

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV. NO. 4.

CASS CITY, MICH., JAN. 3, 1896.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.

### CHRISTMAS FOLLY



Lies in delaying purchases until assortments are broken. In buying at the last minute whatever you see. In buying for looks not quality. The satisfaction of the giver and receiver is enhanced by the early well chosen gift. Reliable goods at just prices are what I offer. I offer the grade of goods you would like to receive for a Christmas present. Ladies' and Men's

### WARM AND FANCY SLIPPERS.

A nice well made pair of shoes for the children, wife or husband. Neck Ties, Neck scarfs, gloves. A nice plush cap at (50c.) A suit of clothes for the husband and boys.

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

### EXCHANGE BANK, CASS CITY BANK.

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

**Auten, Seelye & Blair, Props.**

Established 1832.

A general banking business transacted.

Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold.

Drafts issued payable in any Country in the World.

Money loaned on Real Estate.

Collections a specialty.

**W. S. RICHARDSON, CASHIER.**

### SPECIAL SALE.

For the balance of the year

Childrens Overcoats for 75c. up.

Special prices on Men's and Boy's Clothing.

A fine line of Neck Scarfs and Ties at wholesale prices.

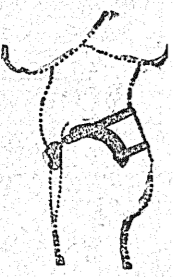
### SHOES AND RUBBERS, High in Quality, Low in Price.

A few pair of those fine Seal, Bear and Wolf Gloyes left.

## 2 MACKS 2.

### HONEST JOHN TRUSS.

I have taken the agency and have a supply on hand of the



**DR. SMITH'S HONEST JOHN TRUSS.**

The most practical Truss on the market.

**T. H. FRITZ, Pharmacist.**

### Caught On The Fly.

If all the days were holidays. Before the year was done. The hardest work that you could do Would seem the biggest fun. —Washington Star.

Happy New Year.

Mrs. E. F. Marr visited at Uby last week.

J. A. McDougall is transacting business at Bay City.

Miss Emma Lenzner is visiting with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Eva Titus and children visited at Oxford last week.

Wm. Anderson left last week for a visit at Parkhill, Ont.

Miss Lottie Usher spent Christmas with Argyle friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Kenedy have removed to Durand.

Jake Zimmerman is spending his holidays at Chatham, Ont.

L. A. Dewitt transacted business at Gageton last Saturday.

Mrs. C. Tims is visiting her brother, Wm. Winegar, at Jackson.

F. C. Lee, of Kingston, made our town a short call on Thursday.

Mrs. J. Walsley is spending the holidays with friends in Detroit.

Luther Kurr will assist in T. H. Fritz's store for a few months.

Miss Mary Sheffer has returned from an extended visit to Toledo, Ohio.

Before selecting your periodicals for '96 look over our Clubbing List.

O. K. Janes has been spending his holidays at his old home at Ovid.

Miss Olive Roney, of North Branch is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Bently.

Duncan McGillivray, of Greenleaf, has returned from Coover, Wisconsin.

John Gable, formerly of this place, has opened a harness shop in Marlette.

Holler Bros. are giving special prices on bran and middlings on short time.

Remember the entertainment at the Town Hall to-morrow (Saturday) evening.

Misses Ora Wickware and Iris Hitchcock are visiting friends at Bad Axe this week.

Florence Clark spent last week visiting Miss Maud Fairweather at Imlay City.

Clark McKenzie gave a party to a number of his young friends last Friday night.

Myron Hanson, of the Cumber school, has been enjoying his vacation at his home here.

Wm. Martus, of Burnside, was the guest of Jos. Martus and family during the holidays.

Misses Mina Orr and Ida Gamble spent a few days with friends in Rescue during the week.

Thos. Powell has removed from Main Street to the corner of West Street and Garfield Avenue.

Miss Lucile Robbins, of Detroit, is spending the holidays with her cousin, Miss Kezzie Moore.

James Gooden and family leave Saturday for Virginia where they will make their future home.

P. Lamont, formerly of this place, but now of St. Thomas, Ont., greeted old friends here the first of the week.

Mrs. A. W. Seed and children accompanied by Miss M. McDougall, of Grayling, spent Christmas at Pt. Edward, Ont.

A new sign adorns the front of J. S. McNair's furniture and undertaking emporium. Its design is neat and tasty.

W. T. Schenk and wife have returned from Alexandria, Ind., where they have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. P. L. Fritz.

Many of our subscribers are coming to the front promptly with their dollars and we hope the "good work" will continue.

Miss Maggie Campbell returned to Albion College on Wednesday. Miss Lillian Schenk accompanied her and will attend college.

The P. O. & N. R. R. is again having serious difficulty with the snow drifts and the trains have been quite irregular during the past few days.

Geo. Hoagland, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. Martys for some time, on Saturday started on an extended visit at Pleasant Grove.

The next annual meeting of the Tuscola County Farmer's Mutual Insurance Company will be held in Caro on Wednesday, Jan. 8th. Some changes are contemplated in the charter.

The Mrs. McLean whose death was reported last week was the old lady who lived at the east end of Houghton Street and not Mrs. J. H. McLean as some were lead to suppose. The latter is fast regaining her former health.

Two deaths have already occurred in the family of Geo. Dodge, Elkland township, from measles. Two more children are down with them but are not thought to be dangerous.

Mrs. M. S. Knaggs, of Bay City, State president of the Equal Suffrage Association will deliver an address in Cass City on Monday evening, Jan 13th Particulars next week.

Bad Axe Tribune: J. S. McNair, the accomplished undertaker and furniture dealer, of Cass City, was in town Christmas day, meeting old friends. John is always a welcome visitor here.

Gasoline street lamps have recently been placed in front of A. W. Seed's residence and the Cass City Bank. This is a move in the right direction and we hope others will follow the example.

On account of the snow blockade on the P. O. & N. R. R. the first of the week, the ready prints for the ENTERPRISE were delayed making the time of getting to press considerably later than usual.

Bad Axe Democrat: Mrs. Gilles and family, of Greenleaf, Violet Gilles, Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, and Geo. Livingston of Ann Arbor, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLean Christmas day.

A pleasant surprise was sprung upon the editor Wednesday evening by the members of his Sunday School class calling upon him, spending a pleasant evening and presenting him with a handsome necktie box.

Owing to the severe storm of Tuesday the Sunday School entertainment which was to have been given that evening in the M. E. Church, had to be postponed. Watch for announcement at Sunday's services.

The editor returned Saturday noon from his Ontario trip. He enjoyed Christmas dinner with relatives at Vienna and although detained a whole day by the rainstorm expresses himself as highly pleased with the trip.

Now is the proper time to advertise, as trade is almost sure to be dull for a few weeks, and every merchant should exert himself to secure his share of the slim trade. Constant advertising will do that for you.

A few days ago we received a letter from Robt. McBride, of Caron, Assiniboia, N. W. T., Canada, in which he says: "Please find enclosed \$1 subscription for your valuable paper. I consider it worth its weight in gold. Would not be without it."

Charles Frost gave a leap year party to a number of his young friends Wednesday evening. Progressive nuptial was the principal part, and all enjoyed themselves until a late hour. When all were ready to go the girls strung out in a line and as the boys passed out quietly whispered,—well, you know the rest.

Lou I. Wood, who has been in the employ of T. H. Fritz, for nearly three years, left Monday morning for Ada, Ohio, where he will take the pharmaceutical course in the college. Lou's gentlemanly and straight forward manner has won for him a host of friends who wish him every success.

Our readers who have been looking for Hood's Calender for 1896, will be glad to know that it is out and that it may be obtained from the druggists or by sending six cents in stamps to C. I. Hood and Co., Lowell, Mass. The new calender is certainly a triumph of tints, surrounded by a gold frame, embossed and decidedly "up to date." It makes a useful ornament for the home and a pleasant reminder of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Appropriate services for the New Year will be held next Sunday at the Baptist Church. Subject for morning, "God's Grace for Godly growth." In the evening the pastor will begin a series of revival meetings, the same to continue every night. An evangelist of considerable experience and success is expected to be present to assist in the services. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all who have an interest in this good work.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Junior League was held in the basement of the M. E. Church Monday morning. Despite the inclemency of the weather the meeting was well attended and proved to be a beneficial one. The following officers were elected: Supt., Mrs. I. A. Fritz; Pres., Cecil Fritz; Vice president Mary Summerville; Secretary, Cretie Campbell; Treas., Claudio McClinton; Mite box Sec., Willie Mc Tavish; Organist, Cecil Fritz; Asst. organist, May Macomber; Supt. of Social department, Miss Fenn; Supt. of mercy and help dept., Mrs. Crobar; Supt. of temperance dept., Miss Wright; Supt. of Devotional dept., Mrs. I. A. Fritz. All children are cordially invited to attend the regular meetings held each Sunday at 3 p. m.

J. E. Berry, of Belding, has been engaged by our school board as assistant teacher to Prof. G. Masselink and enters upon his duties at once. This step has been made necessary by the unusually large number of non-resident pupils now in attendance and this acquisition to our staff of teachers adds materially to the educational advantages of our excellent schools. Mr. Berry is a member of the senior class at the agricultural college.

At the regular meeting of the Royal Guards Division No. 36, on Monday night, Dec. 23, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Capt. Gen., J. S. McArthur; Sr. Capt., W. D. Schooley; Jr. Capt., R. A. Robinson; Rec., Chas. S. Seed; paymaster, H. W. Seed; Chap., J. Ridgway; Sr. Lieut., Jas. E. Seed; Jr. Lieut., Jas. Tindale; Sergeants, Colin Monroe and Henry Becker; Sen. John McLellan. The installation of said officers will take place Monday night, Jan. 6th, 1896.

We learn that the name of Robert A. Walsley is being brought to the front for Secretary of the Tuscola Mutual Fire Insurance Company, the election taking place at Caro next Wednesday. Robt. is the son of Andrew Walsley, who lives northeast of town, and is a young man of ability, well and favorably known throughout a large portion of the county. We have learned who his opponent is but can say that the electors will make no mistake in electing Robt. A. Walsley for that office, and that if elected he will discharge his duties with "malice toward none and justice to all." W. J. Campbell, of this place, has been president for some time but as he is out of town, actively engaged in the interests of the company, we have not learned whether his name is proposed for the same office for the coming year or not. We doubt if a better man for the place can be found in the county.

One of the most pleasant social events for some time past occurred at the home of A. A. Hitchcock on New Year's night. The occasion was the first "Leap Year party" of the season, in which about thirty of the young people of Cass City participated. Mr. Hitchcock, with his usual energy and enterprise, had spared no pains to make the occasion strictly a successful one, and all guests voted, in thought, the host a royal entertainer. The latter in appropriate and mirth-provoking words explained the "workings" of the games of the evening—which were of the "Salmagundi" order. Twelve of the gentlemen present were called upon to respond to toasts on the different months of the year, as follows: January, H. L. Pinney; February, G. Masselink; March, M. M. Wickware; April, W. S. Richardson; May, A. J. Knapp; June, (absent); July, N. F. Monroe; August, Daniel McArthur; September, H. Seed; October, Homer Frost; November, Herbert Frutchey; December, (absent). At the conclusion of the toasts the assembly was treated to piano selections, excellently rendered by Mrs. Kate Rittinger and Miss McClinton. Miss McKenzie and Herbert Frutchey were the winners of the ace-table prize—a nice glass basket—in the game of Salmagundi, and Miss McClinton and Geo. Hitchcock the "booby" prize—a bottle of catsup, which they might "ketch-up." Nearly all of the young ladies—in accordance with the custom which leap year inaugurates—pluckily called for the gentlemen and, at a later hour, saw them safely home.

The constant dropping of the mill Will wear away the rock; The constant placing of an ad Will rid you of your stock.

### Grand Entertainment.

The celebrated play, "American Fascination, or a box of Monkeys," which is in process of preparation by our young people, will be presented at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening, January 4th, instead of on Friday, as was advertised last week. This promises to be the finest entertainment of the season, and one which none can afford to miss. The proceeds are to go towards increasing our City Library, which is destined to be an important factor in the town. Below is the cast of characters:

Edward Ralston, a promising young American, half owner of the Sierra Gold Mines. Harry Pinney. Chancy Ogilthorpe, his partner, second son of Lord Doucester. Hugh Seed. Mrs. Ontego Jones, an admirer of rank. Mrs. Schooley. Sierra Bengaline, her niece, a prairie rose. Miss Irene Pinney. Lady Catherine Lindmore, an English Princess, daughter of the Earl of Paynburgh. Miss Carrie Fenn.

Miss Pinney will also give an amusing monologue entitled, "An April Shower," vividly illustrating a little episode in married life. Songs and music on different instruments will be introduced during the evening. Admission: Adults, 25c., children 15c., reserved seats, 35c.

### NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Caro parties are opening a marble shop at Marlette.

The experiment of raising celery on the flats of the Cass River at Caro will be tried the coming season.

Eli Bateman returned home from the Asylum Christmas Eve, quite recovered from his severe illness. He is in every way improved, and feels first rate, to the great pleasure of his host of friends.—[Bad Axe Tribune.

Fred C. Morford, postmaster at Unionville, and a member of the county board of school examiners, was married on Tuesday last. The bride, Miss Fannie White, has been employed by him in the postoffice for the past three years.—[Vassar Pioneer.

Mathias Bershing, a farmer living one mile south of Sebewiang, has commenced snit in the circuit court against John C. Liken & Co., general merchants for \$10,000 damages on account of injuries received through a runaway of the firm's delivery wagon.

What is supposed to be a meteor fell near Quanicassoe, Tuscola Co., recently. It was a stone weighing about 125 lbs., which, when discovered, was so hot that it had melted all the snow and ice around it, and burned those who touched it. It was embedded about eight inches in the ground.

The citizens of Sand Beach are feeling pretty good on account of a decision of the Supreme Court which saves the village \$3,000. The decision was in the shape of a reversal of a verdict for that amount given John Strudgson for injuries alleged to have been received on a defective sidewalk.

It is reported that Mrs. Kinna, the wife of Alfred Kinna, who is in jail on a charge of murdering Geo. Betts while drunk, will bring suit for damages against John Massman, the Pt. Sanilac saloon keeper, who it is alleged, sold Kinna his whiskey. Massman's bondsmen are said to be doing some pretty full hustling over the matter.—[Sanilac Republican.

One of the social events of the season was the marriage yesterday evening of Miss Anna L. Pierce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Pierce, to Wm. T. Brown, of the "Courier." The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride by Rev. R. H. Monroe, of Hadley, in the presence of a very large number of friends of the contracting parties.—[Uby Courier.

