

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.

VOL. XV. NO. 7.

CASS CITY, MICH., JAN. 24, 1896.

An I for Business! MY WAY

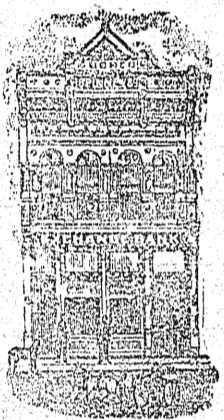
The man or woman with the right kind of an EYE does not need a porous plaster to draw their attention to a good thing. But they will always keep one eye open for the purpose of seeing the bargains that a live up-to-date merchant has to offer. We give some below that is better and sweeter than a sugar trust.

- 15 pair Brooks' Bros. Dongola Kid, square toe sizes, 2 1/2 to 5, C. D. O. E. \$4.00 now \$2.00
 - 17 pair Brooks' Bros. bright Dongola, opera plain toe, \$4.00 now 2.50
 - 37 pair womens' hand turned button, opera toe, \$3.00 now 2.00
 - 21 pair womens' Dongola, button, opera toe, \$2.50 now 1.75
 - 17 pair womens' Dongola, button, opera plain toe, \$2.00 now 1.50
 - 23 pair mens' fancy shoes, \$3.00 now 2.00
 - 23 pair mens' Kid Shoes at less than cost, \$2.00 now 1.50
- Every mens', boys' and child's suits and overcoats at manufacturers price.

Butter and Eggs Wanted.

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

EXCHANGE BANK,



Cass City, Mich.

Accounts of Business Houses and Individuals Solicited.

Interest paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

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

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

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

CASS CITY BANK.

Auten, Seelye & Blair, Props.

Established 1882.

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

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, and MITTS.

25 pair of Pingree & Smith \$4.00 Shoes at one-half price. Will take

500 Cords of Wood

in exchange for Mens', boys and Childrens' Suits and Overcoats. Highest prices paid for Butter and Eggs.

2 MACKS 2.

CLEARING SALE!

OF all winter goods. Commencing

January the 10th

and continuing until February 15th.

consisting of

LADIES' AND GENTS FURNISH

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Cloaks, Carpets, Hats and Caps.

These goods will be offered at wholesale prices until the above date.

Frost & Hebblewhite.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE Now.

MY WAY

(Of conducting pill rolling business is)

- 1st—To use the purest drugs in prescriptions.
- 2nd—To fill them with care.
- 3rd—To make the prices right.
- 4th—To treat everybody right.

I keep many things you need, such as Ginger, Cream Tartar, Soda, Baking Powder, Etc. I welcome your

NICKLE TRADE

And give you value received and thank you for it just as well as for your dollar trade. I keep a fine line of Pills and Patent Medicines. Thanking you for the liberal patronage of the past. I invite you here when in want of medicine.

T. H. FRITZ,

Pharmacist.

Caught on The Fly.

J. L. Hitchcock is again able to be around.

Mrs. Henry Robinson is quite seriously ill.

Elder Brown, of Yale was in town on Friday last.

Wm. Wallace and wife, of Uby, Sunday in town.

Geo. Killins, of Kingston, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Mawhorter made a trip to Fairgrove last week.

A. A. McKenzie went to Detroit Monday on business.

J. D. Crosby was at Bad Axe the fore part of the week.

Mrs. J. F. More visited friends at Dryden this week.

J. C. Seelye has gone to Pontiac to seek employment.

A. D. Smalley and wife, of Casoville, were in town Monday.

John Hodgson, of Wickware, was in town on Saturday last.

Mrs. E. K. Wickware visited friends at Ellington this week.

Ed. Hennessey, of Gageton, was in town Tuesday evening.

C. D. Striffler made a business trip to Sebowaing last week.

The dance at the rink Friday night was fairly well attended.

Wm. Kile has moved to the rooms over Laing & Janes' store.

Miss Nellie Ross is spending a few days with friends in Grant.

Mrs. M. Race and Mrs. G. W. Helwig are numbered with the sick.

E. H. Pinney and M. Sheridan have each purchased new cutters.

G. A. Kennedy, of Durand, is spending a few days with friends here.

D. O. Gibbs, the Gageton barber, was in town Tuesday on business.

A. A. P. McDowell made a business trip to Detroit the first of the week.

Mrs. Lown, of Camboro, spent part of this week with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hilleck.

Miss Ruth Greer, of Gageton, spent a few days in town the latter part of last week.

The ordinance of baptism administered at the Baptist Church yesterday evening.

Angus Leach, of the Port Austin school, is in town.

The officer of the Port Austin school, is in town.

Miss Mary Livingstone went to Saginaw on Monday to attend her brother, who is suffering from broken limbs.

Revival services will be held at the Baptist Church next Sunday. In the morning Rev. E. Rushbrook will preach "the fascinating theme, 'The Secret of Christ.'" At the close of the service the Hand of God Coming in the afternoon of the members. Bible Fellowship will be in charge of the evening session at 5 p. m. The list will be administered.

The installation of officers of the I. O. O. F. and Daughters of Rebecca will be held on Wednesday evening Jan. 23rd.

S. Champion recently shipped a Partridge Cockerel to Glasgow, Kentucky to W. D. Dickinson. The effects of good stock and printer's ink.

Mr. Campbell, brother of Mrs. D. R. Graham, and who was in the Detroit Journal building at the time of the explosion, is visiting his sister here. He fortunately escaped injury.

The Farmers' Institute held at Caro last week was an encouraging success. The attendance was large and the interest intense and will doubtless produce beneficial results among tillers of the soil.

It is more fun to see a man read a puff of himself in the newspaper than to see a fat man slip on a banana peel. The narrow minded man reads it seven or eight times and then goes around and appropriates what copies he can. The kind hearted man goes home and reads it to his wife, and then he pays up his dues to the paper.

Last week J. F. McKnight, who has been in the employ of N. Bigelow & Son for some time, made a trip to Calcedonia, near Owosso, and purchased a forty acre farm, paying therefor the snug little sum of \$2,000. Mr. McKnight intends moving to his new purchase about Mar. 1st and will at once begin the erection of a new house.

Robert Brown, Novesta's Drain Com., accompanied by his son, Master Arthur and his mother, Mrs. Jas. Brown, returned on Saturday from an extended visit with friends and relatives in York and Dufferin counties, Ont. Mr. Brown has not visited at his old home in York county for thirteen years and expresses himself highly pleased with the trip.

At the Evangelical Church, the following Sunday school officers have been elected for the ensuing year: Supt., Mrs. Lena Schwelger; Asst. Supt., Mrs. Mary Benkelman; Sec., J. Maier; Treas., Adam Benkelman; Lib., Miss Lillie Striffler; Asst. Lib., Miss Maud Maier; Organist, Miss Martha Striffler and Asst. Organist, Oscar Lenzer.

Never send a dollar away from home when the article that dollar will purchase can be obtained at home on equal terms. Money is our financial blood. Its circulation keeps the business body alive. Bled the body by sending your money away from home and soon trade will put on a look of lethargy. Always trade at home. It is twice blessed. It helps the person patronized and finds its way back to you again.

On Tuesday evening while Albert and Fossie Brown were coming to town and passing out of O. C. Wood's field the cutter stewed about, throwing them and frightening the horse so that it ran away, dragging Albert about forty rods. Fortunately at this juncture he caught one of the lines in such a way as to run the horse into the fence. Miss Brown escaped injury, but Albert suffers from a lame side and carries a disfigured nasal organ.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church held their annual meeting and election of officers on Wednesday afternoon at the Bank. Mrs. J. C. Laing was secretary and Mrs. Auten, Treas. The service was held at the usual hour to which an unusually large number did ample justice. Later in the evening the of good cheer and it was altogether one of the happiest events of the season.

The Bad Axe Democrat makes the following pleasing reference to a gentleman well known hereabouts: J. W. Murphy, of Grant, was in town Monday in attendance at the meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Mr. Murphy is one of the pioneer managers of this county who has, by careful and will shortly retire from the active pursuits of farming and take life easy at a residence in Cass City and will management of his large farms to his sons.

At the Union Lyceum last Friday evening an entertaining and spicy program was rendered, after which a debate took place between Messrs. E. B. Landon and P. R. Weydemeyer on the negative and Prof. G. Masselink on the affirmative. (E. F. Marr being absent) the subject being: Resolved that the income tax law adopted by the last congress was just and equitable. The negative won, the result standing five to three points. The officers were then elected for the third term as follows:—

Pres.—Prof. G. Masselink; vice-pres., J. T. Berry; secretary, H. L. Pinney; treasurer, Miss M. Annin; janitor, Chas. McCae.

The revival meetings at the Baptist Church are continuing this week with deepest interest. A special feature of these services has been the advance in consecration and activity on the part of the Christian people. The pastor together with the people have conducted the services alone, having failed to secure the helpers expected from abroad. A large number have signified their purpose to live the Christian life and so far, about twenty five have taken a public stand for Christ. Last Sunday evening the ordinance of baptism was administered to three adult believers and several others await the ordinance. Rev. G. W. Cram, of Port Huron, has just arrived to assist in the work and still larger results are anticipated.

S. Champion is one of the most extensive breeders of pure bred poultry in the Thumb of Michigan and all his work is done in strict accordance with carefully prepared plans. About his yards nothing goes by the hit-or-miss plan, but system and care are everywhere apparent. His stock is all pure bred, and all necessary precautions are taken to keep it pure. There is not even the possibility of a mixture of breeds where the stock is handled as he handles it. He deals honestly and squarely with all patrons, and never fails to please those who deal with him. His facilities for speedily filling orders are unsurpassed, and the entire business is as fully under his personal supervision as it would be if he were filling but one order a day. Each year he sends out a handsomely illustrated catalogue, giving full descriptions of all the different varieties of fowls bred by him, and in addition a vast amount of useful and practical hints on poultry raising, which cannot fail to be useful to all interested in this industry. The catalogue is worth many times its cost, and should be found in the hands of poultrymen everywhere. We heartily recommend Mr. Champion's stock to the world.

Council Proceedings.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS, Jan 6, 1896.

Regular Meeting of the Common Council of the Village of Cass City.

Meeting called to order by the President.

Roll call—Present, Trustees Crosby, Hebblewhite, Brotherton and the President.

Absent—Trustees Striffler, McDougall, and Campbell.

There not being a quorum present, on motion of Trustee Crosby, council adjourned.

H. S. WICKWARE, HUGH W. SEED, Village President. Village Clerk.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS, Jan. 23, 1896.

Regular meeting of the Village Council of the village of Cass City.

Meeting called to order by the President.

Roll call—Present, President Wickware and Trustees Campbell, McDougall, Hebblewhite and Striffler.

Absent—Trustees Crosby and Brotherton.

Minutes of last regular meeting read and approved.

The following bills were then read and referred to the finance committee: Peter Burg, labor on streets, \$5.00; N. Gable, labor on streets, \$5.00; Jas. Tackey, one cord of pine, \$1.00; H. S. Wickware, repairing snow plow, \$7.00; Jas. Ramsey, salary as fire warden from Sept. 1st 1895 to Jan. 1st 1896, \$14.75; McMillen & McKenzie, ripping and dressing plank, 2.00; Hayes, constable, lodging and breakfast for two tramps, 1.00.

The committee recommended all bills be read, except bill of A. C. Hayes, and on motion of Trustee Hebblewhite they were so allowed and instructed to draw orders for amounts.

of Trustee Hebblewhite, read.

Hugh W. Seed, Clerk.

Real Estate

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Vassar Fair will be held Sept. 29 and 30 and Oct. 1st and 2nd.

Electricity now lights the streets of Bay Port on dark nights.

The dates of the Elkton fair are Sept. 23rd, 24th and 25th.

Emma Peasle has been commissioned postmaster at Croswell.

A postoffice has been established at Noko, Sanilac Co., with Clinton J. Beers as postmaster.

The Baer flock at Pt. Huron, was damaged by fire to the extent of \$13,000 Tuesday evening. Loss covered by insurance.

The Sebowaing Blade appeared last week as an eight-column four page sheet instead of an eight-page paper as formerly.

Bad Axe Tribune: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25 were selected as the days upon which the Association will hold its annual fair.

A bear trap that had been under ground for 25 years or more was dug up at the cemetery in Coldwater by the sexton while he was digging a grave. The trap was about three feet under ground.

A farmer named John Lennon, living with his brother near Yale, fell from a load of straw Wednesday afternoon, breaking his neck, causing instant death. He was an old man and a bachelor.

An extensive deposit of fine quality grindstone has been found in Austin township, Sanilac county, and in the spring operations will be started toward getting it out and placing it in the market.

John S. Mossner and A. Koenig have built an ice boat, which they have named the Nonpariel. On Tuesday they made the run from here to Port Austin and return in 2 1/2 hours.—[Sebowaing Blade.]

The Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company held its annual meeting for the election of officers Monday. John Hunt was elected president, Joseph Donaldson, secretary and J. J. Murdoch, treasurer.

A suit for damages has been commenced against H. McCrea and John Kirk by Dr. Spedding, claiming \$10,000 damages. The action is the result of the Kirk-Spedding rape case.—[Marlette Leader.]

The elevator and storeroom of the Mercantile Co. at Bay Port were destroyed by fire Wednesday. Loss on elevator, \$2,000; storeroom, \$1,000. The fire started from a gasoline explosion. It is believed the elevator will be rebuilt.

Tom Wycoff, of Pontiac, has had a variegated matrimonial career. Within ten years he has led four blushing brides to the altar, and three divorces have been granted within the same time. Now he brings suit for a separation from No. 4.

Supts Keeler, of the S. T. & H. and Sanford, of the P. O. N. R. 's had a meeting at Pigeon recently. The first named company contemplates enlarging the depot and having their own agent. It is probable that each company will have an agent at that point.

