of his party, recently gave out the official utterance that the peril of their party was the "intolerance of morality." Every Christian member of the party was shocked and disgusted at the contemptible and brutal proposition, but nineteen-twentieths of them voted "amen" to it at the following election. Into the merits of that election I do not go, but leaders need to be taught that Christian conscience is not to be trifled with.

It is not because they are false or fools, or weak intrinsically, but because they have not in large simplicity of utter faith, received the spirit of truth since they believed.

In the last analysis the trouble is that the Christian voter does not think. Some can't, some are afraid to, because of the expense—it costs pulpits, popularity, customers to think of this thing. Some distrust their own opinions, and some even doubt their own experiences. The average voter reads a newspaper whose editor smiles at religion and would not recognize an honest conviction if he ran against it; hears a speech, sees the chairman of the central committee, or is seen by the ward boss, and thinks he has thought, but the thought is second hand, stale, cold and paltry, but he rolls it over in his mind and warms it and thinks it is alive and his own, votes it and is in perpetual grief that nothing comes of it. Thus the Democratic politician in the south and the Republican politician in the north have manipulated the enemies of the saloon, and the parties persist and rotate and alternate in office, and the saloon grows sleeker and fatter all the time.

The boy said "An elephant is a large animal with a leg at each corner and a tail at each end." Our politics is like that, the saloon wags both parties and is ambidextrous, so to speak—equally effective with proboscis or tail. The failure of the voting church is apparently the same case as that of the hen and a china nest egg—she doesn't think and so contributes regularly to the plunder of her own product—which is an allegory, and a good one. Jeromiah speaking of avarice says, "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth money without right shall perish in the midst of his years and in the end shall be a fool."

Instead of "getting money without right" insert "casting ballots without thought," and you will have an excellent descriptive roll of the average Christian voter. Now when a hen "sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not," there is something wrong with the egg—

the hen is all right, only she don't think. An egg hatcheth because there is something alive inside. If there is nothing in it but, say, an unpleasant odor, or an all wise Providence has made no provision to hatch that, and it is easy to see the evidence of design in that, because human wisdom is unanimous that in such a case success would be the worst possible failure, which is a reflection full of sweetness and light—but it is hard on the hen, for the more her eggs do not hatch the more she sits, until she grows morose, weary, dejected and mis-hen-thropic, and little by little her beautiful maternal instinct becomes acute insanity, and she will sit on anything—a rotten apple, a little gourd—even an old nest with nothing in it. I have carried such a misguided fowl out into the barnyard and put her down on the ground, and she would simply settle down to incubate the terrestrial globe—crazy about setting! And so it goes on until some morning the poor, emaciated body is found dead on the nest and flung over the back fence with the reflection, "Another good old hen gone to Ge-hen-na." Now, when a Christian voter behaves like that he is called very "spiritual," but the true diagnosis is that he is insane about his nest, and it is all one to him what is under him, or whether anything. And so we have the funny but pitiful spectacle of the voting church brooding over the foul straw of an empty nest year after year—and hatching vermin to prey upon her own flesh.

The figure is becoming unpleasant and we would better drop it. The voting church is incubating dead things or wicked things. We raise saloons because saloon men furnish the issues which the voting church incubates.

I ought not to talk this way carelessly. But what is the Christian voter up to in this country? Well, that depends a little and very little on his party preference: if he is a Democrat he is serving God and mammon with great impartiality under the leadership of Professor Wilson, and if he is a Republican he is earnestly serving mammon and God with almost judicial fairness, led by Mr. McKinley. That is to say he is devoting his political talents to the accomplishment of an impossible thing. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." I must not be understood to belittle the tariff question, though I do think that the difference between the parties as to that is infinitesimal—trifling compared to the drink question. The tariff is an important and noble study, but I do not believe that it engrosses the heart of Jesus Christ as he waits expecting beside the throne of God. The Wilson bill may be unwise, but none will be so bold as to call it unchristian. The McKinley act may be extravagantly protective, but we should only smile at one so infatuated as to call it devilish. It is a thing for political economists, for cabinets, for experiments, amendments, concessions, compromises. It cannot get far wrong because the common greed of trade and the interminable pressure of the revenue are forever alert to perfect it. It is not sensible and I doubt if it is honest to try to make the cleavage of parties at the tariff. If the Democratic party should die to-day—and it seems very ill—the tariff would not be settled. If the Republican party were defunct it would be just so. President Cleveland could manage the Republicans very well, but what to do with his own people is reducing his flesh. The same may be said of the currency, banking, state rights and the rest. If you mean to postpone the drink question until the tariff matter is settled you simply abandon it.

And if the conduct of the Christian voter is mysterious in federal matters it is incredible in municipal affairs. There he is engaged in the remarkably unpromising occupation of trying to reach a basis of agreement with saloon keepers, gamblers and bawds as to a pained and gradual method of destroying them by employing their customers to conduct the negotiations and subsequent police operations watching them kill themselves gradually. It recalls the historical Thompson's colt. Let us all be protectionists; will that hurt the church? Or all free traders; will that hinder the church? But if there is an unchristian, traitorous, murderous, devilish thing in our politics one would expect the Christian voter to at least be making motions at that, on the grounds of simple loyalty to Christ and the church.

Keneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of the family were sick with dysentery. This one bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston N. C., and it cured him of the same disease. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use, has made it very popular. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

WANTED Canvasers to sell Fine Trees at Fair Prices. CASH pay WEEKLY, we furnish working capital, experience, etc. You cannot fail if you sell for the great Ho. & Ill. Stark Nurseries, 71st year 1,000 acres Nurseries, 40,000 acres Orchard. Write quick giving age, references, etc. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Ill. 8-2-16

Council Proceedings.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS, August 19th, 1895.

Regular Meeting of the Common Council of the Village of Cass City. Meeting called to order by the President.

Roll call—Present, President Wickware and Trustees Hebblewhite, Campbell, Brotherton and Striffler. Absent, Trustees McDougall and Crosby. Minutes of regular meeting of August 5th, read and approved.

Minutes of adjourned regular meeting of August 9th read and approved. The committee to whom was referred the matter of investigating the village tax-roll, submitted the following report:

We find the special tax assessed on said roll of 1894 was not charged to the treasurer of said year, but was collected by him.

We recommend that the recorder be instructed to notify W. I. Frost, treasurer of said year, to pay said special tax amounting to forty-five and 92-100 (\$45.92) dollars over to Norton Bigelow, treasurer, and that he be charged with said amount."

JACOB H. STRIFFLER, Committee.

On motion of Trustee Hebblewhite the report of the committee was accepted and adopted.

The committee on claims and accounts, to whom was referred the matter of investigating the case of Mrs. J. P. Hern who claims damages from an injury caused by a defective sidewalk submitted a report with reference to condition of said sidewalk, and their investigation of the case, which said report was accepted and placed on file.

The following bills were then read and referred to the Finance Committee.

J. L. Hitchcock, 1 day on board of review.....	\$2.00
Enterprise Printing House, printing.....	3.25
H. S. Wickware, sundries.....	1.55
Jas. Ramsey, labor soil and team etc.....	17.19
Bigelow & Son, hardware.....	5.15
Nelson McCallough, labor on street.....	3.12
Martin Anthes, team work.....	1.25
Robert Miller, labor on street.....	3.12

There being but one member of the Finance Committee present, the bills were referred to the Council, and on motion of Trustee Striffler they were allowed as read and the Clerk instructed to draw orders for the several amounts.

