

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV. NO. 33.

CASS CITY, MICH., MARCH 20, 1896.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.

## SPRING STOCK of

### SHOES and CLOTHING

ARRIVING.

FOR SALE.

61 acres land 3 miles east and 1 mile south of Cass City. Bay Mare, sound and well bred, 8 years old, weight 1140 lbs. Time will be given.

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

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

## CASS CITY BANK.

Auten, Seeley & Blair, Proprs.

Established 1832.

A general banking business transacted.

Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold.

Drafts issued payable in any Country in the World.

Money loaned on Real Estate.

Collections a specialty.

W. S. RICHARDSON, CASHIER.

### Remember

That prices quoted on Wall Paper are always for single rolls unless other wise specified.

#### 2000 More Rolls

just received. My prices are: White, 10c. to 15c. perfect combinations. Brown, 8c., Gilt, 15c. to \$1.00 per double rolls.

### Description Department

Is full and we are prepared to fill prescriptions promptly. All orders left with us will be promptly attended to.

A full line of Patent Medicines and Druggist sundries on hand.

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

Buy Your

## CLOTHING,

Hats, Caps, Shoes and Rubbers

## AT 2 MACKS 2,

where you always get best value to be found in the Country. Special prices on all winter goods to close out and make room for a

## LARGE SPRING STOCK.

### KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS SPACE FOR

## Frost & Hebblewhite's

New Announcement Next Week.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE Now.

### Caught on The Fly.

Regular March weather. Lyceum entertainment to-night. Mrs. Robt. Kile is still seriously ill. J. D. Tukey was a Caro caller on Monday.

Republican caucus on March 30th. See notice.

Dr. Livingston, of Caro, was in town on Tuesday.

W. J. Cloakey has removed from Vassar to Owosso.

M. E. Maturcan, of Novesta, was in town on Tuesday.

More wall paper talk in T. H. Fritz's new adv. this week.

Elder Brown, of Yale, spent a portion of the week in town.

W. M. Morris, V. S., and Hugh Walters were at Caro Monday.

Stanley Hess, of Caro, has been visiting friends here this week.

Harvey Hamilton and J. N. LaLue did business at Caro on Monday.

H. E. Congdon, of North Branch, spent Sunday with friends in town.

T. H. Fritz is once more able to attend to his duties at the drug store.

H. C. Wales, of Elkton, but formerly of this place, was in town yesterday.

Marshal Ramsey gave free lodging to a Woary Willie on Tuesday night.

D. M. Houghton has moved to the rooms over Schwaderer's meat market.

Miss Alice Mawhorter returned from her visit to Caro friends on Wednesday.

Dr. W. W. Kergan, of the O. E. Miller Co., was in town several days this week.

A. G. Berney and D. J. Landon have been wrestling with la grippe during the week.

Misses Jessie and Gus. Hess, of Caro, are the guest of their aunt, Mrs. T. H. Fritz.

W. H. Hamilton and wife, of Kingston, visited friends in town on Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Frank, of Strathroy, Ont., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. A. Robinson, who is ill.

Work has been discontinued at the test shaft southwest of town until the weather moderates.

Martin Anthes left on Saturday for Wardsville, Ont., where he will visit friends for a short time.

The case of Spencer Gale vs. Jacob Maxwell, in the Sanilac county circuit court has been discontinued.

John Fisher and daughter, Miss Mary, visited friends at their former home at Columbia, on Sunday.

Robt. Walmsley, of Caro, secretary of the Tuscola Mutual Insurance Co., spent Sunday with friends here.

A. A. McKenzie will build a thirty foot addition to his business building as soon as the weather will permit.

The ordinance of baptism was administered to two candidates at the Baptist Church last Sunday evening.

J. L. Hitchcock makes a new announcement to his customers through the columns of the ENTERPRISE this week.

Fred Smithson has purchased a Monarch bicycle and Mr. McKane, of Deford, an Ixion from A. A. Hitchcock this week.

Mrs. J. H. McLean visited Caro on Saturday. Miss Fanny Staley, of Grayling, returned with her and remained over Sunday.

Arthur Whitney said farewell to his friends here this week and left for his farm near Pinnebog. Of course the ENTERPRISE will go to his address.

Undertaker McKenzie announces a new departure this week in the purchase of a new funeral car of the latest design. He also keeps a white hearse now.

S. Champion received another fine trio of Plymouth Rocks on Wednesday. The inquiries for his Poultry Guide are numerous. Have you sent in yours yet?

John Krapf and family left on Monday morning for Pittsfield, Mass., where they will reside in future. Their numerous friends here wish them prosperity.

H. B. Horton, of the Chamberlain Medicine Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, was in town on Wednesday and renewed their advertising contract with the ENTERPRISE.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church will meet at the residence of Mrs. Richard Clark Wednesday afternoon, March 25th. Tea served from 5 to 8 o'clock. A very cordial invitation is extended to all.

The next Teachers' Reading Circle will be held in the Cass City High School Room on Saturday, March 28th, at 1:30 p. m.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society will give a mother goose entertainment in the Town Hall on Friday evening, March 27th.

George S. Farrar, formerly of the Tennant House at this place but now of the Irwin House, Bad Axe, greeted his numerous friends here on Wednesday.

O. K. Janes has purchased the Harvey Weaver farm, north of town, consisting of 160 acres and will make considerable improvement thereon the coming season.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Epworth League will be held next Tuesday evening at the church. A short literary and musical program will be given.

Under the auspices of the Union Lyceum, an excellent program is to be rendered at the Town Hall this evening. The proceeds are to assist in purchasing a flag.

Alfred Randall and Mrs. Jas. Dilman returned on Monday evening from Newmarket, Ont., where they had been attending the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Wm. Star. Mr. and Mrs. Star spent some time with friends here a year or two ago.

Jonathan Hodgson, said to hail from Marlette, was arrested here Saturday evening as a drunk and disorderly and was sent to the county jail to serve a short term. It is reported that other charges will be preferred against him when he is released.

The clerks of adjoining townships will do well to remember that the Excise Job Department is prepared to print election tickets accurately and promptly, and at the right prices. Bring or mail us your order and you will make no mistake.

A People's Party caucus will be held at the Town Hall, Cass City, on March 28th, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination suitable candidates for township officers and other such business as may come before the caucus. See dodgers.

The farmer who can sit under his own vine and fig tree is king of men. He has a safe foothold on the earth. He does not have to ask some lordly aristocrat to give him leave to toil. No body can displace him to give his place to some personal favorite.

The special meetings held in the Baptist Church at Elmwood, in which Paster C. D. Eldridge was ably assisted by E. Rushbrook, have resulted in much good. The church has been greatly strengthened and seven have been received into fellowship with the church.

Lessons from the eight historical "Feasts of the Lord" will be the theme next Sunday morning at the Baptist Church. Subject for evening service, "The Lost Sheep." The ordinance of baptism will again be administered at the close of the evening service. All are invited.

Can you take a tip? You can save money this fall by dealing with the merchants of Cass City. They are well prepared for the spring trade and will offer some wonderful bargains to the public this spring. Keep your eye on the columns of the ENTERPRISE for their announcements.

A. A. Hitchcock is bound to take the lead in the bicycle trade this year and has contracted for advertising space in the ENTERPRISE in order to aid his sales. Note what he says this week. By the way, it would be a good idea for you to see the display of wheels and supplies he has in his window.

At a meeting in the rink on Monday evening, a Pingree club was organized with something like forty members. All political parties were represented. Some of the rank and file of the Republican party seem dissatisfied with the proceedings and there is talk of forming a Republican Pingree Club.

We have just received at this office a supply of invitation paper and envelopes, with some special designs for the little folk, as well as a stock of program pencils with cord and tassel. New samples of paper napkins and commencement goods are also to hand. Be sure and see them whether you order or not.

While Alfred Randall was attending the temperance lecture in the M. E. Church on Wednesday evening, some faithful servant of his Satanic Majesty confiscated his overcoat and a good robe which he had left in his rig in the church shed. This is the first act of the kind we have heard of in our town and we sincerely hope that the miscreant may be caught and duly punished.

A union temperance meeting is to be held at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday afternoon for the junior organizations of the various churches, under the direction of the W. C. T. U.

Miss Hannah McDougall entertained about thirty of her young friends at her home on Friday evening of last week. Every one seemed bent on making the most of the excellent facilities afforded them for enjoyment and all present spent a most pleasant evening. Among those present was Miss Marguerite McDougall, of Grayling.

As soon as the weather will permit A. G. Berney will commence the erection of a barn, 45x90, upon his farm southwest of town. The foundation will be of stone and sufficiently large to allow the addition of a lean to. Brown & Wooley have secured the contract for the stone work and the carpenter work will be under the direction of Mr. Harrison, of Pinnebog.

The wide awake merchant and the wide awake buyer get together by means of a newspaper. The newspaper is a sort of a board of trade, on which merchants place their offerings and the people have an opportunity of seeing what there is in the market. Those merchants who take advantage of the board and place their offerings thereon find buyers and those buyers who take the local paper find who the merchants are that have something to sell.

The editor of the Inlay City Record procured a hyacinth bulb some time ago from the F. N. May Nursery Co., of Rochester, N. Y., and several weeks after they were planted the roots were noticed coming out above the ground. An investigation revealed the fact that the bulb had been planted upside down and that the flower-stock had grown downwards and produced a perfectly formed flower entirely under ground. We have tried some bulbs from the same firm, right side up, and they have done remarkably well, so that it appears their stock does well under all circumstances.

On Thursday morning, March 12th, Eli Dodge, aged nineteen years, left his father's house, one mile north and two and three-quarters east of town, stating that he was going skunk hunting and taking with him a double-barrelled shot gun. Since that time nothing has been heard of him and his people have become anxious about him, fearing that some accident has befallen him. No search has been made up to yesterday as the young man had often remained away on such expeditions for several days and they expected his return daily. He is of a medium complexion, about five feet ten inches in height and weighs 125 pounds. Any news of his whereabouts will be gladly received by his friends.

The March Review of Reviews publishes three articles of especial interest to women. Mrs. Ellen L. Henrotin, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, briefly describes that movement; portraits of the officers of the organization accompany her article. Mrs. Helen Campbell writes on "Household Economics as a University Movement"—a topic which to most readers, we imagine, is decidedly new, though Mrs. Campbell has herself given one course of lectures on this subject at the University of Wisconsin, and similar work has begun at similar institutions. Dean Marion Talbot gives an account of an interesting investigation of food supplies at the University of Chicago. This practical study of dietaries is a matter of much concern to all householders.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Carrie Faxon, of Bay City, the tenth district president of the W. C. T. U. of Michigan, delivered a stirring temperance address in the M. E. Church, on the subject, "The Present Question." During her address she touched upon the Venetian, Armenian, Cuban and silver questions and spoke of the necessity of a proper settlement of these vital questions, but these questions, important as they are, all paled into insignificance when the terrors of the drink traffic are brought to mind. Some startling information was given as to the conduct of our representatives and senators during the closing hours of the fifty-third congress and all voters were urged to decide that these things should not be, in as far as their vote and influence could prevent them. The audience which greeted Mrs. Faxon was not very large, probably owing to so much sickness prevailing and it being a rather disagreeable night, but those who were present were well pleased with her address and should she again favor our town with her presence we would be glad to speak for her a better house.

See the samples of Paper Napkins at the ENTERPRISE Office.

### NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Joe Grant who shot Frank Youngs at North Branch is in jail at Lapeer waiting the outcome of Young's injuries.

Bad axe and Crosswell electors decided at the recent village elections that no liquor licenses should be granted in those villages this year.

A sub-district convention of the Epworth League will be held at Vassar on the 15th of May. Leaguers should bear this date in mind and attend if possible.

The sudden death of Mrs. F. T. Brewster, of Sand Beach, occurred on Wednesday morning. She was 36 years of age and one of the brightest and most active members of the Presbyterian Church.

James Irwin and Park Grice, of Forestville, while skating home along the lake shore, on Monday, fell through the ice. Duncan Robinson, a companion, rescued Irwin but Grice was drowned.

R. Mitchell & Co's planing, shingle and saw mill, about four and one half miles east of Pigeon, burned to the ground last week. It is not known how it happened. The company will rebuild the plant as there is an immense stock of logs for sawing.

It is stated that a lunatic giving the name of Erbe is at large near Carsonville, having escaped the authorities at Minneapolis, Minn., and made his way to Sanilac county, where he has been living on the farmers. At times he believes he receives instructions direct from God. The citizens are uneasy at his actions at such times, as he is known to carry fire-arms.