George Schrigley and James Watters, from Marlette township, who have been in the county jail for the past three months on a charge of grand larceny, made a bold strike for liberty last Friday night. They succeeded in getting away but through the eternal vigilance of Sheriff Dawson they were apprehended and returned to their cell on Wednesday night.—[Sanilac Republican.

A gray-haired Sebewiang man has been vainly haunting the depot for several weeks. Wishing a helpmeet to cheer his widower's existence, he inserted an ad. in a matrimonial paper. Correspondence ensued, his proposal was accepted, and the bride said she was ready to come, asking only that \$50 be sent to defray expenses. The widower sent the money, but the bride-elder carries behind, and the sad suspicion is becoming conviction that she will never come to Sebewiang.

### School Reports.

Report of school taught in Dist. No. 2, Elkland, for the month beginning Dec. 27, 1895:

|                               |    |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Number days taught.....       | 29 |
| Number pupils enrolled.....   | 43 |
| Total days attendance.....    | 63 |
| Average daily attendance..... | 31 |

The following have been present every day during the month: Florence Wilkinson, Bennie Schwegler, and Maggie Davis. Absent one-half day: Vernon Young, Arthur Helwig and Arthur Bolton. Absent one and two days: John Davis, John Jaus, Hattie Wilkinson, Edward Murphy, Ethel Young, Roy Martin, Mary McDonald, Byron Law, Maggie McDonald, Alex. and Birdie Marshall, Ora Bird and Archie Law.

JENNIE A. WATSON, Teacher.

Report of school taught in Dist. No. 6, Novesta, for month beginning Dec. 2 and ending Dec. 27, 1895:

|                               |      |
|-------------------------------|------|
| Number days taught.....       | 18   |
| Total days attendance.....    | 316  |
| Average daily attendance..... | 17.6 |

Those that were present every day are: Charlie, Mary and Burton Henderson, Edna Young, Helen and Jay Ashby and Lansing Mudge. Absent one-half day: Freddie Mudge. Absent one day: Mary Gekeler, Creighton Henderson and James Mudge.

CORA MARTIN, Teacher.

Fresh Stationery at this office.

### AT - GILES.

To double our sales to turn our large stock into cash.

Consisting of Handkerchiefs, Mullers, Hose, Dress Goods, Men's and Ladies' Slippers, Children's Shoes, Ladies' Shoes, Men's - Shoes, - Underwear, Shawls, Fascinators, Caps, Pocket Books, Combs.

These goods must be converted into Money before the first of the year. In order to do this we will cut the price in all the above goods. So in goes the knife.

Handkerchiefs, regular 25c fancy corners, embroidered corners, open work, different patterns, different styles, all our 10, 15, 20 and 25c. handkerchiefs go at 5 cents.

Mullers, all our 50c. wool, silk strip, mullers go at 25c.

Hose, our 20 and 25c. all wool and our 18c. mixture go at 15c.

### DRESS GOODS.

Here is where the knife has penetrated deep. Cotton Plaid and very pretty styles they are, price 10 to 12 1/2, now 5 cents per yard.

Wool mixed, 27 inch, also a few pieces of 32 inch goods regular 15 to 20c. - now 12c. a yard.

All Wool 50 inch Tricot, regular price 65c. Remaining shades Tan, Grey and Myrtle Green, will close out at 35c a yd. These goods are 50 inch wide.

### IN GROCERIES.

We will make special prices from now to the first of the year. You know what a special price means with us. Goods at Wholesale.



### As we have a large stock of CAPES AND JACKETS which we would like to close out before the holidays, we will make special inducements to buyers. If you are in need of a Jacket or Cape call and look our line over before buying.

### Our stock of Neckscarfs, fascinators and Handkerchiefs are complete.

### DRESS GOODS.

In our stock of Dress Goods we have cut the profits clean off and will give you the greatest bargains ever offered.

### FROST & HEBBLEWHITE

Butter and eggs wanted.

### FOR SALE.

Cutters, portland and swell box, feed cutters, corn shellers and buggies. Auction sales attended all over the country and satisfaction guaranteed.

12-26-11 J. H. STRIFFLER, Tuscola Co. Agricultural Depot.

Consumption can be cured by the use of Shiloh's Care. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. For sale by T. H. Fritz druggist.

Being killed by electricity is a shocking way to die.

Nobody ever goes to hades—according to the tombstone.

Cripple Creek may turn out to be a town with streets paved with gold.

The hit of Herr Altvater's first lecture was made by a prehistoric egg.

An oil-borer near Gallipolis, Ohio, is down 2,010 feet and is still living on hope.

The man who begins by drinking some time may end by having to drink all the time.

No man can grind down another without first placing his own soul under the millstone.

When a man gets up early in the morning to drink, he is apt to spend the day in doing nothing else.

It now transpires that nearly all the divorces that have been granted in Oklahoma are not binding. Isn't that awful?

General Russel A. Alger has engaged twenty-two rooms in St. Louis during convention week. What's the matter with Alger?

W. S. Strattan the Cripple Creek bonanza king, was a "poor carpenter" four years ago, and probably is not a good carpenter yet.

Says the San Francisco Wave: "Chicago has not a single great preacher." Well, that's all right; a great preacher ought not to be single, anyway.

Buffalo offers \$50 for "the best suggestion for a municipal flag." What's the matter with the stars and stripes? Please send along that remittance.

Says the Boston Traveler: "Rev. Dr. Gimbart of this city defends hell." Well, it needs some sort of defense; a great many people speak disparagingly of it.

What do you suppose E. W. Clark of Nevada, Mo., got, who sued Caroline Simmons for \$50,000 for breach of promise? Got left, and the jury was out only ten minutes.

Another heiress has gone. This time it is Clara Busch, daughter of a millionaire St. Louis brewer, while the lucky man is Baron von Gontard. There are still a few more left.

Says a squeamish Minnesota paper, speaking of the Hayward case: "Hanging is a terrible thing." It is, it is, that's why we advise all our friends to eschew murdering entirely.

Mark Twain is to receive \$10,000 for his lecture course in England. This, together with the great popular subscription started in his behalf by a Cincinnati paper, will give him \$10,016.48.

A New York inventor has been sent to the asylum as the result of "studying over a bottle which cannot be refilled." A great many men have gone there through studying bottles which have been filled too often.

The Louisville base ball club announces that it has signed "the poet, Henry Coolidge Semple, as a pitcher" for next season. We marvel that the poet Stephen Crane was not chosen instead; no one ever would have been able to get onto his curves.

The cable brings the interesting information that a "Miss Violet" of London is coming over to this country "to try going over Niagara Falls." We think she will experience little difficulty in going over the falls if she tries hard enough, but we advise her to court undying fame by engaging in a pie-eating contest in New York.

Red Bank, N. J., authorities are trying to suppress swearing on the public streets. Last week Grover Reeves was arraigned before Justice Childs and fined \$3.50 for having used seven bad words on the street. This is the second case of the kind that has occurred in a few weeks. All who wish to swear on the public highway may do so, provided there is no objection to paying for each "cuss" at the rate of 50 cents a word.

A dispatch from Cincinnati announces that a new directory for the Commercial Gazette has been chosen, at the head of which is A. Howard Hinkle. The further announcement is made that "Mr. Hinkle is president of the Ashland Iron and Steel company, a director in the First National Bank, the American Book Company, the United States Printing Company, the John Church Company, the Cincinnati Gas Light and Coke Company, the Everett Piano Company and other companies." The Commercial Gazette is one of the strongest and ablest papers in the west, but we doubt whether it can stagger along under such an embarrassment of riches very long.

Snob Smalley is in a state of mind dreadful to behold. He begins to fear that the American people are in earnest in the matter of upholding the Monroe doctrine. The fact is likely to penetrate to John Bull's seat of understanding in the course of time.

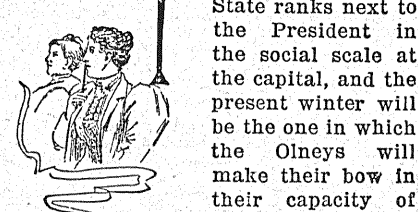
At Cincinnati Thursday Margaret Rives was married to Louis Charles Antonio Guilbert Pierre Pinton Marquis du Chambrun. To prevent a possible misunderstanding it may not be amiss to state that there was only one of the groom.

LIFE AT THE CAPITAL.

SOCIAL ETCHINGS FROM THE NATION'S CENTER.

Mrs. Olney Ready to Lead Society—The Wife of the Acting Minister from Argentina Will Figure Largely in Diplomatic Circles.

Washington Correspondence.



HE Secretary of State ranks next to the President in the social scale at the capital, and the present winter will be the one in which the Olneys will make their bow in their capacity of head of the Cabinet. With the usual facility of Americans in adapting themselves to every condition, Mr. Olney finds himself as much at home in the State Department as in the halls of the Department of Justice, and his wife will take her place as the leader in social matters with equal grace. Just before leaving for their summer outing the Olneys purchased a new home, having previously occupied that of Senator Edmunds, a house which is now owned



MRS. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN. by Mrs. General Grant. It was May when the family moved to what was then known as the Bellamy Storor house, as the member from Cincinnati had lived there during the last session of Congress. The home of Secretary Olney is in the center of the most fashionable part of the city, in a neighborhood which is full of the residences of famous people and the mansions of foreign ministers. Just opposite is the pretty red brick home of Mrs. Sheridan, the widow of General Phil Sheridan, and within a few blocks are the houses of Thomas Nelson Page, the author; Hegemuller, the Minister from Austria, and a dozen other celebrities. The Olney home is an odd-looking one, but most attractive because it is not the conventional square brick. It stands on a corner and is narrow in front, while running back for some distance on the side street. The entrance is low, being of the English basement kind, and the first or ground floor is occupied by a pretty little queerly-shaped hall and a broad stairway that leads to the parlors above. The first parlor is one of the most artistic apartments in town, not from the elegance of its furniture, but from the taste displayed on every hand. There is nothing luxurious in its appointments, but its tone is one of chaste simplicity. The room is rather long and one end is almost entirely taken up with a huge bay window, whose dainty white curtains soften the light that warms up brightly the pink sofa running around the curve.

Several book-cases of white wood are about the rooms and filled with choice novels, while the creamy walls are brightened with pretty pictures and about on shining tables are numberless little dainty ornaments and vases full of blooming flowers. The general air is one of light and coolness, combined with a cultivated and exquisite taste. Across from this parlor is another small room, whose polished floor is covered with handsome rugs and whose furnishings are mostly of antiques beautifully carved. There is another apartment; then one comes to a huge square chamber with a very high ceiling—what must have once been used as a ball room, but is now furnished in pretty chairs, sofas full of colored pillows, tables full of books and silver

trappings. The further announcement is made that "Mr. Hinkle is president of the Ashland Iron and Steel company, a director in the First National Bank, the American Book Company, the United States Printing Company, the John Church Company, the Cincinnati Gas Light and Coke Company, the Everett Piano Company and other companies." The Commercial Gazette is one of the strongest and ablest papers in the west, but we doubt whether it can stagger along under such an embarrassment of riches very long.

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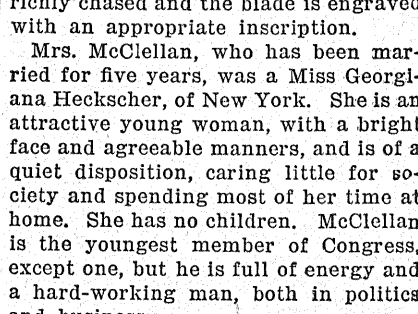
MISS MARY SHERIDAN. writing material, pictures and other ornaments. This apartment is large enough to entertain the whole Diplomatic Corps.

Among the most prominent of the new members of Congress is young George B. McClellan, son of the Union general of that name. He has taken a house on Rhode Island avenue, in a fashionable part of the city, and he and his wife will house-keep all winter. The home is of red brick, and the parlor is pretty with its walls of pink and its dainty ornaments. In the hall is a big cabinet of carved oak, and the exquisite moldings of the figures make them

ONE GREAT QUESTION.

IT IS: WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Cry of Need of the Times—People Are Starving for that They Know Not What It is Religion.



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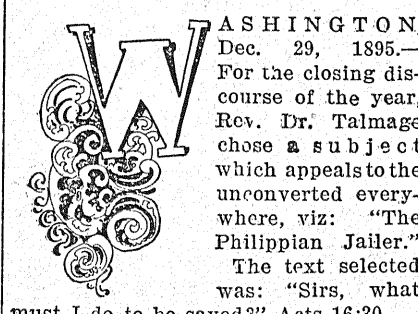
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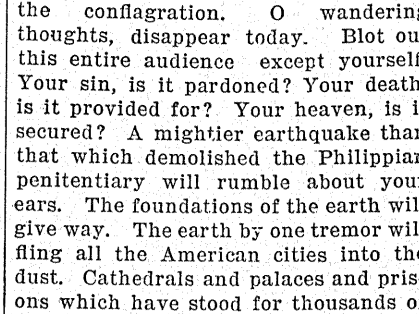
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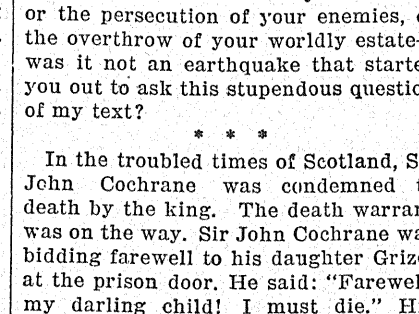
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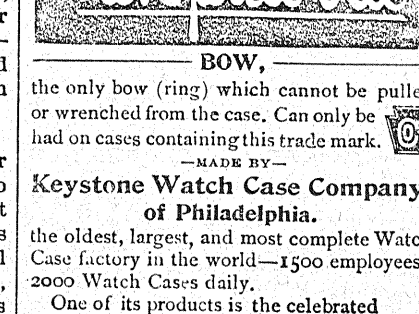
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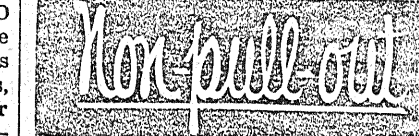
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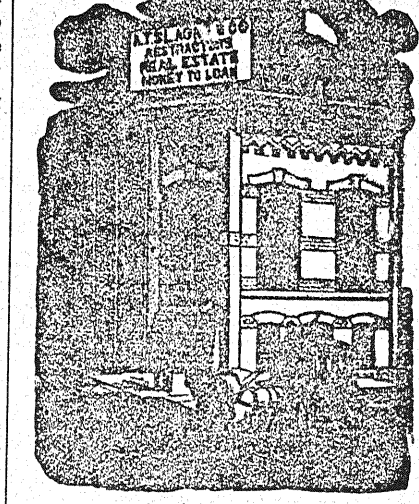
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JOHN WEDDERBURN &amp

# TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

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CHAPTER XIV—(CONTINUED)

He made a sign to Johnstone, who took Dick in his arms and swung him lightly down to the companion-hatch like a bundle of hammocks. In two minutes he was in his old seat at the end of the table in the saloon, with his ankles fast to the chair, which in its turn was screwed into the floor. For a long time he did not move. He had little hope left now, but he steeled himself to wait with patience, if any unforeseen chance might yet give him his opportunity. The sunset gun was heard from the shore. It grew rapidly dark. Johnstone entered to light the lamp; in his hand was a heavy iron capstan bar.

