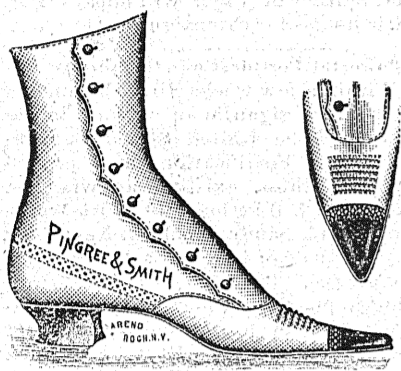


# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV. NO. 31.

CASS CITY, MICH., JULY 10, 1896.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.



AT COST CLOTHING.

All Summer Suits at Cost. Just received a new consignment of the famous Fast Black worsted.

SHOES!

All the High Grade Low Cut Shoes at Cost.



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

## HAPPY HOME

Don't forget we are on hand with a big line of Happy Home Guaranteed Clothing. If it does not give satisfactory wear money will be cheerfully refunded. If any one offers suits claimed to be worth \$16 for \$8.00 come to us and get as good with a guarantee as above for service for only \$7.50. We have men's suits from \$2.50 up. Nice suits in children's from 50c. up. A large line of

SHOES, HATS, CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS, Etc. at lowest prices. Best men's 25c shirt to be found in the market. Highest market price for butter and eggs.

2 MAGKS 2.

## SPECIAL PRICES

Ladies' Misses' Walking Shoes

Frost & Hebblewhite's

We also have a few broken lines in Ladies' Shoes, which we will close at 25 per cent. off.

Just received—a large invoice of Japan Tea, which we will offer to our customers at 25c. It is the regular 35c. Tea.

Butter and Eggs Wanted.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE Now.

## LOOK HERE!

SPECIAL SALE

Of Tablets, Croquet Sets, Hammocks, Etc.

Headquarters for

PERFUMES,

Toilet Articles,

Tooth Soaps, Brushes, Etc.

Physicians' Prescriptions

And Family Recipes a specialty.

T. H. FRITZ,

Pharmacist.

## OH, LOOK!

I am again offering

One Dozen Cabinets

—AND ONE—

Life Size Crayon

—FOR—

Five Dollars,

Of One Dozen Cabinets For \$1.50.

SATISFACTION

GUARANTEED.

J. MAIER

Photographer.

## STOP

And have a refreshing draught from my New Soda Fountain. It will assist in relieving you of

That Tired Feeling

Or, if you will step into our

ICE CREAM PARLORS

We will be pleased to serve you with that delicious delicacy. If you wish cream for Sunday leave your orders early.

J. C. LAUDERBACH.

LENZNER gives 20 lessons on organ for \$8. One hour to one and one-quarter to each lesson. Pianos tuned. 615

## Caught on The Fly.

Lives of many men remind us We to great success may climb, If the reading public find us Advertising all the time.

Did you notice J. C. Lauderbach's adv. Chas. Spencer made a trip to Detroit Saturday.

See the new adv. of the West End Meat Market. Sam. Dodge and family have moved to Imlay City.

E. A. Houghton has returned from Lewiston, Mich. J. E. Holler made a trip to Sebawaing last week.

Mrs. Seed, of Mt. Pleasant, is visiting friends here. J. H. Howell of Caro, did business in town Wednesday.

J. W. Macomber is "brushing" the postoffice building. Florence Clark visited Caro friends the first of the week.

J. A. McDougall, was in town the latter part of last week. A. W. Seed and P. S. McGregory went to Pt. Huron on the 4th.

Arthur Whitney, of Pinnebog, spent Sunday with friends here. Miss Maud Treadgolde, of near Uly, is visiting friends here.

John Murphy was in Bay City on business the first of the week. R. C. Beach and D. M. Houghton did business at Kingston yesterday.

Photographer Maier is again taking faces at special prices. See adv. Z. Bartholomew, hardware dealer, Kingston, was in town Tuesday.

J. C. Edgar and family have been visiting Caro friends for a few days. J. Woolley, of laundry fame, called on friends here on Saturday last.

Harrison, the tailor, tells you how to save money in his adv. in this issue. The iron roof is being placed on the Campbell block by N. Bigelow & Son.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Striffler and children, of Argyle, were in town Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Farrar, of Bad Axe, were callers in town on Tuesday.