Mrs. Samuel Hitt died at Beverton, Gladwin county, two years ago. Her husband was buried at Brown City, and relatives took steps to have her body removed to that place. Upon opening the coffin Monday which had laid in springy soil, submerged in water, the body was found to be entirely petrified and every feature as perfect as on the day of burial. A ringing sound could be heard when the body was struck.

Sebevaing Blade: The replevin case of Daniel Bearss vs Anthony Hughes, deputy sheriff of Brookfield township, was tried before Justice Spriss Wednesday. It was shown that Hughes levied upon property in Huron county and moved it to Tuscola county. The justice decided that he detained the goods unlawfully and he was assessed \$4.00 for cost of hauling goods back to Bearss place and \$10 for cost of suit. Next case of Mrs. Jane Bearss vs Hughes was tried for the recovery of a buggy belonging to her. Verdict for plaintiff. Thursday the case of Ralph Hughes vs Hughes was tried and Hughes got it socked to him \$14 and the costs in one case and \$4.50 and costs in the other. Attorneys Clark of Bad Axe, and Brooker of Cass City, appeared for the defendant and attorney Pengra of this place for the plaintiffs.

Republican Caucus. Notice is hereby given that a Republican Caucus will be held at the Town Hall in Cass City, Mich., on the 30th day of March, at 2 o'clock p. m., 1896, for the purpose of placing in nomination the names of persons for the various township offices, also for electing seven delegates to attend the County convention yet to be called, at which convention delegates will be chosen to attend the District Convention and elect delegates to the National Convention.

Dated March 19th, 1896.  
H. S. WICKWARE, } COM.  
J. D. BROOKER, }

### School Report

Report of school taught in Dist. No. 5 for the term beginning Oct. 7, 1895 and ending Feb. 21, 1896:

Number days taught..... 113  
Grand total days attendance..... 2922.5  
Average daily attendance..... 27.37

The following pupils have not been absent during the term: Nina Merritt, Arthur Williams, Aleck Rocholan, Mamie Hulford, Rufus Hulford and Lydia Hulford.

ANNA McHALE, teacher.  
**FOR SALE.**  
Twenty acres of land for sale, two miles from this village, 7 acres cleared. Forty acres 5 miles from Cass City. Will take good lumber in exchange for part payment. I also offer my residence opposite corner of Garfield Ave. and Seagar Street for sale.  
T. H. FRITZ.  
Teacher—Where were you yesterday?  
Pupil (whispering)—It is all Billy Smith's fault. He hypnotized me and made me go skatin with him.—[Truth.]

### OUR LAUNDRY.

Does First-class Work, and a Flourishing Business.

Not the least important among the industries of our fair town is the laundry, owned and conducted successfully by our ever cheerful and highly popular young townsman, Chas. L. Robinson. It is situated in a portion of the Wallace block at the corner of Main and Oak streets and although the building is neither large nor pretentious, a considerable amount of business is transacted therein and we are pleased to note that there is a steady increase in the same.

About two years ago a Mr. Woolley came here from the southern part of the state and started a laundry, running the same for some time and working up a very good trade, until he was bought out over a year ago by the present proprietor.

Not only has Mr. Robinson been able to hold the trade but it has gradually kept increasing, until he controls the entire village trade and a good patronage from the adjacent villages and the surrounding country. At present he does the laundry work for Cassville, Pigeon, Kingston, Gageton, Tyro, Cumber, Argyle and other small places. During the summer season the weekly average of white shirts alone is about 150 with about three times the number of collars and cuffs. As many as 98 fine shirts have been laundered in a single day. Besides this there is a large amount of other laundry work done in the very best manner.

The wash room is provided with a washing machine, an array of tubs and necessary paraphernalia. Charlie's ingenuity has contrived a method of boiling water in a barrel by means of steam piping connected with an ordinary stove which saves a considerable amount of labor. The drying room has a capacity of about 100 shirts. In the ironing room is a Star polishing machine, a fluter for ladies' laundry and boards and tables of various sizes and styles. It will be necessary this season to enlarge the drying room in order to handle the increasing trade.

Harvey Hamilton is Mr. Robinson's right hand man generally, while Miss Carrie Robinson and Mrs. J. S. Gamble are frequently employed.

Anyone entrusting their work to the Cass City Laundry may be sure of having it done right and of being honorably dealt with.

N. E. L. S.

The following is the program to be given March 23, 1896:

Roll Call..... Amusing Incidents  
Recitation..... Will Blair  
Dialogue..... Jennie Watson  
Biography of Lincoln..... Mr. C. Hubert  
Singing..... Ethel Young  
Recitation..... A. Marshall  
Humorous Essay..... A. Marshall  
Music..... Avery Lee  
Negro Speech..... C. Hubert  
Bible and Growler..... Chas. Wilkinson  
Recess.....  
Music.....  
Debate—Resolved, that reading is more beneficial than observation. Affirmative, Howard Luther, Sherman Lee and John Marshall. Negative, Alex. Marshall, Avery Lee and Will Muma.

Fifty years ago, in speaking of Great Britain and the United States, Judge Halliburton (Sam Slick) said: "Now we are two great nations, the greatest by a long chalk of any in the world—speak the same language—have the same religion—and our constitutions don't differ no great odds. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United we are more than a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies and millions. Single we couldn't stand against all, and if one was to fall where would the other be?—mourning over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled. It is authors of silly books, editors of silly newspapers, and demagogues of silly parties that help to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough to hang up all those enemies of mankind on it."

Fresh Stationery at this office.  
**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-ff J. H. STRIFFLER  
Tuscola Co. Agricultural Depot.

**Bonanza For Salesmen.**  
We want reliable, honest men to sell our Nursery Stock and Seeds. Every chance given. Salary or commission. Now is your chance if you want a "snap." Write us with references.  
F. N. MAY COMPANY,  
Rochester, N. Y.  
1 17-15

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

Henry Maul is the name of an Illinois wife beater.

It is probably called Lent because so much piety is borrowed.

Mrs. Lease declares that love is the keystone of the arch. Perhaps she's right.

If Spain could fight as well as she can apologize she would be a pretty hard little nation to tackle.

The poor lion must not be blamed for traveling with Fitzsimmons. His associates are not of his choosing.

The czar has given the sultan a pair of fasper vases. Thus the cares and difficulties of Lord Salisbury multiply.

If Mrs. Maybrick is liberated she should be required to give a bond neither to lecture nor get in jail again.

Wisconsin has declared war against tramps and is armed with the most effective weapon for their exclusion. It is work.

The possibility of war with Spain because of recognizing Cuba does not produce any perceptible exodus of people to Canada.

This is the season of the year when an appropriate shroud for some people would be the winter underwear they discarded too soon.

How seldom do we pick up a newspaper without reading of some one who has so far forgot himself as to be caught robbing graves in Omaha.

The new woman is crowding her way into almost every business and profession, but up to date the policeman has felt no alarm at the possibility that he might lose his job.

Without entering into the niceties of the case the sympathies of the country generally have been on the side of Mrs. Stanford in her unequal fight against the government.

For the first time in the history of the "War Cry," edited by the numerous Booths, its name will be accepted as appropriate by all the world. It is in the thick of the Salvation Army fight.

Despite protests from whatever interested quarter, a large majority of the American people believe that our coasts should be properly defended and will insist upon the legislation necessary to that end.

Cubans are not fighting specially because of any recent and unusual oppression; it is the galling chains that hung about their fathers and grandfathers and were welded to their own limbs by Spain that they desire to break and unlose. They have resolved to do it or die. Is it any wonder that Americans, conversant with their history, deeply sympathize with Cuba? They would not be the sons and daughters of 1776 if they did otherwise.

Prof. Salvioni of London, it is said, has about perfected the invention of an instrument which enables the human eye to see through opaque objects. The instrument consists of a cylinder of cardboard, the inner surface of which is coated with a material that becomes fluorescent under the influences of the Roentgen rays. The lens is at one end of the cylinder. The object to be examined is placed between a Crooke's tube and the cylinder. On looking into the tube through the lens the observer sees the outline or shadow of the concealed object, which is thrown on the fluorescent interior. The device is still crude, but the inventor expects soon to perfect it. He calls it the cryptoscope.

One of the amusing items of news from Europe is that the Barrison sisters, five Swedish dancers, have been banished from Germany because they led so many members of the nobility astray. It is reported that a number of men of prominence have become the victims of the charms of the danseuses, to the detriment of their wives, children and fortunes. Count von Westphal, a dashing young officer, was arrested for having pawned jewelry which he had purchased on installments from a jeweler. At the arraignment it was learned that the young man had not only spent a large fortune on the Barrison sisters, but even the little money he obtained on the jewelry was spent on them. The police say that many members of the nobility have been ruined of late by their enchantments. A nobleman who can be ruined by a dancing girl is hardly worth making so much trouble about. It would be nearer doing poetic justice to banish the nobles and confer medals on the women for showing up the characters of the blue-blooded rouses.

While the British press is talking about the "sensitive pride and honor of the Spanish nation" it may be recalled with propriety that the "pride" and "honor" did not stand in the way of Spain's grinding tax money out of the Cubans and failing to return any substantial benefit.

A New York florist has paid \$10,000 for the exclusive ownership of a new carnation. The price is only exceeded in the annals of floriculture by that paid by the eminent New Yorker, Mr. Gebhard, for a Jersey Lily.

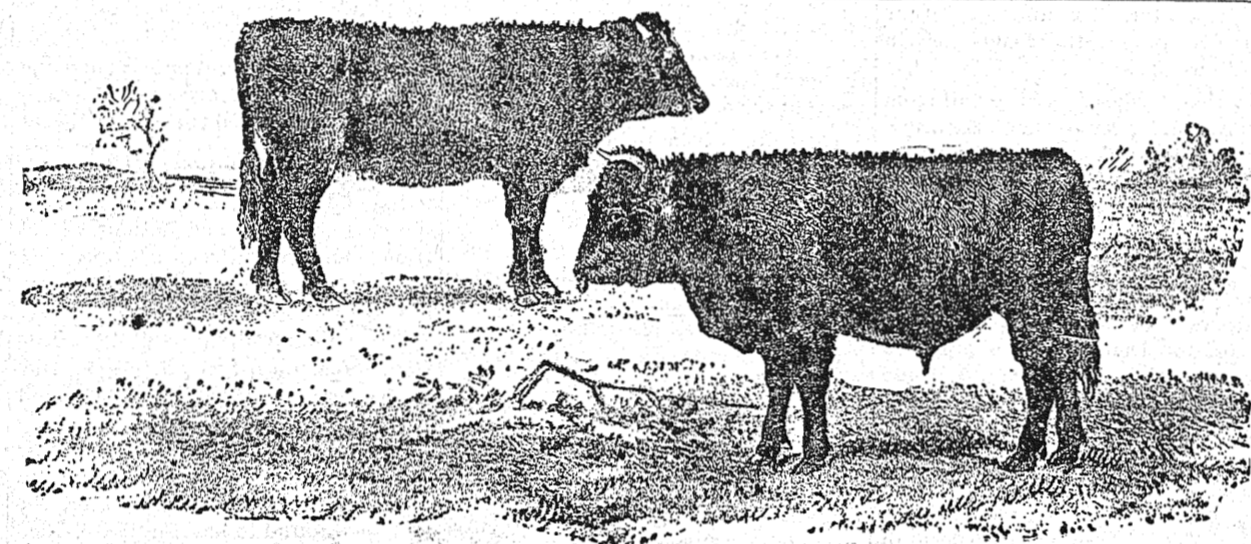
## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

HERE is a gentleman here from Illinois who is making the statement publicly that the dairymen of the Elgin district and Southern Wisconsin have discarded the silo altogether, on account of the silage producing abortion in cows and brood mares. Will you be kind enough to inform me, through the columns of the Review, whether his statement is true or false, as I wish to build one, but if the statement is true I would not wish to go to the trouble and cost of building. S. C. Gibbs, Goodhue County, Minn.

We have no hesitancy in saying that the statement as to abortion or any other disease being produced by silage is not true. You might as well say that green grass or green corn stalks or sauer kraut would produce such results as to attribute it to the silage. The statement as to the abandonment of the silo is also not true. There are more silos being built now than ever before and more in use to-day than ever before. Here and there are localities where silos have been put up and have been abandoned, but it will be found that the silos were either not built right or that the silage has not been handled right. Just how many have been abandoned in the Elgin district



A WELSH YEARLING BULL AND HEIFER.

we do not know, and just how many have been abandoned in the southern part of Wisconsin we do not know, but we do know that the assertion made in general terms that the silo has been abandoned in Southern Wisconsin is not true. Take for illustration the county of Jefferson, that state. There are a great many silos there and more are being built. Of the patrons of the Hoard creameries alone more than 100 now have silos and others are to build them the coming year.