Mrs. Farley Crow, of Caro, a well known pioneer of Tuscola county, died suddenly at her home on Sunday last. In apparently good health she was stricken with paralysis and died in a few hours. Mr. Crow, husband of deceased, was for several years postmaster at Caro and well known throughout this part of the state.

The elevator and P. O. & N. railway depot at North Branch were broken into Friday night, but no money was secured. The iron chest out of the elevator safe was picked up on the railroad track some distance away. The notes and papers which it contained were not molested, a watch being the only article missing.

Hon. John A. Moll was discharged from the county jail Friday morning on a technicality in the proceedings. Judge Mitchell, Moll's attorney, argued that Moll could not be held for forging a note, when the complaint set forth that the forging was an endorsement. It was appealed.—[Sanilac

The twelfth annual meeting of the Tuscola County Lincoln Club will be held at Caro, Feb. 11th next, at Music Hall, supplemented with a banquet at the opera house in the evening. The local committee has already secured a number of prominent Michigan republican orators for the occasion.

Dr. D. D. McNaughton, of Argyle, pleaded guilty Monday before Justice Yakes to a charge of conducting a drugstore, not being nor employing a registered pharmacist. He was fined \$10 and \$5.50 costs. Tuesday Dr. Geo. Totten, of Downingtown, pleaded guilty to a similar charge, and paid a fine of \$15 and \$0.25 costs. The complaints were made at the instigation of the state board of pharmacy.

While Geo. Dibbel, the veteran well borer, was engaged this week in boring a well for John Hunt on his farm five mile south of town, he struck a thick vein of coal. At a distance of forty feet from the surface he struck three feet of soft coal and eight feet farther down another layer of hard coal 10 in. thick. Out of a tub of water taken from the well a quart of oil was skimmed from the top, which when ignited burned like gasoline. The neighborhood is excited over the find.—[Uby Courier.—[Bad Axe exchange.]

Wedding Bells

The merry sound of wedding bells was heard on Wednesday of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hancock at 273 Larned Street East, Detroit, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Emily J. Adair, sister of Mrs. Hancock, to our townsman, Elias McKim. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Marcus Scott, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in the presence of a large number of invited guests, after which a bounteous supper was served and a very enjoyable evening was spent by all. The bride was attired in cream cashmere trimmed with white satin ribbon and adorned with white carnations. She has resided in Detroit for the past five years and has an extensive circle of friends who showed their esteem by the donation of a large number of beautiful presents consisting of silver and glassware, linen and cutlery. The bride and groom left Detroit the following day for Pontiac where they remained for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Gould, the latter being a sister of the groom, and arrived home on the evening of the 17th where they were welcomed by a number of relatives. The ENTERPRISE joins their many friends in extending hearty congratulations and best wishes.

Union Lyceum.

To be held in the High School Room, Jan. 31.
Roll Call..... Responses, Amusing Incidents.
Recitation..... Ora Wickware.
Medley..... Gertrude Schooley.
Oration..... Dick Landon.
Review..... Lucy Hatton.
Characterization of Joseph Addison..... Winnie McClinton.
Poem..... Lena Landrigan.
Story..... Fred Schwabauer.
Recitation..... Edwin Revenaugh.
Newspaper..... Dan McArthur.
Debate
Resolved "That Woman should have the right of suffrage."
Affirmative, H. W. Seed, Mabel Wilkinson and Hattie Deming. Negative Guy Woolman, Ida Gamble and Fred Bigelow.

\$7,000 to loan on Real Estate Mortgages at Cass City Bank.

Mary had a little lamb,
White wool grew on its body,
But when that wool was combed and spun
It turned out to be shoddy.

Old lady—"Can you saw wood?"
Rolling-stone Nomoss—"Pardon me, madam, but you are slightly at fault in your fenses. If you mean, can I see wood, I may say my eyesight is slightly defective."—Philadelphia Record.

FOR SALE.

Cutters, portland and swell box, feed cutters, corn shellers and buggies Auction sales attended all over the country and satisfaction guaranteed.
12-26-1f J. H. STRIFFLER,
Tuscola Co. Agricultural Depot.

Leap Year Hint.
Look before you leap, girls,
It is a timely theme;
For as you sow you reap, girls,
In matrimonial scheme.

Mica Crystal Grit 2c. per pound or \$1.50 per 100 lbs. For sale by S. Champion.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

Gag law is only another form of lynch law.

Some of the fellows at Cripple Creek move too fast for cripples.

The world is prone to imagine that those who amuse it do so for fun.

Montreal is planning an exposition for next summer. It may be a United States show.

There certainly is something in hypnotism; Du Maurier has pocketed \$125,000 this year.

Hall Caine warns his countrymen that "the Americans are a great nation." Caine is able.

Many men have been driven from their homes by a combination of bad cooking and worse piano playing.

In these days of bicycles and bloomers the girls will do well to look sharp before they leap during leap year.

The German Emperor must also have been on a hunt recently. He fired as promptly and as effectively as the President of the United States.

The New York woman who thinks Mr. Depew too facetious must have heard Mr. Depew explain why he wasn't a candidate for the presidency.

A girl in St. Joseph, Mo. has eloped with a Sioux Indian. Contrary to the usual run of aborigines, this fellow is said to be quite a well red man.

The duke of Marlborough may have an exceedingly fine ancestry but he can't present his wife with two fathers-in-law, as Consuelo has done for him.

Some of England's astute statesmen don't seem to think any country can be regarded as settled until an Englishman gets there and floats the English flag.

Congressmen are now engaged in mailing their constituents copies of speeches that were never delivered, but the "applause" and other trimmings go with them.

The worst feature of the fact that Assistant Postmaster General Jones had to write his name 250,000 times last year is that the name he had to write 250,000 times was Jones.

There is still one-tenth of the earth not yet explored. The Boston Globe remarks: "Great Britain has her eye on it." She won't stop with an eye, but she has an ultimatum ready.

When the same efficiency is demanded in public employment as is demanded in well-managed private corporations, and the same number of full days' work required, there will be better results.

Prof. Von Holst, having discovered that George Canning was the author of the Monroe doctrine, should now proceed to prove that Canning really intended it to apply also to England's interests in Africa.

It would be a good thing for the United States to adopt the Pleydunne's suggestion that we swap New York city for British Columbia. But it wouldn't be honest. New York is a British dependency already.

A Washington police justice imposed a fine on a young woman who smoked a cigarette on the street. Cigarette smoking is bad enough, and is particularly shocking when indulged in by the women, but the justice would not think of punishing a man for such an offense. It seems that the courts don't always place the sexes on an equal footing.

We can only see a rainbow when the back is toward the sun and the face toward the shower. In the storm of life the bow of promise scarp the shoulders of the cloud, but the covenant token of comfort comes from the sun of righteousness, though we do not see it. Death is a clearing up shower, and the rainbow of fidelity springs from the valley of the shadow and arches the great white throne, a perpetual sign that the storms of life are over.

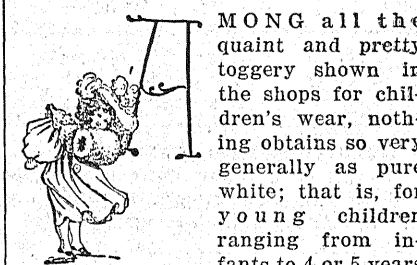
The people of the republic spend for liquor \$900,000,000 annually. A silver dollar is nearly one-eighth of an inch thick. Five dollars up as many as would pay our bill for strong drink, and you would have a column 1,578 miles high. A silver dollar is about two inches wide. Lay them down, and they will make a chain 12,604 miles long which would measure the earth's diameter one and one-half times. Our liquor bill, made into an equator of silver dollars, would, in two years, girdle the globe. How would "In God We Trust" look on that zone, repeated millions of times?

Two excitable young men in Maryland, Ill., met on the street very late at night. Each took the other for a

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

UP-TO-DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—The Kind of a Wife the Average Man Seeks—How to Launder Embroidery—The Household.



AMONG all the quaint and pretty toggery shown in the shops for children's wear, nothing obtains so very generally as pure white; that is, for young children ranging from infants to 4 or 5 years of age. Nothing seems to suit their pretty daintiness so well as the snow-white, fur-trimmed rags they wear so universally nowadays.

A cunning little sprite, who wears the dignified name of Dorothy, and who claims two and a half years as the portion of her time spent on earth, is a most bewitching sight in her snowy cloak, hat and furs. She looks like an invigorated snowflake. Shaggy, silky white astrakhan forms the body of her short cloak, which barely covers the chubby knees. It is double-breasted, and cut much as our umbrella skirts are, to flare all about in a succession of godets, while it fits the small shoulders smoothly. Immense mother-of-pearl buttons fasten it down the front. The sleeves are big puffs reaching to the



FOR NEW YEARS' FANCY DANCE.

wrist, the thickness of the material keeping them out in a very smart way. It has a ripple shoulder cape of white angora, decorated about the neck with a lot of tiny heads. The large muff is all softly lined with pale rose-colored velvet, to keep the tiny hands from feeling the touch of Jack Frost.

An immense Rembrandt hat of pearly white satin beaver rolls jauntily off the face, edged all about the brim with narrow white tips. The low, square crown has a soft tint of white lace about it, run through a beautifully carved pearl buckle, while toward the front, so as to fall over the rolling brim, is a bunch of long, glossy white plumes. Dorothy has glossy, brown hair, which is smoothly parted and arranged in two snug little bunches of curls on each side of the forehead, and tied by narrow white satin ribbon. There are funny little leggings and fat-looking little mittens of white wool to keep her as snug as a bug in a rug.—Ex.

The Kind of Wife Wanted. An Englishwoman who is not a very new woman, says she knows a perfect woman from a man's standpoint. "Being a woman," she said, "I know exactly what sort of a wife I would like if I were a man. It would be one who would never say, 'I told you so,' or 'You're not getting any younger, my dear,' or 'You'd-d-don't love me as much as you used.' It would be one who would never stay home and sit up for me when I went to the club, but would take her own pleasure in a reasonable way. One who wouldn't want her mother, her aunts, her sisters and her cousins to stay with her, nor have a family party on Christmas day, nor expect me to go to church when I wanted to play golf, nor frown if I lit a cigar in the drawing-room, nor sniff when I bring home Zola's novels or my chum Smith to take pot luck. I would have a wife who would never get fat nor old, nor bad tempered, nor jealous, nor

assumed the entire management of her vast interests upon the death of her husband and it was her life's ambition to make the wine bearing her name shine of the real aristocracy. How well she has succeeded is apparent to all. Her discerning judgment in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. The successors and present owners of the Pommy establishment are M. Henri Alexandre Louis Pommy, Mme. Jeanne Alexandrine Louise Pommy Comtesse de Polignac and M. Henri Dominique Vashier, the patriotic Frenchman who distinguished himself by his unostentatious work in charity and as a promoter of the higher industries of France. In recognition of his services he was decorated by the late President Carnot with the cross of the Legion of Honor. In keeping with the system of the late Mme. Pommy, the present management, confident that Pommy could rely upon its own merits, uses none but strictly legitimate channels in placing it before the public and caters only to the better class of customers. Pommy Sec commands the highest price all over the globe.

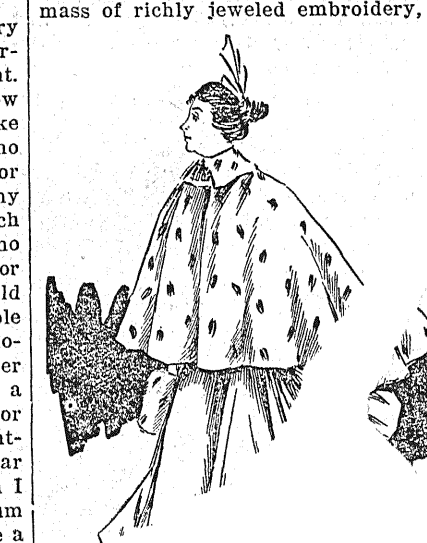
The Monk's Hood Cape. Very comfortable are some of the huge, roomy capes, measuring several yards about the foot, and fitting smoothly over the shoulders. Some of the cloth capes are exceedingly smart, made of medium-weight melton, and laid in broad tucks from collar to bottom, the edges of each tuck outlined with the narrowest beaver fur. A broad collar of the same fur, set out over the shoulders, and was stiffened with wire so as to flare up about the face when desired.

Another charming cape is of the richest Lyons velvet, in black, made in the same roomy fashion, and made gorgeous all about the foot by sharp, deep points of chinchilla, set up on the velvet; deep points of de Venise lace edged this fur, and a narrow galloon of open-work gold finished it. The effect was extremely elegant, and the cape was worth an endless amount of money.

Ermine is used to a great extent in the cape make-up, especially for carriage wear, one of the most fetching of which has a monk's hood at the back, lined with a pale, dull leaf-green velvet, which material is used as a lining throughout the entire cape. With it is worn a natty little arrangement of coral pins, velvet ribbon on the hair completing a very stunning carriage toilet.

Some of the smartest and most costly carriage wraps are of white thibet, made with long stole fronts. A deeply pointed yoke of rose-colored velvet, a mass of richly jeweled embroidery, is

Another charming cape is of the richest Lyons velvet, in black, made in the same roomy fashion, and made gorgeous all about the foot by sharp, deep points of chinchilla, set up on the velvet; deep points of de Venise lace edged this fur, and a narrow galloon of open-work gold finished it. The effect was extremely elegant, and the cape was worth an endless amount of money.

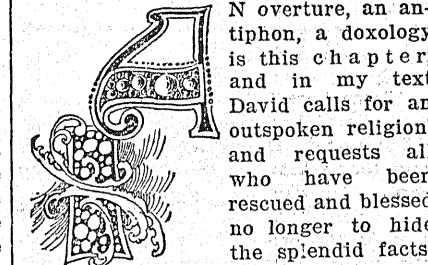


What a record for Gellacius, the play-actor, in the theater at Heliopolis. A burlesque of Christianity was put upon the stage. In derision of the ordinance of baptism a bath-tub, filled with

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OUTSPOKEN RELIGION THE GREATEST OF ALL.