On motion of Trustee Hebblewhite the Clerk was instructed to purchase three sets of plungers for our fire engine.

On motion of Trustee Brotherton the council adjourned until Tuesday night August 20th.

HUGH W. SEED, Clerk.

August 21st, 1895.

Adjourned regular meeting of the Common Council of the Village of Cass City.

Meeting called to order by the President. Roll call—Present, President Wickware and Trustees Brotherton, Campbell, Hebblewhite, Crosby and McDougall.

The bill of John Hamilton for \$8.32 being two months salary as Fire Warden, was read and referred to the Committee on claims and accounts.

The committee recommended this bill allowed as read and the Clerk was instructed to draw an order for the same.

Trustee McDougall submitted the following resolution.

Be it resolved, That the several amounts of the costs and expenses of constructing sidewalks by the Street Commissioner, in cases where the owners of lots and premises have failed to do so, and as shown by the several accounts of the Street Commissioner, filed August 20th, 1895, with the Village Clerk, be and the same are hereby reported to the Board of Special Assessors to be levied by them as a special tax or assessment upon the lots and premises respectively described in said accounts and adjacent to and abutting upon said sidewalks, together with a penalty of ten (10) per cent in addition thereto. Dated August 20, 1895.

J. A. McDUGALL.

Which said resolution was passed and adopted by a yeo and nay vote as follows:

Yeas, Brotherton, Campbell, Crosby, McDougall and Hebblewhite. Total 5—Nays, none.

The claim of J. P. and Julia Hern claiming damages for \$1,000 for injuries which Mrs. Hern claims to have received by falling on a defective sidewalk in front of Mrs. E. K. Wickware's place of business on Main Street, on the 11th day of May, A. D., 1895, was then read and on motion of J. D. Crosby, the claim was rejected by a vote of yeas and nays as follows:

Yeas, Campbell, Hebblewhite, Brotherton, McDougall and Crosby. Total 5—Nays, none.

On motion, council adjourned.

J. A. McDUGALL, Clerk, pro tem.

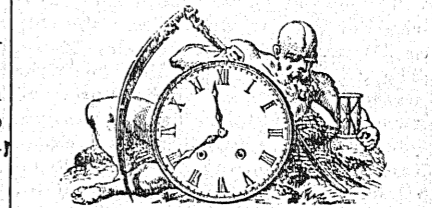
Road Contracts and Notices of Contract to let, at ENTERPRISE office.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at T. H. Fritz's, drug store.

Two Lives Saved.
Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill. was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she said it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.



COME AND SEE
If you can do any better, or buy goods any CHEAPER than at our store. Besides our line of ---

Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Chains, Bronze Goods, Spectacles.

We carry a Full Line of Back Combs, Side Combs, and all the styles that are worn. Also Shirt Waist Sets in gold and silver, and Belt Buckles. When you want Spectacles this is the only place in the city where you can find a good fit. Yours Truly,

Hendrick & Anker, Jewelers and Opticians.

ANYONE TROUBLED WITH LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Etc. Will do well to call on Dr. J. ETHERINGTON, over Stevenson's store, Cass City.

PATENTS OBTAINED TERMS EASY
Thirty-five years experience. Examinations and Reports free. Prompt attention. Send Drawing and description to L. BAGGOTT & CO., ATT'YS., Washington, D. C. 11-29-17r

HOME BAKERY.

Jas. N. LaRue is doing business at the old stand on Main Street, opposite Town Hall.

Nice Fresh Bread Always on hand.

Pies, Cakes, Etc.

Lunches served. Ice cream in season.

JAS. N. LaRUE.

Cass City and Caro

STAGE & LINE.

J. S. DUNHAM, PROP.

GOING WEST:
Leaves Cass City, - 6 A. M.
Arrives at Caro, - 9 "

GOING EAST:
Leaves Caro, - 1:30 P. M.
Arrives at Cass City, 4:30 "

FARE—One way, \$1.00; round trip, \$1.50.



Choice Cuts of Fresh Meats always to be had at the

Red Front Meat Market,

HENRY BECKER, Prop.



Meats of all kinds nicely served. Stock bought for eastern markets

Schwaderer Bros., Props.

Central Meat Market.

Good Work Guaranteed.

Cass City Bakery

AND RESTAURANT.

FRESH BREAD, CREAM BREAD, GRAHAM BREAD, BUNS, PIES, CAKES.

Baking done to order. Come and try our 15 cent Lunches served at all hours.

Ice Cream Parlor in Connection.

Have just received a new Soda Fountain, and am now prepared to serve these healthful and refreshing drinks at all times.

M. L. MOORE, Prop. Main Street, Cass City.

WOOL!

Bring Your WOOL to The Lexington Woolen Mill's Branch Office and have it made into flannels and yarns at the following prices:

Black and White Cheek Flannel, 18c; Black and Red, Black and Blue, Gray Stripe or Plain Gray, 20c; Plain Red or Navy Blue, 23c. and you furnish 3/4 lb clean, washed wool for each yard.

Canada Grey Full-cloth 36c, you furnish 1 1/4 lb clean wool per yard.

Half Cotton Sheetting, 2 yds wide, 40c, you furnish 1 1/2 lb clean wool. We furnish cotton.

Spinning Single Yarn, fine or coarse, 15c. Spinning and twisting fine or coarse, 2 or 3 ply, 20c.

You will find it to your interest to call and examine our goods before leaving your wool elsewhere.

CHAS. L. ROBINSON. Office in front room of Laundry, first door east of Red Front meat market.



A Man Gets Tripped up

when he buys his Clothing ready-made. Order your Clothing of us and get a good fit and extra durability.

J. KORTH, Cass City, Mich.

Next door west Town Hall.

OHIO CENTRAL LINES

T. & O. C. Ry. K. & M. Ry.

Sold through trains between Toledo, Ohio and Charleston, W. Va., via Columbus, the short and only direct route.

.....BETWEEN..... Toledo, O. Findlay, O. Kenton, O. Columbus, O. Athens, O. Middleport, O. Pomeroy, O.

Pt. Pleasant, W. Va. Richmond, Va. Petersburg, Va. Old Point Comfort, Va. Williamsburg, Va. Newport News, Va. Norfolk, Va.

And all South-eastern points. Elegant drawing room cars on all through trains.

For further information call on your local Ticket Agent or write,

MOULTON HOUK, General Passenger Agent, Toledo, Ohio. W. A. PETERS, Michigan Passenger Agent, Detroit, Michigan 2-1-95

Get Your Laundry Done

AT THE

Cass City LAUNDRY

Good Work Guaranteed. CHAS. L. ROBINSON.

DON'T BUY ANY

Winter Bed Blankets until you see ours. We will sell them lower than any house in town.

OUR LINE OF LADIES' UNDERWEAR

Is now in and we have a line of CHEAP and EXPENSIVE goods that will sell every time they are shown. Don't fail to see them.

LADIES, call at our Store

And GET FREE, one of our

IMPERIAL FASHION MODES.