The gentleman that makes the statement our correspondent refers to very likely does so in good faith. The first silos built in Wisconsin and Illinois and in fact, in all of the states, were very poor affairs. Moreover, many men lost their silage, either by putting it in too green and having it sour too much or by putting it in too dry and having it heat too much. Some others used B. and W. corn, which matures early in some localities and not enough in others. All of these were exposed to possibility of failure, and many farmers did not fill their silos a second year. Then, too, there was a prejudice at first against silage for milk when the latter was to be used in the condensing factories. Some of these factories would not buy milk made from silage. This caused the abandonment of many silos, especially in some parts of Northern Illinois. Consequently in some states have already withdrawn their objections to milk made from silage, provided that the silage is not spoiled when fed to the cows. We certainly advise the building of silos, but a man must not think that he is sure of getting good silage the first time. It is a question requiring study to solve. Brains and the silo go together. We believe that silage well put up is one of the best and one of the most economical of feeds.—Farmers' Review.

**Fair Winter Layers.**  
I have tried a number of breeds, among them the Leghorns, Black Spanish, Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks. I prefer the Plymouth Rocks before any of the others I have tried. For winter quarters I have a warm house with double siding and the space between packed with straw. I also have glass windows in the houses. In winter time I feed oats, corn and wheat, and in the summer they get some of the growing wheat and rye. I also keep them supplied with lime and sand. For eggs and poultry we have a home market, and the merchants in turn ship the product to St. Louis and Chicago. I have 90 hens, and in winter they produce about one dozen eggs per day. We lose a few fowls from lice, diseases and predatory animals, but we use preventive medicines and so prevent disease to a great extent. In raising broods we are fairly successful, when we give proper care, and proper feed. We think we cure roup by the use of meats and oils. The best egg producers we ever had were Langshans and Plymouth Rocks. We consider poultry our savings bank, and

we draw on it for our money supplies. Corn brings us into debt, as does also wheat and horse raising.—Marcus W. Wood, in Farmers' Review.

**A "Well-Intentioned" Poultry Raiser.**  
For about twenty years I have raised poultry, for twenty-three years as an adjunct on the farm, and for the remaining seven years I have been raising them in the city suburbs. On the farm I did not confine myself to any special breed, but usually kept well-bred males, Dark Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, Buff Cochins and so forth. For the past seven years I have bred Plymouth Rocks exclusively, and think they are the best general-purpose fowl, maturing early. They are good layers and sitters. They also give a good sized roast when brought to the table. My fowls have never had very good accommodations in the way of housing, and they sometimes get their combs and gills frozen, but I am always intending to do better by them next winter. For grain feed, corn is my main reliance, supplemented by what table scraps we get. We make a good deal ourselves, and get considerable more from city families. This winter I am supplying them with sugar beets from the cows' rations, which they seem to pick at with great relish.

I find a market for a large part of my flock at \$1 each to be used as breeders, and I think I could sell more if I had the pluck to advertise more. Those left over we usually dress and sell to private families, at full retail prices in the shops, which average about 10 cents per pound. Occasionally we sell some early chicks at 12 to 15 cents per pound alive. We do not get many eggs in winter now, but I "expect to next winter," when I get my ideas carried out. We lose some fowls occasionally from different causes, but have never had what I consider an epidemic of cholera or of any other disease. I have never used an incubator, but have relied on the old method, frequently getting from 12 to 17 chicks in a brood. Seventeen

**Welsh Cattle.**  
The black Welsh cattle are natives of the counties of Pembroke, Carmarthen and Cardigan, and are more generally known as Pembrokeshire Blacks, subdivided into Castlemartin and Dewland breeds. From Cardiganshire they also extend along the North Wales coast up to Anglesea, and are then called the North Wales or Anglesea breeds. Whether they were ever indigenous to Radnorshire or Breconshire is not positively known, but they are not generally found in either. They are supposed to have been descended from "Bos Primigenius," that is, they were not brought in by settlers, but were found there in a wild state by the earliest inhabitants. They may be described as a horned breed, generally of black color, and frequently with white marks on the udders of the cows, also a few white hairs at the end of the tail. Sometimes a few white hairs are mixed up with the coat, but this is not always hereditary, and only comes into occa-

sionally. A brown black, approaching a chocolate color, is considered a good color. Occasionally there are some cows striped red and black, also some quite white with black ears, muzzle and feet, but these are becoming very rare. The special characteristics of the blacks, which make them valuable, are hardness of constitution, aptitude for dairy purposes, and docility.

**How Anthrax is Carried.**  
Too great care cannot be used in the case of anthrax making itself manifest in any locality. If an animal has died of the disease, the germs may become spread in a number of ways. Even the persons making an examination of the carcasses are likely to carry away the germs on their boots. If the carcass is exposed to vultures, the germs are still more widely spread.

Four years ago there was an outbreak of anthrax on ten farms in Delaware. About 40 cows and 9 horses were affected. Of their owners four persons took the disease. There seemed only two ways for it to have come. One was by the possible introduction by drovers that had, perhaps, been in infected localities. The other possible source was the Morocco leather imported from the old world.

It has been proven in Europe that even scraps of tanned leather and bits of hair can convey the disease. Especially is this possible by means of the manures composed of the sweepings of such factories.

**Thick Udders, Rich Milk.**  
At the present time some of the most reliable dairy authorities are considering the relation of thick udders to rich milk. Those who have most thoroughly investigated the matter are about ready to assert that it is a quite valuable index. The cow whose udder milks down to a thin flabby sack will not usually be found a giver of rich milk. There is doubtless a reason for this in the manner of the production of butter fat from the tissues of the udder, but the process is so little understood that we will not attempt to show the relation between the thickness of tissues and abundance of cream. The idea, however, is not new. We have heard the fact commented on frequently by farmers that did not pretend to find a reason for it. The Farmers' Review would like the observations of its readers on this point.

Half a bushel of potatoes a day for a milk cow, is the limit recommended by Professor Fjord. More than that injuriously affects the milk, he says.

**She—Why does a woman take a man's name when she marries him?**  
He—Why does she take everything else he's got?—Truth.

**Gad, Jarley, that neck-tie you have on is out of sight!**  
"I wish it was; it's one my wife bought."—Harper's Bazar.

Specials don't run on regular time; likewise genius.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HOW TO WARM THE WORLD" THE LATEST SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "He Casteth Forth His Ice Like Mortar; Who Can Stand Before His Cold?"—Psalms 147: 17—Delivered Sunday, March 15.

HE almanac says that winter is ended and spring has come, but the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometer, in some places down to zero, deny it. The Psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut by the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, and frost like ashes, the hallstones like marbles, and describes the congelation of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost? "Who can stand before his cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been accepted. October 19th, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, fifteen thousand horses, six hundred pieces of cannon, forty thousand stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wraithier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of arctic blasts, with icicles for bayonets and halloons for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them. The flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle themselves together for warmth; but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses.

The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the east, brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized one hundred thousand men and hurled them dead into the snow-drifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of his cold? "Who could stand before his cold?" In the middle of December, 1777, at Valley Forge, eleven thousand troops were, with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snow bank. As during our civil war the cry was: "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the revolutionary war there was a demand for wintry campaign until Washington lost his equilibrium and wrote emphatically: "I assure those gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fire and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American army; but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hillside, without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the fright horrors that gathered around the American army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forge was one of the tragedies of the century. Benumbed, senseless, dead! "Who can stand before his cold?" "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his men, falling back from the fortresses of ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Resistance and the Jeannette. "Not we," say the procession of American martyrs returned home for American capture, De Long and his men. The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice; Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in captivity of ice. The great sculptors of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial and has a crown of glittering crystal and is seated on a throne of ice, with footstool of ice and scepter of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1433, when all the birds of Germany perished? Or the winter of 1558 in England, when the stages rolled on the Thames, and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice? Or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York harbor was frozen over and the heaviest teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own winters when there have been so many wrappings themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or thrashing their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the temperate and the arctic zones who are compelled to confess, "None of us can stand before his cold."

One-half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the north, the cotton of the south, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers: "None of us can stand before his cold." Now this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossom; that the God of January is the God of June. The question as to how shall we warm this world up is a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many freeless hearts, so many broken windowpanes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coat are better for warming up such a place than tracts, and

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Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap some-thing around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's hut in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaciers at broken window-sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women, are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before his cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner. When I was a lad I remember seeing two rough woodcutters, but they made more impression upon me than any lectures that I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming of the snow in winter, and a lad looking out at the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows! It snows!" On the next page was a miserable tenement, and the door was open, and a child, wan and sick, and ragged and wretched, was looking out, and he said: "Oh! My God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief, according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat; and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced, and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater, it is the glorious furnace of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb? how much heat can we throw out? There are men who go through the world floating icebergs. They freeze everybody with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting, the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows. They float into a religious meeting and they chill everything with their jeremiads. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. Christianity on ice! The church a great refrigerator. Christians gone into winter quarters. Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship.

Recently an engineer in the southwest, on a locomotive, saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and stop the train until the last minute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman, "Jump! One man is enough on this engine! Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world? A vessel struck on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a sailor had a shell-fish under his coat. He was saving it for his last morsel. He heard a little child cry to her mother, "Oh, mother, I'm so hungry, give me something to eat—I am so hungry!" The sailor took the shell-fish from under his coat and said, "Here, take that." How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world? Xerxes feeling from his enemy got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat and the boat was sinking. Some one said: "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and a majority of those who were in the boat leaped overboard and drowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world? Elizabeth Fry went into the horrors of Newgate prison, and she turned the imprecation and the obscenity and the filth into prayer and repentance and a reformed life. The Sisters of Charity, in 1833, on northern and southern battlefields, came to boys in blue and gray while they were bleeding to death. The black bonnet with the sides pinned back and the white bandage on the brow, may not have answered all the demands of elegant taste, but you could not persuade that soldier dying a thousand miles from home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. Oh, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind action, try to make the world warm!

Count that day lost whose low descending sun Views from thy hand no generous action done. It was his strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where he dwelt had a serene sky, balsamic atmosphere, tropical luxuriance. No storm-blasts in heaven. No chill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the world's frigidity. The thermometer in Palestine

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Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating, I tell you there is nothing so full of gentility and sociality as the old-fashioned country fireplace. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room in the house, some one brought in a great bagload with great strain and put it down on the back of the hearth. Then the lighter wood was put on, armpit after armpit. Then a shovel of coals was taken from another room and put under the dry pile, and the kindling began, and the crackling, and it rose until it became a roaring flame, which filled all the room with gentility and was reflected from the family pictures on the wall. Then the neighbors came in two by two. They sat down, their faces to the fire, which ever and anon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee, and story-telling, and mirth as the black stove and the blind register never dreamed of. Meanwhile the table was being spread, and so far was the cloth and so clean was the cutlery, they glisten and glisten in our minds to-day. And then the best luxury of orchard and farmyard was roasted and prepared for the table, to meet the appetites sharpened by the cold ride. Oh! my friends, the Church of Jesus, Christ is the world's fireplace, and the woods are the cedars of Lebanon, and the fires are fires of love, and with the silver tongs of the altar we stir the flame and the light is reflected from all the family pictures on the wall—pictures of those who here and there are gone now. Oh! come up close to the fireplace. Have your worn face transfigured in the light. Put your cold feet, weary of the journey, close up to the blessed conflagration. Chilled through with treading with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and stop the train until the last minute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman, "Jump! One man is enough on this engine! Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world? A vessel struck on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a sailor had a shell-fish under his coat. He was saving it for his last morsel. He heard a little child cry to her mother, "Oh, mother, I'm so hungry, give me something to eat—I am so hungry!" The sailor took the shell-fish from under his coat and said, "Here, take that." How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world? Xerxes feeling from his enemy got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat and the boat was sinking. Some one said: "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and a majority of those who were in the boat leaped overboard and drowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world? Elizabeth Fry went into the horrors of Newgate prison, and she turned the imprecation and the obscenity and the filth into prayer and repentance and a reformed life. The Sisters of Charity, in 1833, on northern and southern battlefields, came to boys in blue and gray while they were bleeding to death. The black bonnet with the sides pinned back and the white bandage on the brow, may not have answered all the demands of elegant taste, but you could not persuade that soldier dying a thousand miles from home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. Oh, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind action, try to make the world warm!

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VETERANS' CORNER.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR SOLDIER READERS.