Golden Text: "Let the Redeemed of the Lord Say So"—Psalms 107:2—The Apostle of Prayer the Great Conqueror of All Evil.



AN Overture, an antiphon, a doxology, is this chapter, and in my text David calls for an outspoken religion, and requests all who have been rescued and blessed no longer to hide the splendid facts, but to recite them, and as far as possible let all the world know about it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." There is a sinful reticence which has been almost canonized. The people are quite as outspoken as they ought to be on all subjects of politics, and are fluent and voluminous on the Venezuelan question, and bimetalism, and tariffs, and high and low and remodeled, and female suffrage, and you have to skillfully watch your chance if you want to put into active conversation a modest suggestion of your own; but on the subject of divine goodness, religious experience, and eternal blessedness they are not only silent, but boastful of their reticence. Now, if you have been redeemed of the Lord, why do you not say so? If you have in your heart the pearl of great price, worth more than the Koh-i-noor among Victorian jewels, why not let others see it? If you got off the wreck in the breakers, why not tell of the crew and the stout life boat that safely landed you? If from the fourth story you are rescued in time of conflagration, why not tell of the fireman and the ladder down which he carried you? If you have a mansion in heaven awaiting you, why not show the deed to those who may by the same process get an emerald castle on the same boulevard? By the last two words of my text David calls upon all of us who have received any mercy at the hand of God to stop impersonating the asylums for the dumb, and in the presence of men, women, angels, devils, and all worlds, "say so."

In these January days, thousands of ministers and private Christians are wondering about the best way of starting a revival of religion. I can tell you a way of starting a revival, continental, hemispheric and world-wide. You say a revival starts in heaven. Well, it starts in heaven just as a prosperous harvest starts in heaven. The sun must shine and the rains must descend, but unless you plow and sow and cultivate the earth you will not raise a bushel of wheat or a peck of corn between now and the end of the world. How, then, shall a universal revival start? By all Christian people telling the story of their own conversion. Let ten men and women get up next week in your prayer meeting and, not in a conventional or canting or doleful way, but in the same tone they employ in the family or place of business, tell how they crossed the line, and the revival will begin then and there, if the prayer meeting has not been so dull as to drive out all except those concerning whom it was foreordained for all eternity that they should be there. There are so many different ways of being converted that we want to hear all kinds, so that our own case may be helped. It always puts me back to hear only one kind of experience, such as a man gives when he tells of his Pauline conversion—how he was knocked senseless, and then had a vision and heard voices, and after a certain number of days of horror got up and shouted for joy. All that discourages me, for I was never knocked senseless, and I never had such a sudden burst of religious rapture that I lost my equilibrium. 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And in another I saw a man got up and told us of his meeting a man got up and went through the once had of iniquity, until we were all the round of iniquity, but one day he was into the particulars, but one day he was by some religious power hurled at, and then got up a Christian, and had ever since been going around with his arm, as a man gives when he tells of his Pauline conversion—how he was knocked senseless, and then had a vision and heard voices, and after a certain number of days of horror got up and shouted for joy. All that discourages me, for I was never knocked senseless, and I never had such a sudden burst of religious rapture that I lost my equilibrium. 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Nerves

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Depend upon the blood for sustenance. Therefore if the blood is impure they are improperly fed and nervous prostration results. To make pure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

America has 23,000,000 farmers.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the only cure medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '93.

London has over 60 statues to famous men.

How's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Chicago is to have a hotel with 6,114 rooms.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve" warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Gold was discovered in the Transvaal in 1886.

FITZ—All first stoppers free by Dr. Kille's Great Nervous Cure. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. 50 cases. Send to Dr. Kille, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Transvaal has been independent since 1852.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wislawa's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Wheat and tobacco are the chief crops of the Transvaal.

The soothing, healing effects of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is felt almost instantly. There is no other cough medicine that combines so many virtues. Sold by all dealers.

Johannesburg, the metropolis of the Transvaal has 15,000 inhabitants.

Anyone who suffers from that terrible plague, Itching Piles, will appreciate the immediate relief and permanent cure that comes through the use of Doan's Ointment. It never fails.

"Briefings has graduated from the law school, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Practicing?" "Not yet. He's looking for somebody to practice on."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look after the Back: A Fall, a Strain, a Constant Sitting or Stooping Position Brings Backache—Do You Know This Means the Kidneys are Affected?

How few people realize when their back begins to ache that it is a warning provided by nature to tell you that the kidneys are not working properly. You have a severe fall, you strain yourself lifting or perhaps you are compelled to maintain a sitting or stooping position for long intervals at a time, your back begins to ache, then your head, you become listless, tired and weary, but do you understand the real cause? We think not, else you would not use plasters and liniment on the back, which only relieve but do not reach the cause. If you would rid yourself of the pain and cure the root of the trouble, at the same time save many years of suffering and perhaps life itself, you will take a kidney remedy that has been tried and proven that it will cure.

Mr. John Robinson of 661 Russell Street, Detroit, says: "As a result of exposure during the war I have suffered ever since with rheumatism and kidney trouble. Pains would start in my hip and go around to my back. Highly colored urine denoted kidney disorder. The pain in my back was often so bad I had to give up work until the severity of the attack passed away. I have used many liniments and other things, but received very little relief. Some time ago I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and they have worked a wonderful change in me. My back is all right now and I owe it all to the almost magical influence of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Robinson was a member of the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment, which served through the war with honor and distinction. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

Morocco leather may be restored with a varnish of the white of an egg.

"I was completely covered with sores. Every limb in my body ached. Had been sick for five years. Doctors could do me no good. Most of my time was spent in bed; was a complete wreck. Burdock Blood Bitters have completely cured me in three months." Mrs. Annie Zoepen, Crookstown, Minn.

In the race of life every man carries a little of some other man's weight.

"If taken into the head by the nostrils two or three times a week, Thomas' Electric Oil will positively relieve the most offensive case of catarrh." Rev. E. F. Crane, Dunkirk, N. Y.

The devil never feels ashamed of himself in the company of a stingy man.

Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the corns. These pests are easily removed with Hincroorns. 1 c. at druggists.

If church membership only could save, heaven would be full of hypocrites.

The more its uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its good qualities are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

A Very Desirable Calendar.

Calendars of all kinds and sizes herald the coming year. Many are to be had for the asking—many without asking—but to them as to other things the rule might be applied that what costs nothing is worth about what it costs. The calendar we always welcome has just reached us. We refer to the one published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. This issue seems if possible even better than its predecessors. Handsome enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for every-day use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly at It Brings Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The daily presence of this inspiring motto is worth far more than the price of any calendar. The large figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents), includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address.

Spoons of wood, horn, metal or stone have been in every country from prehistoric ages.

THE WORLD'S EARLIEST POTATO.

That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 23 days. Salzer's new late potato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at \$1.00 a bushel—\$4000. That pays. A word to the wise, etc.

Now if you will cut this out and send it with 10c postage you will get, free, 10 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our mammoth seed catalogue, w.n.

It is hard for some men to believe that a sin can be black as long as it pays well.

Parker's Ginger Tonic. Of the many good things to be found in American homes, we do not believe that any are held in higher esteem, or have done better service than Parker's Ginger Tonic. It has grown to be a household necessity and is serviceable in almost every case where there is weakness and infirmity. There are forms of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatic, lumbago, including frost-bites, backache, and nervousness. They have held high revel in many homes until banished by Parker's Ginger Tonic and we are proud of the record that has made so many hearts grateful.

A blow aimed at the devil often strikes a church member square in the face.

It is the low Jack. Fine ice means very cold weather, then comes a high old time in skating rinks, and skating on slides and rinks, and we go home tired and overheated. It's the same old story of cooling off with wraps and on with all sorts of aches and pains, rheumatic, neuralgia, sciatic, lumbago, including frost-bites, backache, and nervousness. They have held high revel in many homes until banished by Parker's Ginger Tonic and we are proud of the record that has made so many hearts grateful.

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THE SERPENT VINE.

By Brian E. Barr.

WE had pushed our way far into the bounds of the Great Dismal Swamp—far beyond the danger line that Solomon, our Indian guide, had pointed out. In vain Solomon entreated us to turn back. We found game abundant, and with the reckless folly of youth, I permitted my dark-faced cousin Paul to lead me on and on.

At length the time came when Solomon could be induced to proceed no farther.

"Go on there, never one of us come back," he declared over and over. "The snake vine be there."

"The snake vine?" I questioned.

"Bah!" sneered Paul. "The serpent vine is a myth."

"But what is it said to be?"

"A vine that grows in the depth of the swamp—a plant that coils about any living thing that may come within its grasp. It is said to thrive on flesh and blood; but who believes the tale? Who has seen the serpent vine?"

"I have," declared Solomon. "I seen it once."

"When?"

"Many year ago. I came here then to hunt with my brother. We do not mind what they tell us of the snake vine. We laugh at all the stories. While we be here the vine find my brother, and when I see him is dead, with the vine all twist, twist, twist round him."

"Bah!" sneered Paul once more. "Solomon has told that story so many times he now believes it is true. I say the vine is a myth. Such a thing does not exist in nature."

"You say to me that I lie?" asked the Indian guide, calmly.

"Yes," replied my cousin, with insinuating innocence. "It is as natural for an Injun to lie as it is to breathe. Like the others, Solomon, you are a born liar."

The guide arose, picking up his rifle and blanket.

"You go your way," he said. "I go

We did not go very far. I induced Paul to land and camp on a spot that seemed favorable. Our camp fire gleamed brightly in the gloom of that dismal place, but did not drive the shadow from my heart.

No, he had not gone. Beneath the trees near the water's edge a dark form dangled above the earth. I would have rushed up, but Solomon held me back. "Look!" he said. "The end has come! The snake vine was not to be cheated this time."

"But the tree—my cousin—he is hanging!"

"The snake vine climbs trees to find food; look near root of tree. See it grows there—see, it runs up trunk—out on limb. It is round his neck, and he is dead already!"

It was true. In passing beneath that tree Paul had been clutched by the dangling vine. One cry was all that ever came from his lips, for the serpent vine quickly choked him to silence.

It was retribution swift and sure, but such a death seemed none the less terrible to me that it destroyed one who had doomed me to a like fate a short time before.

One of us would not leave the swamp alive.

"Come here," he shouted; "come and see what I have found."

I followed the sound of his voice, and found him not very far from the camp. He was standing and staring at something that lay stretched toward him on the ground in a moving twisting mass. I thought he had shot something, and hurried to see what it could be.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The serpent vine!" was his reply. "It must be that. Solomon did not lie after all."

I gazed at the thing, fascinated, for I saw that it was indeed a vine that grew from the ground there amid the rank growing things of the swamp. It lay stretched toward my cousin, seeming to reach out and grasp for him, but he was safe beyond its touch. It twisted and twined like a mass of serpents, and I felt my heart grow sick and faint as I looked.

"Come closer," cried Paul. "It cannot reach beyond its length."

He drew me nearer, and then, of a sudden, with a strong thrust he sent me reeling and shrieking fairly amid that mass of writhing things. In the twinkling of an eye they had coiled about my legs, and I could not break away, although I desperately strove to do so.

"Paul, Paul, save me!"

My answer was a mocking laugh.

"Save me!" I panted again.

"Save you!" returned my cousin scornfully. "I brought you here for this! I hate you. I swore that one of us should not leave this swamp alive. You miserable little Yankee; what right have you to come here from the north and displace me in my uncle's

THE BURSTING OF A GLACIER.

A Frightful Disaster Near the Gemmi Pass.

A correspondent, writing to the London Globe, from Zurich, on Nov. 13, says: "At daybreak on Wednesday a frightful disaster took place at a distance of four miles from Kandersteg, on the Gemmi pass. A huge mass of ice, measuring 1,250,000 cubic meters, detached from the Altels glacier and was precipitated into the valley. Such was the impetus of the might avalanche that it was not checked in the valley, but dashed up the opposite side, which has a slope of 45 degrees, to a height of 10,000 feet, carrying everything before it until it met a wall of rock which sent the main mass surging back.

"At the foot of this rock lies, or rather lay, the Spitalmatt, an exceedingly beautiful and rich mountain pasture, with chalets for the cowherds, for storing cheeses, etc. At the time of the disaster there were collected there 150 head of valuable cattle, under the care of four cowherds. There were also two officials from Leuk, who had come up to arrange about bringing down the cattle, which event has always taken place on Nov. 15. All have been overwhelmed. Of the animals, only three have escaped. The loss in the live stock, the ownership of which was partitioned among about thirty families, mostly quite poor, belonging to the village of Leuk, is estimated at 100,000 francs. The pasture itself, which for years will now be useless, strown as it is with debris, is valued at 400,000 francs. The bodies of the two officials and of two of the cowherds have been recovered, but in a horribly mutilated condition. It seems that the disaster overtook them while sleeping in their huts. The other two men, whose bodies have not yet been found, are supposed to have been up early for the purpose of milking the cows. The blocks of fallen ice and rocks cover a space of two square miles to a depth of many yards, the whole scene being one of indescribable desolation. Besides the trees which were in the track of the avalanche, great numbers have been uprooted by the wind which it produced. Many of the cattle, too, lie about in such positions that they must have been hurled great distances through the air by the same forces. Men are hard at work trying to make some sort of footpath over the debris, the ordinary road being, of course, completely obliterated. From old records in Leuk it appears that a similar catastrophe occurred at the same spot in 1782, also only two days before the date fixed for the return of the cattle to the valleys."

Found at Delphi.