He laid it down upon the table, with the letter beside it. "There's your choice," he said. "All right!" said Dick, stoutly. "I'm ready but you'll all go, too, my man; you're lost without me."

"Don't you flatter yourself," he said. "Dead or alive, you'll do our business for us."

Dick was silent. "Look you here," said the other, "this is the way of it, and if you don't understand it now, you'll never have the chance again. The brig's standing in straight for Jamestown; she's not three miles off at this moment; and the flag-ship's lying ready for her just outside the harbor. If you put your name to that bit of paper you're a free man this minute. You'll stand in with the rest of us for prize-money, and the flag-ship's worth it all, she's yours into the bargain. But if you're fool enough to be obstinate—there's the capstan bar on deck there watching; when the guard-boats come, he gives me a last signal—once two—and before there's out your neck's broke, and you lying quiet in the hold. Sad accident, gentlemen! An old friend of Sir Pulteney's, too; and just had a letter written to him asking leave to anchor; on his way for an hour when he fell. Pr'aps the admiral would let us bury him ashore tomorrow? So either way we stand to win easy, d'ye see?"

He did indeed see, and that with a supreme anguish of bitterness. Not even by that was he to thwart them, or clear his own name from dishonor. But his conscience was without reproach, and Camilla knew the truth; on these two thoughts he anchored himself to live to the last moment.

The moments flew. The colonel called down the hatchway that the boat had left the flag-ship. Camilla heard him shout, and fell upon her knees beside a port-hole, gasping for air when he fell. Pr'aps the admiral would let us bury him ashore tomorrow? So either way we stand to win easy, d'ye see?"

A second time that inexorable calm voice came down to the deck below. Johnstone took the iron bar in his hand. The boat came alongside, and an officer's voice spoke close to Camilla's ear, faintly heard. "Brig ahoy! Throw us a rope there!"

Dimly, as one in a dream of horror, she heard the colonel's answer. "You needn't trouble us to come on board," he called down in his smooth, easy tones. "This is the Speedwell, Captain Estcourt. He is an old friend of Admiral Malcolm and is just writing to him for leave to anchor. Johnstone!" he shouted, louder still, "ask the captain if his letter's ready."

"Do you hear?" said Johnstone, balancing the bar in both his hands. "There's the last signal. Now then—"

The clear voice of the officer outside rang through the ship and drowned his words. "Estcourt!" it cried. "Pass in, pass in! The Emperor's dead!"

CHAPTER XV.

LENCE followed the words, that seemed as if it would last forever. "You needn't trouble us to come on board," he called down in his smooth, easy tones. "This is the Speedwell, Captain Estcourt. He is an old friend of Admiral Malcolm and is just writing to him for leave to anchor. Johnstone!" he shouted, louder still, "ask the captain if his letter's ready."

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Dick turned in early, but he could not sleep; there was still thunder in the air, a remnant of last night's storm; and his mind went whirling incessantly through the tangled history of the last few months.

A little before dawn he went on deck; it was less stifling in the open air, and stars were shining here and there between drifting clouds. He sat down against the bulwark, and looked up at them, listening to the faint lapping of the water under the ship's sides.

Little by little the night lifted, and daylight began to broaden over the sky. The stars grew pale, and died out one by one; a marvelous color, mingled of faintest blue and delicate red opal, flushed in the height of heaven and burned slowly into deep crimson on the horizon to the east.

A light wind blew cool upon his face; his eyelids dropped, and slumber took him unawares. When he opened his eyes again, Camilla was kneeling on one knee before him, transfused by a golden light that shone from behind her through and through the glory of her hair.

A strange sense of new life filled him with bewildering presence of joy. "Where are we?" he asked, not venturing to move, lest he should break the spell. "We are in harbor," she said; "and look! the sun has risen."

THE END.

AN INDIAN BOY'S PONY.

An Account of His First Attempt to Hunt at a Buffalo Hunt.

Thus led by those dedicated to religious service, the tribe leaves its village, the people by families dropping into line—men, well-mounted, bearing their weapons ready for use; women, in gala dress, riding their decorated ponies, older ones leading the pack-horses; little children in twos and threes upon the backs of steady old nags, or snugly stowed away in the swinging pouch between the tent-poles; and the dogs trotting complacently everywhere. Here and there along the line of the cavalcade is a lad being initiated into individual responsibility.

He has been upon the hunt before, as one of the family, but this is the first toward going independently undirected for as child. The father has lassoed a wild horse, saddled and bridled him, and now bids his son mount the animal. The boy hangs back; the colt is a fiery creature and already restive under restraint. The father tells his son that the horse shall be his own when he has conquered it, but the lad does not move. The lookers-on are smiling, and the crowd does not wait. "Get up," says the father. The boy slowly advances, and the colt quickly recedes but the boy, grasping his mane, swings himself into the saddle. The father lets go, and so does the colt—rears, jumps, wriggles, humps his back like an infuriated cat, stands on his fore-legs and kicks at his own tail, paws the air and stamps the earth, but the boy clings to him until with a sudden jerk the saddle-girth is broken, and he is landed over the head of the excited creature, with his feet for dear life and liberty. Brought back does not at first seem to be a punishment, but by twists and shakes of the head, he is again mounted, and again frees himself. After two or three repetitions of this sort of thing, the boy becomes angry, and the mother grows anxious. She runs to her son as he is scrambling up from the ground, feels him all over, and moves his legs and arms to see if he is hurt. He is impatient at the delay; he is going to master that pony now or die for it. This time he stays in vain the animal lashes himself into foam and fury; the boy sticks to him like the shirt of Nessus, and the father at last leads the indivisible pair between the tent poles which trail behind a sophisticated family horse, and there, fenced in, they journey all day, trying to get used to each other. The pony does not see his way out of the poles, and is forced to keep up with the procession.

When Planting an Orchard. Dig the holes the proper depth and level at the bottom, and large enough that the roots may be straightened to their full length by the hand. The roots should be evenly divided as near as can be done. The proper placing of the roots has much to do with the growth and beauty of the tree. If the roots are thrust into the ground cramped, crooked, and without proper care, the trees will grow in like manner, stunted, crooked and misshapen. When the trees are placed in the hole, the roots properly divided and straightened, a little fine earth should be shaken over the roots, the tree slightly raised so as to give the roots a natural descent. The tree-top should incline to the west several inches, the hole to be filled with fine earth and firmly pressed, so as to hold the tree in its proper place. The prevailing west winds will soon bring the tree up to a perpendicular position, for if you will take the trouble to examine the orchards around you, you will find nearly all the trees leaning to the east. This is caused by the strong west winds. The ground is prepared, the trees selected and planted, but your work is not finished; care must be taken of the trees and ground. The tree tops should be well formed by proper pruning. The branches from the trunk should be at or as near equal distances apart as it is possible to have them, and three main branches or limbs are quite enough to form a beautiful head or top; if this is done after pruning, large branches will require to be cut or removed from the trunk; without this precaution at first pruning and forming the top it is often necessary to remove large limbs from the trunks, thereby causing a gradual decay and finally destroying the tree. The ground should be well cultivated and kept in good heart, and may be profitably cropped for several years with potatoes, turnips, mangolds, carrots, cabbages or any other root crops.—Wm. Gray.

Some of our neighbors have been growing cucumbers in a new way for the last year or two, and as their success with them has been so wonderful, I will give their way for the benefit of others. A spot about four feet square is first spaded up and well manured; a half barrel with the head knocked off is then set in the middle of the spot, not pushed down into the soil, but simply resting on the surface. The barrel is filled nearly full of well rotted manure. The loose earth is drawn up slightly all around the edge of the barrel and the seed is planted there in the ground. Every day a pailful or two of water is poured into the barrel,

## 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.

BULLETIN OF THE Indiana Experimental Station says: The smut in corn differs in several important particulars from the common smuts of the smaller cereals, wheat, oats, rye and barley. In no respect is the difference more marked than in its mode of attacking the plant, and in this fact the valuable hints to the cultivator. It has been assumed that because the smut of wheat and oats can be prevented by immersing the seed in hot water or a solution of fungicide, the same method is applicable to corn. But it is not true and for the reason that the method by which the corn smut attacks the plant is very unlike that of most of the other cereal smuts. It has been found out at the Indiana Experiment Station that the smut does not attack the plant through the seed, but like wheat rust it starts in the leaves and stems, wherever the spores are carried by the wind and find lodgment and sufficient moisture to enable them to germinate. The spores will grow as soon as ripe, that is as soon as the mass containing them turns black, and they will also retain their vitality for a year or two in case conditions for growth are not favorable. It is evident from this that neither the time of planting nor the previous condition or treatment of the seed will have any effect upon the amount of smut in the crop; and experiments already carried out substantiate this deduction. It is equally evident that meteorological conditions will have decided influence. But the farmer cannot control the weather.

Two things can be done to decrease smut in corn. The growing crop can be sprayed with a suitable fungicide and the entrance of the smut into the plant prevented. That this can be made effective is shown by the experience of the Indiana station. It is an expensive and troublesome method. The other, more convenient but less thorough method, is to gather and destroy the smut, and thus eventually rid the fields of it.

The best time to gather the smut is just before the ears silk, when the fields should all be gone through and every sign of smut removed, being careful not to scatter it upon the ground, or in any way let the spores get free. The gatherings must be burned or deeply buried to certainly destroy the smut. One or more later gatherings should also be made. This may be called clean culture, and if persisted in for a few years would reduce the annual production of smut to an inconspicuous and harmless amount. J. C. Arthur, Botanist.

The Acids of Fruits. The grateful acid of the rhubarb leaf arises from the malic acid and binoxalate of potash which it contains; the acidity of the lemon, orange, and other species of the genus Citrus, is caused by the abundance of citric acid which their juice contains; that of the cherry, plum, apple, and pear from the malic acid in their pulp; that of gooseberries and currants, black, red and white, from a mixture of malic and citric acids; that of the grape from a mixture of malic and tartaric acids; that of the mango from citric acid and very fugitive essential oil; that of the tamarind from a mixture of citric, malic, and tartaric acids; the flavor of asparagus from aspartic acid, found also in the root of the marshmallow, and that of the cucumber from a peculiar poisonous ingredient called fenguin, which is found in all fungi, and is the cause of the cucumber being offensive to some stomachs.

It will be observed that rhubarb is the only fruit which contains binoxalate of potash in conjunction with an acid. Beet root owes its nutritious quality about 9 per cent of sugar which it contains, and its flavor is a peculiar substance containing nitrogen mixed with pectic acid.

The carrot owes its fattening powers also to sugar, and its flavor to a peculiar fatty oil; the horseradish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains 44 1/2 per cent of sugar, and 3 per cent of starch (a variety of starch), besides gum and a peculiar substance to which its flavor is owing; and, lastly, garlic and the rest of the onion family derive their peculiar odor from a yellowish, volatile acid oil, but they are nutritious from containing nearly half their weight of gummy and glutinous substances not yet clearly defined.—G. W. Johnson, in the Chemistry of the World.

California Versus Missouri Fruits. A leading grocer advertises California peaches, California lemon cling peaches, California White Heath peaches, California Bartlett pears, and even California corn, tomatoes, cove oysters, etc. It seems absurd that Missouri should use such vast supplies from California, not only peach, pear, cherry, but even tomatoes and corn, and the same is true of Illinois and other states. These fruits and vegetables are produced in California on costly land, with high priced labor, enormous freights crossing the mountains, and yet it pays them. Why not Ozark peaches and pears, adding Missouri or Arkansas, as the case may be, and why not Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee corn and tomatoes, as well as fruits. People of the Ozarks, Colorado and New Mexico are beginning to wake up, and soon California will cease gathering all the cream. We admire their enterprise, but we want to see more of it in every state. People everywhere should grow more fruits and not depend upon disposing of it in the green state; have canning factories, make jelly, preserves, etc. Look what a great industry preserving of fruits in England.—Stark Ross, Bulletin.

A woman with a silvery laugh often exposes a gold plate in her mouth.

## A NOVEL TRAVELING EXHIBIT.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., always on the alert for something good, have struck a novel idea to introduce, exhibit and advertise their famous northern grown seeds. This is done by means of an advertising car, an illustration thereof appears herewith. This car is in charge of three experts who are thoroughly familiar and versed with seed growing. The car inside and out is a marvel of beauty and elegance and is fit out regardless of cost and is being run and exhibited in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and other states. Upon entering it, one is transported at once into a very fairland where flowers and vines and forage and fruits and vegetables luxuriate and abound in great abundance. Of course the great specialties which I have made the John Salzer Seed Co. leaders among seedmen, such as fine vegetables and vegetable seeds, are exhibited to perfection, and then there is an endless array of farm seeds, corns, wheats, oats, rye, barley, and vetch, lupine, lathyrus, scaline, amber can, kafir corn, Jerusalem corn and hundreds of other varieties of seeds and crops on exhibition. Particular notice is due to their marvelous collection of heavy cropping potatoes, their \$1,000 oat, just imported from Russia, and Silver King barley, cropping in 500 different places in America in 1895, over 100 bushels per acre.

The car is visited daily by hundreds, yea we may say thousands of people, and nothing so catches the eye and rivets the attention of the farmer than the great bed of different varieties of grasses, clovers and fodder plants that are exhibited in one end of the car, or as one great fairman of Elgin, Ill., said upon seeing this magnificent display of grasses, "I have seen the World's Fair and Barnum's Circus, but this exhibit beats them all!"

It is only possible in a newspaper article to give but a faint idea of the beauty and attractiveness of this car. It must be seen to be appreciated but it only strengthens the idea amongst farmers and others that a firm that can exhibit such excellent products, grown from their own seeds, on their own farms, is the firm to tie to when you want choice northern grown seeds. Seeds that never disappoint! They issue a large catalogue of farm and vegetable seeds which is mailed to any address upon receipt of 5 cents, for postage.

THE SALZER SEED EXHIBIT CAR.