These are strictly the Latest Fashions, come monthly and cost you NOTHING. Come early as we will have only 100 each month and they will not last long.

We are continually offering inducements for patronage. Come and see us.

LAING & JAMES.

Call and See What you can Buy

MEN'S, BOYS and CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING

for, before buying elsewhere. We will make the prices right.

We have our New Stock of Hats and Caps—the latest in the market.

JAMES REAGH.

Butter and Eggs taken.

N. BIGELOW & SON

ARE PREPARED FOR The Large Trade which they have always enjoyed at this season of the year, with a complete stock of the goods mentioned below, and many others; in fact everything that should be kept in stock by every first-class retail hardware.

Pumps of all kinds from \$1.25 to \$12.50.

Garden Watering Hose. Several styles of neat and safe Gasoline Stoves very cheap.

Forks, Hoes, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, Post-hole Diggers, etc.

All kinds of Wire and Wire Netting.

Screen Doors and Screen Windows at low prices.

Watering Cans and Paris Green Sifters for plaster.

Paris Green in bulk, strictly pure.

Ready Mixed Paint—any color you want.

Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil.

Varnishes, Turpentine, and a full line of Brushes.

Very Fine Assortment of Nickel-Plated ware, such as Tea Kettles, Tea and Coffee Pots, etc.; also all kinds of Agate and Granite ware.

TIN-WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Done Neatly and Promptly.

N. BIGELOW & SON.

BIG PROFITS Small Investments

Returning prosperity will make many rich, but nowhere can they make so much within a short time as by successful speculation in Grain, Provisions and Stock.

\$10.00 FOR EACH DOLLAR INVESTED can be made by our

Systematic Plan of Speculation

originated by us. All successful speculators operate on a regular system.

It is a well-known fact that there are thousands of men in all parts of the United States who, by systematic trading through Chicago Brokers, make large amounts every year, ranging from a few thousand dollars for the man who invests a hundred or two hundred dollars up to \$50,000 to \$100,000 or more by those who invest a few thousand.

It is also a fact that those who make the largest profits from comparatively small investments on this plan are persons who live away from Chicago and invest through brokers who thoroughly understand systematic trading.

Our plan does not risk the whole amount invested on any trade, but covers both sides, so that whether the market rises or falls it brings a steady profit that piles up enormously in a short time.

WRITE FOR CONVINCING PROOF, also our Manual on successful speculation and our Daily Market Report, full of money-making pointers. ALL FREE. Our Manual explains margin trading fully. Highest references in regard to our standing and success.

For further information address

THOMAS & CO., Bankers and Brokers,

41-4 Rialto Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

BUGGIES AND ROAD WAGONS

For the next Thirty Days at

H. S. WICKWARE'S.

Blacksmithing and Repairing attended to promptly.



Chronic Nervousness Could Not Sleep, Nervous Headaches.

Gentlemen—I have been taking your Restorative Nervine for the past three months and I cannot say enough in its praise. It has

Saved My Life, for I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was a chronic sufferer from nervousness and could not sleep. I was also troubled with nervous headache, and had tried doctors in vain, until I used your Nervine. MRS. M. WOOD, Ringwood, Ill.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 per bottle for \$5.00 or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

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

DEFORD.

G. Walker is out again after his sick spell.

Wm. Patch has put new siding on his house.

Kindred from Pontiac visit at Frank Terry's.

Mrs. J. D. Funk visits in Oakland county this week.

Frost laid everything low on low lands last Tuesday night.

Edward Sutton, of Baltimore, visits his mother, Mrs. Elisha Allen.

Sunday, Sept. 1st, Elder McCreedy preaches his farewell sermon.

A large amount of rye will be sown in this locality before snow flies.

Buckwheat on low lands is destroyed entirely by the frosts of last week.

Less Voorhes fell from a road grader last Thursday and injured his back.

Many wells are dry. The rains don't seem to benefit materially as yet.

Samuel Martin and wife, of Avoca St. Clair county, visit his son, George.

About time for the autumn batch of secret society organizers to strike our town.

David Valentino has been out to Oxford and brought back a new team of horses.

We neglected to say that Eber, son of Wm. Rutherford, suffers from a mashed finger that worked into the cutting box.

N. C. McCarrick, Drain Commissioner of Kingston township, died at his residence in Kingston suddenly last week.

The township board of Kingston met on the 24th and appointed John A. Teskey township drain commissioner to fill the place of N. C. McCarrick, deceased.

The saw and shingle mill at Novesta was totally destroyed by fire on the 23d, together with a large amount of bolts and shingles. Nothing belonging to the concern was saved. The plant belonged to the "new" Mills, as he is called, who moved here lately.

There are several fields of oats that bid fair at present for a second crop this season—they have stood out from the stubble since rains came, grow up, and are in head. One month of good weather will give us the second crop from one seeding.

Last week a stranger asked for shelter and food from our kind-hearted postmaster, and he took him in. Then the stranger took our P. M. in by departing in the night with the family watch and \$3 in silver. Such things dry up the milk of human kindness, and will have a tendency to make C. J. go farrow for some time to come.

We never refused any one a night's lodging since we had roof to cover our head, and hope we never will. A stranger asked for shelter last winter and was refused. It was near dark. He tried to cross the woods to a friend's near Shabbona. His remains were found last week. Let them ponder on the act who refused him shelter on a wintry night.

Say, potato raisers, have you noticed that some of our vines are dead while the adjoining hill is fresh and green? Well, pull up the dead vine and examine it, and you will find a hole in the stalk near the root about as large as a

knitting needle—the work of an insect that will be hard to fight if they become numerous—and we think they have come to stay. Let our Irish citizens prepare to weep.

The chief of our highway is usually a man of moderation, but he deviated from the rule and went unto the scribe within our gates and said: "Write an epistle that I may read unto the son of the forge and the fair-haired grocer that will cause them to make smooth the highway into our city." And when he read to the son of the forge wrath stirred the smith's breast, and he cried with a loud voice—"Tis silver you hanker for, but you will hanker in vain. I will, if needs be, press the 'Maccabee goat' into service, hook it to the cab of Baby Cleveland, and move Novesta's virgin soil before a penny goes into your coffers. Avault, thou man of schemes." And when he came to read to the fair-haired grocer the man of spices was touched to the quick. Still he held himself calmly and soliloquized: "He wants shekels from the till, or perchance wadding for his meerschaum, I will entangle him in Blackstone's lore." Then said the grocer: "Hours four and twenty I should have notice to appear on the highway and you are shy of the number two hours and ten minutes according to the dial of our city. Not a penny will you gain by your manoeuvre." Then the chief of the highway departed with his brain in a turmoil.

ELLINGTON.

Mrs. I. J. B. McKenney was visiting at H. A. Bailey's last week.

Rev. Mullholland pastor of Cass River Circuit M. P. Church, is in attendance.

Rev. Grant Ostrander with his wife will go from here to Fostoria and attend conference.

Rev. and Mrs. Grant Ostrander, of Davisburg, have been spending the past week at J. W. Ostrander's.

Simeon Botsford and wife, of Sanilac county, are now visiting with their daughter, Mrs. J. W. Ostrander.

Miss Maud Brunley goes this week to Vassar to keep house for her grandfather during the absence of his house-keeper.