Two more slabs of stone inscribed with words and music have been found in the treasury of the Athenians at Delphi by the French. By using some of the fragments previously discovered a second hymn to Apollo, with its notes, has been put together. The date is after the conquest of Greece by the Romans. The Greeks seem to have used twenty-one notes in their musical notation, where we use only twelve.

USEFUL ITEMS.

Books with clasps or raised slides damage those near them on the shelves.

To Remove Iron Mould.—Apply first a solution of sulphuric potash, and afterward one of oxalic acid. The sulphuric acts on the iron.

To Polish Old Book Bindings.—Thoroughly clean the leather by rubbing with a piece of flannel; if the leather is broken fill up the holes with a little paste, beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it well over the covers with a piece of sponge; polish it by passing a hot iron over.

To Loosen Glass Stoppers.—Apply salad oil to the mouth of the decanter by means of a feather; the bottle should then be placed about one-half yard from the fire. When warm the stopper should be gently struck on all sides, and attempts should be made to move it. If it still remains fast, apply more oil. A few sharp taps on the stopper, all the way round, with a key is also very effectual.

Dress of Nurses.—Nurses in the sick room should always dress in light colored clothes, and these should be of cotton, so that they may be less liable to harbor infectious matter, and more easily cleaned.—Free Silver Knight.

Edmund Gosse does not think since Dickens died the whole nation felt so suddenly impoverished by the passing away of a man of letters as it felt when Stevenson left them.

One Woman's Process.

Careful attention to another point will save labor and make better butter if you stop the churn as soon as the particles of butter have formed about the size of wheat kernels. You can then draw off the buttermilk and wash it so thoroughly that it will require very little strength to work it. If it is necessary or desirable to work it at all, I wash twice with cold, salt brine, then float in a weak brine of about 55 degrees for a few moments. If not particular about the temperature of the last washing, the butter will be too cold to make together conveniently and make it difficult to handle. When you have drained it thoroughly, sift over it a half ounce of salt to a pound of butter. Let it remain a short time to dissolve the grains of salt, then turn the crank several times when it will be massed together and quite as evenly salted as hand-working could do it. Do not let the lever or ladle go over with a sliding plastering motion. You may squeeze or pound it with impunity almost, but every time you rub it over, you spoil as many grains as you touch and so much of it is no better than oleomargarine. For packing, use the best made, best looking salt tubs you can find. Scald out with hot water, soak with strong brine twenty-four hours, scalding hot brine, let cool and your tub is fit for use. Pack as solidly as possible, cover tightly and set in a cool place until ready for shipping.

Most of the older butter makers think that you take all the flavor out of butter when you wash it, little dreaming it is not the taste of butter at all they are so fond of but simply butter milk. Others scald and even boil their butter until all the delicate flavoring oils are dissipated, and nothing but a tallovish grease is left. You will hardly find two farmer people who will think the same sample is first-class, but when you send it to a great city you may be confident it will be graded about right. There is too great a demand for strictly first-class butter for a commission man to let it go for less than best prices. He will want more too badly, but of course he can not get more than that, and you may be sure also that if you feed rightly, keep the barn free from smells by dusting the floor daily with plaster, that if you are very careful to keep everything about the milk and cream perfectly sweet and clean, that you churn it as soon as it is perfectly sour and is of a proper temperature, that you stop churning as soon as the butter forms in small particles, that you wash thoroughly in strong brine, salt and work lightly and pack it in slightly, properly-prepared packages, and keep milk, cream and butter away from the air as much as possible, you can not fail to have butter of a high-priced flavor that will command creamery prices and may be termed "Dairy butter in a quality equal to creamery."—Mrs. Robertson.

Lim on Land.

Our cultivated crops contain on an average about as much lime as potash. While it is necessary that it should be thoroughly mixed with the earth it should be kept near the surface, as it is liable to sink into the soil. In whatever way it is applied it is well to remember that the carbonic acid which has been expelled from the atmosphere, and it should in consequence of this be as little exposed to the air as possible before being applied to the land. It should be put upon the land as soon as practicable after slaking. By watching the effect of a small application the farmer will be able to judge whether his lands require it in larger quantities, or whether its use on his particular soil is at all beneficial, since there is scarcely anything that is as dependent upon repeated experiment and so independent of all definite rules as fertilizing, owing to the great diversity of soils, the difference in their mechanical condition and various other causes.—Agricultural Gazette (Tasmania).

"Butterine" No More.—A recent ruling of the Treasury Department will tend practically to make the word butterine obsolete and otherwise to render the sale of oleo under the guise of butter more difficult. The order from the Treasury Department is in part as follows: The use of any trade mark, label, brand, picture, illustration or advertising or descriptive device representing a cow, or dairy farm, or in any other form indicating the oleomargarine to be a product of the dairy or calculated to induce the belief that it is such dairy product is inadmissible. The use of the word "butterine" is also inadmissible since section 2 of the act of August, 1886, prescribed that "butterine" should be known and designated as "oleomargarine."—Butchers' Advocate.

A Fine Dairy.—Among the most successful dairymen in Central New York may be named Augustus Sage of Holmesville, near South New Berlin. His farm contains eighty acres and keeps thirty-eight head of Holstein cattle, twelve sheep and his teams. Mr. Sage says there is scarcely a limit to the production of an acre of land or of the amount of milk a cow will give when properly bred and cared for. Mr. Sage has raised and grown on his farm his present number of cows. Mr. Valkenburgh, deputy state dairy commissioner, after examining the herd, said: "This is the finest dairy of cows and shows the best breeding for the production of milk of any dairy within my knowledge."—Ononta Herald.

Exercise and Force.—The sun, the heat, the fresh air, the activity of respiration induced by exercise, develop the force, energy, suppleness and muscular strength of the coil. Those raised in stables may be larger in breadth and amplitude, but they can never attain these more essential elements in confinement. Like a child, the colt needs to run about and play.

GROW RICH, EVERY FARMER.

The editor thinks it to be the wish of everybody to grow rich, not for the sake of the money, but for the good that can be done with the money. Now, there are three new cereals recently created that will make money for the farmer. One is Silver King Barley, the most wonderful creation of the age, yielding 90, 100 to 115 bu. per acre in 1895, and there are thousands of farmers who believe they can grow 150 bu. per acre therefrom in 1896.

Then there is Silver Mine Oats, yielding in 1895 209 bu. per acre. Every farmer who tested it, believes 250 bu. possible.

Then there is Golden Triumph Corn, which produced over 200 bu. per acre, and 250 bu. is surely possible.

And potatoes, there is Salzer's Earliest, which was fit for table in 23 days in 1895, yielding tremendously, while the Champion of the World, tested in a thousand different places in 1895, yielded from 8 to 1,600 bu. per acre.

Now, in Salzer's new catalogue there is a wonderful array of new varieties of wheat, oats, barley, rye, potatoes, grasses, clovers and forage plants, and the editor believes that it would pay every farmer a thousand-fold to get this catalogue before buying seeds.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive, free, 10 grain and grass samples, including above and their mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone, 5 cents postage. W.N.

It appears that some housekeepers moderate the acidity of the currant and gooseberry by mixing them with the mulberry, giving a compound rivaling the raspberry.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

If you keep your milk and cream in the cellar along with turnips, potatoes, and rotten pumpkins, and have no other place to get the milk and cream, sell your cows.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

The most easily digested meats are: Cold mutton, mutton chops, venison, tenderloin, sirloins, steak, lamb chops, roast beef, rabbit and chicken.

Throat Troubles. To allay the irritation that induces throat troubles, a simple and safe remedy.

A Distinction.

The right and wrong of the question of the nude in art was never more forcibly put than by Dr. Samuel Johnson 100 years ago. "Sir," said the pestered James Boswell to him, "do you consider Mr. Opie's naked Venus indecent?" "No, sir," thundered the sturdy old moralist; "but your question is!"

shake it off

The general belief among doctors is that consumption itself is very rarely inherited. But the belief is becoming stronger that the tendency to consumption is very generally transmitted from parent to child. If there has been consumption in the family, each member should take special care to prepare the system against it. Live out doors; keep the body well nourished; and treat the first indication of failing health.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a fat-producing food and nerve-tonic. Its use is followed by improved nutrition, richer blood, stronger nerves and a more healthy action of all the organs. It strengthens the power of the body to resist disease. If you have inherited a tendency to weak lungs, shake it off.

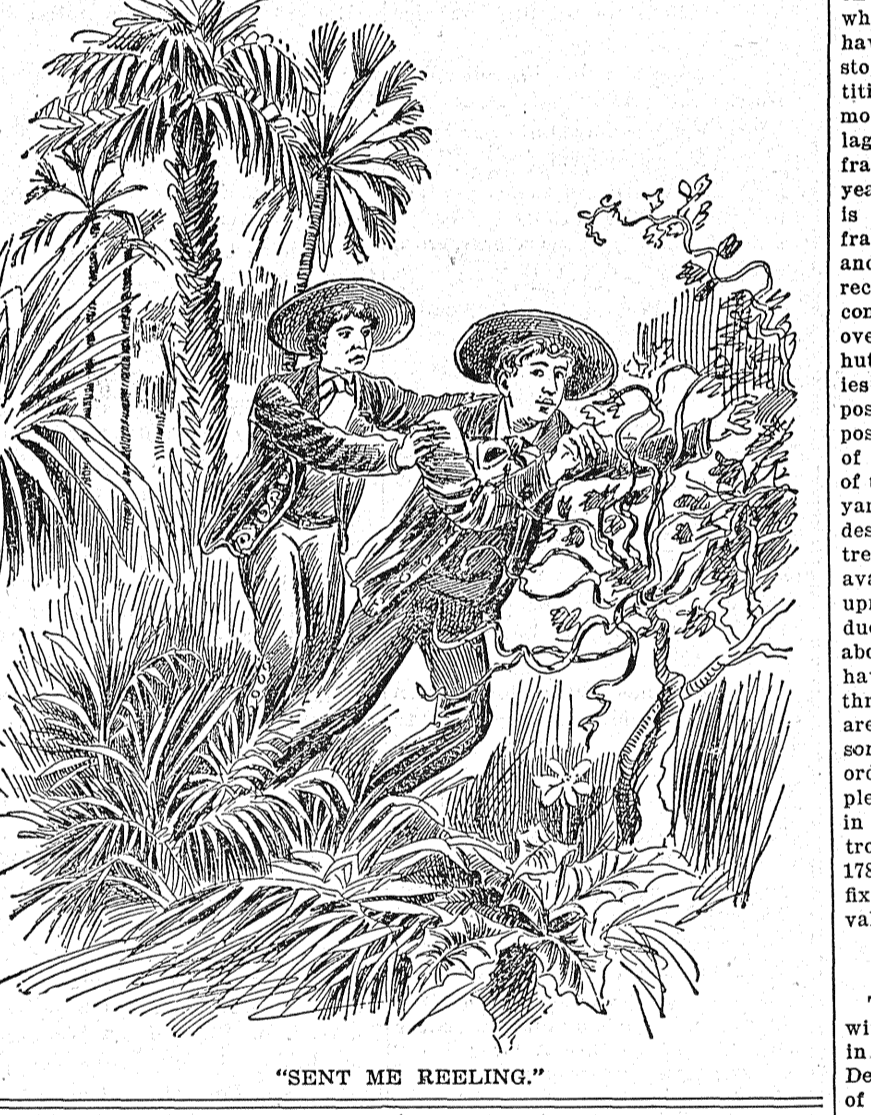
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The Great Kidney, Liver & Bladder Cure.

DR. KILLMER'S SWAMP ROOT CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Killmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.



"SENT ME REELING."

mine. Maybe the serpent vine find you, and then you think of me."

"Where are you going?"

"Back."

"But how are you going to get out of the swamp without a boat?"

"I find my way; you find yours. Good-by."

I would have called him back, but Paul prevented me.

"Let the fool go!" he exclaimed, loudly enough for the retreating Indian to hear. "We can get along without him. I have been in the swamp before, cousin, and it will not be a difficult thing to retrace our course when we are ready to leave."

I was sorry to see the guide go away in such a manner, and I regretted what had happened very much, but Paul overruled me, and I submitted to his superior will.

That day, without Solomon, we pushed on still further into the swamp, although my heart was filled with a fear that we might never be able to get out of that labyrinth of slushy streams which seemed to flow in all directions, for already I could not have told to save me how to retrace our course.

The great herons rose from the morass, as we advanced, sometimes an alligator slipped away into the dark shadows where the water twisted beneath the thick tropical foliage, strange birds fitted amid the trees, from which the Spanish moss hung thick and rank. It was a strange wild place, and I felt the fear growing upon me.

Once or twice I felt sure that I saw my cousin's eyes fixed upon me with a fierce triumphant look that made my blood grow chill. This was while we passed through dense shadows, but as we emerged to lighted spots Paul no longer looked at me, and I tried to make myself believe it was a trick of my imagination.

affections! If it were not for you he would leave me everything when he dies. You are a sneak and a coward, but I have brought you to your death here, although my hands shall not be stained. The serpent-vine will do the work for me. Good-by, cousin mine—good-by!"

Unheeding my cries and entreaties, he turned and hurried away, disappearing in the direction of the camp. I was left alone—left to die in the clutch of the horrid vine that was twining about my legs and creeping up, up, up. I fought it off, I shrieked, I shouted, I called to Paul, I prayed. It seemed that I was in the grasp of that thing for hours, and yet I had beaten and torn it off so that it had not reached my neck.

All at once a dark figure glided toward me from the shadow of the forest.

"Paul!" I gasped—"you have come back to save me, Paul! I knew you could not let me die thus!"

"Paul gone. I hear you cry—I come." It was Solomon!

To this day I know not how he released me from that horrid vine. I know that he gave me his knife and told me to cut at the arms that were twined about me, and I know that one of my hands he grasped, as he sought to draw me from the clutch of the monster. Between us we triumphed, and I fell fainting to the ground, to be dragged still farther away by the faithful Indian.