The real amen always has the ring of money in it.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and 25¢ bottle free. Will send to Dr. Kline, 333 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

There is pleasure and profit and no small satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

It is so easy to remove corns with Hinderecans that we would not many will endure them. Get Hinderecans and see how nicely it takes them off.

Acrometers were first described by Baum in 1768. Hundreds of little ones owe their lives to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, the sovereign cure for cramp and all other throat or lung diseases.

Unless praying is done on praying ground it is breath wasted.

"Brown's Bronchial Treecher" are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Carry them in your pocket.

People who blow their own horns make poor music for other folks.

FOR SALE. California and Nevada olive, almond and English walnut lands at \$25 per acre; live acres will make you independent for life. Payments \$2.50 per month. CALIFORNIA COLONIZATION CO., Suite 325, 315 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Overfeeding is quite as common as starvation, but it is quite as good a preventive of egg laying.

The soothing, lung-healing virtues of the newly cut pine are all embodied in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the sovereign remedy for coughs and colds, and lung troubles of all sorts.

The great question, after all, is this: Will the new woman be responsible for the old man's woe?

"I was troubled with that dreadful disease called dropsy; swollen from head to foot. Burdock Blood Bitters has completely cured me. It is a most wonderful medicine." Joseph Herlick, Linwood, Ont.

Do you scratch and scratch, and wonder what's the matter? Doan's Ointment will instantly relieve and permanently cure any itchy disease of the skin, no matter of how long standing.

The street railway is a development of the tramroad which was in use three centuries ago. The principle was utilized in Ancient Egypt.

## SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the most fastidious and its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, it is many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. A reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

ADVERTISEMENTS. 50c & \$1. Advertisements. 50c & \$1. Advertisements. 50c & \$1.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Send for particulars. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY COGNAC? PRODUCE, sell your products and write to us for information how to make big money on the produce in the purchase of corn on margin. Information and book on application. C. K. VAN WINKLE & CO., 221 LaSalle St., Chicago.

Patents, Trade-Marks. Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide" or "How to Get a Patent." Practice Office, Washington, D.C.

HAIR BALSAM. Clear the scalp, soothe the hair, promote a luxuriant growth. Hair Dressing. Hair to the Youthful Color. Hair and Scalp. Hair and Scalp. Hair and Scalp.

GRIND YOUR OWN CORN. NEAL, OYSTER, SUGAR, Graham Flour, and Corn in the 5 HAND MILL. 100 per cent more made in keeping. Wilson Bros., Easton, Pa.

MAKERS OF THE DOUBLE WARP AMERICAN BUNTING FLAGS. STRENGTH OF MATERIAL & WORKMANSHIP. BEST PRODUCED.

THE AEROMOTOR CO. does half the work of windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/10 what it was. It has many branches in every State. It makes Pumping and other machinery. It makes Pumping and other machinery. It makes Pumping and other machinery.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

IF you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3.25, \$3.00, \$2.75, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00, \$1.75 for boys.

TARE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 20 cents to pay carriage. State kind and style of shoe (cap or plain), size, and width. Our Catalog Dept. will fill your order. Send for new illustrated Catalogue to Box 11.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

IF you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

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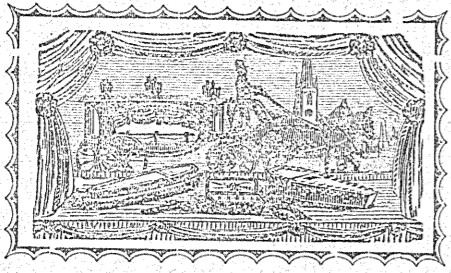
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# UNDERTAKING.



We have in stock a large supply of Undertakers goods. The latest styles of Shrine caskets also Metallic caskets.

## WE GUARANTEE EMBALMING

In the latest art. We use the Artesial embalming fluid the best manufactured. We make no extra charge in taking care of your deceased friend. I live over my furniture store and am ready both night and day to attend your call. We would be pleased to attend to your wants in our line of business. We will make our prices to suit you.

J. S. McNair, Martin Anthes.  
CASS CITY.

## Still the demand for "WAR CHOP TEA"

Increases. Many of our old customers on 35 and 50c. Tea are using it now as it costs only 25c. and is giving splendid satisfaction.

## We are headquarters for Ladies' Underwear

From 25c. up. Also shawl fascinators and a general line of Dry Goods, Men's Felt Boots, Socks and Rubbers, Men's Women's and Childrens articles. Pants, Overalls, Duck Coats, Mackinaws, Etc. Ask for Coupons on our Silverware on cash purchasers. We want your trade and will try and use you well.

LAING & JANES.

## Get Your

JOB PRINTING done at the ENTERPRISE Office.

All work done neatly and at right prices.

—ALSO A FULL LINE OF—

## STATIONERY, PENS, PENCILS, ETC.

See our samples of

Wedding Invitations,  
Fine Corresponding Stationery,  
Folders, Cards, Etc.

## THE FENTON NORMAL

## COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

Is equal to the best schools in the land.

## A THOROUGH TRAINING SCHOOL

For Business, Shorthand, Telegraphy, Teaching, Elocution or Music. Under the present management. A thoroughly up-to-date school. For late announcement address

## W. A. STEVENSON,

Ph. B. A. M., Prin., Fenton, Mich.

### 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 30 DAYS before the date of each 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. Cents 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.

### To All Concerned.

Something of Special Interest to all Our Readers.

On and after the first day of February, 1906, all subscriptions to the ENTERPRISE must be paid in advance.

We have reached this decision after long deliberation, but believe it to be the better plan for our subscribers as well as ourselves.

Statements will be sent to each subscriber in arrears and we expect them to settle up as soon as possible.

Notice will be sent out to subscribers a short time previous to the expiration of their subscriptions in order that they may not overlook their renewals.

We trust all will take kindly to this new system and we shall ever endeavor to make the ENTERPRISE the people's paper.

Yours Truly,  
A. A. P. McDOWELL,  
Publisher.

### MAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

All the Cheat-Chat from the County Round About Briefly Told For Busy Readers.

#### NOVISTA.

Mrs. M. Race, who has been quite ill, is some better at the present writing.

E. P. Smith has disposed of his work team to a man in Cass City. Price \$75.

Mrs. Paul and daughter are visiting the former's daughter in Saginaw this week.

Miss Mary Warner is taking lessons on enlarging portraits from A. J. Hall at present.

Mrs. Blanche Parker arrived home from Kalamazoo last week for a short visit with friends here.

Wm. Ashby, of Butler, Ind., returned home Monday after visiting his daughter, Mrs. D. Livingston, of this place.

The Christmas tree at the brick school-house Wednesday was well attended and all had a good time. A fine programme of recitations, dialogues and music was given. Too much praise cannot be given to the Sunday School Superintendent and others who took part in the evening's entertainment.

#### WILKOT.

W. W. Ford was in Caro on business Monday.

Mrs. C. E. Rolph is visiting her mother in Boston, Mass.

Wm. Frankford and wife did business in our town Friday.

The L. O. T. M. goat had five candidates to initiate last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Calkins are visiting friends in Pigeon this week.

Sarah and Mary Davis spent the holidays with friends in Dryden.

Mr. and Mrs. Raworth were visiting their son, Fred, in Pigeon last week.

#### EAST GRANT.

Christmas entertainment at the home of Mrs. Jas. Young. The friends were invited to a four o'clock dinner and it need not be said they were there on time and after a sumptuous repast retired to the parlor where a well loaded tree with presents for old and young.

A program had been prepared and Master Wellington McDonald was appointed to take the chair. The opening piece was an instrumental solo by Miss Millie Young, then an address by D. Mc Donald, a violin duet by Mr. and Mrs. George Young, next a recitation by Alvia McDonald, then an address by Miss Millie Young, a duet by Wellington and Alvia McDonald, instrumental music by Mr. and Mrs. G. Young, a song by Mildred Young, a solo by Mrs. D. Mc Donald, and a Christmas song by all, after which the presents were distributed and all went home satisfied and happy.

#### AN OBSERVER.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine that I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. of T. H. Fritz, druggist.

### ELLENWOOD.

Bad roads again after our thaw. School began Monday after a week's vacation.

Prospects of winter again Monday. Quite a fall of snow.

Jno. Crane had relatives from Ontario visiting last week.

"A green Christmas a white Easter" so goes the old adage.

Fred Montague is spending this week with relatives in Caro.

Mr. Shea's family spent Christmas in Dayton, their former home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of Caro, spent Christmas with W. V. Hargreaves.

Murray Holman, of Bay City, is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. A. Lockwood.

Wm. Ostrander, of Grand Rapids, visited W. A. Lockwood's on Tuesday last.

Mrs. H. Doggo is spending the holidays with relatives in the southern part of the state.

Mrs. Perry, from near Holly, is visiting her son, N. Perry, also her daughter, Mrs. Bert Stone.

There will be no preaching in the school-house next Sunday in the afternoon but revival services will begin in the evening.

Mr. Ira Hayes, of Elmwood, was married last Wednesday to the youngest daughter of Henry Dunn, of Ellington.

A tin-pan and cow-bell company called on them Friday night but did not succeed in getting any pay for the noise they made.

The following copied from a Battle Creek paper will be of interest to some of our readers as the bride had numerous friends in this part: "Monday evening the 23rd at seven o'clock, a few intimate friends and relatives assembled at the home of Mr. J. H. Gilman, 209 Champion St., to witness the marriage of Miss Olevia Burnett and Mr. David A. Towle. The ceremony was pronounced by the chaplain of the Sanitarium, L. McCoy, after which came hearty congratulations from all present. The young couple took their departure the evening of the 24th for Boulder, Colo., where they will connect themselves with the Sanitarium at that place. Their many friends join in the best wishes for their future happiness and success."

### DEFOUD.

Mrs. Lo Matoon visits at Dryden.

Mrs. Elisha Allen visits friends in Canada.

Rose Valentine, of Dryden, visits friends in this locality.

Wheat and rye came out from under the snow looking fine.

Dandelions in bloom on Christmas Day were seen this year.

There will be lots of potatoes lost as a result of the late overflow.

Last Christmas was a dull one. Lack of silver was no doubt the cause.

Water found its way into cellars last week that never knew moisture before.

Orrin Stovell has rented his "hoe lands" and will labor in old Oakland next year.

John Cuijer, of Jeddo, St. Clair Co., was up here last week feeding us "wind padding."

Henry Stephens, of Waterford, ex-mercant of this place, was with us last week.

James Bailey and wife, of Highland Station, are visiting old friends in the neighborhood.

A legal twist last Thursday between Merchant Croop and farmer Withey. The latter came off second best.

Let every man who is not a citizen of this country "get there" right away if he intends to make this his home.

Complaints of high taxes are heard on every hand. But, pshaw! if we did not have that to worry us there would be something else. What difference will it make a hundred years from now?

Bob Ingersoll's new lecture is entitled "The Foundation of Faith." We have read "Bob" lengthwise and crosswise and the only thing we could see that he had faith in was the republican party. We expect to find more politics than religion in the lecture.

Deford and vicinity have suffered a loss in the removal of Elder McCreeby from here to Elkton. He has been pastor here for the past three years and as time lengthened, his worth not only as a minister but as a neighbor and citizen became more apparent. Elkton has a man that will give in favor with her people.

The funeral of Charles Goodin, Sr., one and one-half miles south of Novesta, took place at his late residence on Christmas Day. He moved from Ontario to this part of Michigan about ten years ago. He was about 65 years of age. He leaves a wife and four children, two sons grown to manhood and a little boy and girl of tender years. We learn that the remains were interred at the home in a family burying ground.

"Better After Coughing Fifty Years" Vassar, Mich., Feb. 3, 1894.

Dear Sir—I heartily recommend your Pine Root Cough Syrup. I have had a Cough for about (fifty) years and have tried a great many kinds of cough remedies, but found none to equal Pine Root Cough Syrup. It has relieved me when all else failed. Mrs. Lillie McMillen.

### SHABRONA.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phillips, a daughter on the 20th.

Wm. Dunlap and Anson Proctor shot a fox last Friday. It was a red one.

Who is the weather prophet that can tell us what the weather is going to be.

Mrs. Archie Hyatt is in Canada visiting her old home and friends at present.

John Lorenzo is at work on his job underbrushing for Mr. Burns at present.

A common remark among the farmers is: Taxes are away up in "G" this year.

We see Miss Ola Proctor at the store again looking as hale and hearty as ever.

The water in Cass River is higher at Parrott's mill now than at any time last spring.

John Brown and Miss Heath were united in wedlock last Sunday by Rev. Mr. Schroeder.

Town Treasurer Stone is having lots of company on Fridays of late and he is the man to look after their lucre.

The Ladies' Aid, called "Willing Workers" meet at the residence of Mrs. E. Phetoplace next Tuesday, the 30th.

It is reported that Lew Houghton and Miss Emma Krouse, of Argyle, were married last Friday. Wish them much joy.

H. Vanorman's horses have been having a slight attack of pink eye but are getting better as also one of Thomas Brown's, the other having died.

There is a strong rumor around that August Libkuman is coming back to Michigan. He went to Virginia a little over a year ago. He probably thinks that Michigan is not the worst place that a man can live in.

Hello! Bro. of Deford. Having occasion to do some business at the township clerk's office the present week, the thought struck us to look over the records and see how Uncle Jimmie spelled his name and there it stands "James McHugh" in a fine and manly hand, and we also see it on a fine headstone that marks his last resting place in the cemetery "McHugh" and our "intension" is to write it McHugh just the same.

### 444 ETOVN.

The Cooley-Moden hog case was settled out of court.

Rev. C. Krebs was in Saginaw the 23th on business.

The unclaimed letters in the post-office for December is just one.—James Hall.

Mrs. James Snody, of Whitmore, was the guest of her parents, R. Armstrong, New Year's day.

The storm Tuesday just played havoc with our sleighing and the roads are almost impassible.

There is some prospect of our having a brick and tile plant established here the coming spring.

On account of the storm the G. A. R.'s installation and entertainment had to be postponed till the 15th.

On account of the storm, the Farmer's Club to meet at R. S. Brown's on Monday night was postponed.

Mrs. R. Armstrong received a dispatch Tuesday from her son, Andrew, that their New Year's gift was a young son and all doing well.

H. A. Gifford and A. J. Palmer had their invoices completed Jan. 1st and J. M. Young & Co. will have theirs completed by Saturday and then we'll see what the boys have been doing.