A number of our people leave next week for Oak Bluff to spend the hot days. Miss Mary Zlnecker spent Sunday at John Waldon's in Evergreen township.

Dr. J. Etherinton received a consignment of bottles for his Kaskavilla this week. I. K. Robinson, of Lapeer, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. Travis, at this place.

Wm. Kile has moved to the cottage on the corner of Third and Grant Streets. A small addition is being added to O. K. James' house on his farm north of town.

The P. O. & N. R. R. will run the first excursion of the season to Day Port next Sunday. W. S. Richardson left on Wednesday for a two weeks visit with his parents at Sausburn, N. Y.

If you wish to secure a good fall trade it is time you began advertising in the ENTERPRISE. J. A. Waldon returned to Cass City Saturday evening after several months, stay in Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. McConnell, of Deford, is spending a brief vacation at Springbrook, Ont., his former home. E. H. Pinney is attending the Democratic convention in Chicago, having left here Saturday afternoon.

Harry B. Outwater has closed his school at Quannicasee and is spending his vacation at his home here. Thomas Cross has secured the contract of papering the Evangelical church and glazing the windows.

Mrs. T. H. and Mrs. A. Fritz drove to Caro on Wednesday, where the latter will visit relatives for some time. The interior of A. A. McKenzie's undertaking rooms are being repainted. J. W. Armstrong is doing the work.

The Stevenson building on Main Street south, occupied by Robt. Boring's meat market, is being repainted. Mrs. Wm. Wallace and children called on friends at Uly Saturday. Miss Lilly Gilbert accompanied them.

The announcement of the Tuscola Normal at Caro appears in another column and deserves your consideration. At the council meeting on Monday evening it was decided that ball playing should be stopped on Seeger street. Good act!

The old stairway at the Town Hall is being removed and a new stairway erected inside at the southwest corner, which is a great improvement and convenience and takes but little floor space from the hall. Landon, Eno & Keating are making the changes.

The L. O. L. has not been able to make any satisfactory arrangements for a special train to the celebration at Bad Axe next Monday and so have decided to drive. This is to be regretted as a good many of our citizens were planning to go who will not be able to procure conveyances. The railroad company will certainly lose by being so exacting.

"Have you observed" said a merchant to a customer, "the handsome advertisement I have on a fence between Red Cloud and Invale?" "No," replied the customer, "but if you will send the fence around to my house I will try and read the announcement, I read the papers, and I haven't time to go around reading billboards." And the merchant scratched his head.—[Ex.

A grand stereopticon lecture will be given by Rev. G. W. Cram, of Port Huron, at the Baptist church next Wednesday Evening. The views representing bible events and scenes of the Holy Land are selections from master artists. No charge will be made for admission, but a free will offering will be taken and the proceeds given to the missionary enterprise. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Our fair town assumed almost a funeral aspect on Saturday. It was Caro's year to celebrate and many of our citizens went to help her. Others went elsewhere—Bad Axe, Uly, Argyle, Mayville, Novesta Corners, etc. Our base ball nine crossed bats with the Bad Axe nine at that place. After playing seven innings the score stood 11 to 10 in favor of Bad Axe. Our boys were treated like gentlemen by their opponents and have nothing but good words to say of them. The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bad Axe.....	2	6	0	0	3	0	0	—	11
Cass City.....	3	0	1	0	1	1	4	—	10

The editor spent the Fourth at Mayville and attended the afternoon session of the Assembly, at which Rev. J. W. Fenn delivered the principal address. It was given in his usual masterly style and delighted the large and intelligent audience as was shown by the repeated rounds of applause. The assembly continues until next Sunday evening. We were fortunate enough to find Editor Corliss "at home" and were pleased to look over his neat and convenient quarters, which are a credit to the village. We were cordially entertained by the ladies of the M. E. Church and shall be pleased to repeat our visit to Mayville when opportunity offers.