A Clever Poetical Satire on John Bull and His Land-Grabbing Proclivities—A Tribute to the Late Gen. John Gibbon.

HAT'S this talk of bloody fighting? Why should Congress up and rail? What's the use of Olney's bitin' pieces off the lion's tail? I've no need to go to readin' 'bout the causes of this fight.

For it's part of all my breedin' that Old England's always right; And I don't want no more light.

Fight with England? She's our mother (though the breed is rather mixed).

And I'm never going to smother my affections when they're fixed. For, how'er the truth one mines, this fact comes to him again— They've got lords and dukes and princes, we've got nothing here but men.

What do we amount to then? She ain't doin' nothin' novel down on Venezuela's sand; Where her squatter's stuck his hovel she has always claimed the land.

When folks there objected to it, she has knocked 'em out of sight; And of course she couldn't do it if she wasn't in the right. She's a spreader of the light.

Now it's somethin' awful solemn when with Providence you fight, 'em, think in you can set 'em right.

England'd never make that blunder; she knows Destiny's strong hand, And you see she's slid from under in Armenia's bloody land; She wants Turkey's power to stand.

Let her build her forts about us, she don't mean us any harm; She may sometimes seem to frown us, but we needn't feel alarm; With her guns she gulf commandin' she the great canal could guard.

And no man of understandin' ought to take that very hard; Why, 'twould be her strongest card!

Since her love for us ne'er ceases, we must show the Christian's might; When our left cheek's banged to pieces, we must turn to her our right. Singin' "She can do no evil, therefore all the rest are wrong, And are children of the devil, unto whom they do belong— May the grip on them be strong!" —New York Sun.

Death of a Hero. General John Gibbon is dead—dead, not wounded, as he was three times in the civil war and once in an Indian war. He was a soldier. There were greater commanders on both sides in the American war, but among them there was not one of whom it can be more truthfully said, "He was a soldier." He had no other profession. To that he was thoroughly wedded. There are no others of the union army to follow John Gibbon to the grave who will be more sincerely and universally mourned.

No other man of equal rank and command made a more creditable record, safely may it be said that no other officer in command of a brigade, division and army corps was often under fire—up to the line—cheering his soldiers by word and example. He was brave to recklessness; too often he endangered his life when that life was needed in directing troops—directing them as a general with a musket or sighting a cannon cannot direct. If there was fighting in his vicinity John Gibbon didn't seem to be able to keep away from it. He did, in most of his battles, what most generals relied on aids to do. He always wanted to see the enemy his men were to be hurled upon or to fortify against. He wanted to know, to get information with his own eyes and ears; hence it was that Gibbon always hovered along the front when sharp work was anticipated. No one did a thing for John Gibbon in battle that John Gibbon could do for himself. His part of the line never broke when it was his fault—because he had neglected a single detail, failed to take every precaution. His superiors could always rely on his doing more than they expected of him. His soldiers were ever willing to do what he commanded them to do.

Of such soldier material was General John Gibbon, a native of Pennsylvania, a cadet from North Carolina, a lieutenant in the Mexican war, a captain of artillery in 1859, a brigadier of volunteers in 1862, a major general in 1864, a colonel of regulars in 1866, a brigadier general of regulars in 1885, retired in 1891, commander of the Iron Brigade of the west, composed of three Wisconsin regiments, one Indiana, and one Michigan regiment; commander of a division in Hancock's corps, and he closed his service in the war as commander of the Twenty-fourth army corps. He was chosen commander-in-chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion for a term of two years at the Washington session last October.

There is a sincere mourner in every home containing a survivor who fought under General John Gibbon.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Low Wallace's Bird Story. Gen. Low Wallace yesterday related an incident which shows to a remarkable extent the wonderful sagacity and memory of blackbirds, says the Indianapolis Sentinel.

"At my home over in Crawfordsville," said the general, "we have a large number of tall trees on the lawn and in course of time those trees became the roosting-place at certain times of the year for hundreds of thousands of blackbirds. They came in great black clouds, and in spite of all I could do, they refused to leave. Of course, they were a great nuisance and I was in despair as to some means of getting clear of them. I stood for days with my gun firing into them of an evening and killing hundreds of them, but the rest did not seem to be sufficiently struck by fear or grief to want to part company with me and my hospitality. I then devised a new scheme. Procuring a number of Roman candles one evening, I lighted them one by one after dark, when the houghs of the trees were bent low with the weight of the croaking birds, and I poured the candles into the tops of the trees at a great rate. The sudden innovation startled the birds as nothing had ever done before and they became panic-stricken. That night I was free of them. The next evening, however, the habit of returning there to roost was stronger than fear, and they began coming in by thousands at the evening approach. After dark I began with another volley of candles, and the birds began to realize that there was a determined bombardment in progress. They fled precipitately and the third evening only a few returned. A few last shots put them to flight and I was troubled no more. But what do you think those birds did? My dividing fence runs between the trees on my property and the trees on the property of my neighbor, which are equally high and equally suitable for a home for the blackbirds. When the birds were driven from my lot they flew over across the dividing fence to the trees of my neighbor and settled. There was no bombardment over there and they have stayed there ever since. This was a long time ago, but never since the last Roman candle was fired into them has one of those birds settled on one of my trees. They are 'tabooed' as effectively as though they were on fire. The great clouds of birds each morning and evening fly directly over my trees going and coming, but not a bird settles upon a tree that is on my side of the dividing fence. Another strange thing is that if any one of an evening stands in my lawn and makes a slight noise, as clapping his hands, there will be the wildest commotion among the birds in the neighboring trees. They become restless and almost panic-stricken. If, however, the same person crosses the fence and stands directly under them and makes twice as much noise, they pay no attention whatever to him. He can even shoot up into them without driving them from their perches. I have wondered several times just what impression those birds have of me and my property that they have so decidedly given me the cold shoulder. They know every tree that is on my lawn and will settle by thousands on the other side of the fence within a few feet of the dividing line. Of course I have not bothered them over there, as they were not my guests."

Rough on the Sentry. One of the most amusing stories of the day treats of mistaken philanthropy. At a certain army post there was a sentry on duty near the hospital. The surgeon was preparing to go to bed inside when he was annoyed and alarmed at the sentry's coughing. His experienced ear told him that the man had a severe bronchial affliction, needing a strong remedy. He debated awhile with himself, and then, going into the dispensing room, compounded a powerful mixture. This he took outside to the sentry with instructions to swallow it immediately. The man refused. The surgeon insisted and finally commanded the soldier to take the medicine, which he did with much grumbling. Then the worthy surgeon went to bed, pleased to hear no more coughing. Next morning, to his surprise, the commanding officer sent for him and said that the sentry had complained, declaring that the surgeon had forced him to swallow something he thought was poison. An investigation followed and revealed the fact that while the surgeon was mixing the medicine the coughing sentry had been relieved and consequently the remedy had been given to the wrong man.—London Tit-Bits.

The Parade. Oh, she stood upon the sidewalk as the troops marched grandly by, With the clang o' arms an' music kindlin' glory in her eye, An' my heart went thumpin', jumpin', till I hardly trod the ground. When she smiled an' nodded to me, tho' I dassin't turn around.

But the face o' her, Went floatin' on before, An' the grace o' her, The grace o' her— Mo' colleen bawn astores!

A ringin', swingin' quickstep led the regiment straight along; From winder, roof, an' balcony bright flags an' buntin' hung; An' fren'ly thousands cheered us, but I only hid in view.

A snow bit o' kerchief an' two eyes o' Irish blue. For the sight o' her, The sight o' her Is sweet as heaven to me, An' the right to her— Acushla gal machree! —Private Will Stokes.

Twenty per cent tall women who arrive at a marriageable age do not marry and 40 per cent of college women are found to shun the bonds of matrimony.

COMEDY OF LOVE.

Franklin Ford (there, I knew you would; your cap's in an awful state, Dick; so is your gown); only that Mr. Franklin Ford— Oh, how stupid you are, Dick! You know perfectly well what she said.

I flung my cap upon the bench, thrust my hands into my pocket, rested my chin on my necktie and stared moodily at my toes. There was a long pause. Presently I felt the lightest touch on my arm. I took no notice. The touch grew more insistent.

"Poor boy!" said Daisy. "Dick, I told her I thought Mr. Ford horrid."

"Did you?" I cried, my hands flying from my pockets to—elsewhere.

"Yes and she said I should know better as I got older. I don't see what she means. Of course, I couldn't tell her about you or she'd have seen that my getting older couldn't make any difference. Oh, Dick, isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes," said I, solemnly, "that seemed to pass in the blue eyes that seemed to me very wonderful indeed."

Presently Daisy said in a low voice: "I wish papa wouldn't insist on going abroad all the Long. He says he can work better there."

"What does he want to work for?" cried I.

"I don't know," said she. "Dick, why don't you come abroad?"

It was a bitter moment.

"I've got no money," said I, with a defiant bluntness.

Her breath caught half-way through a little laugh, and she said: "Oh, you poor, dear boy! Never mind, Dick. It's only till October."

"Only!" said I, in tones—a Hamlet might be proud of.

"Will it seem very long?" she asked, drooping her lashes.

"As if you didn't know?"

"Yes, but Dick, I may like to be told all the same, you know?"

So I told her, and as soon as a scene of weary waiting rose before us, at the bidding of my words.

"And in all that time," said she, "are you sure you won't forget? Oh, well, then I believe you won't. Think, Dick, what it will be when you come back! You must look out of your window all the first day—and perhaps I may come by."

"And look up?"

"Perhaps you'll have forgotten."

"Oh, Dick, that is horrid of you! I never forget my friends."

"Friends!" I echoed, indignantly.

"Well, you know what I mean," said she, indignantly.

As she spoke the great clock in the tower struck 11. She sprang to her feet.

"Don't go," I urged. "Daisy, it's the last time."

"Oh, but I must; so must you."

"Well, then, before you go, promise!" I urged.

"But I have promised, Dick."

"You'll think of no one else the whole time?"

"No—of no one else."

"Not that fellow, Franklin F—?"

"Dick! I told you I hated him. Aren't you going to promise, too?"

The garden seemed peaceful and quiet. We sat down on the bench again for a moment—or it was meant to be a moment. But such moments are endowed from heaven with blessed elasticity. I think I promised for a full quarter of an hour.

Then, at a cry from Daisy, I looked up. A tall, stout man in gold spectacles stood looking down at us, a curious, only half-unkind smile on his face. It was the provost. I felt crimson all over and sat speechless.

"Pray, what's the meaning of this, Mr. Vansittart?" he asked, the mixed smile still on his lips.

I looked at him in fright for an instant. Then a pride arose in me. I cleared my throat and began:

"Sir, I am promising—"

The demon of irony raked up in the provost's mind the memory of his last words to me. Oh, that I had found another exordium for my heroic speech!

"Upon my word," said he, thrusting one hand into his cross-cut trouser pocket and pulling at his whiskers with the other. "You are promising, for your age, very promising, Mr. Vansittart."

The bubble was broken. Daisy hung her head. I was very red and hot again.

"Very promising!" chuckled the provost, jingling the money in his pocket. "Very promising, indeed!"

I could have struck him for his mocking iteration.

"Daisy, go indoors," said he, "and Mr. Vansittart, may I lend you my key of the garden gate? Pray be so good as to return it to the porter."

He handed it to me with a polite bow. "I meant it, sir," I stammered.

"You're a young fool," said he. And he held out his hand. "Yes, a young fool," he said, again, as he shook hands. I went.

He stood, watching my exit. I looked back as I reached the gate. He was there still, and behind him in the porch waved a handkerchief. I passed through the gate and locked it behind me.

And was the Long very long? And did I forget her in the Long?

I am willing to answer, at any cost to my own character, all material questions. But that question is immaterial. For she forgot me in the Long. Dear me, I hope she's happy somewhere!

A Smuggler's Cave. A romantic smuggler's cave has been found at St. Margaret's, Dover. While a field was being plowed the ground gave way and disclosed a subterranean chamber, which is supposed to have belonged to a famous smuggler living in a neighboring wood at the beginning of this century. This part of the coast was a regular happy hunting ground for smugglers at that time.

Probably. She—Why did Ben Bolt?

He—Maybe somebody asked him if he had read "Trilby."

THE WORLD'S EARLIEST POTATO. That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 28 days. Salzer's new late tomato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielding 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.

No matter what a man says in church you know what kind of religion he has when you know what kind of company he keeps.

Best of All. To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

A revival is badly needed where the people who try the hardest to run the church never go to prayer meeting.