Court Elm, 1021, I. O. F., elected the following officers Saturday night: C. R. R. Duclon; V. C. R. Geo. Wald, Jr.; F. S. Jas. G. Lehman; S. Jno. Karner; Chap. R. S. Brown; Woodwards, Wm. E. Brown and Chas. Dalby; leaders Eli Carr, P. Pahrenkopf; Phy. Wm. Morris; Court Deputy, Marcus Bartholomew; Kep. R. Duclon; Alternate, R. S. Brown. Installation Wednesday, Jan. 5th, at 5 o'clock p. m. Public invited.

The Maccaebes held their annual election of officers on the 28th, after which an appetizing repast was spread by the Lady Bees. About one hundred partook with evident relish, after which there was instrumental and vocal music and speaking by members of the tent. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Commander, S. Calley; L. Com. H. Crawford; R. K. R. Halleck; Finance Keepe, R. Boulton; Physicians, Drs. Lyman and Donovan; Sergeant, Thomas Finkle; F. M. G. A. Burton; S. M. G., T. Bushlow; P. Frank Wilson; S. A. Bingham. The tent and also live are each in a flourishing condition and each expect to add a goodly number of members during the new year.

A Valuable Prescription. Editor Morrison of Washington, Ia. D. "Sun" writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for Constipation, and Sick Headache and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stale, 2625 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down and could not eat or digest food, had a backache which never left her and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her to health and renewed her strength. Price 50c and \$1.00. Get a bottle at T. H. Fritz, druggist.

### WEST GRANT.

Who says we have no snow? Here it is knee deep.

Luke Welsh was a caller in town Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. John McVicar ate turkey at Mr. McDonald's Christmas.

Melvin Harp returned to his home in Capac after visiting a week with his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Matthew and Miss Sarah McVicar visited at Chas. Hartwell's Sunday evening.

### CASEVILLE.

Happy New Year to all.

Sam S. Owen is in town again.

Mr. and Mrs. Luderman are in Detroit visiting.

Mrs. R. Morrison and sons returned home Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Orr, of Bay Port, visited in town last week.

Ye editor of the Critic returned on Monday from Dakota.

Phonograph social at T. B. Woodworth's New Year's eve.

Miss Kittie Singleton is home from Pontiac for a short time.

Misses May and Irene Holstein are visiting old friends in town this week.

Wm. Cakna must have left his best girl at Sobewaga. He is so anxious to get back.

Will Singleton and Mr. McKendrick give a dance in the Maccaabee Hall, New Year's eve. The L. O. T. M. furnish the supper.

Miss Etta Symonds, who has been spending her vacation with her mother in Caseville, returned to Sobewaga on New Year's day to resume her school duties there.

Rob McKinley was a success as Santa Claus, in fact everything connected with the exercises in the Presbyterian Church on Christmas eve was a success. Especially the music by the orchestra, which was very fine.

Some of our young ladies have been making use of the telephone. Girls, do not forget that you are respected as you respect yourselves, and have a good time, but do not forget to be ladies. Young men do not want a hoyden for a wife, no matter how much they may flatter you now. Leap year tricks do not look nice at other times.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

Mortgage Sale.

Defiant having been made for more than thirty days in the payment of money due for interest and secured by a certain mortgage made and executed by Edwin Kerr and Minnie F. Kerr his wife, to Luther E. Karr, dated the first day of November, 1891, in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Tuscola, Michigan, in Book 59 of Mortgages on page 122. That by reason of said interest money having become due and the same not being paid, the sum of one thousand six hundred and eighty dollars and eighty cents is hereby declared to be due and payable, and the mortgagee is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises in said mortgage, the sum of one thousand six hundred and eighty dollars and eighty cents, New Year's day, 1906, at one o'clock in the afternoon at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, Tuscola County, Michigan. (Said court house being the place where the said mortgage premises are described in the said mortgage substantially as follows to-wit: The south half of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section two, (2) township number fourteen (14), north range eleven (11) east, being the township of Elkton, in the County of Tuscola, State of Michigan. Said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, the costs of foreclosure and interest that may accrue on said mortgage between the date of this notice and the day of sale above mentioned. 12-6-05

Dated December 5th, 1905.  
J. D. BROOKER, LUTHER E. KARR,  
Attorney for Mortgagee. Mortgagee.

Societies.

I. O. F.

COURT ELKLAND, No. 235, I. O. F., meets on 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

ED. BROTHERTON, C. R. F. RIDGEWAY, REG. SECRETARY.

I. O. O. F.

CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

W. J. CAMPBELL, Secretary  
WM. BENTLEY, N. G.

K. O. T. M.

CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first and 7th Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.

E. W. KEATING, Commander.  
SAM E. BIGELOW, Record Keeper.

L. O. L.

CASS CITY LODGE, No. 214, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

D. J. LANDON, W. M.  
GEO. W. SEED, Secretary

## Landon, Eno & Keating

Are now prepared to furnish

Artificial Stone Sills,  
POTATO CRATES AND

Patent Adjustable Gables.

They will take a back seat from none in work usually done at a

First-class Planing Mill,

Near Depot, Cass City.

### Professional Cards.

#### I. A. FRITZ,

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

#### A. A. SPENZIE,

Auctioneer, Cass City, Mich. Sales of all kinds promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales solicited from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ENTERPRISE. 8-3-04

#### J. D. BROOKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Reference, Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in Second story of Exchange Bank Block, Cass City, Mich.

## 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.

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

## Holidays Goods.

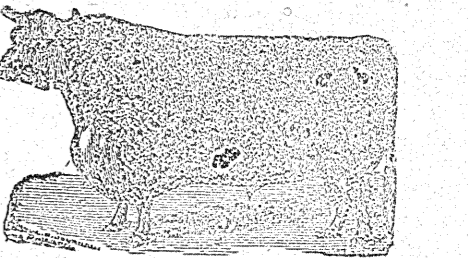
MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE

and a share of your patronage is solicited.

## Something extra in China-ware.

Also Lamp Goods, Dressing Cases, Albums, and a large assortment in other lines of Holiday Goods.

## JAS. TENNANT.



Choice Cuts of Fresh Meats always to be had at the Red Front Meat Market, HENRY BECKER, Prop.

## Latest Fall Styles

Just received, which will be given customers

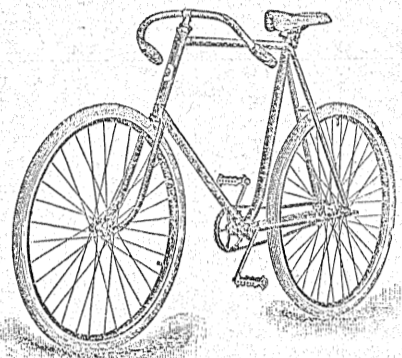
At Prices that are Right.

## WILSON HARRISON, TAILOR.



Central Meat Market.

Meats of all kinds nicely served. Stock bought for eastern markets. Schwaderer Bros., Props.



365 Days  
Ahead of  
Them All.

19 lbs.

## Keating Bicycles.

See That Curve!

In the center frame tube? That's a stiffer. That's the reason Keating's do not break. Think what you would like a Bicycle to be, and send for catalogue.

Keating Wheel Co.,

Holyoke, Mass.

Don't Grab

At Straws!

When you are floundering in the advertising sea, but catch a firm hold on a

LIFE - PRESERVER

An advertisement in the columns of

THE  
CASS CITY ENTERPRISE

will reach the masses in and about Cass City and act as a life preserver to your business. We have advertising space for sale at reasonable, not cheap rates.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

**THE WHITE BICYCLES**

**Speed, Strength and Sterling Worth**

Characterize the "White."

\* \* \* \* \*

NONE SO STRONGLY APPEAL TO THE EXPERIENCED RIDER AS MEETING EVERY REQUIREMENT OF A PERFECT MOUNT.

THE EMBODIMENT OF BEAUTY, GRACEFUL DESIGN, LIGHTNESS AND DURABILITY

\* \* \* \* \*

Four Styles—List \$75 and \$100.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROTECTION ASSURED.

OUR HANDSOME CATALOGUE YOURS FOR THE ASKING.

\* \* \* \* \*

White Sewing Machine Co.  
BICYCLE DEPARTMENT.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MANUFACTURED BY THE  
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

### THE DYING YEAR.

My door stands open wide tonight  
In token of a parting guest,  
Who twelve months since, with keen delight,  
I welcomed to my homely nest.

He stands there now, wan, wasted, old,  
His race quite run, his mission o'er,  
And when the midnight hour is tolled,  
We part, to meet on earth no more.

He came to me in merry guise,  
With hopes and promises no few,  
Ah, who could look within those eyes  
And deem that they were all untrue!

But expectations all have fled,  
The promises are broken, too,  
The hopes lie withered, crushed and dead—  
Not one of all but proved untrue.

And there he stands, decrepit, wan,  
Who came to me a merry elf,  
A few sands more he will be gone,  
And with him gone part of myself.

So come and go the passing years  
That bear us to the silent sea,  
But bright with smiles or dim with tears,  
They come in love, dear Lord, from thee.  
—Christian Work.

### A NEW YEAR ROMANCE

"You may talk as much as you please," said Muriel Vane, nodding her curly head, "but I'm going to receive company in the parlor on New Year's day. Why shouldn't I? Every other girl does."

"It's a sinful, wicked waste of time," said Mrs. Vane, "when the quilting is so behindhand and there's such a deal of sewing to be done."

"But life isn't all for work," pleaded Muriel. "And Mr. Clifton is coming all the way from the city in his sleigh to see me. Oh, mother, please let me have a loaf of homemade cake and some red apples and real cream for the coffee! Just for this once! It's only one day in the year. Do, mother!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, who was one of those aggravating women who make up their minds on the least possible grounds and then pride themselves on adhering to their word. "I've said no, and I mean no. When I was a young girl I wasn't setting my cap at every fellow that came along."

"Mother," cried Muriel, in an agony of wounded pride, "do you mean to say that I do such a thing?"

"You think a deal too much of the beaus anyway," said old Mrs. Vane, screwing up her thin lips. "And I'm going to break up that sort of thing. See if I don't!"

It was with difficulty that Muriel Vane, naturally a high tempered girl, checked the indignant retort that rose to her lips. Surely, surely, it was not right that she, a girl of 18, who was earning her own living by teaching in the district school, should be treated like a child of 8; that her tyrannical old mother should place no confidence whatever in her sense of right and delicacy. Up to this time she had rendered the tribute of an unwilling obedience to Mrs. Vane's behests, and now she felt that the moment for just rebellion had come. She felt that she could not live any longer in this cramped, niggardly sort of way, with the very lumps of sugar for her tea meted out to her, one by one, and the pippin apples for her lunch dealt sparingly forth, as if each one were molded in gold. Mrs. Vane took her lamp away at 9 o'clock every night. She dictated to poor Muriel as to the very color of her dresses and the number of yards which she might purchase for them; in fact, the girl scarcely dared to think for herself. Could she live thus always? she asked herself. Was it right that she should?

"At all events, mother," said Muriel, speaking in a low, determined tone, "I shall receive my friends on New Year's day! It is my privilege, and I claim it!"

"Humph!" was the contemptuous rejoinder, but there was a world of meaning in it.

So Muriel retraced her one black silk dress and bought a new ribbon sash and baked a great, golden New Year's cake filled with plums and studded all through with translucent bars of citron and herself bargained with the grocer for two pounds of real Java coffee with as little adulteration of Rio, Maracibo and chicory as he could bring himself to concoct.

"I can use the china that my grandmother Vane left me in her will," thought Muriel. "That, at least, is mine, although mother would never allow me to unpack it!"

She was busy decorating the walls of the little parlor with laurel leaves and long, dark green trails of prince's pine on New Year's eve, when her mother came into the room.

"Muriel," said she, "I want to send some dressed chickens and a peck of those golden pippins to your Aunt Dora at the lighthouse. Jenkins' boy is ready with the boat, but he's such a limb that I don't, for the life of me, dare to trust him with the apples and the bag of hickory nuts. I want you to go and ask Aunt Dora for the pattern of the new bedquilt—the Philadelphia pavement, you know."

"Very well, mother," said Muriel in the old submissive way. "But isn't it rather late?"

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Vane. "Why, the sun is an hour high yet. You'll be back long before dark if Jenkins' boy is spry with the oars."

Aunt Dora, Mrs. Vane's only sister, was a worthy scion of the family tree—tall, masculine and hard featured. She had always taken the entire charge of White Reefs lighthouse, even although the official appointment was conferred upon her husband, and when one day that public servant departed this life, things went on precisely the same. Muriel was not fond of her Aunt Dora, and her Aunt Dora regarded her as a "poor, chicken hearted creature—Vane all over." But Muriel did feel sorry for the lonely old woman, and she thought that over a pair of fowls and a few apples—this unwonted manifestation of sisterly feeling—were worth carrying to White Reefs. So she made haste to don her

wadded cloak and little fur edged hood, and to draw on the scarlet woolen mittens, which she herself had knitted during those long, dreary winter evenings when she and her mother sat in silence opposite each other, for Mrs. Vane never invited any company, and gave her neighbors but scant welcome when they came of their own accord.

"Jenkins' boy" was ready with the boat, a small, ferret eyed youngster, with an intensely frolicked face and a furtive, sidewise glance, which Muriel always distrusted; and as they glided out over the water, already dyed with the orange reflection of sunset, in the direction of White Reefs lighthouse, Muriel leaned her chin in her hands and thought of Mr. Clifton.

What would her mother say if she knew it all—that Paul Clifton loved her—that he was coming to ask for her at the maternal hands the very next day.

"It will be of no use," she thought sadly. "Mother will say no. She desires me to marry Squire Sedley, who is bald and deaf and twice my age, and who only wants me because his housekeeper has struck for higher wages and he thinks a wife would be better economy. But we can wait, Paul and I. We will wait."

And then they ran up alongside the tall, spectral cylinder of the lighthouse, for the tide was high and landing was comparatively easy, and Muriel sprang lightly out of the boat, looking up at the fiery eye in the lantern above.

"Give me the bag and the basket, Tommy," said she. "Steady with the boat! Now I'll be back in one minute."

So the orange glow had burned down into a deep red radiance, and the dark shadows of the New Year's eve were creeping over all the glassy surface of the sea.

Aunt Dora was at home. In fact, Aunt Dora never was anywhere else. Her own society, little as other people cared for it, was all sufficient for herself.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Aunt Dora, as unconcerned as if she lived on dry land and was in the habit of seeing company every hour in the day. She was turning stockings by her own special little lamp, and the tempo already simmered on the hob for her tea. "Anything the matter? Because I couldn't leave the light if it was ever so."

"I have brought you a note from my mother. Something about the pattern of a bedquilt, I believe. And some chickens and apples and a bag of fresh hickory nuts."

Aunt Dora read the note once, twice, three times over. Then she regarded Muriel in a sinister fashion from under her thick, black brows, while the girl played unconsciously with the cat.