As I was slowly recovering, a great cry rang through the swamp, and that brought me to my feet, quivering with fresh excitement.

"Did you hear it, Solomon?" I asked.

"We hear it," he replied. "Come on." We went toward the camp. As we came near we saw that Paul had gathered up the outfit and carried it down



The Personal Side Of George Washington

Not the General nor President, but the lover, the man, the husband and neighbor. Three of such articles by General A. W. Greely, the famous Arctic explorer, will shortly begin in the

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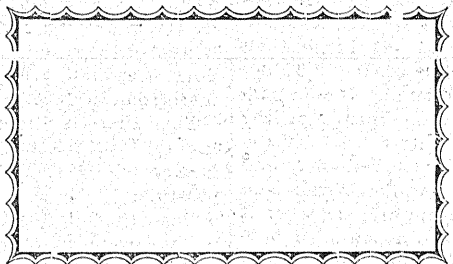
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We have in stock a large supply of Undertakers goods. The latest styles of Shrine caskets also Metallic caskets.

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.

We are going to sell Cotton and Wool

INGRAIN CARPETS

at bottom prices this spring. Come and see them now. We realize that money is scarce and in order to close out some of our fall and winter goods, we will make close prices for cash.

We have some "out of style shoes" that we can guarantee as for wear and we will sell them at your own prices.

WE WANT THEM OUT OF THE WAY.

We wish to move our goods and will make prices an object to you. Yours Truly,

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 STRAM PRINTING HOUSE, Segar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Michigan.

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

Advertisements.
All changes of advertisements must be sent to this office NO LATER than Wednesday noon of each week, else they can not be inserted in that week's issue. Reasonable rates are charged for display advertisements. Local notices in our paid local column are five cents per line for first insertion. Notices of festivals, lectures, concerts and all entertainments of a money-making character are 25 cents a line. Resolutions of respect are charged for at the rate of one dollar for each insertion. Cards of thanks are twenty-five cents for each insertion.

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

A. A. P. McDOWELL
Proprietor

OUR MOTTO:

PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

To All Concerned.

Something of Especial Interest to all Our Readers.

On and after the first day of February, 1900, 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.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

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

OWENDALE.

J. D. Owen is moving his house from town on his farm, one-half mile west.

Mrs. Wells spent Sunday in Rescue.

Neil Nickerson made a flying trip to Cassville Saturday.

Denis Shores is sinking a well on J. D.'s farm west of town.

John Wilson, of Rescue, was in town Monday and Tuesday last.

W. S. went east on his wheel Sunday. Wait till the hubs wear down, Bill.

Prof. Taylor, of Canboro, was a guest at the Owendale House Sunday last.

NORTH-WEST NOVESTA.

A party last Wednesday night at Mr. Lavene's.

This Friday night Blanch Parker gives a dancing party.

Mrs. Weller Root and daughters, are visiting friends near Lake Odessa.

Mrs. Lide Formby, formerly of this place, is working at Jas. Furgerson's.

D. and S. Livingston, of Snore Island, are hustling ice from this part of the town.

Mrs. Musa Williams, of Saginaw, is visiting her folks, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sackner.

Weller Root is finishing harvesting his corn crop. Will have two crops this year.

The marriage of E. Kuhn is announced to take place in the early spring. The lucky one to preside at the mansion comes from Saginaw.

ELMWOOD.

The light snow of Saturday helped the sleighing very much.

Quarterly meeting next Sunday at Ellington M. E. Church.

Mrs. C. Mullen and daughter, of Bay Port, visited Mrs. J. Spittler last week.

Maude Wickware, of Ellington, was visiting friends and relatives here last week.

J. Miller had relatives from Texas and from Watrousville visiting them last week.

The Literary Society was adjourned last Saturday evening until after the revival had closed.

The school board has purchased a new map of Michigan and also a new globe. Both were very badly headed.

Miss Perrien E. Webster and Mr. Aldridge, of Watrousville, were visiting friends here on Saturday of last week.

The revival meetings have been very well attended and a good number converted. They will continue through this week at least.

Consumption, Lagrippe, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung diseases are all cured by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

CANBORO.

Mrs. Talmage is on the sick list. Mrs. Emery and son, of Pinnebog, were in town last week.

Sheriff McLean, of Bad Axe, was a caller in town last week.

Mrs. Lown, of Cleveland, Ohio is visiting at John Lown's.

Mrs. John Leitch still continues very poorly with an attack of la grippe.

Mrs. Lown was called to attend her daughter Monday who is very sick at Cass City.

Arthur Taylor has disposed of his personal property and is about to move to Bad Axe.

The noise the English Lion made while Grover had him by the tail would pale into insignificance when compared with the noise some are making over their recent colds.

WOLETON.

Crist Volz lost a valuable cow last week.

Isaac Krohn is on the sick list at present.

Miss Jennie Crawford is visiting at Wm. F. Wolf's this week.

Miss Agnes Warrington is helping Mrs. J. Mc Callum at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Wolf visited relatives in Brookfield Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Evans attended meeting in Brookfield Church last Sunday.

Hinton & Shuffelt have about completed their lumbering job north of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Shean have returned from Lockport, N. Y., where they have been during the summer.

Mr. Dressler has returned from visiting his son at Sebowaing and reports a big lumbering business in those parts by Liken & Co.

KINGSTON.

Now is the time to fill your ice house.

J. K. Thomas visited Detroit Wednesday.

Albert Foe has moved his ice house back of his meat market.

Mrs. A. Durkee visited her brother near Cass City last week.

F. C. Lee and wife were in Caro on Wednesday of last week.

W. G. Millikin, of Marlette, called on Kingston friends Monday.

Hiram Youngs, of Tuscola, visited friends at Kingston last week.

Quite a number of the farmers shipped their contract beans to Cass City Monday.

F. J. Gifford and James VanWagner transacted business at Caro on Thursday last.

Perry Silvernail has opened a wagon shop in part of C. W. Baker's shop with Geo. Calder.

Geo. Killins has sold the lot between A. Durkee's and Mrs. Holmes' store to Mrs. Holmes.

W. J. Cloakey, agent for the Plano Manufacturing Co., has completed arrangements with W. B. Predmore to transfer their machinery at this place.

Jos. Hirshman, who located here last summer with a general store, has decided to move his stock to Thompson. He will be succeeded in a few days by Mr. Breeman, of Bay City, who will put a stock of goods into the store owned by Mrs. Pelton.

NOVESTA.

A. H. Ale and D. McGillvray were in these parts Tuesday on business.

Miss Madison, of Missouri, is visiting her sister, Mrs. John McPhail, at present.

Everybody is improving their time while the sleighing lasts in drawing wood and lumber.

Elder Brown, of Yale, preached to a large audience at the Quick school house Sunday evening.

There was a surprise party at the residence of Mr. Lawrence last week. A good time is reported.

J. Dodge, of Elmwood Corners, was in this vicinity last week. Wonder what he is dodging after up this way.

Robert Brown and his mother returned from Ontario Saturday, where they have been visiting for some time.

There was a surprise party at the residence of T. McQuillen Monday evening before his departure for Kingston. A good time is reported.

We forgot to mention last week that A. McPhee was also dealing in horse-flesh having traded horses and now owns the gray horse that he sold last spring.

Mrs. Levi Delong returned home from Ontario where she was called by the serious illness of her mother who passed from the cares of this world while Mrs. Delong was there.

Thos. McQuillen, one of the first pioneers of Novesta, left here Tuesday and moved to Kingston where he will make his future home, having traded his farm for some village property. Sorry to lose Tom and his family as they were good neighbors.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

ELKTON.

R. Ballagh was in Cassville Thursday on business.

Dad Woods is recovering from his recent attack of the fever.

Miss Minnie Ballagh, of Canboro, is visiting friends south of town.

Our mill is shut down for repairs and will only grind feed every other day.

Jako Kasserman, north of town, is talking of going south in the spring.

Miss Collins, of Bad Axe, was the guest of Miss Lizzie Stevens the past week.

Sheriff McLean, of Bad Axe, was in town on business between trains Saturday.

Thomas McAllister, of Owendale, made a pleasant call in and around the burg Sunday.

Quite a number from here attended the land sale at Bay Port Saturday, under the Snell administration.

John Grill has purchased the bear that was shot west of town the past week. The capturer lost a fine dog in the adventure.

There is talk of our burg having a telephone line in the spring and why can't we have electric lights when Cassville can sport the same.

Every one says they are going to take in the Maccabee entertainment next Monday evening in the Maccabee Hall. It is reported free to all and we feel confident it will be worthy of an attendance.

Rev. McCreedy exchanged pulpits with Rev. Peacock Sabbath evening last. The results were the Pigeon people had the pleasure of listening to the latter named gentleman, who preached an able sermon to a fair-sized congregation. Mr. McCreedy also enjoyed the same feast.

WEST GRANT.

Jno. O'Rourke is numbered with the sick.

Heron boys sport a new cutter now-a-days.

A. McVicar returned from Bay City Wednesday.

Samuel Herron was the guest of Jas. Lang Sunday.

H. Hanson Sundayed at his parental home in Beulah.

W. Richards, of Cass City, was in town this week.

Jas. Quinn, Jr., was a caller at John O'Rourke's Sunday.

Chas. J. Ricker visited friends in Brookfield Sunday last.

Several of our people are engaged in storing ice this week.

Spelling school Tuesday evenings in Dist. No. 1, Grant. All are invited.

L. Matthews and J. W. Williamson made a flying trip to Caro Wednesday.

Two wood bees the past week. One at Jno. Doerr's the 16th and one at Jas. Quinn's the 23rd.

Pumroy Thompson delivers wood in Uby this week, making good use of the snow while it lasts.

Quite a number of farmers from town attended the farmers' institute in Bad Axe Tuesday and Wednesday.

Spelling school attendance in No. 1, Grant, Tuesday evening was larger than usual. Four schools were represented.

Several from here attended the wedding of Miss Hannah Muma and T. McPherson, of Elkland, on Wednesday, the 23rd.

Rev. Mr. Pollard, of Cumber, will hold services in the school house, No. 4, Grant, Sunday evening next, weather favorable.

Dame rumor reports a party at Geo. Hartsell's. A sleighload from town attended the revival meetings in Rescue Sunday evening.

John Ricker, we are pleased to say, is able to be around again after a severe illness and is at present spending a few days in the community.

Quite a number from here attended the services in the Presbyterian Church west of town Sunday. Rev. Mr. Baxter, of Cass City, was present.

It was a pleasant party and many young friends enjoyed themselves at Mr. Mathews' Thursday evening. They gathered from all directions making the crowd unusually large.

Preparations are being made for a grand entertainment and oyster supper to be held in the M. P. Church in Grant, one and one-half miles south of Rescue, on the evening of January, 30th. All are cordially invited.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store.

Mother Says So.

Lexington, Mich., Dec. 14, 1893. Friend Holden—Send me a couple of bottles of Fine Root Cough Syrup. Mother says its just the stuff.

Will Baxter.

BEFORE.

Frank McCracken suffers with a sore eye.

Henry Leach is caring for a sick cow.

Edward Clark, of Armada, is up here chasing the rabbits.

Candy pull at Pete Daugherty's on the evening of the 15th.

Candy pull at Dave Valentine's on the evening of the 18th.

Thomas O'Rourke, of Romeo, visits at Armada last week.

Orrin Stowell left for Oakland county on the 15th inst.

A. W. Canfield, of St. Clair county visits at Geo. Martin's.

J. D. Funk and wife have gone to Imlay City to visit friends.

Ambrose Huffman, of Wells town, visited east of here last Sunday.

H. Lester has gone to Armada to bring up some more of his goods.

We learn that John Gemmills has sold his saw mill to Goffshield & Co.

Edward Satton is here from Ont., visiting his mother, Mrs. A. E. Allen.

James O'Rourke, of Romeo, visits his uncle George O'Rourke east of here.

Some are shipping potatoes. At present the price is ten cents per bushel.

Since our last writing the secret society syndicate of this place dedicated the new hall.

The Walt Mosher 40 acres n e ¼ of n e ¼ of section 34, Novesta, has been sold to a Mr. Pratt, of St. Clair county.

Novesta Corners is securing plan for a Baptist Church. The land is selected to erect it on just south of the saw mill.

The heavy snow storm of two weeks ago put us in this condition. When we visit towns north or south we make the trip on sleighs. When we go to the east or west we oscillate on wheels.

Mexican money north of here seems to be scarce of late. There was some banked at this point last summer but some how it drew interest the wrong way. Since then the circulation of the metal of said republic has been very easy in this neck-o-woods.

We don't belong to any "kirk" and our feet are too large to oscillate in a very small path, but I tell you boys, hunting on Sunday looks a little uncivilized even to me, then how it must look to the "good people." Rest that day young man. T'will be better all around.

H. J. Wilcox and Frank Curtis, of this place, failed to go to the Farmers' Institute held at Caro, Jan. 16th and 17th and we were sorry they were absent, for they are raising December lambs with success. None of the sheep men at the Institute know the first letter of the secret.

This winter three aged men have passed away in one month within two miles of Novesta postoffice. First, Charles Goodin, next an old gentleman by the name of Richardson and last Mr. Rule. All were respectable citizens and men who had toiled and made the world better by their having lived.

The writer attended the Tuscola County Farmers' Institute held at Caro, Jan. 16th and 17th. He deemed the meeting showed the tillers of the soil in Tuscola county to be a temperate and passably intelligent lot of men. The exercises were good, but we fail to see how the occasional thrusts at the "Farmers' Mutual" could be productive of good to any. Sarcasm like all other things should have its rest days, and in our opinion such occasions should be selected for its snoozing period.