Continually Growing in Popularity. The marvelous sale of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and later of the Webster's International Dictionary have been factors in utilizing the pronunciation and usage of words among our heterogeneous population. The publishers report larger sales than ever before of this most excellent work, and here we have one of the instances in which the public has been aided by the prosperity of a great publishing house.—Michigan School Moderator, Lansing, Dec. 19, 1915.

Some people find it hard to be religious, because they do not keep it long enough at one time.

There is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs.

This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Short-hand writing was the invention of Pitman in 1837.

Free to "Comrades." The latest photograph of the Hon. I. N. Walker, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Write to F. H. Lord, Quincy Building, Chicago, and you will receive one free.

Plants for gun locks were used in the French army in 1630.

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

Iowa grows more corn than any other state in the union.

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.

The torpedos were the invention of Dr. Bushnell in 1777.

Have you earache, toothache, sore throat, pains or swellings of any sort? A few applications of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will bring relief almost instantly.

Bayonets were first made at Bayonne, France, in 1647.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should be constantly supplied with "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Avoid imitations.

Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1612.

THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA. SAINT JACOBS OIL.



"A very smooth article."

Battle Ax PLUG

Don't compare "Battle Ax" with low grade tobaccos—compare "Battle Ax" with the best on the market, and you will find you get for 5 cents almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade brands for 10 cents.

HIGHEST GRADE. BEST QUALITY. Shaker Liquid Paint. IN USE TWENTY YEARS. GOES FARTHER AND LASTS LONGER THAN WHITE LEAD. SOLD UNDER GUARANTEE. Write for Sample Cards and Information. AMOS B. McNAIRY & CO., 127-133 Scranton Ave., CLEVELAND, O.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. W. N. U. D.—XIV—12.

\$10,000 FOR WOMEN \$1,000 FOR THE ONE WHO GUESSES BEST!

A YEAR AGO THE CHICAGO RECORD offered \$30,000 in cash prizes to authors for the best "stories of mystery." The stories were so called because it was required that a mystery should run through the entire story and be disclosed only in the last chapter. The purpose being to give CASH PRIZES to those readers of THE CHICAGO RECORD who should be able to solve the mystery, or come nearest to a correct solution of it, IN ADVANCE of the publication of the last chapter in the paper.

"SONS AND FATHERS,"

AND ITS PUBLICATION WILL BEGIN IN THE CHICAGO RECORD ON MARCH 23, and continue in about thirty daily installments until completed. "SONS AND FATHERS" is beyond all question THE GREAT STORY OF THE YEAR. There will be an interval of a week or more between the publication of the last installment containing the explanation of the mystery and the immediately preceding chapter, during which period the guesses will be received by THE RECORD.

THE \$10,000 IS DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS:

- To the reader from whom THE RECORD receives the most complete and correct solution in all its details of the entire mystery of the story, as it shall be disclosed in the last chapter when published... \$1,000
For the second best solution... 500
For the third best solution... 300
For the fourth best solution... 200
For the next 5 nearest best solutions, \$100 each... 500
For the next 10 nearest best solutions, 50 each... 500
For the next 20 nearest best solutions, 25 each... 500
For the next 50 nearest best solutions, 20 each... 1,000
For the next 300 nearest best solutions, 10 each... 3,000
For the next 500 nearest best solutions, 5 each... 2,500
In all 889 prizes, amounting to... \$10,000

THE CHICAGO RECORD is pre-eminently a FAMILY NEWSPAPER, and its daily installments of a high-grade serial story in feature intended to specially commend it to the home circle. To emphasize—and advertise—the fact

SEND 10 CENTS AND GET THE RECORD 10 DAYS.

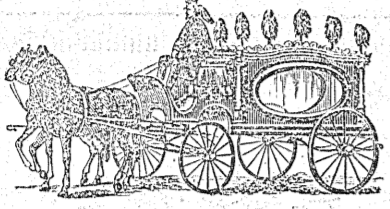
A SPECIAL OFFER. THE RECORD will be sent to any address, post-paid, for 10 days, beginning with the first chapter of the story, FOR 10 CENTS, in coin or postage stamps. The story begins March 23, and it is desirable that subscriptions should be received as far in advance of that date as possible, but all subscriptions on this special offer received up to April 1 will be filled, but none after April 1.

that THE CHICAGO RECORD is a newspaper particularly suitable for women's reading the further condition is made that the \$10,000 in prizes shall be paid only for explanations or guesses sent in by women and girls. All may read, but ONLY WOMEN AND GIRLS MAY GUESS.

is Chicago's leading morning daily. In fact, with a single exception, it has the largest morning circulation in America—160,000 a day. It is a member of The Associated Press and "prints all the news from all the world." It is independent in politics and gives all political news with judicial impartiality, free from the taint of partisanship. It is Chicago's family newspaper. Prof. J. T. Hatfield, of the Northwestern University, writing to the Evanston (Ill.) Index, says: "I have come to the firm conclusion, after a long test, and after a wide comparison with the journals of many states and countries, that THE CHICAGO RECORD comes as near being the ideal daily journal as we are for some time likely to find on these mortal shores." The Journalists' class paper, published in New York, called "Newspaperdom," says: "There is no paper published in America that so nearly approaches the true journalistic ideal as THE CHICAGO RECORD." Forward your subscription as early as possible, so that your name may be entered on the subscription list at once and the paper be sent you without any delay and in time for the opening chapters of THE RECORD'S GREAT \$10,000 PRIZE STORY. Address VICTOR F. LAWSON, Publisher THE CHICAGO RECORD, 181 Madison Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE—but three or four are better still. Let ALL the family join in the search for the explanation of the mystery in "SONS AND FATHERS," but remember "only women and girls may guess"—and win the \$89 PRIZES.

# UNDERTAKING.



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

## WE GUARANTEE EMBALMING

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

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

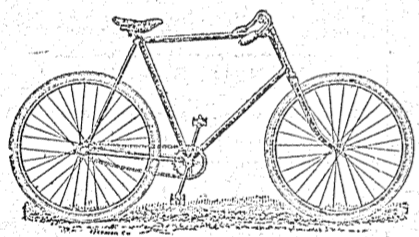
CASS CITY, MICH., Feb. 12, 1896.

Those holding silverware coupons against us are requested to bring them in at once and advise us what they wish for them, as we would like to order enough silverware to take up what coupons are now out. We will accept no coupons returned after April 1, 1896, and will discontinue giving them after March 15, 1896. We are now selling many things below regular price and on such goods we do not give coupons. We wish to reduce our stock about \$2,000 and in order to do it we will make close prices. Now don't think this is simply talk, but we fully intend to do it and while we do not intend to give away any goods, we do intend to sell some lines at close prices viz: Mens' cottonade and wool pants, cotton and wool overshirts, both mens' and ladies' cotton and wool underwear, mens' and ladies' coarse and fine shoes, mens' boots etc. etc. We don't expect any rush of trade because we realize that money is scarce. But if you will bear in mind the above statements and come and let us quote you prices, you will save money. Yours Truly,

LAING & JANES.

BELVIDERE. AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Something New. Strictly up to Date.



Ride an **IXION**

They are right or we will right them. Handsome in appearance. Beautiful and durable finish. Artistic nickel plate. Adjustable handle bars. 1 1/2 inch tubing, heavily re-inforced. Morgan & Wright quick repair tire, gives no trouble. Barrel hubs. Neat combination peddle a success no longer an experiment. Strictly high grade.

Worth \$100--Will cost the Rider \$60.

Other grades strictly up to date in every detail ranging in price from \$40 to \$50. Second hand wheels taken in exchange for '96 patterns.

## BICYCLE SUNDRIES KEPT ON HAND.

Pneumatic Saddle, Morgan & Wright Tires, American Dunlap Tires, Bells Devolines, Cyclometers, Luggage Carriers, Bicycle Lock, Graphite and Bicycle Lamps, Etc.

A. A. HITCHCOCK, CASS CITY.

IXION. CHICK.

## THE FENTON NORMAL AND 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.



can now be devoted to other uses. Its former delightful smelling and delicious tasting contents are duplicated in quality and flavor in None Such Mince Meat, a pure, wholesome, cleanly made preparation for mince pies, fruit cake and fruit puddings.

## NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

saves the housewife long hours of wearisome work and gives the family all the mince pie they can desire at little cost. A package makes two large pies. 10c. at all grocers. Take no substitute.

On the receipt of your name and address and the name of the paper, we will mail you a copy of "None Such Mince Meat," a book by a famous humorous writer. Send for it free.

HERRELL-SCULL CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

## CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

An independent newspaper. Published every Friday morning at the ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, Segar Street, Cass City, Tazewell 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 30 DAYS before the closing of each week. Ads that are not 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 2 1/2 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. McDOW ELL, Proprietor

## OUR MOTTO:

PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

## HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

All the Gossip From the town try Round About Briefly Told For Busy Readers.

## WOLFTON.

Friend scribe of Deford, perhaps the item concerning the trouble in meeting struck you forcibly but it can't be helped. The man that caused the disturbance was not trying to debate with the preacher but trying to raise a racket in general, and said man made a speech while the preacher was speaking that was not fit to be used in any place but a bar-room. Now, if you think Wolfton people ought to be ashamed of what was done against him, I do not. You say any man ought to be heard in behalf of his belief. Perhaps he should, but then a man with good sense and good belief would wait till the preacher got through with his sermon, or meeting was out, before he started debating.

## OWENSBALL.

Mrs. T. Farnum is numbered with the sick.

A. Mills, of Uby, did business in town last week.

H. Gould transacted business in town Saturday last.

W. J. Owen did business in Cass City on Saturday last.

Geo. Gibson attended the social at T. Finkle's on Thursday night last.

Frank Carroll, of Rescue, was sporting around town Sunday with his gay horse.

Luko Walsh erected a chimney on the house of J. D. Owen, west of town, last week.

W. J. Owen took in the dance at Dennis Shore's Thursday night. A good time reported.

## BLIHWOOD.

P. W. Stone spent Sunday in the vicinity of Caro.

Earl Bailey, of Ellington, spent Sunday with A. E. Hendrick.

Chas. Hammond, of Caro, was at J. Miller's one day last week.

Relatives from Sanilac county visited at Jas. Whitsett's this week.

Miss Lydia Whitlock, of Bay Port, is staying at J. Spittler's at present.

Chas. Seelye is moving on the Schwaderer farm, having rented it for the season.

T. D. Leach and Misses L. E. Leach and F. Burnett visited at P. Bush's, in Caro, on Sunday.

Don't let your hair turn white with fear, Bro. Deford, for as a general rule the ones who make the most talk about their names being in the paper are the very ones who are the most pleased to see them there.

## Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give every one an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Harry Mercer, Michigan Passenger Agent, 7 Fort Street, W. Detroit, Mich.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

## RAY PORT.

Mrs. J. M. Lyman is on the sick list. Sam Moeller drove to Sebawaing Monday.

George Rubie is in Canada visiting at present.

Wm. J. Orr was quite seriously ill on Sunday last.

Mrs. M. H. Tanner called at Pigeon one day last week.

Mrs. E. D. Bickford returned home to Cass City last week.

The Snell school has been closed for a time on account of diphtheria.

Miss Manly drove over to Bay Port with Rev. Bacon on Sunday last.

A number of Bay Port people attended church at Sebawaing last Sunday evening.

Miss Rose Hartman expects to leave for Chicago this week, having been employed in a hotel in that city.

Mr. McGregor has several men employed cutting wood. That is right, get a good wood pile and the cooks will be pleasant.

## WEST GRANT.

R. Laing, of Sheridan, is in town this week.

Jno. O'Rourke made a flying trip to Cass City Monday.

Archie Leach, of Sheridan, visits friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Powell, of Argyle, visited at Mr. Lang's Sunday.

Bert Smithson, of Cass City, was up in Hardscrabble last week.

Mr. Richards visited old acquaintances here on Sunday last.

D. Freeman's boiler sprung a leak last week from an old flaw. It has not yet been repaired.

Little Eliza Heron is getting along nicely with her lessons on the violin. Who knows where a star may rise?

Geo. Hartsell visits relatives in Lapeer county this week. He commenced his journey on Tuesday morning.

Hazen Harp, who has been attending school here the past four months, returned to his home in Capae Saturday.

Jas. O'Rourke arrived home Thursday, after a four years' absence. His many friends are pleased to see his smiling face again.

There will be no shadow social in connection with the school entertainment in Dist. No. 1, Grant, as was noticed in our last week's items, but a grand program is being arranged. Remember the date, April 2nd.