"Humph!" said she. "Yes, I'll go and get the pattern!"

She was gone some time—half an hour, at least, as it seemed to Muriel, and when she came back, the girl started up.

"It is nearly dark," she said. "I must make haste home."

"Well you needn't be in such a hurry," said Aunt Dora, with a grim chuckle. "I've sent the pattern by Tommy Jenkins. He's half way to shore by this time."

Muriel uttered a little shriek. "And how am I to get home?" she cried.

"You ain't to get home at all," said Aunt Dora. "You're to stay and spend the New Year with me. That's what your mother said in her note."

"But I shall not!" exclaimed Muriel, stamping her foot vehemently. "I must go home! I expect company tomorrow."

"Sit down and be easy—do!" said Aunt Dora. "Must is for the king. I'd like to know how on earth you're to get home, with only one boat at the steps, and that padlocked tight, with the key sunk at the bottom of my pocket!"

And Aunt Dora laughed a hard, dissonant laugh that was like the croak of a raven.

For a moment Muriel gazed wildly around like a newly caged bird, then she burst into tears and sobs.

"It is all a stratagem of mother's!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I might have known it! I might have known it!"

And that night at the White Reefs lighthouse, with the melancholy sea lapping the foot of the tower and the wind whistling around the steady glow of the beacon, was the dreariest that Muriel ever spent in her life.

"You ain't good company tonight," said Aunt Dora, glancing at her niece over and anon between the stitches of her darning.

"Because you have deceived me!" cried Muriel. "You and mother!"

"Humph!" said Aunt Dora. "It's all for your own good. You'll thank us one of these days. Girls oughtn't to have their own way."

But Muriel only wept on and refused to be comforted.

She went down to the foot of the tower, the next day, and sat there, her cloak wrapped about her shoulders, listlessly gazing out on the sparkling floor of the deep.

"Is that a boat coming?" she asked herself. "With one man in it? Is it coming here, I wonder?"

Nearer and nearer came the boat, rocking lightly on the surface of the waves, and presently Muriel started up, with a cry of joy.

For it was Paul Clifton waving his hand to her, as he came ever nearer and nearer.

"A happy New Year, sweet Muriel!" he called out as the boat touched the stone steps. "I am the enchanted knight come to rescue you from the prison tower!"

"How did you know I was here?" said Muriel, with sparkling eyes and velvety cheeks dyed with crimson.

"Your mother was entirely noncommittal," said Clifton gayly. "I could learn nothing whatsoever from her except that you were well and were not receiving company. But I was fortunate enough to meet Tommy Jenkins, who, for the consideration of a silver quarter, ignominiously turned state's evidence.

And here I am, my sweetheart! Will you come with me?"

"Of course I will," said Muriel, springing lightly into the boat. "But where?"

"To be married," said Mr. Paul Clifton. "It is high time that this system of tyranny was broken up. My little Muriel must be mine and mine alone henceforward. Do you not agree with me?"

And Muriel answered: "Yes."

Aunt Dora got to the window just in time to shriek an ineffectual summons to the pair in the fast receding boat.

"It's no use," said Aunt Dora, drawing a long breath. "When a girl is in love, she is neither to hold nor to bind. I've done the best I could. Meritabile can't blame me!"

Two hours later Muriel walked into the old brown roofed house on the shore, leaning on Paul Clifton's arm.

"Mother," said she to the amazed Mrs. Vane, who fully believed that she was "dressing her weird" in the solitary lighthouse tower. "I am married! And this is my husband. Will you forgive us, please? For I am so very, very happy today that I do not want a living soul to be at variance with me!"

And so Muriel signed her declaration of independence, and became Paul Clifton's wife upon this glorious sunshiny New Year's day. And Mrs. Vane and Aunt Dora were compelled to confess themselves outwitted and to accept their defeat with as good grace as possible.

"Fate is fate," said Aunt Dora grimly.

"And I wash my hands of the whole concern," said Mrs. Vane.

But Paul and Muriel were serenely happy. And what mattered aught else? —New York Ledger.

Begging Bread and Cheese.

Scotch children of the poorer class in small towns still beg on New Year's eve from door to door at the houses of wealthier families for a dole of oat bread, calling out "Hogmanay" or some of the local rhymes which are given in Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," such as:

Hogmanay,  
Trololay,  
Give us of your white bread  
And none of your gray!

They also beg for cheese, which they call "hog-money," and Brand's "Popular Antiquities" gives this begging rhyme used by Scotch children:

Get up, guide wife, and binno sweir;  
Deal cakes and cheese while ye are here,  
For the time will come when ye'll be dead  
And neither need your cheese nor bread.

As the children on these forays are swathed in great sheets formed into a deep bag or pouch to carry the oatcake they form quite a mummified and fantastic appearance on the by streets and lanes. —Independent.

New Year's In 1790.

New Year's day, 1790, was one of special interest to those who delight in tracing facts concerning this method of celebration. President Washington, then in the first year of his first term, lived at the Franklin House, in Cherry street, New York.

The city was then a little Dutch town of cobblestones and gardens, containing about 1,400 houses and 20,000 people, most of whom were tradesmen and mechanics of very limited means.

The president had lived among them several months, but most of them had held aloof through the awe inspired by his great character and his high office. But on this New Year's day a great number of them put on their best cocked hats, their Sunday wigs and all their best clothes and called upon the president. —Philadelphia Times.

Some Good and Bad Omens.

To meet a red haired person on first getting up indicates a dull day in business, and if such a one cross your door on New Year's day you will have an unlucky year. While making a trade, if a cross eyed person looks at you, it indicates that the bargain will be unprofitable. To hear a cricket chirp is good luck, and it is always a welcome sound under the hearthstone of the farmer's house. —Exchange.

A New Epoch.

As the sun completes his annual revolution through the heavens by touching the southern solstice, and then commences his return to northern latitudes, man is compelled to recognize a new epoch in his own career and is reminded to pause a moment for earnest reflection in order to gather wisdom from vanished months and to forecast the signs of the future. —Christian Work.

Japan's Common Birthday.

The first of the year is really a sort of double festival in Japan, for the Japanese, like the Chinese, reckon their age from that date. A child born 24 hours before New Year's day is called 1 year old on that day, so that it is the birthday of all the Japanese people. —New York Advertiser.

Love and Charity.

If you can make love and charity in your heart chord with the last song of the choir sings New Year's day, you can make up your mind that you are a pretty good man after all. —Kearney Journal.

A Song of the Season.

I love no rest but a nut brown toast  
And a crab layde in the fyre;  
A little bread shall do me stead—  
Much breade I not desire.  
No froste nor snow, no winde, I trowe,  
Can hurt mee if I wolle.  
I am so wrapt and thronly-lapt  
Of jolly good ale and oile.

Back and syde go bare, go bare;  
Both foote and hand, go colde;  
But bolly God send thee good ale inough,  
Whether it be new or olde.

With sober cheerfulness the grandam eyes  
Her offspring round her, all in health and  
peace,  
And, thankful that she's spared to see this day  
Return once more, breathes low a sacred  
prayer  
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.  
—Selected.

### SOME PRICES THAT WIN!

|                                |                  |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| Parlor Stoves                  | \$2.00 to \$4.00 |
| Parlor Cook Stoves             | 8.00 to 15.00    |
| Kitchen Cook Stoves            | 8.00 to 50.00    |
| Nickled Plated Tea Kettles     | 75c. to 1.50     |
| Nickled Plated Tea Pots        | 50c. to 1.00     |
| Nickled Plated Coffee Pots     | 50c. to 1.00     |
| Crystalized Zinc stove boards. | 50c. to 1.00     |
| Oil Cloth Table Rugs           | 25c. to 1.50     |
| Oil Cloth Table Rugs           | 1.00 to 1.50     |
| Foot Warmers                   | 35c.             |
| Soap Stone Pancake Griddle     | 75c. to 1.00     |
| Boys and Men's skates          | 25c. to 1.00     |
| Ladies' Skates                 | 75c. to 1.00     |
| Lamp Oil Stoves                | 75c. to 1.00     |
| Boys Pocket Knives             | 5 to 25c.        |
| Men's Pocket Knives            | 25c. to 1.00.    |

### DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

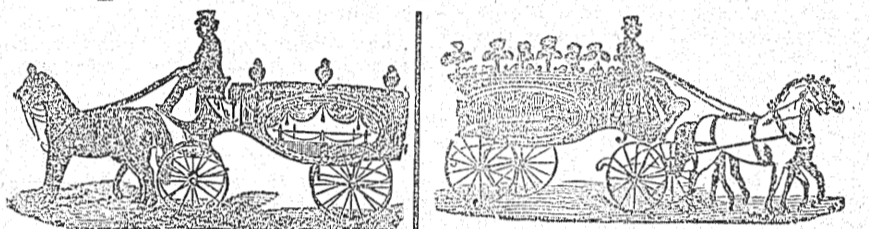
An endless quality of handkerchiefs 25 to 1.00; Men's Neck Scarfs 20c to 1.00; Ladies' Fascinators 50c to 1.00; Children's Hoods 25c to 75c; Ladies' wool mitts, also silk 20c to 1.00; Ladies' Shawls 1.00 to 5.00; Table Scarfs 75c to 1.00. And any quantity and at any price for comfortables and blankets. My Stock of Mens' and Ladies' Felts, Foot wear is complete. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for merchandise.

Wood For Sale—

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

A. A. McKENZIE,

[The] Pioneer Undertaker.



The calamity that has befallen our village in the form of Typhoid Fever has warned me to be forearmed. I have therefore secured Metal Caskets of the most modern invention. They can be shipped to any part of the world without any danger to the public in the worse form of contagious disease. They are so constructed that they can be placed in an ordinary casket and deceased can be viewed at any time while in transit with a guarantee that there is no danger of the disease being communicated. They can be seen at my rooms any time and will gladly explain the modern improvements over others.

A. A. McKENZIE,  
CASS CITY, - - - MOH.

### NEW - OVERCOATS - AND - SUITS

Just Received at

JAMES REAGH'S.

I have just received a new and complete line of

### FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATS

which I am offering at a very small margin over the cost of manufacturing



My line of suits are all new and neat fitting garments, and all desiring a neat and dressy suit at a very low price should not fail to look them over before buying.

I have also a full line of

HATS and CAPS

all in the latest styles. Ties, Gloves, Collars and Cuffs to suit the trade.

JAMES REAGH.



### A Man Gets Tripped Up

Every now and then when he buys a watch. The outside wears off, and he finds the poorest kind of plating. Sometimes the watch gains an hour one day, loses twenty minutes the next, and the third day it won't run at all. To avoid this buy of

Nendrick & Anker.

Cass City Mills

Will be ready to grind buckwheat Nov. 1st. Also will have in place a new

### CORN AND COB CRUSHER

To grind corn and cob for feeding purposes. Corn shelled and ground to suit you.

Feed Ground Every Day.

Remember us with your wheat gristing. We give you more flour and better flour than any mill in the thumb.

Yours for business,  
HELLER BROS.,

IN TWO PENINSULAS.

NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE PENINSULAR STATE.

Condensed Items of Interest Gathered from all Portions of the Commonwealth as the Wolverine State - Michigan, My Michigan.

Michigan Circuit Judges Meet.

The third annual meeting of the Michigan Circuit Judges' association was held at Grand Rapids with about 30 judges in attendance.

Wife Murderer Gets 25 Years.

Frank Forbes, the actor who killed his wife, was sentenced at Charlotte, to hard labor at Jackson for 25 years.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

Berrien county Democrats want a paper. St. Louis has organized a company to help win England.

Theodore A. Johnson was killed by an angry bull near Alma.

Jesse Ludwig, aged 16, was drowned at Fife Lake while skating.

Three mild lunatics have escaped from the Newberry asylum.

Fred Miller, of Sunfield, has been arrested for violating the local option law.

W. H. Allen, a farmer living east of Petoskey, was fatally injured in a runaway.

There is a project on foot to connect Hillman with Lewiston and Alpena by railroad.

Mrs. Rachael Munday, aged 75, fell down stairs at Saginaw and died from her injuries.

The old high school at Allegan was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$6,000; insured for \$3,000.

Charlevoix has granted a franchise for an electric street railway to be built next spring.

Grand Rapids has decided to buy 20 acres of land costing \$45,000, for a site for a public market.

South Haven fruit growers will organize to secure better markets and prices for their fruits.

Burglars made a clean sweep at the Jasper postoffice, stealing letters, stamps and all the supplies.

Two Port Huron policemen, Ross and Collins, were found guilty of misdemeanors and Ross was freed.

Frank Zant, a laborer at Grand Rapids, was killed by a falling chimney and took a fatal dose of morphine.

Coroner Green, of Jackson, put \$138 in greenbacks near a chimney in a Suiaboo box. They caught fire and burned up.

Port Huron citizens investigated the troubles in the late Co. F, and have recommended that a new company be organized.

The Ann Arbor Railroad Co. has a large force of men working night and day on the building the burned shop at Owosso.

Frank Rice and Frank Thompson are charged with forging a check for \$70 in the name of Thompson's father at Durand.

A splinter in her thumb caused Miss Florence Mack, aged 17, of Detroit, to become ill with lockjaw and death soon followed.

Ex-Atty.-Gen. Ellis has paid to the state \$5,218.09—the amount of salary illegally paid him under the fraudulent salaries amendment.

Alex. London, confined in the county jail at Port Huron on account of insanity, committed suicide by hanging himself with a towel. He was considered harmless and was kept in jail owing to the crowded condition of the Pontiac asylum.

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Youths' Fatal Quaver at Saginaw. Fred Tredwell, aged 18, and Chas. Northrup, aged 19, employed on the farm of Wm. Thompson near Saginaw had a quarrel. Northrup fired at Tredwell with a shotgun, the shot taking effect in the abdomen, producing a fatal wound. Mr. Thompson had left the city for the winter, leaving a horse in charge of Northrup. Against the latter's orders Tredwell took the horse, but Northrup followed, but Northrup said he did not shoot until Tredwell attacked him with an ax.

Heavy Loss by Fire at Charlotte.

A most disastrous fire occurred at Charlotte. It started in the Warren block, and quickly spread to the Johnson block, and the interior of both buildings was ruined.

The Calumet store, situated on the Calumet mine location, burned. The building was 30 years old and valued at about \$4,000.

The Kalamazoo river went higher than at any time during the past 10 years. The water was so high that the force of the current seriously threatened the bridges near Galesburg.

Mabel Fishpool, a Grand Rapids domestic, is missing. Her satchel containing jewelry and other belongings, was found on the Fulton street bridge, and it is believed she jumped into the river.