The Michigan Annual Conference of Methodist Protestant church meets this week Wednesday at Fostoria for the transaction of conference business.

NOVESTA.

Miss Lillian McBrien, of Saginaw, is visiting friends here at present.

Mr. Hanson is on the sick list at present.

The Misses McArthur visited at Mr. Paul's Sunday.

Mrs. Hildie and daughter visited friends in Brookfield last week.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the picnic in Elmwood last week.

Quite a number of young people from this place attended meeting at Deford Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Cushman, of Pontiac, visited the latter's sister, Mrs. D. Livingston, Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid was held at Mrs. Anderson's residence Wednesday evening, was well attended, and a good time was reported.

Messrs. Freeman and Steinhauser are busy building the abutments on White Creek. They have them nearly completed. They are hustlers.

KINGSTON.

Allan Shaw's barn was burned on Monday night.

Madison Meyer has gone to South Lyons to work upon a farm.

Dr. Bates and L. Maynard wheeled to Marlette on Monday evening.

Mrs. Widger and daughter, Eva, visited friends at Imlay City last week.

Mrs. N. H. Burns, who has been on the sick list is able to be around again.

Willis King, who has been in Ohio for the past two or three months, has returned home.

Bruce Warner started on Tuesday for Sault St. Marie to write the pharmaceutical examination.

A new oven has been built at the bakery. The old one fell in just as they had taken the bread out one day last week.

The funeral of P. L. Ford's youngest child was held on Friday last. This is the second death in Mr. Ford's family within a short time.

W. B. Predmore has traded his farm one mile north of this village to W. T. Fulford for his livery stock here and possession last week.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church will give a chicken pie social at Bartholomew's implement shop on Saturday evening, August 31st.

Dr. Mitchell, formerly of Yale, who purchased Dr. Morey's residence and practice here, arrived with his household goods on Friday last.

Wm. McKay, of East Dayton, sold to Johns & Annin last week twenty-seven head of cattle for \$1,000. They were the finest drove of cattle seen at this place for some time.

J. Hirschman, our new merchant, brought his stock of goods to town on Monday, and proceeded to open up in M. R. King's building. Mr. Hirschman has rented Mr. Everett's house and expects to locate permanently here.

The funeral of N. C. McCarrick was held at the Baptist church on Tuesday, at two p. m. Mr. McCarrick was in Kingston on Monday, and Saturday morning word was received of his death on Friday night.

YOU ought to know that when suffering from any kidney trouble that a safe sure remedy is the Clinie Kidney Cure. Guaranteed or money refunded. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

Let any victim of the liquor habit eat tomatoes, with salt, consuming as much each day as possible. Let the eating of tomatoes and salt to excess be continued for several days, and the tomato eater will find liquor offensive and undrinkable, so much so that it will be thrown up. This is the cheapest gold cure yet heard of, and it is said to be effective.

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by the former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found its equal for treating blisters and burns. F. E. Barret, manager Le Saour Sentinel, a quarant, Minn. Pain balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

SPEND YOUR OUTING ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about \$12.50 from Detroit; \$15 from Toledo; \$18 from Cleveland, for the round trip, including meals and berths. Avoid the heat and dust by traveling on the D. & C. floating palaces. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand romantic spot, its climate most inviting. Two new steel passenger steamers have just been built for the upper lake route, costing \$300,000 each. They are equipped with every modern convenience, annunciators, bath-rooms, etc., illuminated throughout by electricity, and are guaranteed to be the grandest, largest and safest steamers on fresh water. These steamers favorably compare with the great ocean liners in construction and speed. Four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Alpena, Mackinac, St. Ignace, Potoskey, Chicago, "See," Marquette and Duluth. Daily between Cleveland and Detroit. Daily between Cleveland and Put-in-Bay. The cabins, parlors and staterooms of these steamers are designed for the complete entertainment of humanity under home conditions; the palatial equipment, the luxury of the appointments, makes traveling on these steamers thoroughly enjoyable. Send for illustrated descriptive pamphlet. Address A. Schantz, G. P. & T. A. D. & C. Detroit, Mich.

We've Moved

To the Austin building—second door west of 2 Macks. We are now very nicely situated and would be pleased to have our friends and customers call and see us.

As Usual

We are headquarters for Choice, Fresh Family Groceries, which we deliver free to any part of the village. Fine line of Glassware, Chinaware and Bazaar Goods.

Yours Truly,
JAMES TENNANT.

CASS CITY Woolen Mills,

First-class work at the following prices:

Carding and spinning single yarn 15c.

ording, spinning and twisting yarn 20c.

Making flannels all wool or union 20c. a yd.

Making twill cotton warp sheeting 20c yd.

Making twill all wool 25c. yd.

Making fulled cloth and satin 40c yd.

Making horse blankets 40 yd.

Call early with your wool, make our acquaintance and examine our work before leaving your wool elsewhere. A large stock of woolen goods to trade for wool or sell cheap for cash.

Yours Truly,
JAS. N. DORMAN.

The Other Fellow JUMPED UP AND SWORE

By the Eternal!

I can't see how Stevenson sells the.....

Best Quality of Goods

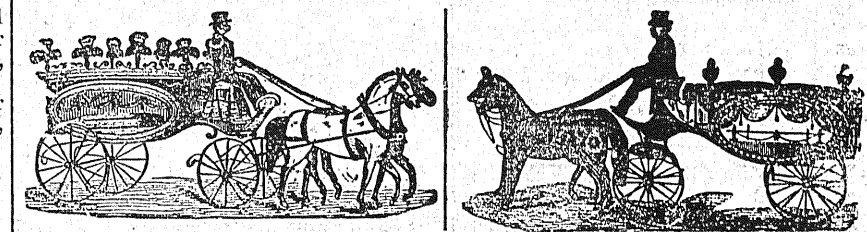
At the.....

Extremely Low Prices

he does, but he does and everybody is on to it.....

STEVENSON, SPOT CASH GROCER.

Produce wanted. Delivery wagon always ready.



McKENZIE, the UNDERTAKER,

Can supply you with anything in the Undertaking line at

RIGHT PRICES

And do you a good job. I have the

FINEST HEARSE IN THE THREE COUNTIES

At my disposal.

A. A. McKENZIE,

CASS CITY, - - MICH.

AT COST! AT COST!

My Entire Line of Summer Dry Goods and a Complete Stock of Crockery.

We have just Received a Stock of the

Famous Jamestown Dress Goods,

Which are Warranted Absolutely Fast Color.

New Line Shirt Waists.

The Largest Line of Cook and Parlor Stoves in Tuscola County. See my No. 9 with reservoir and two shelves at \$15.



New and Complete

Stock of

BICYCLES,

\$40.00 -to- \$100.00

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

= = E. McKIM. = =

Special attention will be given to the vehicle trade until after Fair week. Good goods at reasonable prices.

HAND-MADE LUMBER WAGONS

of my own make, fully warranted. Also Plows, Harrows, Cultivators. All kinds of repairing done. Special attention is given to horse-shoeing. Thanking my friends for their patronage of the past year I hope to please them as well as new ones in the future. Yours Truly,

E. McKIM.

Despondency CAN BE CURED

You can be cured by using..... MacLeod's System Renovator, For Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Diseases and Nervous Complaints.