Let each one ask himself the question, was his suspicion of unfair management for the past year in the Farmers' Mutual, of Tuscola County, well founded, or was it not much the same with us when the last assessments came as it was with the man who got a dun just at a time when he was short of money to pay the debt? You know it made him mad but he couldn't tell just who he was mad at. We believe the management of last year was fair to all. We believe the management of this year will be "on the square." In justice to ourselves we must acknowledge the cloth good if after a close scrutiny we find no "shirrey spots in the web."

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for consumption. They will recommend it. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

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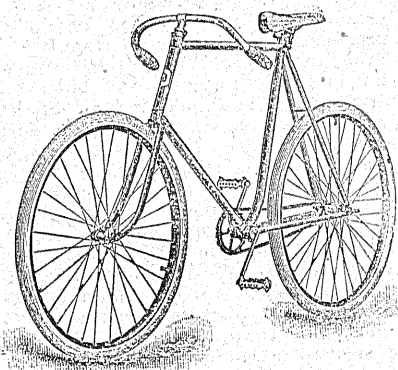
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365 Days Ahead of Them All.

19 lbs.

Keating Bicycles.

See That Curve!

In the center frame tube? That's a stiffener. 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.

GOTHAM PEDAGOGY.

THE LIFE AND DUTIES OF A NEW YORK SCHOOLTEACHER.

Good Pay, Short Days and Lots of Vacation—Advantages Over Other Occupations—Male Teachers Have Wider Opportunities Than the Women.

Everything taken into consideration, there are few public offices in the city of New York which are more desirable than those within the public school system. From almost every point of view the life of a schoolteacher is a desirable one in this city. The pay is good, the promotion tolerably rapid, the work not onerous, and the hours are better than in almost any other field of labor. About 4,000 teachers are employed in the public school system of New York whose salaries range from \$800 to \$1,900 a year for men, and from \$1,050 to \$3,000 for women. But \$3,000 is by no means the limit to the financial ambition of a New York schoolteacher. On the part of the men there are several greater prizes within their reach if they have the proper qualifications and can secure the right influence in the board of education. For instance, there is the office of assistant superintendent of public schools, of which there are ten, each drawing a salary of about \$4,000 a year. Then there is the superintendent's office itself, with its handsome pay of \$7,000, and it has been the goal toward which scores of educators in this and other cities are constantly keeping their eyes. Both the offices of assistant superintendent and superintendent are filled absolutely by the board of education. The assistant superintendent is elected for two years, and, as a matter of practice, has a life position. Then the male teachers can look forward to a promotion to the City college either as an instructor at a salary of \$2,500, or a full fledged professor at \$4,500.

There are few of the 53 male principals in New York's public schools, however, who do not get more than their salary of \$3,000 a year. Almost every one of them gets some little additional pay, as \$500 or \$300 a year for extra service as an instructor in the evening schools or as clerks of the ward board of school trustees. Some of the principals hold both of these little plums and make a clear \$4,000 a year out of the school system. The principals of boys' schools, of course, have their pick in these choice perquisites, but there are so many additional offices to be filled that under male teachers in the public schools come in for a good round share.

The four evening high schools alone give employment to 20 or 30 teachers, each of whom gets anywhere from \$3 to \$6 a night for the additional work. Then there are some 23 boards of school trustees, each of which has its clerk, who gets pay for the amount of work done, the average amounting up to \$400 or \$500 a year. Nearly all these clerks are principals of some schools.

In the case of women schoolteachers the chances for earning extras are very limited. The maximum salary she can get is \$1,900. She starts into the system with a salary of about \$600, which is gradually raised until she becomes the principal of a girl's department of a grammar school.

In order to become a schoolteacher in the public schools of New York it is first necessary to get a recommendation from a member of the board of education. This enables the candidate to try a preliminary examination, which, if he is successful, entitles him to be placed upon the eligible list of teachers. After satisfactory work in this capacity for not more than a year the candidate secures a permanent license as a teacher in New York's public schools, and as such is entitled to teach in any part of the city.

This does not mean necessarily that the teacher will immediately find employment. That depends entirely upon the local board of school trustees. The city is divided into 34 school districts, the schools in each of which are controlled by a school board, who are appointed by the board of education. The boards have the selection of all teachers below the grade of principal, these being appointed by the board of education. As a rule, however, the licensed teacher soon finds an opening and then is in the regular line of promotion.

What has made the school service so attractive to many are the easy hours. Nine-tenths of the salary earners in New York get to work at 8 a. m. and are lucky if they get away by 3 p. m. with half an hour for luncheon. The work of the teacher begins at 9 a. m. and is over, as a rule, by 3 p. m., with an hour for luncheon. Nine-tenths of the salary earners get only 2 weeks out of the 52 in the year for a vacation, and they work 6 days in the week at that. The schoolteachers get a vacation of 13 weeks in 52 and draw full pay during that time. Besides this, they work only 5 days in the week and have all holidays. It has been estimated that the schoolteachers of New York work less than 200 of the 365 days in the year.

If a schoolteacher is to rise in the calling, however, the work does not end with school hours. Studies in pedagogy and advanced education must be kept up at home. The work is not so hard, however, or the pay so poor as to induce many to resign. In fact, it has become a saying in the system that "school teachers never die and never resign."—New York Tribune.

A Health Palmist.

Mrs. St. Hill is a woman who has made of palmistry something more than a means of amusing an idle crowd or frightening a credulous one. She has studied it with reference to its medical side and has proved the connection between brain and hand. The London hospitals, asylums for idiots and the blind—yes, even flannel—all have opened their doors to her. From wax impressions made of the hands of the inmates she has learned that each disease brings its own sign on the hand.—London Letter.

GAGETOWN.

Chas. Palmer was in Unionville Monday.

Lloyd McGinn has a pet flying squirrel.

R. Bolton was in Cass City Wednesday on business.

Mrs. A. J. Palmer has returned from her visit at Akron.

Mr. Cooley shipped a car of stock to Buffalo Saturday.

Mrs. Anasa Coon is home from Caro and is much improved.

Mrs. P. Toohy, Jr., is now a patient of Dr. Graves in Caro.

J. D. Owen, of Owendale, was in town Saturday on business.

John Hatton is conductor on No. 3 during Mr. Porter's lay off.

Dr. George Frasier was in Corunna the past week on business.

The Doyle brothers, of Elkton, were in town Sunday on pleasure.

Gagetown has a grist mill, but it is run by the dog in the manger.

There will be a leap year party put on tap by the elite of this place soon.

T. McAfee took B. W. White and his daughter, Mrs. Hammond, to Caro Sunday.

Our L. O. T. M. Hive gives a ten-cent supper at Maccabee Hall this Saturday evening.

There are some prospects of our saw mill being moved from here in the near future.

R. Armstrong, who has been ill for some time, can now be found at his shoe store.

The Farmers' Club has received its traveling library and the books are being distributed.

Mrs. J. R. Snody, who has been visiting in Ubyly and Forestville, is expected here this week.

Mrs. P. Fahrenkopf and son, John, were the guests of her brother, of Unionville, Saturday and Sunday.

J. W. Bingham has sold fifteen hundred cakes of ice from his artificial pond and it's possible he may get a second crop.

A. J. Palmer has returned from his prospecting tour and has decided to locate at Flint and will move some time next month.

The many friends of John Ricker will be glad to know that he has fully recovered from his late operation and is able to attend to his work.

The Union Y. P. S. C. E. is preparing a special program for Christian Endeavor day, Sunday, Feb. 2nd, it being the 15th anniversary of that organization.

Thomas Fournier and Miss Anna Tiffany were married by Father Krebs Tuesday a. m. and the parents of the bride gave the young folks a dance in the evening.

The Farmers' Club meets Monday evening next at Anasa Coon's and the librarian has designated Thursday of each week as the time of selection and exchange of books.

Lloyd McGinn and Miss Lizzie Kehoe were joined together in hymnial bonds by Rev. C. W. Gray Wednesday the 15th and have gone to housekeeping on their own hook like big folks.

Jos. Quinn, who has been under the care of Dr. Donovan for the extensive wound he received in his scalp by his fall at Toohy's mill, has had the stitches removed and is back at work.

The Episcopal entertainment which has been postponed from time to time on account of bad roads will come off next Wednesday evening. Tickets 25 cents, including supper and entertainment.

John Malloy, of Owendale, while going to work with the men on a sleigh Saturday morning, let his feet hang out. The right foot was caught between a stump and the runner. Dr. Donovan found the ankle badly sprained and some of the foot bones were fractured. At present he is doing well.

Condensed Testimony.

Chas. B. Hood, Broker and Manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a Cough Remedy. J. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Wayne, Ind., testifies that he was cured of a cough of two years standing, caused by La Grippe, by Doctor King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Baldwinville, Mass., says that he has used and recommended it and never knew it to fail and would rather have it than any doctor because it always cures. Mrs. Hemming, 222 E. 25 St., Chicago, always keeps it at hand and has no fear of croup because it instantly relieves. Free trial bottles at T. H. Fritz, Drug Store.

First Irish Farmer—Mike, my boy, it's thirty years since we first knew each other, and not a wry word have we had.

Second Ditto—Right you are, entirely, Phelim. Thirty years it is; and if we had have a wrong word, I'll swear it would come from you.

First Ditto—Ye are a liar, and not honest to say it. So take that, ye spalpeen!—Fun.

Pin-Root for Asthma.

Cass City Mich., Feb. 22, 1894. Mr. T. F. Holden Inlay City, Mich.: Dear Sir—I can truly say I can recommend the Pine Root Syrup for asthma. Resp'y yours, Mrs. Libbie Brain.

There's a Good Time Coming.

Judging alone by the present manifest activity in the industrial world, the prospect for a prosperous year is highly gratifying. From all sections of the country come encouraging reports of resumption of work in idle factories and the increasing of output by those working on reduced time and with small forces.

In no other place in the country is the outlook so encouraging as here in Detroit. If the managers of our most extensive manufactories are not misled by optimistic views or deceitful symptoms of reviving demand, the coming season will be unexampled for activity in the controlling lines of production. The immense car shops, which operate as a local as well as general barometer of industrial activity, will be taxed to fill orders already received and others yet to come.

There is apparent reawakening of the long dormant energies of smaller factories. Advances from these unmistakably proclaim that nearly all of them will be running before spring time, giving employment to thousands of skilled mechanics who have been either idle or at work on half time for nearly three years past.

This resumption of work in our factories should not encourage an influx of artisans. We have already here a surplus of workmen for the opportunities of employment which will be opened. The coming here of large numbers in expectation of securing a place will be rewarded by disappointment. The prospect is that every man in Detroit who will work will be provided for, but outsiders will do well to stay at home.

Prosperity to wage earners means prosperity to all. In the prospect before us there is every reason to feel that 1896 will be a memorable year.

A Crowning Success.

C. E. DeVos, editor of the Cooperville (Mich.) Observer, is a worthy example of what push and energy, with keen business propensities, will accomplish. In a conversation with your correspondent, Mr. DeVos said: I was born at Keene, Canada, in 1855. In 1871 I migrated with my parents to Pella, Iowa, received a common school education, drifted into the printing business, and removed to Battle Creek, Mich., where I became foreman in the large printing house of Gage & Son. I recently purchased the paper of which I am now editor. My life work has been very confining and exacting and, as a result, my health gave out and I broke down with nervous exhaustion and sleeplessness. I was in such a condition that I could not sleep until completely worn out, my appetite failed me and I had to choke down what little I did eat. About two months ago my attention was turned to Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer and I concluded to try it. It had a wonderful effect on me; in a few nights I was able to get all the sleep needed, my appetite returned and I became as ravenous as a wolf's. My weight increased twelve pounds, my mind was clear and active, in fact, I was restored to health and I look and feel an entirely different man." Inquiry and observation has proved Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer to be a truly wonderful cure for all nervous troubles, such as nervous prostration, spasms, fits, mental depression, exhaustion, vitality despondency and general debility. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Drug-gist.

Mrs. Jones (to colored youth, who has shoveled off her walk)—"You have shoveled off the walk very nicely, and here is a quarter for you. My own little boy is too lazy to shovel snow, and is away playing somewhere."

Tommy Jones (pocketing the quarter)—"Don't worry about your own little boy, mamma; I thought you wouldn't know me with burnt cork on my face."

A Good Investment.

The Interchangeable Mileage Ticket issued by the Ohio Central Lines covers all the important Railway Systems in the territory of Central Traffic Association and is now the leader. Every traveler should have one. It is an over ready ticket for Columbus, Toledo, Cincinnati, Charleston, W. Va., Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, etc. It costs but \$20 and can be used any time within one year. It reduces your traveling expenses just 33 1/3 per cent, and is a money saver. There are very few persons, especially business men, who do not travel in a year's time, at least 1,000 miles. Get one without delay. There are others in the market but the Ohio Central Lines' Ticket is the favorite. See Agents of Ohio Central Lines, or address Monilton Houk, G. P. A., Toledo, O. 1-3-4.

Lawyer—You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch? Witness—"It had my sweetheart's picture in it." Lawyer—"Ah, I see. A woman in the case."—Scottish American.

A Very Peculiar and Severe Cough cured with Two Bottles of Pine Root when Every Thing Else Failed. Inlay City, March 7, 1895.

Mr. T. F. Holden—Dear Sir—My little girl Zaida, has been a sufferer from a severe cough for months and months. We tried most every kind of medicine but none did help her. We were advised by others to try a bottle of your valuable Pine Root Cough Syrup and after using the second bottle her cough stopped. I advise others to try it. Yours truly, Ben Cohn.

Mrs. Chatterbox—"Do you ever make any errors in speech?" Mrs. Wordsworth—"Yes, I made one a few years ago." Mrs. Chatterbox—"What was it?" Mrs. Wordsworth—"I said 'yes.'"

CLOTHING SALE!

AT JAMES REAGH'S.

Overcoats and Suits at cut prices. Call and see me.

JAMES REAGH.