Wm. Doston, colored, deputy sheriff and saloonist at Detroit, was shot and killed by his bartender because Doston accused him of stealing a customer's diamond pin, valued at \$250.

Incendiaries attempted to burn the planing mill of W. A. McArthur, at Cheboygan, but the watchman saved \$50,000 worth of property by extinguishing the blaze with great danger to himself.

The supreme court has decided that the state auditors cannot compromise with those officers who drew an increased salary under the illegal salaries amendment. They must sue for the full amount.

Fr. Nacy, of Hudson, has declared war against the local saloons. He urges his parishioners to become total abstainers, and proposes to make the saloonkeeper either obey the laws or quit the business.

Harry Van Couvers, a horse doctor, has been eking out a precarious living at his profession for years at Blenheim. He was killed by a falling chimney and left him a fortune.

The dam of the Hubbard River Milling Co., and the Tubacco bridge, at Clare, were carried away by the freshet. The loss is about \$6,000. Considerable damage has been done to the Ann Arbor railway road bed.

The state railroad crossing board has approved the map of the new and more direct route of the Ann Arbor road into Alma. It was opposed by the D. L. & N. railroad and the village of St. Louis, but to no purpose.

The notorious Arnold block at Battle Creek, in which Geo. Arnold was murdered, seems to be cursed. Fred Herr, a bartender, died of a falling chimney in a little room on the fourth floor. Suiaboo is the theory universally accepted.

The Michigan Law Stenographers' association held their annual meeting at Grand Rapids with a good representation. The new officers are: President, Chas. H. Bender, secretary-treasurer, Chas. L. Strawbecker, both of Grand Rapids.

The coroner's jury at Flint, which investigated the death of Cynthia Latimer in Theford, returned a verdict that she came to her death by inflammation of the stomach caused by poison administered by her son, John Latimer, and his wife.

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GENERAL MENTION.

BRIEFS GATHERED FROM THE WIRES.

Startling Reports Have Been Received from Cuba Telling of the Insurgents' Approach to Havana and How They Have Outgeneralized the Spaniards.

Recent dispatches from Havana and Tampa told of the rapid progress of the Cuban insurgents into the province of Matanzas in spite of all efforts of the Spanish troops.

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DOINGS OF THE STATESMEN.

MOB HORROR IN KENTUCKY.

A guilty Couple Turned to Death in the Woman's Home.

At Lebanon, Ky., W. A. Devers, a widower with two daughters, having had his life threatened by T. J. West on the charge of intimacy with his wife, killed West three weeks ago and exonerated by the court. Devers then went with his daughter Carrie, 10 years old, to the house of Mrs. West and moved all his effects there.

This caused excitement, which resulted in a mob of 25 masked men calling at the house at midnight and demanding to see Devers. Mrs. West came to the door and said she was soon to give birth to a child and begged them in the name of humanity to go away.

The mob fired shots in the air and the woman went into the house. Devers came to the window and expostulated, but was answered with a volley. Then Carrie Devers, came outside, and pleaded pitifully to save her father. A pistol was thrust in her face, and half frightened to death, she ran to a Negro cabin half a mile away.

The house was then fired and the mob saw through the windows the man and the woman battling the flames and fired at them. As Devers ran out, his hair and clothing on fire and with his single revolver attacked the mob. He was soon riddled with bullets and left there a corpse. The woman was found in the fireplace, her legs and head almost burned off.

2,500 Armenians Killed at Zeitoun. Advice has been received and confirmed of the capture of the town of Zeitoun, 15 miles from Marash, which had been held by the insurgent Armenians for some time past, by the Turkish troops. It is added that the inhabitants of Zeitoun fled to the mountains.

Constantinople: The most obstinate fighting preceded the capture of Zeitoun by the Turks. Semi-official advices say that the Armenians lost 2,500 killed, and that only 250 Turks were killed. The narrow pass between the hills, leading out of Zeitoun, is said to be crowded with Armenians, men, women and children, and it is feared they will be massacred. The ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy and Austria sent their dragomans to the Sultan's palace in order to make representations with the view of preventing the Armenians from being massacred. Little hope is felt that these representations will avail as it is the general belief that the survivors have already been killed.

24 People Trampled to Death. In a senseless panic, caused by a defective gas burner and a foolish cry of fire, at the old Front street theater at Baltimore, 24 people were killed, two fatally injured and 10 more seriously hurt. The theater, which is the oldest in the city, was filled from pit to dome with people who had assembled to listen to Hebrew opera. The panic was caused by someone in the gallery crying fire as a theater colored man lit a tippis gas jet and the flame flared up. The vast crowds rushed for two exits, which opened upon separate stairways, but the stairways came together at a landing just above a single road staircase. As the two streams met on the landing, being pushed by the frantic throngs behind, a collision occurred. Someone fell, others tripped over this prostrate form and in a moment nearly 50 more people were being trampled under the feet of hundreds of insanely frightened men and women, with the result given above. There was no real danger of fire and only the foolish alarm caused the horror.

Hawa'ians Want Annexation. The Chicago Times-Herald publishes an interview Miss Kate Field had with President Sanford B. Dole, of Hawaii, in which she holds out the prospect of annexation of Hawaii with the United States. "As to the form of annexation that would best meet our requirements, it is difficult to say. A territorial form of government, as modified from the form obtaining in the United States territories, would surely not be suitable. Probably the best course would be to gradually develop from our present system, the federal form of government, which from the beginning jurisdiction over custom houses, postoffices and federal courts. Our own government should not be limited by the United States laws concerning territories. A new system would have to be invented to suit our conditions."

Cincinnati is after the Democratic national convention and a \$50,000 guarantee fund has been raised.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK. New York—Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Hogs. Best grades... \$4.00 4.40 2.25 4.00 4.00. Lower grades... 2.25 2.45 1.50 3.00 3.00.

GRAIN, ETC. Wheat, Corn, Oats. New York—No. 2 red No. 2 mix No. 2 white. Chicago—No. 2 red No. 2 mix No. 2 white.

Outrages Continue About Hadjin. Boston: A letter just received says that the situation in Maridin, Central Turkey, is daily becoming more serious.

Turks Slaughtering 12,000 More People. Constantinople: Advice from Beirut that a severe fight has taken place between Turkish troops and the Druses near Suedich.

Fritz Smallenberg, aged 65, while crossing a trestle bridge high over near Kessler's Station fell through between the ties and was caught by the chin and back of the head and strangled to death.

By an explosion of gas at Schoenbrunn a rolling mill at Pittsburgh eight men were burned, one fatally. The men were working at the bottom of a blast furnace.

Five laborers were injured, one fatally, at the Malleable iron works at Dayton, O. The men were at work on a track between buildings and a car loaded with pig iron was pushed toward them, crushing them against the walls.

Harvey Dissell, aged 70, was thrown from his carriage by a runaway at Grand Rapids and fatally injured.

THE JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., OF LA CROSSE, WIS., HAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED THE COMPLETE CATALOGUE TRADE OF THE NORTHROP, BRASLAN, GOODWIN CO., OF MINNEAPOLIS AND CHICAGO.

8100 Reward.

The reader of this paper was pleased to learn that it is at least one blessed disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity.

Monterey, Tenn., (Special)—One of our prominent citizens here, Col. James C. Jones, secretary and treasurer of the Cumberland Mountain Coal Co., is on the high road to make his fortune, and attributes the fact to his recent cure from the tobacco habit.

Save a Fortune. Monterey, Tenn., (Special)—One of our prominent citizens here, Col. James C. Jones, secretary and treasurer of the Cumberland Mountain Coal Co., is on the high road to make his fortune, and attributes the fact to his recent cure from the tobacco habit.

When the hogs get the same care that the stock do they will generally be found to pay better.

County Map of the South, Free. If you are interested in the South and would like to have a county map showing the principal cities in detail in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Florida, send your address to P. Sid Jones, Pass. Agent, Birmingham, Ala., or C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky. This map is made to fold up in convenient form, and contains letters written by several northern people who have settled at different points on the Louisville & Nashville R. R.

Cheap Rates to Atlanta and Return. On Dec. 21st, the Monon Route will sell tickets to Atlanta at the exceedingly low rate of \$15.15 for the round trip, tickets good 15 days.

Lawyer's Wheat Report. John Bennett Lawes has revised his estimates, recently issued of the wheat crop of the United Kingdom. He now places the quantity of wheat that will be available for consumption at 5,271,866 quarters, necessitating the import of 24,250,000 quarters.

ONE MAN'S SUFFERING.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Battle Creek Citizen—How He Comes to Tell This Story.

Among the moulders at the works of the Michigan foundry company can be found Mr. Amos Maynard; he has lived in Battle Creek for over ten years, is hale and hearty, and is a man who knows his own mind; such is the man who makes this statement; he says: "I have had kidney trouble for years, and it has made my life miserable. The heavy lifting, necessary in my business, made me worse. I have been compelled to lie in bed in a helpless condition for as long as nine days at a time; the greatest pain was from my back, which sometimes felt as though a bayonet was being run through me in the region of my kidneys; many citizens of Battle Creek knew how I was. I could not move without the greatest caution, for as soon as I attempted to stoop over, bend to one side, or even turn in bed, the pain was simply unbearable. I wore porous plasters constantly for the little temporary relief they brought me. When ever I caught the slightest cold it went straight to my kidneys and made me worse. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and got some. I have taken in all four boxes of them, and I now feel as active as ever. A few months ago I would have ridiculed the idea of being cured so quickly, and being able to work as I can now. All the long-standing pains are gone, and the former traces of kidney disorders found in my urine have disappeared. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many friends who were troubled as I was, and in every case I have learned they proved as beneficial as with me. Doan's Kidney Pills will be cheap to me at almost any price."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

# Rich Red Blood Hood's Sarsaparilla

It's your money and your dress that you want to save, but you can't save either by using cheap trashy binding. Pay a few cents more and get

**BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS**

which last as long as the skirt. Look for "S. H. & M." on the label and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

It matters little of how long standing the pain has been; chronic cases yield readily to **ST. JACOBS OIL** and **RHEUMATISM** of many years' standing has been cured by it.



**10 CENTS**

**BATTLE AX PLUG**

The largest piece of Good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents.

**Great Prize Contest.**

1st Prize, **KNASE PIANO**, style "P" \$800  
 2d Prize, Cash, 100  
 3d Prize, Cash, 50  
 10 Cash Prizes, each \$20, 200  
 15 Cash Prizes, each \$10, 150  
 28 Prizes, \$1300

The first prize will be given to the person who constructs the shortest sentence, in English, containing all the letters in the alphabet. The other prizes will go in regular order to those competitors whose sentences stand next in point of brevity.

**CONDITIONS.**

The length of a sentence is to be measured by the number of letters it contains, and each contestant must indicate by figures at the close of his sentence just how long it is. The sentence must have some meaning. Geographical names and names of persons cannot be used. The contest closes February 15th, 1906, and the results will be published one week later. In case two or more prize-winning sentences are equally short the one first received will be given preference. Every competitor whose sentence is less than 116 letters in length will receive Wilkie Collins' works in paper cover, including twelve complete novels, whether he wins a prize or not. No contestant can enter more than one sentence nor combine with other competitors. Residents of Omaha are not permitted to take any part, directly or indirectly, in this contest.

This remarkably liberal offer is made by the **WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD**, of which the distinguished ex-congressman, **WILLIAM J. BRYAN**, is editor, and it is required that each competing sentence be enclosed with one dollar for a year's subscription. The **WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD** is issued in semi-weekly sections, and hence is nearly as good as a daily. It is the western champion of free silver coinage and the leading family newspaper of Nebraska.

Address, **Weekly World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.**

## VETERANS' CORNER.

**SOME OLD SHORT STORIES FOR OLD SOLDIERS.**

**A Remarkable Conflict in Which Soldiers of the North and South Used Snowballs as Ammunition—Views from Lookout—Two of Lincoln's Act.**

**VAN PETROKOFFSKY**, of the Twenty-first Division of the Army of the Danube, is a private—nothing more; and nobody expects of him to form a wise decision.

On the diplomatic reasons that have mobilized his corps. He is rather dull and stupid, and not given much to reading. And even when he has a thought his words are few and rude. So when summoned to his snotal about that same proceeding.

Rough Ivan's stay ideas were quite naturally crude. But he heard his colonel reading out the regimental order. Which explains in glowing language why the Russians go to war; and he hold some dim idea that he's on the Turkish border.

"For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

Ivan Petrokoffsky is a little tender-hearted—His feelings (for a private) are entirely out of place—And when from wife and infant with slow, lingering steps he parted. No heroic agitation was depicted on the face.

It was well for foolish Ivan that his colonel had not found him. When the marching order reached him at his home that bitter day. When the younger Ivan's chubby little arms were folded round him, And fearful Mistress Ivan gave her tongue unbounded sway.

There were murmurs of rebellion in that quiet Volga village (So devoid of patriotic aspirations women are). When Ivan and his comrades left for scenes of blood and pillage, "For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

Ivan Petrokoffsky, of the Twenty-first Division of the army of the Danube, is not easy in his mind. For within the deep recesses of the heart is a suspicion. He has said farewell forever to the loved ones left behind. In cruel dreams he sees himself, a shapeless mass and gory. By the rolling Danube lying, with his purple life-stream spent, And he has not such a keen appreciation of the glory.

Of the dying for his country to be happy or content. He has seen his comrades falling round, all mangled, torn and bleeding. And their cries were not of triumph, but of homes and kindred far. While little reeked the vultures, on the gray-robed bodies feeding. "Of the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

**A Remarkable Conflict.** It is related in the Louisville Courier-Journal that in the winter of 1862-63 a part of the Confederate army was in winter quarters near the town of Dalton, in the northern part of Georgia. The famous Orphan brigade of Kentucky, noted for its bravery and daring in battle, was encamped near a brigade of Tennessee troops. The Kentuckians were commanded by Gen. Joseph H. Lewis, now on the bench of the court of appeals, and the gallant Pat Cleburne, who afterward fell fighting bravely at Franklin, Tenn., commanded the Tennessee troops.

The two brigades mingled constantly, and the tedium of camp life was relieved by many gay pranks and harmless larks among the soldier boys. One day the troops were treated to a genuine snowstorm—a sight very rare in that part of the country, but which recalled their far-away homes vividly to the soldiers from the middle states. A party of Tennessee soldiers had been paying a visit to some of their Kentucky comrades, and as they took their departure their late hosts, in a spirit of sport, threw some snowballs after them. They responded promptly, and a lively contest ensued, each party pelting the other with the white missiles.