Try it and then recommend it. Ask druggist, or write direct to MACLEOD MEDICINE CO., 118 Howard St., Detroit, Mich. WILLIAMS, DAVIS, BROOKS & CO., Wholesale Agents. 6-14-12

PENS, PENCILS, TABLETS, ETC.

At ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

The bicycle and corset don't go on the same trip.

Dudes are somewhat envious because bloomers don't bag at the knees.

General Campos is still licking the boots of belligerent Cubans by telegraph.

Two thirds of all the letters written in the world every day are written in the English language.

A jaw-bone six feet long has been unearthed at Troy, N. Y. Its owner must have been a power in his ward.

Late reports from the Chicago civil-service board say the members are suffering from an acute attack of impediment of action.

Judging from newspaper pictures, the Bannock Indians are gentle creatures who wear skirts and have never heard of the new woman.

A Rochester law firm has discharged its stenographer for appearing in the office in bloomers. She probably used a diamond-frame typewriting machine.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has 1,100 chickens. This is a pretty good start, and, with proper management, Mr. Vanderbilt may succeed in making a decent living.

Mr. Richard Croker thinks there is a good deal of corruption in English politics. If there is a man who knows corruption when he sees it, that man is Croker.

There were four rounds in the fight between Mr. and Mrs. Corbett. First, matrimony; second, acrimony; third, testimony; fourth, alimony. This is a "knock-out" for Jim.

The people of New York, for some reason or other, are discussing the propriety of changing the city's name. A Cleveland paper appropriately suggests that they call it East Chicago.

The natural result of the new-woman movement is beginning to make itself felt in the West. A man in Muncie, Ind., is suing his wife for divorce on the grounds of cruelty and neglect. It is the turn of the tied.

Mrs. Henry Miller is the wife of a prosperous farmer and lives within four miles of Portland, Ind. She went into town last week for the first time in fifteen years. It would be safe to say that she didn't wear bloomers.

In ascribing all the mysterious disappearances of this hemisphere to Holmes mistakes will be avoided by remembering that he has been in jail and out of the "mysterious disappearance" promotion business for some months.

Those five Ohio legislators who refused to accept salaries for the year because there had been no session of the assembly may have figured on reaping a much larger reward from posting in dime museums as political freaks.

English authorities are of the opinion that Americans do not enjoy sport. Don't they, though? These authorities should see the enjoyment the Americans derive from a new cockney. They can make sport of things the English never could make anything of.

Mrs. Sarah Twogood, one of the few remaining pensioners of the war of 1812, in which her husband served, celebrated her 92d birthday at Rockford, Ill., recently. She is still active and healthy. This is one instance of where the too good did not die young.

Jerry Coleman, a widower with ten children, was married the other day to Maggie Fitzgerald at Green Bay, Wis. At first we thought that Maggie was getting the worst of it, but come to find out she was a widow and also had ten children, which makes a pretty even match. But what a long dining-room table Jerry will have to have!

Johnny Weldon, cashier of a savings bank at Willimantic, Conn., pocketed \$30,000 the other evening, locked up the bank, straddled a bicycle, hurriedly left town on the road leading to Canada, and hasn't been heard of since. Depositors to the number of 3,200 are anxiously awaiting to learn his new address.

It is announced that an agreement has been concluded at Paris between Americans and Russian petroleum firms by which all the kerosene trade of the Mediterranean, Sweden, and Norway will be given to Russia. In the remainder of Europe Russia is to export 35 per cent and America 65 per cent of the kerosene needed. This is one of the necessities of life monopolized by a trust that controls the oil business of the whole world.

John Radmacher, of Westphalia, Mich., was in the habit of beating his wife on slight provocations. This provoked the ire of the neighboring white-caps, who quietly took John out into the neighboring woodland, where he was made to dance to the tune the old cow died on. Finally, he promised faithfully that he would henceforth be kind and gentle to Mrs. Radmacher, and now they are telling around Westphalia that there is no better man in town to his family. Yet there are those who still think whitecaps never do much good.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

BOTANICAL name, *Arrhenatherum elatius*. Stem stout, erect, two to four feet high, from a mass of perennial, fibrous roots, leafy; leaves broad and flat, six to ten inches long, rough (the sheath is smooth) pointed; panicle narrow, loose, five to ten inches long; spikelets on rather short stalks, two-flowered (the lower one staminate only, the upper one perfect), about three-eighths of an inch long; empty glumes very unequal, the lower one smaller and one-nerved, the upper three-nerved, both thin and transparent, without awns; flowering glume seven-nerved, hairy at the base, roughish; the flowering glume of the lower flower has a long, twisted, bent awn proceeding from its back just below the middle; that of the upper flower has only a small bristle-like awn near its apex. Tall oat grass is a native of the Old World, where it is one of the most valued grasses both for hay and for pasturage. It makes a strong root-growth and lasts well in the pastures. It does well in most localities in the southern and eastern parts of the United States. It is an excellent grass for use in mixtures with such species as tall fescue, smooth brome, orchard grass and meadow fescue. It gives an abundant yield of hay. It is deserving of trial on all but the very driest soils. Its hardiness is shown from the fact that it has often escaped from cultivation and still continues to thrive. One air-dried specimen analyzed by the

Fig. Management.
A pig is not a gentlemanly animal, says Farming World. The term pig-headed has come to be looked upon as expressing the very lowest form of stupidity and selfishness. Much as we might wish to defend him, we have to admit that there appears to be rolled into one carcass a greater amount of "pure cussedness" than is found in any other domestic animal, the mule excepted. The pig is a cannibal of the most revolting order, often devouring its own young. It is a grandmaster of the first water, scarcely anything coming amiss



Tall Oat Grass

crude protein, 7.11; nitrogen-free extract, 46.53. Total nitrogen, 1.14; albuminoid nitrogen, .95.
Beal, in his grasses of North America, South Dakota experiment station gave the following: Water, 6.84; ash, 7.99; ether extract, 2.85; crude fiber, 28.72; says that this grass is known in some parts of the country as False oat-grass, French ryegrass, Evergreen grass.

J. B. Lawes, of England, says of it: "The endowments favorable to this grass are its hardiness, its comparative indifference to the character of the soil, its particularly ample root growth, both deep and superficial, its strong, tufted habit, and its early flowering tendency. It yields a considerable quantity of foliage on the culms, which affords a good deal of leafy feed in spring. It produces rapidly after cutting; its taste is bitter, but it is not disliked by cattle. It does not grow abundantly, except upon poor soils, and is, upon the whole, of somewhat questionable value. It is much grown in France."

Among English seedsmen there is a very poor opinion of this grass, and some call it a noxious weed. But on this side of the Atlantic the results of experience are different.
Prof. D. L. Phares, of Mississippi says: "It has a wonderful capacity for withstanding the severest heats and droughts of summer and colds of winter. It admits of being cut twice a year, yielding twice as much hay as timothy, and is probably the best winter grass that can be obtained. To make good hay it must be cut the instant it blooms. For green soiling it may be cut four or five times, with favorable seasons. Along the more southerly belt it may be sown in November and onward till the middle of December. It is one of the most certain grasses to have a good catch."