## KINGSTON.

O. Stone visited Detroit Tuesday.

Dr. Bates spent Saturday and Sunday in Canada.

Neil H. Burns transacted business at Caro Monday.

J. K. Thomas transacted business in Caro last Friday.

L. A. Maynard and wife drove to Marlette Tuesday evening.

Ella Ryekman is making her parents and Kingston friends a visit.

Amos Griffin and Milo Smith drove to Oakland county last week.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church met at C. O. Blinn's Wednesday p. m.

Albert Fox intends moving his meat market to Lum in the near future.

Jesse King, who has been working in New York City for some time, is home.

Miss Doyle and Harry Warner drove to North Branch Saturday and returned Sunday.

A. B. Payne and wife, who have been visiting near Jackson for some time, returned Tuesday.

Mrs. Carrie Paxton, District President of the W. C. T. U., gave a temperance lecture at the M. E. Church Thursday evening.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City Ill. was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she said it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 130 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

## Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give every one an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Harry Mercer, Michigan Passenger Agent, 7 Fort Street, W. Detroit, Mich.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

## DEFORD.

Robt. White is erecting a building on his place.

Provender is becoming scarcer all the time in these parts.

David Moshier's family, of Wilmot, visited at Wm. Patch's on Sunday last.

We begin to hear the rumble of politics in the distance as the first of April draws near.

Dan Ellsworth has returned from Alpena, where he has been working for some time past.

It is safe to say that seventy-five per cent of the people east of here are down with the grippe.

Of the seriously ill east of here, we must name Jay Crittendon, Lester Vorhes and his son, Edgar.

Potatoes are decaying in the cellars to a considerable extent. They may bring a fair price yet before planting time.

Dr. Bates, of Kingston, is over in the "Garden" this week, so Dr. Mitchell is attending several of the sick southeast of here.

Mrs. Francis Barbour, of Novesta, who has been very low for some time past, died on the morning of the 14th. She was nearly 80 years of age and highly respected. She leaves an aged husband and two daughters in Novesta and one son who lives in Macomb county.

Camboro and Karr's Corners, are you one and the same or are you working "on reliefs" to have some fun with Deford? Your treatises on tobacco look well from one standpoint. The weed is medicine to some men. 'Tis not the use but abuse of the stuff that is wrong. All things were created for a good purpose and remember that all evils are the abuse of something that is good.

In speaking of the village election, the ENTERPRISE says that "C. W. Heller's name appeared on both tickets." Was it a mistake or is Cass City so favored that they can run a man on two tickets at the same time? We don't understand that to be legal up this way. [The statement in the ENTERPRISE was correct. The mistake was in the ticket, and was not legal. The tickets were not printed at the ENTERPRISE office, however. As Mr. Heller is thought to be the right man for the position there is not likely to be any complaint.—Ed.]

George Lee, an old soldier, has been giving us "Alabama" till we thought it a paradise, were about to pack our trunk and turn our face to the sunny land, when we chanced to spy the assessor's returns of Alabama to the state auditor, which showed up as follows: All farming tools valued at \$53, 138; bowie knives, dirks and pistols valued at \$101,520. The article did not state whether they plowed with the bowie knife, planted with a six-shooter and harvested with a dirk, or that they kept them as persuaders in politics and religion, but really we want more light before we go down to pick acquaintance.

## CANBORO.

Messrs. Hintz & Taylor went to Bay Port Monday.

Miss Minnie Ballagh is visiting Miss Barbara Burleigh.

L. Dow Griffin, of Caseville, was in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Millendorf were guests of Mr. Lown's Sunday.

T. McIntyre is stopping with his sister, Mrs. B. F. Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Wetlaufer went to Capae Monday of last week returning Friday.

John McGraw, who has absented himself from town for some time, was on our street Monday.

Grandma Griffin, of North Branch, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Walsh, and other relatives.

Dan Stewart, who left Grant six years ago for the Western States, called on relatives and friends here last week, while on his way to Ontario to see his father, who is very sick.

We do not possess charity enough to believe all things even if approved by good authority, if in any way connected with vice. Are we not daily reminded that evil communication corrupts good manners. It is useless to pray to the lion not to bite your hand after putting it in his mouth.

Mrs. Wilson, whose illness has been mentioned, died Friday morning, March 13th. She left a husband and a large family of children to mourn her loss. The latter are sadly in need of a mother's loving care. Mrs. Wilson endeared herself to others by her many acts of kindness. Her remains were laid to rest in the Calfax Cemetery Sunday beside those of her daughter, Mrs. L. Dow Griffin, who died in Port Austin a year ago.

## SUCKERS' ARCADE SALVE.

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

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

## Cass City and Caro STAGE & LINE.

J. S. DUNHAM PROP.

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

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Only 15 cents.

These Floral Novelties are described in "The Pioneer Seed Catalogue," Wick's

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Clothing. My prices are right and a perfect fit guaranteed. Remember I have moved two doors east of Elkland House.

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for all brands of Flour. Get a piece of that elegant smoked salmon. We lead them all with our Canoe brand Oysters. Fresh Crackers, always on hand and all brands. We have all brands of cigars except poor ones.

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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.

FOX AND NAPOLEON.

The English Statesman Was Fascinated by the First Consul.

During the summer of 1802 Fox journeyed to Paris, where he was presented to Bonaparte early in September, says a writer in the Century Magazine. The English statesman was fascinated, and, although the first consul said nothing definite or precise, his visitor departed convinced that his host desired nothing but peace with a liberal policy, both domestic and foreign as far as was consistent with safety. But the attacks of the English Press became none the less virulent in consequence of Fox's favorable report or of his brilliant defense of France from his place in parliament. Toward the close of January Talleyrand remonstrated with Whitworth, at this time giving point to his remonstrance by a plump demand as to what England intended to do about Malta. Whitworth replied that he was without instructions and made an evasive answer, hinting that the king's opinion of the changes which had taken place in Europe since the treaty might be of importance in determining him as to the disposal of the island. This was the first official intimation that England did not intend to keep her promise.

A few days later Sebastian returned from the east and on Jan. 30, 1803, the Monitor published his thorough and careful report. It was a long document, fully explaining every source of English weakness in the orient and setting forth the possibilities of re-establishing French colonies in Egypt and the Levant. There was only one menacing phrase, but it expressed an unpalatable truth that "6,000 French troops could now conquer Egypt." The publication in England of this paper raised a tremendous popular storm and it has pleased many historians to regard Bonaparte's course as a virtual declaration of war. In reality it was merely a French Roland for the English Oliver. If England intended to keep Malta her beware of her prestige in the east. Had Bonaparte intended to act on Sebastian's report he certainly would not have published it. Of course, the English populace utterly failed to grasp so nice a point and the incident so strained the relations of France and England that all Europe saw the impending crisis—one or the other must consent to a modification of the treaty in respect to Malta or there would be war.

In Happy Paraguay.

The women have well-molded limbs, voluptuous, lustrous eyes and are of every color, from mahogany to the white and pink complexion of the fairest Anglo-Saxon. The dress of a Paraguayan woman consists merely of a snow-white tunic coming down to the knees and a white shawl. These women are bare-footed. They stalk through the streets with a soft, supple, panther-like tread that is most beautiful, for they do not indulge in high-heeled boots and stays but step out as Eve herself might have done, quite unimpeded by their simple dress, which is merely a short tunic tied round at the waist and adorned with the pretty native lace. These tunics have short sleeves and very low necks and reveal the statuesque shoulders and breasts rather more than would be considered delicate in Europe.

This mild race live principally on oranges, pumpkins, cassava and other fruits and vegetables, being almost vegetarians. Many are the virtues of these poor, brave Paraguayans; they are hospitable, kindly, honest, and though marriage is looked upon as an unnecessary prelude to two young people starting housekeeping together they are remarkably constant in their attachments. The Paraguayan girls are like Byron's savage heroines—faithful unto death, soft as doves, but ready to give up their lives for their mates. What I particularly remarked was the jovial, gay nature of this amiable and innocent race.—Exchange.

Not Such a Rich Find.

"I had a funny experience the other day," said Lawyer J. E. Delman of the Equitable building to a reporter. "It didn't seem funny at the time, but I can laugh at it now. I found about \$2 in silver and picked it up from the floor." "That's pleasant," said a friend who was present, "but I wouldn't call it funny." "Ah, but I went into a saloon with some friends and found half a dollar near the door, which I 'blew in' for drinks. I heard something drop and picked up two more quarters. Blew them in too." "Then I felt a coin dropping down against my leg. Suddenly the truth flashed on me. I found a big hole in my pocket, out of which about \$2 in change had dropped. All the money I had picked up was my own and \$1 was lost altogether besides."—New York Journal.

More than It Was Worth.

Judge Walton, who presides over a court at Washington, is a man of grim humor. One day, in the lobby, a member of the bar was seeking to convey the impression to a group, of whom Judge Walton was the center, that his income from his profession was very large. "I have to earn a good deal," the lawyer said. "It seems a large story to tell, judge, but my personal expenses are \$6,000 a year. It costs me that to live." "That is too much, Brother S—," said the judge; "I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it."

The Fabric of a Dream.

The situations in which men frequently find themselves in dreamland was well illustrated by an Irishman, who, when recently relating a remarkable dream he had had, remarked: "Then I thought I was walking about naked, wid me hands in me pockets."

The Religion of Abraham Lincoln.

(Continued from last week.)

From General Rusling we received the following reply:

TRENTON, N. J., March 10, 1891. J. M. Duckley, D. D.—Dear Sir: In reply to the 8th, I would say the conversation with President Lincoln and General Sickles took place July 21, 1883, precisely as narrated by me, but of course I do not pretend to give the exact phraseology. Doubtless it did not impress General Sickles as much as me, because he was an intimate friend of President Lincoln's, and often saw and talked with him, and also because he was then greatly suffering from his amputation, whereas I was my first full interview with President Lincoln, and naturally I studied him closely and all he said. Of course, I took no notes in his presence, but I wrote a letter to my father the same day, giving the fact briefly. He preserved the letter, and it is now in my possession. I repeated the conversation to me immediately afterward, and have since told it hundreds of times in private conversation, but never publicly until 1885. I think you urged me to write it out and give it to the public, but I am not positive. If you did not, many others did. In the fall of 1885, after the death of General Grant, there were memorial services held at Ocean Grove, at which Dr. Stokes, General Fisk and myself made addresses, and in my address I gave the facts. The address was printed and I have a copy of it. In the summer of 1891, while at Ocean Grove, I had a conversation relative to it with Willis Fletcher Johnson, Associate Editor of the New York Tribune, and he urged me to send it to the Tribune accordingly I wrote it out roughly at Ocean Grove, one leisure day there, and after coming home in September or October, 1891, I rewrote it carefully and sent a copy to General Sickles for his consideration, requesting him to alter or amend as he thought best from his own best recollection of the facts. He returned it to me without altering a word, and said that while he could not recall the specific words, he still remembered the interview and some general idea of the conversation, and had no doubt my report was entirely correct. In October, 1891, I had occasion to make an address before the Young Men's Christian Association here, and as a part of my remarks read the whole paper, and submitted Mr. Lincoln to the young men as an example of a great Christian statesman. That same evening I happened to meet the Editor of the State Gazette here, and he asked me about my address, and I told him the substance of it, including the Lincoln conversation, and the next morning he had a half-column report in the Gazette concerning it, which presently went the rounds of the newspapers, and it now appears in Cotter's Life of Abraham Lincoln. In November, 1891, I sent it to Mr. Johnson, aforesaid, of the New York Tribune, and it appeared in full in the Tribune Nov. 23, 1891. I gave all the facts and circumstances and language there in ipsissima verba, as near as I could possibly recollect, and that is as reliable as it is possible for the human mind to make anything. I gave his exact words to the best of my recollection, and I firmly believe they were his exact words, and as a part of my remarks in substance, I had not any cause to do otherwise. I was moved only by a desire to fix what seemed to be an historic conversation, that might be deemed of value in the future, and first and last I wrote the article three times before finally dispatching it to the Tribune, testing my recollection in every possible way. Afterward I condensed the statement and embodied it in my article on Abraham Lincoln, which you printed in your Christian Advocate August 25, 1892. I have omitted to state that in April, 1892, I had a personal conversation with General Sickles about the matter at Jersey City during a reunion of the Second New Jersey Brigade there, and I went over the conversation item by item; and while he could not, of course, remember the exact phraseology, yet he again said he well remembered the interview and conversation generally, and had no doubt of the correctness of my report.