The Tennesseans retreated at first, but, being re-enforced, returned to the attack. Some Georgians, who now learned to make snowballs for the first time, also joined their side. They assailed the Kentuckians so fiercely that the latter, outnumbered and blinded by the feathery balls, were driven from their position and their barracks and colors were seized by the enemy.

At this juncture Gen. Lewis stepped out of his tent, and was also greeted with a volley of snowballs and a derisive cheer. Seeing how matters stood, he sprang upon his horse, ordered out his officers and men, and advanced with his entire brigade to regain their lost honors.

The Tennesseans and Georgians called on their comrades for aid, and both sides responded with the same eagerness and promptness which would have been displayed at the sudden attack of a Federal army. In a few moments 8,000 men and officers were drawn up in battle array, their arms full of snowballs, and amid shouts of laughter and loud cheers the fight waded furiously.

The officers rode among the men encouraging them and bravely exposing themselves to the shower of white balls, which soon made the soldiers look like snow men. If an officer was knocked off his horse a private immediately took his place and rallied his comrades.

The battle waxed fiercer and fiercer; each side made determined charges and was repulsed again and again. But slowly, inch by inch, the valiant Kentuckians drove their opponents back and recaptured their quarters and colors. They then formed in a compact body, with freshly gathered ammunition, and charged upon the spot where Gen. Cleburne was seated on his horse, gayly cheering his men and giving instructions to his aids. Time after time the Kentuckians dashed themselves against the wall of Tennesseans, but were driven back before the rain of balls and forced to retreat. The two bodies of men swayed back and forth all the afternoon without either side gaining a victory. Night finally came and the darkness ended the bloodiest but one of the most unusual and fiercest battles ever fought.

**Views from Lookout.**

When one has walked across and scanned the battle grounds of Mission Ridge and Moccasin Bend the stories of the battles read like romances. There are mute evidences of the various conflicts existing yet. The new growth of trees on the ridge of Lookout mountain surrounding many old and stately monarchs of the forest, tell the story in one way. A vast number of trees were felled during the engagement for barricades. Their trunks were fairly riddled with bullets and have since been cut up for souvenirs.

"Right here," said the Hon. H. Clay Evans, ex-governor of Tennessee, to a Cleveland Plain Dealer reporter, pointing to the rock known as Lookout point, which crowns the mountain, "is where the Union soldiers, by means of a living ladder, scaled the rock and planted the United States flag upon it. The Union army cheered to the echo when Old Glory fluttered to the breeze that blew across the mountain. It was a perilous feat and well performed. You will perform the self-same act to-day by means of a stairway."

"You can see a heterogeneous conglomeration of states from this point," yelled a colored guide on the plateau of Lookout mountain, "and, paragonically speaking, it is the most glorious view in the United States. On clear days you can see six states with a glass plainly, and some people are able to see seven states, but the seventh is the matrimonial state."

"And the more glasses you take," added a Clevelander, sotto voce, "the more states you can see."

"That little creek under the ridge," continued the orator, "is where the Confederate and Federal troops used to meet to swap corn and coffee, and the rebels do say that it was impossible to get a good cup of coffee from the Yankees. The Yankees boiled the coffee first, dried the grounds, and swapped the dried grounds for corn. I don't know how true that is, but that's what they say."

That was the guide's introduction to his lecture, and, notwithstanding his love of big words and their misuse, his lecture was interesting.

**Two of Lincoln's Kind Acts.**

Among the wounded Bull Run prisoners returning from Richmond after many weary months in Libby was a lad named Will Upham, of the Second Wisconsin Infantry. This boy found his way into the presence of Lincoln, who sympathetically drew from him the story of his adventures in battle and in prison, and sent him away with an appointment to West Point, from which academy Upham was subsequently graduated with high honors. Recently this protégé of Lincoln was chosen governor of Wisconsin. One day Lincoln was found counting over and dividing into parcels a small sum in greenbacks for a negro messenger in the treasury department who was in the hospital with smallpox, unable to sign the roll and draw his pay. The president of the United States cheerfully undertook to cut the Gordian knot of red tape, procure the poor man's wages, and make the desired disposition thereof.—"Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency," by Leslie J. Perry, in the Century.

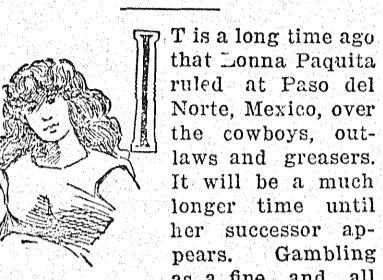
**Mahone's Slender Legs.**

One cold, blustering morning in December, 1864, the late Gen. Mahone's tent was pitched on a bleak Virginia hillside. He was indulging in a morning nap when Uncle Davey, his negro body servant, tip-toed in and, stumbling over something, knocked down the general's cot and spilled him on the ground. Springing to his feet, the irate officer seized a sword and gave chase to the flying Davey. The dandy jumped a fence and, feeling safe, turned back towards his master, whose notably slender unclad limbs were shaking with cold, and yelled: "Good Lawd, Massa William, you ain't trustin' yo'self in dis wind on dem legs, is you?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Enlow's Case Her Death.**

A very peculiar case has come before the local physicians in Sharon, Pa. Miss Luella Minner of Charleston attended a Halloween party and the guests indulged in familiar Halloween legends. Miss Minner had heard that if a young lady would swallow a chicken's heart her future husband would be the next gentleman she would meet. The girl tried the experiment and the heart lodged near the windpipe and caused an abscess to form in the throat. She kept gradually growing worse until the matter broke forth and emptied into the windpipe, choking her to death.

## QUEEN OF GAMBLERS.



It is a long time ago that Lonna Paqueta ruled at Paso del Norte, Mexico, over the cowboys, outlaws and gamblers. She will be a much longer time until her successor appears. Gambling as a fine and all consuming art with women is not so marked as in the old days, when laws were fewer and crimes were commoner. Women play at games of chance, perhaps, just as devotedly as of yore, but the days have passed when it was not an extraordinary happening for a woman, fair and gentle, to outplay cowboys, outlaws and gamblers, and not only win all their money, but also drain the bank. Lonna Paqueta often did this.

And who among the old timers of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona does not remember Lonna Paqueta? She of the black hair and laughing eyes, whose cheeks were bright as morning, whose smile muddled the brain and confused the fingers of the dullest dealer. Close your eyes again and see the slim, petite figure at the gaming table, and hear once more the soft voice naming the card which seemingly could not resist the charms of the player. Listen as of old to the sorrow and sympathy lavished on the losers as the queen of gamblers gathered up her winnings when there was nothing left with the others to lose. True that Paqueta has been dead these twenty years, but the oldest gambler will stop his play to tell you of her, and his hand, cold face will relax and his voice will soften as he tells of the woman he acknowledged as his mistress in his art.

Lonna Paqueta, or as she was known, the Paqueta, was born in Chihuahua about 1850. No one knew who or what her parents were. When a child about

"I play a king in the door," she said in Spanish.

The spectators gasped. Such risk was folly. There was still half a deck against her. Even Garretson smiled. He dealt. The king stood in the door. The Paqueta had won. Garretson's bank had been broken, and broken by a child. The Paqueta turned to Qualetor, "I am tired," she said.

The gambler gathered up her winnings, handed them to Garretson, asking him to put them in the safe for the night. Then he and the Paqueta went out. The fact that a child had beaten the Garretson bank spread along the entire border. Qualetor and the Paqueta traveled from town to town, playing in all of them, and usually winning. They quarreled eventually, however, and in 1870 the Paqueta, then a beautiful girl of 20, came back to Paso del Norte alone. She again appeared at Garretson's. Her old-time luck seemed to have deserted her, for she lost heavily, and a week later went away.

She was next heard of in New Mexico. She had allied herself with a gang of the worst characters in the southwest, and in a short time became their leader. Under her the outlaws traversed New Mexico, stealing and plundering. When the climate got too hot for them they slipped across the line into Mexico. The Paqueta forsook this life after a year of exciting adventure and turned up in El Paso with Sam Brinsley, the handsomest and most devoted gambler of his time. Brinsley crossed the Rio Grande river and opened up Garretson's place, the latter having been killed by young Mungay, his dealer. Brinsley prospered. The Paqueta lent the attraction of her presence to his place, sometimes as dealer, but usually as a player.

She played any game. Her popularity was apparent from the outset. The game she played, whatever it might be, was always the popular game of the house. The table at which she played was always crowded. The players, in



STRUCK VICIOUSLY AT BRINSLEY.

12 years old a gambler named Qualetor found her homeless and friendless in the city in which she was born. She was then remarkably pretty. Qualetor taught her all his tricks with cards. He spent hours in instructing her in the intricacies of Mexican monte. She learned rapidly, soon equaling Qualetor in skill and dexterity.

None of the old-timers have forgotten her first appearance at Paso del Norte. She was 16 years old and small for her age. She came with Qualetor, who said he was her uncle. When Qualetor was there to gamble, he practically lived at Lark Garretson's. Garretson ran the biggest gambling house on the border. His game was practically without limit. The Paqueta appeared, clinging close to her alleged uncle. The bank expected Qualetor, who was a heavy player, and had made proper preparations for his play. As Qualetor played the Paqueta stood beside him, silent and observant. Luck was against the Mexican, and he lost heavily. Finally when his pile of gold had diminished to a few coins, he turned to Paqueta, and showing the money before her, said gruffly: "Here, child, win with them."

The dealer and players smiled sympathetically, thinking Qualetor had quit backing his luck for the night, and desired to let the child amuse herself a moment before he went away. The Paqueta seated herself, leaning both elbows on the table, with her hands supporting her chin. The play went on. The child won. As she played the dealer eyed her in wonder. It was not strange that a child understood how to gamble, but never before had a child played with such skill and judgment. The bank lost rapidly. The Paqueta won bet after bet. The heaps of gold grew on the table in front of her. Decks were changed, but without avail. The bank continued to lose. A new dealer was tried, but with no better success than the first. The Paqueta's luck was amazing. The other players dropped out one by one. The dealer and the child faced each other. The bank lost. Then Garretson himself took the cards. He was famed as the shrewdest gambler on the border. But he could not beat the child. Finally he said: "Here is what is left in the bank. It matches your winnings. Win or lose, the next draw loses it?"

The Paqueta nodded. A king lay on the board. One word led to another. The Paqueta quit the game to argue with Brinsley. At length her temper broke loose. Grasping a knife she struck viciously at Brinsley. The blade

caught his up-thrown arm, inflicting a long wound. As the blood gushed forth Paqueta turned and fled. Brinsley pursued her unsuccessfully. He returned eventually to his gambling house. When asked about the Paqueta he was wont to say: "I took her for a rose but she proved a thorn."

He never forgave her, however, and vowed vengeance on her. His opportunity came in 1876. The Paqueta, after leaving him, had returned to the New Mexican country and gathered up the remnants of the old gang of thieves. Their plundering became so bold that it was determined to hunt them down. Brinsley led the party that captured the Paqueta. She had heard that he was pursuing her, and it is said that she permitted her pursuers to overtake her. She greeted Brinsley with her old-time cheeriness. She talked over the old days as if there had been no change. Finally she proposed a game of cards to decide whether she should go free or should die. Brinsley agreed, the game was played, and the Paqueta lost. "Almost before the last card fell she drew a knife and stabbed herself through the heart. Brinsley committed suicide three weeks later."

**A Plague of Coyotes.**

A novel scheme for saving his cattle from the droves of coyotes that infest the region has been hit upon by a rancher of Glen Rock, Wash. He has placed bells on the necks of a great number of cattle in his herds, and the result has been to scare the coyotes away. In the two months since he belled his herds he has not lost a single animal, while previously his loss averaged at least one steer a day. Coyotes are becoming more of a pest every season in many parts of Washington and Oregon, despite all the efforts of the cattlemen and farmers to exterminate them. Thousands of dollars are spent every year in waging war on the beasts, but with little result. Poison availed for a time but now the coyotes refuse to touch the poisoned carcasses of steers strewn about for their consumption. The only way of killing them is by shooting them, and this is feeble and wholly inadequate means. Occasionally the residents combine and have a grand round-up hunt, driving the coyotes toward the center of the circle, and slaughtering them there, and that is the only means of appreciably thinning them out occasionally. In some regions the packs of gray wolves are as numerous and troublesome as the coyotes. The coyotes are particularly adept chicken thieves, and, indeed, are a general pest around the farmyards.

**A Remarkable Tree.**

There is a wayward white oak tree near Laporte, Ind., that may puzzle naturalists with the vagaries of its growth. The tree is nine feet in circumference at the base, and there are no branches of any size below fifteen feet from the ground. There the great holo divides into a number of limbs. Two, leaving the trunk about twenty inches apart, grow west, their lines diverging for some six feet, and then each rendering toward the other. Twelve feet from the body of the tree they unite again, making a perfect oval, and out of this grows two smaller branches. As if not satisfied with that expressed disregard for the laws of nature, this old tree has performed another feat. Six feet from its base grows another white oak, less than half its size, and no sooner does the smaller tree arrive at the charmed circles of the branching limbs than one of them grows right into it, and is absorbed. The second tree is very much larger twenty feet from the ground than at its base.

**Labor of Love.**

That is a beautiful little story which is told in a recent number of an English paper. A man walking along a country road saw a little girl carrying a boy much younger than herself, but who appeared far too big and heavy for her strength. He began talking to her and suggested that the baby was heavy. "Why," said she in astonishment, "he's not heavy; he's my brother."

**LABOR NOTES.**

Printers have \$47,000 in their national treasury. New York printers pay 1 per cent of their earnings to unemployed. Chicago bricklayers will inaugurate the 6-hour day when the present agreement expires.

The brassworkers throughout the country will make a demand for an eight-hour day in the spring.

Chicago Typographical Union No. 16 has affiliated with the Labor Congress, a new labor body of that city.

The cigarmakers' international union during the past five years has paid \$327,364.75 to unemployed members.

All the labor bodies of Cincinnati have endorsed the movement for free school books and against military training in the schools.

During the month of October the German typographical unions expended \$553 for out-of-work benefits, \$433.35 for sick relief, \$110 for death benefits, \$26.82 for traveling benefits, and \$50 for agitation purposes.

The rubber works at Bristol, R. I., which closed down recently for an indefinite period, were started up again and 1,400 ex-workers will return to work, with orders sufficient to keep the plant in operation for some time to come.

The London Labor Gazette for October contains an article on the wages of the manual labor classes of the United Kingdom, in which it gives the average rate for men at \$6.62 per week; women, \$3.04; lads, \$2.14, and girls, \$1.52. An effort is being made to have the Boiler-makers and Iron-Shipbuilders' union strike out the clause in its constitution which keeps the union out of the American Federation of Labor. It is believed that the effort will prove successful.