SOME PRICES THAT WIN

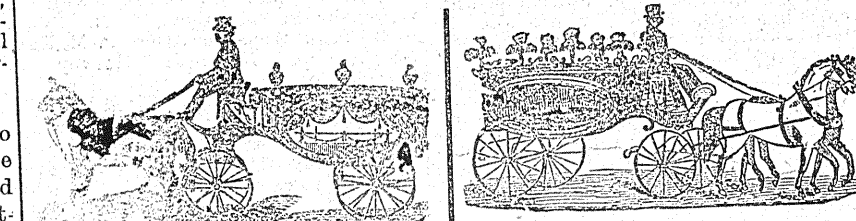
Parlor Stoves	\$2.00 to \$4.00
Parlor Cook Stoves	8.00 to 15.00.
Kitchen Cook Stoves	8.00 to 50.00.
Nickle Plated Tea Kettles	75c. to 1.50.
Nickle Plated Tea Pots	50c. to 1.00.
Nickle Plated Coffee Pots	50c. to 1.00.
Crystalized Zinc stove boards.	50c. to 1.00.
Oil Cloth Stove Rugs	25c. to 1.50.
Oil 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 comfortable and blankets. My Stock of Mens' and Ladies' Felts, Footwear 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 reformed. 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, - - - MICH.

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.,



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

Hendrick & Anker, o

NEWSPAPERS

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The Free Silver Men of Michigan Hold a Lively Conference at Lansing—Plenty of Speeches and Resolutions—A New Party Proposed.

Michigan White Metal Men.

The Michigan advocates of silver held a conference at Lansing with over 100 men present—being members of the Republican, Democratic and Populist parties.

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CHARGES AGAINST BISHOP WILLIAMS.

A protest against the confirmation of Bishop-elect G. Mott Williams, of Marquette, as the head of the new Northern Michigan diocese has been forwarded to Rt. Rev. John Williams, of Connecticut, presiding bishop of the American church.

A broken axle caused the demobilizing of nine loaded freight cars near Capac.

Prominent Lansing citizens passed resolutions condemning the Armenian massacres.

Great crowds witnessed the dedication of the new Bethlehem Evangelical Lutheran church at Ann Arbor.

The trouble between the Saginaw Central and the Col. A. T. Bliss has been settled and the union's boycott withdrawn.

A. J. Davis, proprietor of a restaurant at Niles, committed suicide by shooting himself.

Geo. Jefferson, the Ludington fireman who set the courthouse on fire to see the boys run, was sentenced to five years imprisonment.

While John Vegeter was engaged in setting stamps at Jackson one fell on him and crushed his life out.

Supt. Pattengill deemed it wise to have a board inspect the Agricultural college, and named Cornelius A. Gower, of Lansing, Richard M. Bates, of Hastings, and G. H. Hilldale, of Hillsdale, to make the inspection.

M. S. Britten and A. W. Blakely, of Conway, were run into by the Michigan Central northbound passenger at Owosso.

Insp.-Gen. Walsh has issued a circular, saying that military companies are not to be organized at any time.

State Food Inspector John I. Brock has caused the arrest of Charles Crook, F. W. Hahn and Shumaker & Shaber at Jackson for violation of the state law and using oleomargarine without displaying the signs.

Food Commissioner Storrs reports that of 54 samples of food examined he found 34 of them adulterated.

Over 300 leading business and professional men of Detroit assembled at the Chamber of Commerce in mass meeting to consider the Cuban question.

The Michigan Marble and Granite Dealers' association met at Detroit, and the following officers were elected: President, O. E. Cartwright, of Detroit; vice-presidents, A. Bate, of Bay City; C. S. Harris, of Lansing; F. D. Bink, of Hastings; secretary and treasurer, M. S. Dart, of Detroit.

It now turns out that besides the \$100,000 embargoed from the grand lodge of the A. O. U. W. by the grand treasurer, James W. Wood, of Battle Creek, that he took about \$500 from the county treasurer's office of Calhoun county.

A half dozen officers tried to arrest Corneliuslavess at Ann Arbor on a charge of appropriating to his own use a large amount of timber in Clare county where he has a mill.

The M. E. church, the oldest protestant church in Republic, has burned.

J. M. Bitman drug store at Saginaw was burned with a loss of \$5,000.

The six-year-old son of Elihu Quick broke through the ice and was drowned at Paw Paw.

Rev. A. L. Mixer died at Grand Junction. He refused to allow a doctor to visit him.

Geo. Clason was fatally crushed between two logs at Louis Sands' lumber camp, at Sights.

Archie Wallin, aged 9, was drowned at Bay City by skating into a hole cut in the ice by icemen.

Adelbert Stage has been arrested at Luther charged with assault on his own daughter, aged 12.

Wm. Donahue, a switchman in the Grand Trunk yards at Battle Creek, was killed while coupling cars.

A premature explosion in the Fox quarry at Alpena injured three men, blowing one laborer's eyes out.

Mrs. Dell Johnson set fire to her dress while curling her hair at Grand Rapids and she was fatally burned.

The people of Riverdale objected to the Bell telephone people wanting the whole town and put in a phone of their own.

Reynolds Rhodes was convicted of leaving his illegitimate child on William Reed's doorstep near Owosso and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Louis M. Miller, clerk of the Michigan house of representatives, is critically ill at Lansing with spinal meningitis.

Gov. Rich has appointed Geo. A. Farr, of Grand Haven, as regent of the University of Michigan to succeed Chas. H. Hackley, resigned.

CASUALTIES.

Willie Veau, 11 years of age, while attempting to draw a bucket of water at Stephenson, Mich., fell into the well and was drowned.

Lewis Bevington, who had just been appointed mail clerk and was to have made his first trip today, was killed by a train at Marion, Ohio.

The house of John Wesley, near Muskegon, I. T., was burned Saturday night and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Wesley, was burned to death.

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GENERALITIES.

GLIMPSES OF THE DOING OF THE BUSY WORLD.

The Venezuela Dispute is Taking on a Somewhat More Peaceable Shape—Campos is Fired from the Command of the Spanish Troops in Cuba.

The Venezuelan Boundary Dispute.

The recent developments in the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela in which the United States has become deeply interested.

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DOINGS OF THE STATESMEN.

SENATE—Thirty-first day—A bill to grant \$75 a month pension to the widow of Brig.-Gen. Cogswell brought on a discussion regarding the discrimination between the widows of high officers and the widows of private soldiers.

SENATE—Thirty-second day—Mr. Mills, of Texas, made a report upon the administration of the financial policy. He especially objected to giving the banks the money making prerogative which belongs to the government.

SENATE—Thirty-third day—The silver bond bill was still the subject of discussion. Foreign questions received considerable attention during the day.

SENATE—Thirty-fourth day—No session of the Senate House. The general pension appropriation bill over which the House has spent several days was agreed to in committee of the whole and then passed unanimously.

SENATE—Thirty-fifth day—The report of the foreign relations committee on the Monroe doctrine was the first of the kind presented by Mr. Davis, Rep. Minn., chairman of the committee, very strongly endorsed the Monroe doctrine and denounced it as the American doctrine.

SENATE—Thirty-sixth day—The report of the committee on the Cuban question was presented by Mr. Davis, Rep. Minn., chairman of the committee, very strongly endorsed the Monroe doctrine and denounced it as the American doctrine.

SENATE—Thirty-seventh day—The report of the committee on the Cuban question was presented by Mr. Davis, Rep. Minn., chairman of the committee, very strongly endorsed the Monroe doctrine and denounced it as the American doctrine.

SENATE—Thirty-eighth day—The report of the committee on the Cuban question was presented by Mr. Davis, Rep. Minn., chairman of the committee, very strongly endorsed the Monroe doctrine and denounced it as the American doctrine.

SENATE—Thirty-ninth day—The report of the committee on the Cuban question was presented by Mr. Davis, Rep. Minn., chairman of the committee, very strongly endorsed the Monroe

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME INSTRUCTIVE ETCHINGS FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

"My Little Girl"—Two Young Journalists—Shifted the Blame—Where He Drew the Line—Wanted to Borrow Him Awhile—A Bird's Act.

Y little girl is nestled within her tiny bed, With amber ringlets crested around her fairly head; She lies so calm and stilly, She breathes so soft and low, She calls to mind a lily Half hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal Has gone to slumberland; The Pixies at the portal Have caught her by the hand; She dreams her broken dolly Will soon be mended there, That looks so melancholy Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses, My drowsy little queen; I know you have caresses From floating forms unseen; O, angels let me keep her To kiss away her cares, This darling little sleeper Who has my love and prayers. —Samuel Minturn Peck.

Two Young Journalists. The two youngest journalists in the United States are two young lads known as the Snow brothers. Their names are Earl E. and Horace H. Snow, and their ages are 13 and 9 respectively. On July 14, 1894, they began the publication of the Star News, a small folio news sheet. They have published this paper regularly every second week since its initial number.

Both junior editors are very bright, and it did not take them long to learn the art of typesetting and printing. The only aid they were able to get in acquiring their trade were the type specimen books and printers' catalogues.

The Star News is issued without any assistance from outsiders. Earl, the elder lad, prepares all copy and assists in typesetting. He has great journalistic aspirations. He also displays excellent taste in setting up display advertisements. Horace tends to the distribution of the paper and "kicks" the press. When there is no work to be done indoors, both boys go out and hustle for "ads" and subscriptions.

The Star News is patronized by the leading merchants of the town where the paper is published. The mechanical part of their work—typesetting, running the press and that sort of thing—is attended to mornings and evenings. The boys attend school in the afternoon. If these young newspaper men are not heard from some day it will not be because they are not worthy a place among the world's workers.

Wanted to Borrow Him Awhile. A genial Philadelphia, who for obvious reasons does not care to have his name printed on this occasion, secured a parlor car seat on an express train for Reading a few days ago, and as he was about to pass through the gates was surprised to hear himself accosted in familiar tones with the somewhat startling question "Please, mister, could I borrow you for a while?"

Looking around he found two buxom women who hastily and hesitatingly explained that they were riding on a pass made out in the name of a gentleman and his wife, and, as the gentleman was not present, they wanted the genial-looking citizen to place his bought ticket at the disposal of one lady and take the other one under his wing while he personated the absent owner of the pass.

"Which is my wife?" he inquired with an inward quail lest his own absent better-half should ever hear the story. "You can take your choice, sir," said the lady in search of an escort, and he promptly did so by tucking the arm of the youngest fair one under his own and leading her into the car. The couple proved to be right jolly traveling companions and the citizen's well-regret in the transaction was due to a fear that the story might leak out and get home ahead of him. But it didn't.

Can Monkeys Think? "That the monkey possesses intelligence to a remarkable degree is probably true," said a hotel proprietor who has a small menagerie on his premises. "I believe, however, that much of the intelligence with which he is credited is due to his love of mimicry."

"The other day two young men, with two girls, were at the monkey's cage, feeding him with peanuts. One of the girls was chewing gum, and one of the men suggested that she give the monkey some, expecting that, if he took it in his mouth, it would stick to his teeth and he would make sorry work of trying to chew it. The girl at once parted with the sweet morsel that she was industriously chewing, extending it toward the case. The monkey grabbed it instantly and put it in his mouth, but, instead of chewing it or attempting to, began pulling it out in small ribbons, as children are frequently seen to do. When he had it all out of his mouth, he rolled it into a compact ball between his hands, threw it into his mouth, and began the operation again. He appeared to enjoy the performance as much as his visitors. That was imitation."

"That's all right," rejoined another, "but I had an experience with the same monkey wherein he displayed intelligence. I was by the cage, smoking, one day, and I thought to annoy him by blowing smoke in his face. I was much surprised to find that, instead of being annoyed, he enjoyed it, as was evidenced by his edging up as near me as possible, to receive the smoke in larger volumes. Soon he began scratching himself at the point where most of the smoke came against him. When I smoked one side for a few minutes, he would turn squarely around, to have the other side treated in the same way. Then he sat up directly in front of me and received the smoke squarely in the face and neck. I don't know whether he held his breath, but he did not cough, sneeze, or wince a particle. To complete the job, he then sat with his back toward me, and it would have done you good to have seen him throw his hind feet over his back and scratch. It made me think of the kickers of a hay tedder in motion. Now, that monkey knew, through some sort of intelligence, that nothing will send fleas and other insects to the surface or stupefy them as effectively as tobacco smoke."

A Bird Poisons Her Young. It has been claimed by observers of birds that some of the feathered tribe will feed their young if they are caged, and if they fail after a certain time to release them will bring them a poisoned weed to eat, that death may end their captivity. About a week ago at the Holstein ranch the children captured a nest of three young orioles, and they were immediately caged and hung in a tree. The mother was soon about calling her young, and in a little while brought them some worms. She continued feeding them regularly for several days without seeming to pay much attention to the persons about. But on Sunday came the tragic ending that demonstrated the theory relative to birds. She brought them a sprig of green on Sunday morning and disappeared. In less than an hour they all died. The sprig was examined and proved to be the deadly larkspur, a weed that will kill full-grown cattle. The little creatures lay dead in the cage and slightly foaming at the mouth, victims of their mother's stern resolve that her offspring should die by her own act rather than live in captivity.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

He is a charming little fellow of four, pretty in his ways, good to look at, but as naughty as they are made. He sat on the bottom steps, kicking his fat little legs and refusing utterly to obey his father, who had told him to go upstairs several times in increasing degrees of severity. After a few minutes of this clashing of wills his exasperated young parent picked him up, and set him down very firmly on the chair in his room, went out and shut the door. Silence reigned. Not a sound from him for at least half an hour. Then the door was opened and a sweet little voice called out: "Father, have you got over your 'n turn yet, for I should like to come down."