Very truly your friend,

JAS. F. RUSLING. To our knowledge General Sickles, having refreshed his memory, recently on several occasions told the story himself in public, in particular at the annual dinner of the Loyal Legion of Washington, on Feb. 12, 1895. It was reported in the Press of Philadelphia Feb. 23 by the regular correspondent. At the request of some of the general's comrades the story was given to the Press correspondent for publication:

I am getting to be a pretty old man, but before I die I want to tell of a meeting I had with President Lincoln shortly after the battle of Gettysburg. I desire to add it as a contribution to the memory of that grand man and as a refutation of the attempts to prove that Mr. Lincoln was not a firm believer in the duty. I was brought to Washington badly wounded after the fight at Gettysburg. I was taken to rooms on F Street, where Mr. Lincoln called on me shortly after he learned of my arrival. I appreciated his visit very much, and it was one of the many evidences of his kind heart and sympathetic nature. After he had talked to me a few minutes in his kind, gentle way I said to him:

"Mr. President, what of the future? Will we eventually put down the rebellion and restore the Union?" "Well, general," he said, "until recently I sometimes had serious doubts, but I have them no longer. A few days ago I felt as if I could not do more than I had done, and that the brave men in the army had struggled long and patriotically, but success seemed as far away as in the beginning of the war. We had our defeats as well as our victories, and the future looked gloomy. With this feeling weighing me down, I went to my closet, and on my knees I prayed to God for the success of our arms. I told Him from the bottom of my soul how I had done all I could and all that human agency seemed capable of. I asked Him if it was His will to grant a speedy and successful termination of the war. I prayed thus for hours, and, general, the answer came.

"When I arose from my knees all doubt had fled. I have from that hour had no fear of the result. We have won at Gettysburg. We have not yet had a word from Vicksburg, but, general, be prepared for great good news when it comes. All is right at Vicksburg."

When Mr. Lincoln was about to leave he took my hand and said very tenderly: "General, you will rest well. I replied: 'I don't know about that; the doctors give me but little hope.' In strong, earnest tones he replied: 'I am a prophet to-day, general, and I say that you will get well, and that we will have glorious news from Vicksburg.'"

Several of my staff officers were present at this interview, but only one of them, General Busling, of New Jersey, is still living. I relate this incident now because I want you all to know how the great and good Lincoln put his faith in God, the Ruler of the Universe.

We have known General Rusling since his youth, spent some years at the same preparatory school with him and few among our acquaintances have a verbal memory of such extraordinary retentiveness.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the combined testimony of General Sickles and General Rusling will satisfy such a man as the Sun's correspondent.

PROF. E. W. EWING.

Is a Candidate for the Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Prof. E. W. Ewing, professor of physics in Alma College and principal of the preparatory department, is a candidate for the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction of Michigan, and no man in this state is better qualified for the arduous duties of this office. He was urged to become a candidate by friends from Saginaw Ann Arbor and Ionia, who were present at the state teachers' institute held a few weeks ago, who know of the great work he has done in the cause of education.

Prof. Ewing was born near Sparta, Illinois, about sixty years ago. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1864. During his senior year he supported himself by teaching in the high school in Monroe, where he was known as a teacher of great ability. After his graduation he was called to the superintendency of the public schools in Perrysburg, O., where he remained three years, resigning his position there to take charge of the schools in Saginaw City. He remained in Saginaw until 1871, when he was called to Ionia, where he remained for sixteen years. In each of these cities by his ripe judgment and untiring energy he brought the schools up to the highest standard of excellence, and the public schools of these places bear the impress of the grand work he did in them. On the establishing of Alma College he was called to the chair of Physics and Pedagogy, and has since devoted all his time and energy to promote the interests of the college, and not a little of its success is due to his work.

In the thirty years that he has been engaged in school work in this state he has always been to the front in every movement started for the purpose of raising the standard and increasing the office of the public school system. Among the most important features which he has been instrumental in engraving onto the city school system are the introduction of Kindergarten work in the primary schools, and the departmental system, both of which were first tried successfully in the Ionia schools. He has always been active and successful in institute work and his long experience with the work of county board of school examiners has given him a keen insight into the needs of country schools. He was president of the Association of City Superintendents in 1885, and the State Teachers' Association in 1887, and in each position rendered valuable service.

Elected to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction he will bring to the discharge of its duties the same strong mental qualifications, rare executive ability, and untiring energy which has characterized his work during his long and faithful service.

Did you ever stop and think how our lives are affected by some seemingly trifling circumstance? It is amusing to think of what might have occurred but for some more or less trifling circumstance. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter the whole face of the earth would have been different. It is said that a glass of wine too much changed the course of French history; many persons who have carelessly picked up a scrap of advice on Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer has been cured of what they considered an incurable disease by its use. C. S. Chambers, Atlanta, Ill., was a sufferer from nervous prostration. A friend who had knowledge of Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer gave him a small sample. Its use stirred up new hopes in his mind; he used two full sized bottles and was cured; fate directed this wonderful medicine to his notice. Your fate may be trying your attention to the same remedy, if you are troubled with nervous prostration, spasms, fits, mental depression, sleeplessness, mental depression, exhausted vitality, despondency, sexual and general debility. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

How You Had The Grip? If you have, you probably needed a reliable medicine like Foley's Honey and Tar to heat your lungs and stop the crackling cough incidental to this disease. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

For Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

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A Complete stock of Sash and Doors on hand.

Produce Wanted.

3 STORY BRICK.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.



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One of the Finest in The Thumb.

Also a handsome White Hearse appropriate for the young. Caskets and Coffins at from \$2.00 to \$200.

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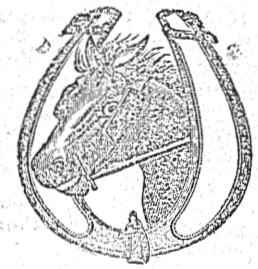
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My shops are now complete for doing First-Class

Horse-shoeing, General Blacksmithing and Repairing.

If you don't believe it call and see and be convinced.

My new shop stands north of the old stand.

Hendrick & Anker, Jewelers and Opticians.

E. McKIM.

Advertisement for White Bicycles, featuring 'Speed, Strength and Sterling Worth' and 'Characterize the White'.

Advertisement for Talking Bicycles, featuring 'See That Curve' and 'It's quality that aids them to talk for themselves.'

Advertisement for Keatings, featuring '365 Days Ahead of Them All' and 'Keating Wheel Co., Holyoke, Mass.'

PENINSULARITES.

NEWSY NOTES OF PEOPLE AND THINGS OF MICHIGAN.

Judge Lane, of Adrian, Orders the Lake Shore Railroad to Sell Family Mileage Tickets—Dean Williams Accepts the Marquette Bishopric.

New Officers at the Soldiers' Home. The board of the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids has elected James A. Crozier, of Menominee as commandant; John Northwood, New Lathrop, chairman pro tem; L. K. Bishop, Grand Rapids, treasurer, and J. P. Grabbill, Greenville, clerk. The new commandant will begin business on May 1, succeeding Commandant J. B. Graves, of Adrian, but the old staff of subordinates will be retained. They are: Adjutant, Maj. J. H. Long; quartermaster, Col. L. B. Hindin; surgeon, Dr. L. C. Read; matron of the family annex, Mrs. M. H. Trask. The board decided to conduct the hospital on new lines. Instead of employing trained nurses from the city hospitals, it is proposed to establish a training school for nurses with two or three skilled nurses to superintend the work of students. The board has a surplus of \$18,000.

Must Sell Family Mileage Tickets. Judge Lane, of Adrian, handed down his opinion in the proceedings instituted by Henry C. Smith against the L. S. & M. S. Railroad Co., asking for a mandamus to compel the company to issue to himself and wife the family mileage tickets provided for in act 90 of 1893. The court orders the issuing of a mandamus, the effect of the decision being to hold the Lake Shore subject to the general railroad law of the state. The case will be appealed and will ultimately find its way to the supreme court of the United States.

The judge declined to pass upon the constitutionality of the act, holding it is not the province of circuit courts to handle questions of this nature. He intimates, however, that were he to do so he would be of the opinion that the act was void.

Out Her Husband's Throat While in Bed. The wife of John Keifer, living near Fish Lake, south of Decatur, left home for some unexplained cause. Later she returned home, and after affectionately greeting her husband, the couple retired. During the night Mrs. Keifer arose and went to the side of the bed, returned to the side of the bed, where she commenced carrying her husband. Suddenly seizing him by the whiskers the woman drew the knife across his throat, inflicting injuries which are expected to prove fatal.

Out His Wife's Throat at His Own. Burt Shepard, of Bronson, while in a fit of temporary insanity, cut his wife's throat with a razor in the presence of Mrs. Blass, a neighbor, and then rushed into an adjoining room and almost severed his own head from the trunk. Mrs. Shepard will probably live. Shepard went out two or three times during the night and was brought home by the night watchman. He was formerly in the drug business but failed and since then has been a slave to liquor and drugs.

Fatally Shot by His Sons. Grant Monks, an engineer, was shot by his two sons, William and Grant, at Grand Rapids, while attempting to assault his wife. Mrs. Monks called for help. Her two boys responded, each with a revolver and shot at the father. One shot took effect in the arm and the other in the chest. The boys are 17 and 19 years old respectively.

Bishop Williams Accepts. Dean G. Mott Williams announced in St. Paul's Episcopal church that he had accepted the bishopric of the new Marquette Episcopal diocese, and had sent a letter to Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, containing his formal acceptance. Doubt existed as to Dean Williams' course, owing to charges brought against him.

Old Man Frozen to Death. James Hyslop, aged 82 years, a farmer on Higgins' Lake, near Roscommon, was found dead. He had been alling a short time. A grain wagon was seen on the shore frozen sitting on the shore hearth frozen stiff. He lived alone and was a very eccentric man.

MICHIGAN NEWS. Grand Rapids has adopted a civic flag which is said to be very artistic. Over 72,000 acres of land in Chippewa county have been forfeited to the state for unpaid taxes.

A. L. Rider, conductor of a way freight on the D. L. & N., north of Ionia, was killed at Kildville.

James Burno, of Erie, aged 23 years, went out with a party of friends at Monroe, drank too heavily and died while in a stupor.

The Kalamazoo Paper Co. was fined \$40 for killing fish in Portage creek by depositing chemicals therein. The case will be appealed.

The Ropes gold mine, near Ishpeming, was operated last year at a profit of 2 cents a ton. It was the first year the mine hadn't run behind.

James Nowakowski, aged 13, while picking up wood in a log yard at Manistee, was crushed by a log he dislodged and he died from his injuries.

A movement has been started at Owosso to secure a union depot for use of all the roads. The present dingy affair is no credit to the town.

The coroner is investigating the death of a three-year-old child of John J. Beck at Grand Rapids. The child had typhoid fever, and instead of calling in a doctor, they depended upon the faith cure by a couple of deacons to pull it through. Neighbors called in a doctor for the little one, but the parents refused to admit him.

Isaac Dow, near Angell, Grand Traverse county, attempted to murder his wife because she ill-treated his children by a former wife. While she was still in bed he threw a quantity of ammonia in her face. This hot killing her he bent, choked and trampled on her furiously and she will die.

OUR LAWMAKERS AT WORK.

SENATE—Seventy-fifth day—Another crowd, anticipating something of interest on the Cuban question, filled the galleries and they were not disappointed. Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, arose to a question of personal privilege, and in vigorous words rebuked the Spanish minister for his conduct. Mr. Lodge added his opinion that a repetition of the minister's action should be followed by his dismissal. Senators Gray and Hale maintained that senatorial privilege and prerogatives had been straddled to close the mouth of the Spanish minister. Mr. Lodge did not press for any definite action. Mr. Chandler expressed the opinion that there was entirely too much attempt at outside interference or advice. He referred to the cabinet statement of Minister Castillo and the president of the council of Spanish ministers. Mr. Lodge took the floor. He was not prepared, he said, to yield one jot from the position he had taken, and expressed satisfaction that he had been able to obtain from an official source such a temperate reply to the inflammatory utterances against Spain, which were without any foundation whatever. Another exciting incident occurred when Mr. Lodge's resolution, concerning the Cuban question, got up until April 6 next, was laid before the Senate. Mr. Hoar asked that it go into effect in his own hands and did not feel able to speak on the resolution. Mr. Sherman quickly on his feet, his face showing much feeling at his voice raised earnestly protesting that resolution at all stages. It seemed it was a victory on the committee's foreign relations. After more than a month of discussion, after overwhelming votes in both houses, the resolution, which was brought before the Senate, was laid on the table. Mr. Hoar, who had introduced the resolution, was disappointed. He said that he had introduced the resolution in the hope that it would be passed. He said that he had introduced it in the hope that it would be passed. He said that he had introduced it in the hope that it would be passed.