Other American authors speak very highly of it. Prof. Beal sums up his investigation as follows:

"The writer has raised this grass on rather light, sandy soil at Lansing, Michigan, for twelve years or more, and has seen it in some other localities in the state, and thinks he can tell why there are such conflicting opinions in relation to its value. In England the climate is moist, and the finer succulent grasses thrive well, while tall oat-grass does better in a hotter, drier climate. He has had occasion to kill several plants, and has had no more trouble with it

than in killing so much timothy. There are some bulbs on the sort raised in Michigan, but they are not hard to kill. Like orchard grass, it ripens very quickly after blooming, and to make good hay there must be no delay in cutting. As it blossoms rather early, many let it go too long before cutting, when the stems become woody and of poor quality. Again, bad weather often interferes with the cutting just at the right time, and poor hay is the result. A man doesn't want a large quantity of this grass to mow, unless he is prepared to cut it all in a day or two. It makes a fine growth the first season after sowing, and, if sown alone, will cut a good crop of hay. I find that stock eat the grass well, though most likely they would prefer to have some grass not so bitter for a part of the time. The seed is rather bright, weighing fourteen pounds to the bushel in the chaff. About two bushels is the quantity usually sown per acre. Only half of the flowers set seed, as every other one is staminate. The seed is rather large, starts early, and soon makes a vigorous growth. This fits it for alternate husbandry and for dry countries.

In sowing the seed care needs to be given to cut the grass just as soon as the top of the panicle is ready. Not a half day should go by or seed will be lost. It is cut high, bound in small bundles, shocked till well cured, when it is drawn to the threshing floor on a wagon supplied with a canvas to save the shelling seeds. It yields from ten to twenty bushels of seed per acre."

Fig. Management.
A pig is not a gentlemanly animal, says Farming World. The term pig-headed has come to be looked upon as expressing the very lowest form of stupidity and selfishness. Much as we might wish to defend him, we have to admit that there appears to be rolled into one carcass a greater amount of "pure cussedness" than is found in any other domestic animal, the mule excepted. The pig is a cannibal of the most revolting order, often devouring its own young. It is a grandmaster of the first water, scarcely anything coming amiss



Pig

from a luscious grape to an old boot. As for generously yielding anything for the good of others—pooh, not to be thought of, if he can hold it. There is just one trait in his character that makes us almost ashamed of having said that he never considers another's comfort—he will never eat raw onions; they would make his breath offensive.

"But with all his faults, we love (part of him) still." If you banish him from the farming world you will create a blank that nothing else can fill. If we thus vilify the hog, he may with perfect fairness, turn upon us and say: "You lords of creation expect me to perform impossibilities. For ages you have made me the scavenger of your farms and homes. You feed me often with food that all other animals refuse; my home is anywhere and anyhow. No care is taken as to the laws of sanitation. I am lodged in the vilest hovels, often only partially covered me; unable to get away from filthy surroundings, I unavoidably become defiled, and then you call me a dirty pig. You fancy, because I happen to choose to wallow in the mud during a hot day, that my tastes are low. Well, it is often the only bath you allow me, and since you have robbed me of most of my natural protection against the stinging, tickling flies, I do this in self-defense. Give me a chance of being clean, feed me with wholesome food, give me good shelter and a dry bed and I will repay you a hundred fold for your care."

Piggy has good ground for his complaint. It has been too long the notion that anything was good enough for a hog. This has been the cause of untold loss. Many a poor cottager might save one-fourth to one-third of his outlay in producing his annual supply of bacon if only his pig was kept warm and clean, had his food given in a more wholesome form and with greater regularity. If growing is the object give as much exercise as it is convenient to obtain, with an occasional, if not a regular, bite of grass, a little salt and wood ashes within reach, falling wood ashes, ordinary cinders and ashes. If rapid fattening is the object, a mixture of meals with boiled potatoes and house scraps, together with perfect quiet. It is a serious mistake to use only one meal, no matter what kind. A mixture is infinitely better.

This treatment applies with equal force to one or 500.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A TALK WITH THE BEREAVED AND FAINT-HEARTED.

The Glories and Attractions of the World Beyond the Siles—"Eye Hath Not Seen Nor Ear Heard"—Corinthians I, II-9.

I AM going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God for ever, and is it not natural, as well as Christianly appropriate, that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen.

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys with three banks of oars, pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticos, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures on the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra-cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthians," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, and towers, and temples (one thousand slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence, Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives away among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that, and say, "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Yon citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. How many men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate: that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven, there will be a room for each soul—a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float on the earth are unlike those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with

that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health! No racking cough, no sharp pleurisy, no consuming fever, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. * * *

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation trumping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some "Hosanna to the Son of David," and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come up surges after surge of "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the trowel is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, we can get no idea on earth of the re-unions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What then can be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated! After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares come from the face, all marks of sorrow disappear, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is good-by, good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-by. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-by;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-by! Ah! that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-by! good-by! But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the houses of many mansions—but, no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it. Little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said, "Is this heaven?" Oh! we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making beyond. Methinks when a soul arrives, some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher-angel says to the newly-arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus," and the missionary said, "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for."

"But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" "The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said, 'Massa, where Jesus is, there can be no hell!' Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wadded for us on the cross—to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with prophets, and Apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and loneliness, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, 'Is it well with the child?' It is well with the loved ones!" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters.

Mr. Moody tells a wonderful incident illustrating the power of the Holy Ghost. He says: "When we were in Philadelphia, a lady said to me, 'Mr. Moody, can women have the power of the Holy Spirit?' I told her I saw no reason why any one should not have it that wanted to work for God. Women need it as much as men. 'Well,' said she, 'if I can have it, I want it. I have a husband who is not a Christian; I have also a Sunday school class, and they are unconverted.'"

"A week from that time she came to me and said, 'I have got it. The Lord has blessed me. My husband has been converted, and five of my Sunday school class.' That was the result of that woman's receiving the power of the Holy Ghost. It spread all through the church of which she was a member, and the people, seeing that she had something which they had not, began to inquire, and as a result five hundred members were added to the church."

A Hero.
Nay, never falter; no great deed is done By falterers who ask for certainty. No good is certain but the steadiest mind, 'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a hero.
—George Elliot.

A Seven-Day Religion.
A religion with force enough about it to rout you out, on Sunday morning and make you change your clothes and go to church and sit and listen to the sermon is too good and forceful a thing to be kept hidden six days in the week. A religion that will make a man talk like a saint ought to keep him from acting like Satan. If you haven't enough religion for week days and Sundays, let the Sundays go.—Ram's Horn.

None! none! Unbelief says, "They are dead and extinct forever," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that they are neither dead nor extinct—that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion; we cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiring than music. In the battle of Waterloo, the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play, with utmost spirit, a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music; but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted upon the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle-songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters long ago—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meetings home joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and Sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary, and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven! They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth; the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white-robed children; choirs of patriarchal choirs of Apostles! Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it, and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep base voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish you could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through, there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

For Want Satisfied.
Mr. Moody tells a wonderful incident illustrating the power of the Holy Ghost. He says: "When we were in Philadelphia, a lady said to me, 'Mr. Moody, can women have the power of the Holy Spirit?' I told her I saw no reason why any one should not have it that wanted to work for God. Women need it as much as men. 'Well,' said she, 'if I can have it, I want it. I have a husband who is not a Christian; I have also a Sunday school class, and they are unconverted.'"