He Trapped from St. Louis. Karl Becca of St. Louis, who says he is anxious to obtain a musical education, reached New York at 10 a. m. Monday, having walked, he says, all the way from that city. Becca started from St. Louis on September 20, with the intention of covering the distance in fifty-two days. The journey occupied just that length of time.

Becca averaged twenty-five miles a day. He spent one day each at Indianapolis, Columbus, Pittsburg and Jersey City, and two days at Philadelphia. He started out without any money, but earned enough, with what was given him, to pay his way.—New York World.

Where He Drew the Line. A little 5-year-old boy had some difficulty with a neighbor's children during the afternoon, and that night he was not feeling in a very Christian spirit. After he had gone to bed his mother came in to tuck him away snugly. "Did you say your prayers?" she inquired. "Yes, ma." "And did you pray for the heathen?" The boy was slow to answer. "Yes, ma, I did," he said at last; "all of them—except them next door."—New York Mercury.

Not Separated Even by Death. Here is a Georgia goose story. Two gentlemen were standing on a street corner when they were approached by a man offering for sale two dressed geese. They decided to purchase, but the dealer insisted on selling the two fowls to one man. Accordingly one of them bought the two and sold again to his friend. After the transaction was completed the goose vender was asked why he wouldn't sell the fowls separate. Said he: "That old goose and gander have been together thirty years and I wouldn't separate them for any consideration."

Written by an Indian. "Awaked by Sinal's Awful Sound" is the only hymn known to have been written by an American Indian. It was the work of Samson Occum, an Indian preacher of great ability. He visited England in 1766 to raise funds for the institution that afterward became Dartmouth college.

Stole a House. At Muncie, Ind., a peculiar case of thievery was reported at police headquarters. Farmer George Keesling came to the city to inspect his property and found that his new six-room cottage had been stolen and he could not locate it. Superintendent Fortner thinks the house has been drawn away and rebuilt so as to prevent identification.

FATAL GLOVE? BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I. ARCH Trevlyn had had a good day. Business had been brisk. The rain had fallen steadily since daybreak, and the street crossings in New York were ankle deep in mud. The little street sweeper's arms ached fearfully, but his pocket was full of pennies, interspersed with an occasional half dime.

The clouds were breaking in the west, and a gleam of sunshine glided the tall tower of St. John's. Arch considered the broom, and whistled a merry tune as he took his way homeward. His bright dark eyes sparkled as he thought how the sight of his earnings would cheer his feeble mother. She could have tea now, with real milk and some sugar in it, and an orange, too. Only yesterday she was wishing she had an orange.

Arch's way led past a horticulturist's store, and his eyes wandered longingly over the display of flowers in the window. He must have just one white rose, because, only the Sabbath before, while he sat at his mother's feet, she had wept in telling him about the sweet roses that used to grow under the window of the little country cottage where her happy youth had been spent. The white rose would be like bringing back to her ever so little a bit of the happy past. It could not cost much, and Arch felt wealthy as a prince. He stepped into the store and asked the price of a white rose. The clerk answered him roughly: "Get out of the store, you young rascal. You want to steal something."

"I am not a thief, sir," said the boy, proudly, his hollow cheeks crimsoning with indignation. "I want a rose for my mother. I guess I can pay for it!" "It's half a dollar, if you want it," said the man sneeringly. "Show your money, or take yourself off this minute!" Arch's countenance fell. He had not half a dollar in all. He turned sadly away, his head drooping, his lip quivering. Oh, how very hard it was to be poor, he thought, looking enviously at the splendid grays, standing before the door.

"Stop, little boy!" said a sweet voice from somewhere among the roses and heliotropes. "Is your mother sick?" Arch removed his cap—some inborn spirit of courtesy prompting him to be reverent toward the glorious vision which burst upon him. For a moment he stood as if he saw an angel, and almost expected that she would unfold her silvery wings, and vanish in a golden cloud from his sight. But after the first glance he saw that she was a little girl about his own age—eight or nine years old, perhaps—with yellow curls, deep hazel eyes, a mouth like a rosebud, and a blue silk frock. She repeated the question: "Is your mother sick, little boy?"

"No, she is not sick, for she always eats up, and sheeks. But she is not strong, and her cheeks never have any color in them, like yours." "And does she love flowers?" "Yes, she loves them dearly. She kisses them always, when she has any. And that's not often."

"Does she? That's nice. Just like I do," said the little girl in a pleased voice. "Mr. Burns"—to the gruff clerk—"here is a dollar. Give me some real nice roses, and two or three sweet pinks. The lady shall have some flowers. Tell her I sent them." "Who shall I say sent them?" "Margie Harrison. Will she know me, think?"

"I guess not. But it's all the same. I shall tell her you are one of the angels, anyway. She knows about them, for she's told me ever so much about them." The little girl laughed, and gave him the flowers. "Don't soil them with your grimy hands," she said a little sadly; "and when you get home—let's see, what's your name?" "Archer Trevlyn."

"Why, what a nice name! Just like names in a story book. I know some elegant people by the name of Trevlyn. But they live in a big house and have flowers enough of their own. So they can't be your folks, can they?" "No, they're not my folks," replied the boy, with a touch of bitterness in his voice. "Well, Archer, when you get home, you wash your face, do! It's so dirty." The boy flushed hotly. If one of his companions had said that to him, he would have knocked him down instantly. But he forgave everything this little girl said, because she was so beautiful and kind.

"I am a street sweeper, m'iss." "Oh, that accounts for it, then. It's very muddy today, and you must be tired. Hark! there's Florine calling me. Good-by, Archer."

She vanished, and a moment later the boy saw her disappear within the glittering carriage, which, loaded down with fragrant blossoms, was driven slowly away. He stood a little while looking after it, then, pulling his cap down over his eyes, and grasping the stems of her flowers tightly in his little purple hand, he started home.

Home! It could hardly be called so, and yet it was home to Archer. His mother was there—the dear mother

who was all the world to him. It was a poor part of the city—an old, tumble down wooden house, swarming with tenants, teeming with misery, filth and crime. Up a crazy flight of steps, and turning to the right, Arch saw that the door of his mother's room was half open, and the storm had beaten in on the floor. It was all damp and dismal, and such an indescribable air of desolation over everything! Arch's heart beat a little slower as he went in. His mother sat in an arched chair by the window, an uncovered box in her lap, and a miniature locket clasped in her hand. "Oh, mother! mother dearest!" cried Arch, holding up the flowers, "only look what I have got! An angel gave them to me! A very angel, with hair like the sunshine, and a blue frock, all real silk! And I have got my pocket full of pennies, and you shall have an orange, mother, and ever so many nice little things beside. See, mother dear!" He displayed a handful of coin, but she did not notice him. He looked at her through the gloom of the twilight, and a feeling of terrible awe stole over him. He crept to her side and touched her cheek with his finger. It was cold as ice. A mortal pallor overspread his face, and the pennies and the flowers rolled unheeded to the floor. "Dead! dead! My mother is dead!" he cried.

He did not display any of the passionate grief which is natural to childhood—there were no tears in his feverish eyes. He took her cold hands in his own, and stood there all night long, smoothing back the beautiful hair and talking to her as one would talk to a sick child. It was thus that Mat Miller found him the next morning. Mat was a little older than himself—a street sweeper, also. She and Arch had always been good friends; they sympathized with each other when bad luck was on them, and they cheered lustily when fortune smiled. "Hurrah, Arch!" cried Mat, as she burst into the room; "it rains again, and we shall get a harvest! Good gracious, Arch! is—your—mother—dead?" "Hush!" said the boy, putting down the cold hand; "I have been trying to warm her all night, but it's no use. Only just feel how like ice my hands are. I wish I was as cold all over, and then they would let me stay with my mother."

"Oh, Arch!" cried the girl, sinking down beside him on the desolate hearth, "it's a hard world to live in. I wonder if, when folks be dead, they would be swept across, and be kicked and be cuffed round by old grandmas when they don't get no pennies? If they don't then I wish I was dead, too, Arch!" "I suppose it's wicked, Mat. She used to say so. She told me never to get tired of waiting for God's own time, and her very words, Mat. Well, now her time has come, and I am all alone—alone! Oh, mother—mother!" He threw himself down before the dead woman, and his form shook with emotion, but not a tear came to his eyes. Only that hard, stony look of hopeless despair. Mat crept up to him and took his head in her lap, smoothing softly the matted chestnut hair. "Don't take on so, Arch, don't!" she cried, the tears running down over her sunburnt face. "I'll be a mother to you, Arch! I will, indeed! I know I'm a little bit late, but I love you, Arch, and some time, when we get bigger, I'll marry you, Arch, and we'll live in the country, where there's birds and flowers, and it's just like the park all round. Don't feel so, don't!" Arch pressed the dirty little hands that fluttered about him—for, next to his mother, he loved Mat, and he loved her. "I'll go out now and call somebody," she said; "there's Mrs. Hill and Peggy Sullivan, if she ain't drunk. Either of them will come!" And a few minutes later the room was filled with the rude neighbors. They did not think it necessary to call a coroner. She had been ailing for a long time. Heart complaint, the physician said—and she had probably died in one of those spasms to which she was subject. So they robbed her for the grave, and when all was done, Arch stole in and laid the pinks and roses on her breast. "Oh, mother! mother!" he said, bending over her in agony, "she sent them to you, and you shall have them! I thought they would make you so happy! Well, maybe they will now! Who can tell?" The funeral was a very poor one. A kind city missionary prayed over the remains, and the hearse was followed to Potter's Field only by Mat and Arch—ragged and tattered, but sincere mourners.

kicked now. Sit down, Arch; you know you can't stay at home now." Yes, to be sure he could not stay there any longer. No one knew that any better than Arch. The landlord had warned him out that very morning. A half-quarter's rent was still due, and the meager furniture would hardly suffice to satisfy his claim. Hitherto, Mrs. Trevlyn had managed to pay her own expenses, but now that she was gone, Arch knew that it was more than folly to think of renting a room. But he could not suppress a cry of pain when they came to take away the things, and when they laid their rude hands on the chair in which his mother died, poor Arch could endure no more, but fled out into the street and wandered about till hunger and weariness forced him back to the old haunt.

He accepted the hospitality of Grandmamma Rugg, and made his home with her and Mat. The influences which surrounded him were not calculated to develop good principles, and Arch grew rude and boisterous, like the other street boys. He heard the vilest language—oaths were the rule rather than the exception in Grigg Court, as the place was called—and gambling and drunkenness, and licentiousness abounded. Still, it was singular how much evil Arch shunned.

But there was growing within him a principle of bitter hatred, which one day might embitter his whole existence. Perhaps he had cause for it; he thought he had, and cherished it with jealous care, lest it should be annihilated as the years went on.

From his mother's private papers he had learned much of her history that he had before been ignorant of. She had never spoken to him very freely of the past. She knew how proud and high his temper was, and acted with wisdom in burying the story of her wrongs in her own breast.

Her father, Hubert Trevlyn, had come of a proud family. There was no bluer blood in the land than that which ran in the veins of the Trevlyns. Not very far back they had an earl for their ancestor, and, better than that, the whole long lineage had never been tarnished by a breath of dishonor.

Hubert was the sole child of his father, and in him were centered many bright and precious hopes. His father was a kind parent, though a stern one, who would never brook a shade of disobedience in his boy upon whom his fondest hopes and aspirations were fixed.

When Hubert was about twenty-four he went into the country for his health, which was never very robust, and while there he met Helen Crayton. It was a case of love at first sight, but none the less pure and steadfast on that account. Helen was an orphan—a poor seamstress, but beautiful and intelligent beyond any woman he had ever met. They loved, and they would not be cheated out of their happiness by any worldly opposition. Hubert wrote to his father, informing him of his love for Helen, and asking his consent to their union. Such a letter as he received in return! It bade him give up the girl at once and return home. If he ever spoke of her again he was disowned forever! He might consider himself houseless and homeless.

Hubert had some of the proud Trevlyn blood in his composition, and a week later he returned to the city, and he took his young wife to the city, and, having something of a talent for painting, he opened a studio, hoping to receive sufficient patronage from his friends to support his family in comfort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) NEW SUBMARINE BOAT. In which Three Men Can Live Under Water Twelve Hours. Yet another submarine boat has been invented, or is it an old friend under an assumed name? Be this as it may, a submarine boat, ordered by the Brazilian government, was to be tried this week on the Seine, and the trials being satisfactory other and larger vessels are to be built, says the Court Journal.

The new boat, which is named the Goubet, is some twenty-six feet long, about 5 feet 6 inches in diameter in the center, and has a displacement of about ten tons. The motive power is supplied by electricity, and the screw also serves the purpose of a rudder, the shaft being joined so as to enable it to be turned either to the right or to the left. Three men, the inventor claims, can live under water in the Goubet for twelve hours with the supply of compressed air. This has, of course, to be proved; but in the event of anything going wrong, a lead keel, weighing over a ton will be dropped, and the boat will at once come to the surface like a cork. On account of electricity being used for supplying the propelling power, the sphere of action of the new boat must of necessity be very limited, as compresses cannot be used, but it could do all that is required of it, if taken on board a vessel and launched when the enemy's ships were in sight. The Goubet's mission is to throw torpedoes, and if the arrangement for throwing these projectiles can be relied upon, she will prove a formidable antagonist. To sink the Goubet water is let into compartments in the lower part of the boat, and when it is sunk to any required depth in that position it remains exactly the arrangement for sinking the vessel being so beautifully and carefully arranged, one ounce of water—more or less—will cause the boat to sink lower or come nearer the surface.

Floods of the Nile. The floods of the Nile are so regular in their coming that for hundreds of years they have not varied ten days in the date of their arrival at a given point. The Nile mud, which renders Egypt a habitable country, is said to bear a striking resemblance to that which every season is brought down by Missouri.

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6:05	10:10	7:10	10:30
6:15	10:20	7:20	10:40
6:25	10:30	7:30	10:50
6:35	10:40	7:40	11:00
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