Dr. Camp, one of the oldest practicing physicians in southwestern Michigan, was married 50 years ago in Mill Creek, Erie county, Pa., to Sarah Mangin, of Girard, and they had just celebrated their golden wedding at Baraga, their home.

Isaac T. Shatto, of Flint, committed suicide at the Walsh hotel, Port Huron, by firing a bullet into his right temple. Mr. Shatto was about 55 or 60 years of age, and an old soldier. A son of 51 he had drawn only two weeks ago was missing.

Charles W. Garfield, of the state board of agriculture, attended the round-up farmers' institute at Wisconsin. He says a national institute, embracing the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska and Manitoba, was organized.

Elmer E. Halsey, recently appointed receiver of the United States land office at Marquette, has assumed his position, and has taken possession of the office. He is a native of Michigan, and was formerly a member of the Michigan legislature.

C. N. Rapp has returned from New York, where he had been representing the fruit growers of western Michigan to procure more favorable rates for peaches in baskets east of Buffalo and Pittsburg. This would add Michigan peaches to the eastern markets at a substantial profit.

Mrs. John Keifer, the Fish Lake woman who grabbed her husband by the throat, was tried and found guilty of the crime. She was sentenced to the state prison for a term of years.

While skating on the mill pond at Dexter, Pearl Walker, 13 years old, broke through the ice and was drowned. He was the heroic effort of Miss Myrtle Boswick, a teacher in the high school, who stood part of the time in a foot of water, the ice sinking with her. She was rescued by a child until help she was rescued.

Although John Bradley has been dead more than three years, the widow has just had his divorce decree set aside at Grand Rapids. The divorce was granted in 1890, through alleged misrepresentation and fraud. The husband had been living with the widow, from which as a grass widow she would be debarré.

Elton Andres, aged 33, was bitten by a small terrier last August, near Pierson. Neither boy nor dog showed any symptoms of disease until recently. Since then he has gone into frequent violent convulsions, whimpering, barking and snapping at all around him. The dog showed no signs of hydrophobia and was killed.

Chas. W. Easton, of Spring Lake, Mass., on route home from San Diego, Cal., was killed by a train at Grand Rapids. He was temporarily demented. He was locked up and twice attempted suicide first by hanging himself to his cell door with his handkerchief, and being unsuccessful he again, with straps on his hands, was cut down and placed under guard.

The Michigan Salt Co. has completed the work of reorganization. The idea at first was to include manufacturers of 90 per cent of all the salt produced in Michigan, but this proved impossible. It was decided to include the Michigan Salt Co. and include only the greatest salt producers. The capital is \$150,000. Vacuum salt is made mostly at Manistee and Ludington.

The fine building of the Pope Manufacturing Co. at Boston was destroyed by fire, together with 1,700 new Columbia bicycles, 20,000 pieces of bicycle repairs and thousands of tires. Loss \$550,000. The Youth's Companion office adjoining was soaked and burned to the extent of \$30,000, and the Hoffman apartment house across the street was damaged \$10,000.

The reception given by the ladies of the St. Cecilia club, of Grand Rapids, was practically a success. Mrs. Uhl was one of the most conspicuously charming events in which local society ever participated. A leader in all social enterprises and one of the most beloved and esteemed ladies, Mrs. Uhl was practically the founder of the handsome new home of the St. Cecilia society. Mrs. Uhl and Miss Uhl were more than pleased at the warmth of the greetings as they leave for Germany.

There are mutterings of a strike on the Great Northern railroad in consequence of the cut in salaries. Employees announced a few days ago. Employees say if the cut is made applicable to the trainmen the road will be tied up as tight as drum. The telegraph operators especially are incensed at the reduction.

GENERALITIES.

GLIMPSSES OF THE DOING OF THE BUSY WORLD.

Italy is Suing for Peace With the Abyssinians—England is Reopening the Soudan War to Help Italy—Other Powers Not Very Much Pleased.

The African Situation. Dispatches from Rome say that negotiations are in progress for peace between Italy and the Abyssinians, and that when it became generally known in Italy produced a feeling of surprise amounting to stupor in most quarters. The conditions, as reported thus far, fixing the frontier at the Mared river line and the prohibition of fortified positions on the frontier are considered humiliating. The majority of the deputies oppose the project and strong pressure will be brought to bear to break off the negotiations. Advice from Massawa says that the negus (King Menelik) has received 100,000 of his troops in the presence of Maj. Salsa, the Italian officer who is treating for peace with the Abyssinians. The troops marched in good order and were well armed. The negus showed Maj. Salsa his quantities of provisions, the Italian having, some time ago, been under the belief that the Abyssinians were short of supplies. In fact, it is said, that this was one of the reasons which prompted Gen. Baratieri to make his advance upon Gondola.

Dispatches from London state that an advance of English-Egyptian troops has been ordered against the Mahdists at Dongola, in the Soudan, undoubtedly for the purpose of preventing the Mahdists from reaching the Italian frontier at Kassala. The Times has an editorial discussing the Italian situation and declares that the shock to European prestige owing to the defeat at Adowa cannot be neutralized by Italy's victory over the Abyssinians. The advance upon Dongola is urgent in the interest of the British policy. It will prepare the way for the advance on Omdurman when the time is ripe and the shaming of the Mahdists will be the basis. The ultimate object of the advance on Dongola is doubtless the relief of Kassala, whose capture by the dervishes would become a serious menace to Slatin and Tokar. The possession of the Soudan by the dervishes would be a menace to the protection of Egypt from dervish raids as besides being convenient to the base of hostile operations, it furnishes large food supplies to the Soudan countries.

The British much rejoicing in the British army at the prospect of another campaign in the Soudan, in spite of past experiences with the fierce, tireless troops of the mahdi, and the recent defeat of the British army at Omdurman. The British officers of the Egyptian army who have been absent for some time have been ordered to return to their posts immediately and a dispatch from Cairo announces that the contingent of British troops already been ordered to Wadyl-Halfa.

The proposed Soudan expedition of the British government excites a vast deal of attention and comment in political circles. The press in Berlin and the German newspapers are commenting upon the proposal Egyptian advance to Dongola and show an intense hatred for England. The National Zeitung, for instance, says the idea of the British expedition to the Soudan is a disaster to which it is impossible to see any advantage. It says that the British officers of the Egyptian army who have been absent for some time have been ordered to return to their posts immediately and a dispatch from Cairo announces that the contingent of British troops already been ordered to Wadyl-Halfa.

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OHIO REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

At the state convention of Ohio Republicans, held at Columbus, the Grand opera house was crowded. Chairman J. M. Ickes reviewed the McKinley campaign in Ohio, and stated that at the state convention in Zanesville last year the party entered into a pledge to make Hunsell governor, Foraker senator and to use every honorable means to make McKinley president. Two parts of the trinity had been fulfilled and the Republicans of Ohio had now assembled to fulfill the third part—the unanimous and unqualified support of McKinley for the presidential nomination. These remarks caused such a demonstration that it was some time before Mr. Ickes could introduce Senator-elect Foraker as the temporary chairman of the convention. And when Mr. Foraker was introduced there was another enthusiastic scene, which was repeated as often as he proceeded. Senator Foraker devoted his speech to congratulating and nominating McKinley. It was some time before the routine business could be proceeded with. After the appointment of the usual committees the convention adjourned for the day.

The entire convention was most harmonious and more like a McKinley rally than a convention. There were several warm tussles for candidates for the minor offices of the state government and the nominations were followed by a wishy-washy indifference the man became moody and vindictive. He arrived at the farm unexpectedly and asked for an interview with Gertrude, which the mother declined to allow, according to the daughter's wish. He wished his opportunity to make a break to the upper part of the house where the two sisters were and his work was quickly done.

Gertrude was 21 years old. Anna, who is 19, will die of her wounds. The mother is crazed with grief and the awful shock will probably kill her.

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REJECTED LOVER'S DEED.

Killed His Sweetheart—Shot Her Sister and Mother and Aged Succeeded. Archie Belange, aged 25, shot and instantly killed Miss Gertrude Bailey, a handsome young lady, at her parents' home, four miles east of Bertron Harbor. After shooting Gertrude through the heart a second bullet was sent flying through her younger sister Anna's neck, passing close to both jugular veins. The murderer then turned to shoot the mother who had rushed to succor her daughters, while he still holding Gertrude with one arm, fired a shot at the mother, who struck his arm, the bullet grazing her hand and lodging in the ceiling. The assassin then fled from the house to the woods, leaving a trail in the snow, which was later followed by an excited crowd of pursuers. They found him about three-quarters of a mile from the scene of the murder with a bullet hole through his breast and one through the neck. E. S. Bailey had moved his farm from Chicago last fall, where Gertrude had evidently kept company with Belange, whose home was at Chebanse, Ill., he falling desperately in love with her. On account of the young man's indifference the man became moody and vindictive. He arrived at the farm unexpectedly and asked for an interview with Gertrude, which the mother declined to allow, according to the daughter's wish. He wished his opportunity to make a break to the upper part of the house where the two sisters were and his work was quickly done.

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NATURE'S WONDERS.

A TRIP THROUGH MOST PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

Story of the Interesting Run Across the Continent of the "Overland Route"—The Beauties of Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and the Great Northwest.

The story of the "Overland Route" has been told in prose and poem by those who have a right to claim the best knowledge of it; those who toiled over the plains driving oxen in spans, which pulled great caravans of freight; those who hopefully bore the heat and burden of the day, buoyed up and encouraged by the hope of an El Dorado in the mountains of the west—great, noble-hearted men who sought in the glorious west the reward which seemed never to come near their doors in the populous east. They were brave and kind-hearted, bold and gentle, and the writer loves to dwell on their adventures and depict their hair-breadth escapes and the disappointments of their hopes and their disappointments. In one sense theirs is the story of the lives of many who read, and a child of sympathy is touched by the skillful telling of the story. Everyone who has read these tales of the west has felt an instinctive desire to see the spots, hallowed at least in memory by some story, which has served to pass an hour away; and each one has longed for an opportunity. Those of the present day have the best of the earlier members of this mutual admiration society, for they can now make the trip in comfort, in safety, and surrounded by all the luxuries incident to modern travel. Instead of toiling over the calined track of those who preceded them, the traveler of the day simply selects "The Overland Route," the Union Pacific system, and, as much at home as though in the quiet of some New England village, glides swiftly over a splendid roadbed, and almost lives over to feast on the magnificent scenery afforded.

The route through Kansas is a varied scene of thrift and growing greatness, agriculturally, and when night has lowered her shades and the hours of rest are passed, the grander beauties of the Rocky Mountains are in view, and one instinctively prepares himself to drink in the wonders which nature has strewn all over the passing time. Ethan Denver Cheyenne there is spread a panorama of hills and fields, dashing rivers and the complaining brooks that made the meadows green; and mountains whose snow-capped tops seem to reach to the very skies and mingle their glistening peaks amid the shadowy clouds. The highest point on this "Overland Route" across the continent is 8,247 feet; at Sherman; hence those who fear the results of great altitudes are relieved of that apprehension, as very little difficulty is experienced. One of the wonders of the American continent, artificial but interesting, is the Ames monument, erected in remembrance of the work done by Mr. Ames in connection with the building of this great east and west artery of commerce, and which reminds one of the Pyramids of Egypt, and makes one wonder whether they, too, commemorated ability and power as well as served to keep the sacred remains of their projectors. The Dale creek bridge is another magnificent specimen of human skill, and one compares the handiwork of man with that of nature, which all around vies with it. Idaho is entered at Border Station, an appropriate name; and one then thinks of the great mineral productions of the country, through which he is passing and stares anew at the creation of natural force, the Shoshone Falls, the geographers which abound in the parks, the mountains ever seeming, higher and fiercer, and of a grander and more challenging comparison, with all that has yet been seen. It seems to the traveler that what comes after must be a repetition, or some reproduction of something that has been seen on this delightful journey, and he guesses that the stories of the packs of the great northwest must be tales of fancy, for if these cannot cause the mind to revel, indeed, must the best part of man, his imagination, be dulled and an object for pity. When, therefore, the grandest scenery of North America, the wonderful Yellowstone Park is reached, what a pleasure to feel that the power of appreciation has been wretched rather than dulled, and that the grandeur and beauty of the surroundings awaken new and unthought ideas, and give the heart of poetry a greater degree of appreciation. So the whole route is an education, and an enjoyment at the same time, while the glow of new health heightens the color and drives away the weariness which, perchance, was the direct cause for the journey. While the route just described,