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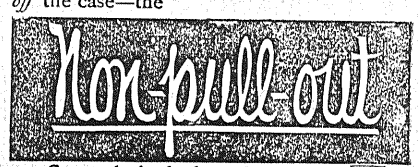
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Managing Fast Tongues.
When the world devotes as much time to the management of fast tongues as it does to the management of fast horses we will begin to look for the first streaks of the millennial dawn.—Young Men's Era.

Captain Middleton, chief organizer of the English Conservative party, distributed twelve tons of literature to English voters, among which was nothing but the tariff.

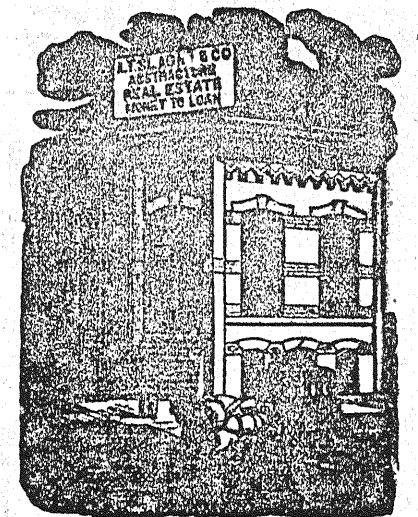
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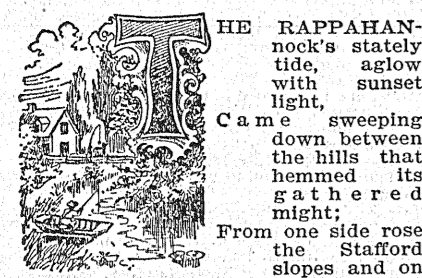
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"On the Rappahannock"—Some War Relics in the Grand Army Posts of New York—Military Instruction for Boys.



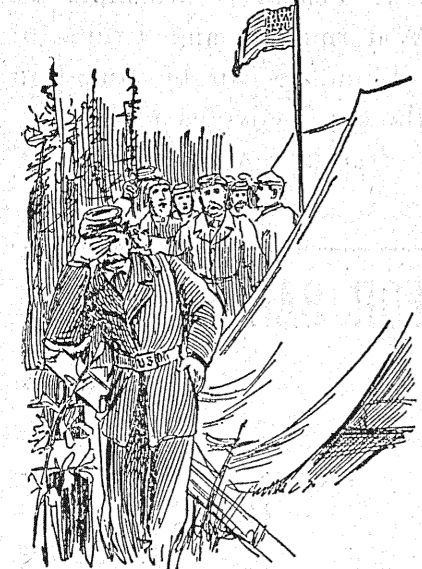
THE RAPPAHANNOCK's stately tide, aglow with sunset light, came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed it...

The Spotsylvania meadows lay—with oak groves scattered o'er. Hushed were the sounds of busy day—the brooding air was hushed...

Hark! Suddenly far down the stream a union band sends forth. The strains of "Hail Columbia"—the poem of the patriot's heart...

Deep had grown the shadows 'neath the star bespangled dome. When the union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home"...

So tender are the memories the simple chords awake. (Our lion-hearted colonel sobbed as



though his heart would break; While all about him brave men stand with faces to the stars...

Belles of the War. The various posts of the Grand Army of New York possess relics enough of the war to make an attractive museum.

The Naval Veterans. The naval veterans are working hard for the election of a naval commander as either senior or junior vice National commander of the Grand Army at the coming Louisville encampment.

Hans Powell post has a regular museum of its own. Among the most prized is the canvas cap worn by the assassin Atzerota at his execution for participation in the murder of President Lincoln.

Alexander Hamilton post, No. 182, has a number of relics of the great soldier-statesman. Reno post, No. 44, has the garrison

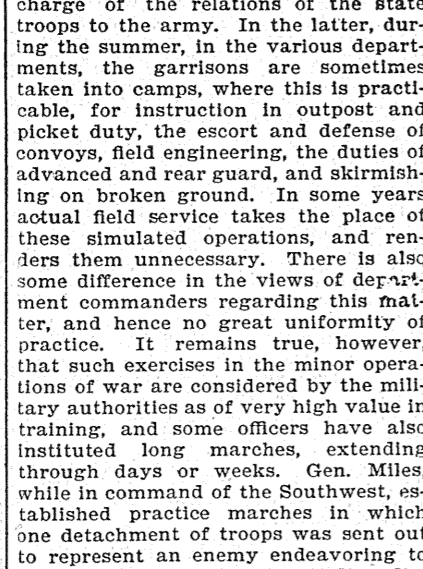
flag that floated over Fort Reno. In fact, nearly every post in New York or Brooklyn has some authentic relic of the one after whom it is named.

Military Instruction for Boys. Among the important matters to come before the next National encampment at Louisville will be that of the military instruction of the schoolboys throughout the United States, and General George W. Wingate, the National aid having the matter in charge, is preparing his report of the progress of the movement in every department of the country.

Field Training for Militia. In the recent publication of the War Department on the organization of the militia of the states and territories, which includes special reports from the inspecting officers who attended last year's encampments, there are some suggestions relating to instruction in minor tactics.

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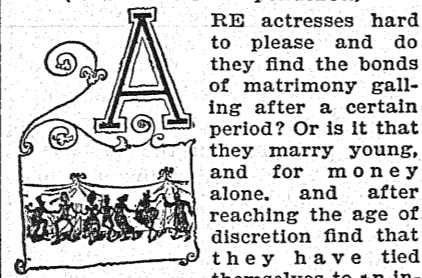
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CUPID AND THE STARS

MATRIMONIAL CAREERS OF MANY STAGE BEAUTIES.

Divorces Almost of Yearly Occurrence—Majority of the Actresses Have Tried the Wedded Stage from Two to Six Times.



Agnes Booth, for many years the leading lady of A. M. Palmer's company, and who has been engaged to create the principal female role in Sir Augustus Harris' new sporting drama, "The Merry Duchess," to be produced in New York next fall, has had three husbands.

Edwards Solomons, the composer of the music, an Englishman, came over to direct the orchestra during the opening week. He met the fair singer and became her slave. One morning New York awoke to find that Lillian had eloped with Solomon, called for England without giving either her manager or, it is needless to say, her husband, the slightest warning.



He was Junius Brutus Booth, the younger, a brother of Edwin Booth, the eminent actor. This was one of the happiest theatrical marriages on record, and up to the time of Mr. Booth's death, some eight or ten years ago, they were a most devoted couple.

Modern Arms and Gettysburg. At Gettysburg, in July, 1863, had the Federal troops been armed with the rifle now being issued to the United States Infantry, and with the present improved field-gun, the present band in the charge on the third day would have been under fire from start to finish, and the fire of massed infantry combined with breech-loading cannon, would probably have destroyed every man in the assaulting lines.



AGNES BOOTH. years, and has ample means of her own as well as a wealthy husband, she can not give up the stage. It has become a second life to her, but she refuses to travel and will only play in New York City. Therefore she and Mr. Schoeffel are never separated and are consequently happy.

One night John A. McCaull, then the proprietor of the McCaull Opera Company, playing at the Bijou Theater, happened to drop in at Pastor's. He heard Russell, then the wife of Harry Brahm, sing, admired both her face and her voice, and inside of three hours had gained her release from Pastor and had engaged her for his new comic opera, "The Snake Charmer," to be produced at the Bijou two weeks later.

"Tis strange but true, for truth is always strange, Stranger than fiction. —Byron.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

A TINY SPOT WHERE GRASSES ARE GROWN.

Specimens from All Lands Are There Experimented With for the Benefit of American Producers—Thousands of Plants.



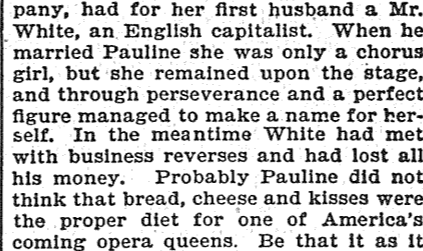
ACK OF THE BIG brick seed barn of the department of agriculture is a very funny kind of garden, which has just begun to sprout, says Washington Star. It covers about half an acre, which is divided up into ever so many little rectangular patches.

Prof. Wiley has an outfit of a very peculiar sort. It consists of a shed with a glass roof, out from under which run a series of parallel railway tracks for a distance of about sixty or seventy feet. On the rails are miniature flat cars, which carry high earthen pots and wooden tubs. In each tub is a growing plant. There are a number of specimens of each kind of plant—potato, pea or what not—each growing in a different kind of soil.



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UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

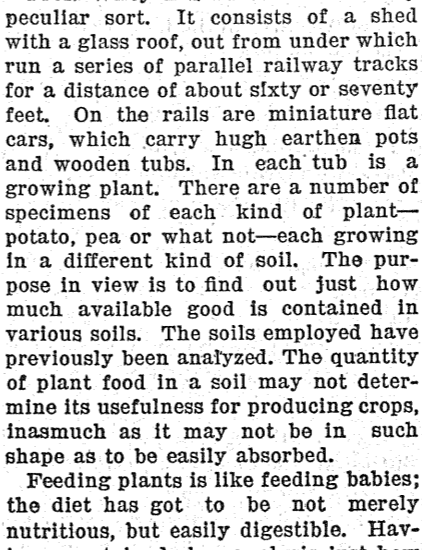
A TINY SPOT WHERE GRASSES ARE GROWN.

Specimens from All Lands Are There Experimented With for the Benefit of American Producers—Thousands of Plants.



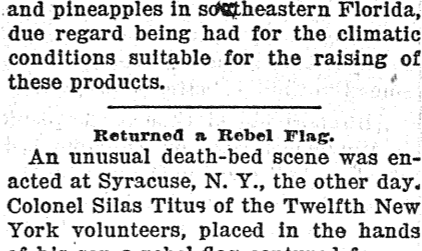
ACK OF THE BIG brick seed barn of the department of agriculture is a very funny kind of garden, which has just begun to sprout, says Washington Star. It covers about half an acre, which is divided up into ever so many little rectangular patches.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHERE THE BALL WENT.

Lost Spheres in a Cricket Match Found in a Spectator's Pocket.

Cricket balls have been lost in many curious ways, such as by being struck into a passenger train, into crows' and other birds' nests, down chimneys and steeples, and it is likely that last Saturday added one more instance to this class of singular events, says the Leeds (Eng.) Mercury. In grow, on their own ground, were playing Wilden—the leaders in the West Bradford league—and when J. Smith (prof.) of the latter team was in, he struck a ball to square-leg. The ball went to the boundary, passing under a seat which was filled by spectators. Seeing that it was a boundary hit, the spectators began to look for the ball, but they could not find it. Then some of the cricketers joined in the search, but the ball could not be seen, though they made a close scrutiny of all the holes in the wall—into which it was wittily suggested they should send a ferret. Eventually the search was abandoned, a fresh ball was secured, and the match continued. When it had been in progress for some time, some of the spectators who were seated near the place where the ball was lost suggested that they should all feel in their pockets and see if it was in any of them. This they did, and, singular to say, it was found in the side pocket of a gentleman wearing a jacket whose pockets had frequently carried small birds that he had shot with his gun. Evidently the ball had run up the wall behind the seat, and a small projecting stone had then caused it to drop downward into the gentleman's pocket, and he, being seated, had never felt the extra weight, as his pocket rested on the seat.

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SEED RYE for sale. H. L. PINNEY, 8-23-17.

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE—If you wish to buy, sell or exchange Real Estate of any description on your own terms, call on J. D. BROOKER and E. H. PINNEY. 8-23-17.

BRICK and shingles for sale. J. L. HUTCHCOCK, 7-12.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Farm of 40 acres, all improved, 3 miles north and 3/4 of a mile west of Cass City, good house, new, log stable and orchard. For further particulars inquire of F. E. LEE, 8-9.

PARITIES wanting driving or work horses inquire of A. A. MCKENZIE, 7-12.

STRAYED—From my enclosure, 1/2 mile north of Greenleaf postoffice, about July 10th, four ewes (one black) to the hands, suitable reward will be given for recovery of same. FINDLAY ROSS, 8-23-17.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Second hand lumber wagon. Will trade for lumber of shingles. W. J. CAMPBELL, 8-22.

FOR SALE—One pair of horses, weight 1,200 lbs. each; also one mare, one harness and wagon. G. A. MCKENZIE, 8-21.

FOR SALE—House and lot. Desirable location, 1 blk. from main street. Inquire of A. W. SEED, 8-15-17.

FOR SALE OR RENT—One good second hand piano. 2-22. I. A. FRITZ.

HYBRID No. 6 Seed Wheat for sale. T. WAIDLEY, Elmwood, 8-23-17.

MONEY to loan on approved real estate in this vicinity. Apply at the Exchange Bank. E. H. PINNEY, Proprietor, 7-26.

ONE Mare for sale; 3 years old; weight 1,100. G. A. MCKENZIE, 8-21.

Potatoes and bugs wanted by A. A. MCKENZIE, 8-15-17.

SITUATION WANTED—As general servant girl. Address Box 10, Detroit. 8-20-17.

STRAYED—Onto my premises, one mile west and 1/2 mile south of Greenleaf Post Office, one bay mare. Owner will please prove property by charges and take away. DUNCAN MORRISON, Jr., 8-20-17.

PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R. PASSENGERS TIME CARD.

GOING NORTH		GOING SOUTH	
STATIONS	TIME	STATIONS	TIME
Flint	6:05 A.M.	Flint	6:05 P.M.
Port Huron	6:25	Port Huron	6:25
St. Clair	6:45	St. Clair	6:45
Marquette	7:05	Marquette	7:05
Flint	7:25	Flint	7:25
Port Huron	7:45	Port Huron	7:45
St. Clair	8:05	St. Clair	8:05
Marquette	8:25	Marquette	8:25
Flint	8:45	Flint	8:45
Port Huron	9:05	Port Huron	9:05
St. Clair	9:25	St. Clair	9:25
Marquette	9:45	Marquette	9:45
Flint	10:05	Flint	10:05
Port Huron	10:25	Port Huron	10:25
St. Clair	10:45	St. Clair	10:45
Marquette	11:05	Marquette	11:05
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Port Huron	3:45	Port Huron	3:45
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