Some things seem incredible. One of these is found in the announcement that commencing with August, The Monthly Illustrator and Home and Country, New York, which as an illustrated art and family magazine fully up with the times in everything has no superior in America, will be issued at 5 cents a copy and 60 cents a year by subscription; that being one-quarter its present price. The idea seems chimerical and yet there is room for such a publication. In announcing the change the publishers state that "while it is made desirable by the modern trend towards more popular prices for magazine literature it will not be accompanied by any lowering in tone or cheapening in quality." The Monthly Illustrator and Home and Country is among our most valued exchanges. It is issued by the Monthly Illustrator Publishing Co., 96-98 Centre Street, New York.

Artemus Ward was traveling on a slow-going southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "It occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

"Doctor" said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise—such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician after compounding a prescription. "When do I take it, doctor?" "You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in a little milk."

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

Evergreen's First Church.

According to previous arrangement, the new church erected by the Mennonite Brethren in Christ, at McHugh's corners, Evergreen township, was dedicated last Sunday. There are two or three other churches in course of construction but this is the first to be completed in the township. It is a frame structure, 28 x 40, and is substantially built and neatly, though plainly, finished. Most of the material was donated and the labor has been principally done by the members of the society. It is located a short distance north of McHugh's school house and on the opposite side of the road.

As many of our readers know nothing of this society we have gathered a few facts for publication. The origin of the Mennonites dates back to 1525, in Zurich, Switzerland, when Grebel and Mantz founded a community having for its distinctive mark baptism upon confession of faith. Their followers were bitterly persecuted by Protestants as well as Catholics. In 1537 Mano Simons became their leader and his moderation and piety brought him into general favor. He died in 1561, after a life passed amidst continual dangers and conflicts. His name remains as the designation of the Mennonites, who rapidly spread to Germany, Holland and even to France.

There was no sort of hierarchy, but only "exhorters" chosen by the congregation, entrusted with the administration of the sacraments—the Lord's supper, baptism and feet-washing. In 1783 Empress Catherine sent colonies of German Mennonites to southern Russia which in turn sent many emigrants to America. America and especially Pennsylvania early became a refuge for the Mennonites of Switzerland, the Palatinate and Holland and is now the chief home of the body (175,000 in the United States and 25,000 in Canada.) There have been several divisions the most numerous being known as the Old Mennonites. The society organized here, however, belong to a later division, and originated at Bloomingdale, Ont., where the first church of the New Mennonites, or more properly the Mennonite Brethren in Christ, was erected. They have gradually gathered strength until they now have quite a following in various parts of Canada and the states. They do not cling so tenaciously to forms and ceremonies as do the Old Mennonites, but are a devoted and God-fearing people, laying great stress upon holy living and non-conformity with the world. Their form of church government is also modernized.

The services on Sunday were largely attended and considerable interest was manifested. Elder Meno Bowman, of Berlin, Ont., one of the earliest ministers, preached in the morning and Presiding Elder Anthony, of Brown City, had charge of the afternoon and evening services. Regular services will be held hereafter each Sunday evening.

Mrs. B. W. Huston and daughter, Grace, of Vassar, are spending the summer at Bay View.

Geo. S. Farrar, of the Hotel Irwin, of Bad Axe, was in Sand Beach Monday, looking over the Dow House property. We understand that Mr. Farrar harbors an intention of permanently locating here, which we hope may be the case as he is one of the best hotel men in the state.—[Sand Beach Times.

The ministers who were suspended by the German Lutheran synod, held a secret meeting at Sebawaing Saturday, and although nothing definite was given out, it is understood that a new synod was formed. The suspended pastors have formulated charges against President Boehmer, and the faculty at Saginaw. These will be preferred at the council of synods, which meets at Indianapolis in August. The dissenters are in the minority, but expect to win out. Rev. Stern's congregation at Sebawaing has withdrawn from the synod.

WANTED. An experienced girl to do general housework. Apply at once to 7-10-2 Mrs. E. H. PINNEY.

Visitor—Johnny, do you ever get any good marks at school? Johnny—Y-yes'm but I can't show 'em.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Farmers Attention. Cheap reliable insurance at low rates. 4-24-11 E. B. LAXON.

Grandfather (awaking after a nap)—I do believe that my right arm is still asleep. Little Esther—Yes, grandpa, but your nose has not slept a wink; it was making an awful noise all the time.—Dagssnyheter.

Photo. Mounting Board for sale at the ENTERPRISE Office.

## ALL BUT CREMATED!

Florence Farnsworth, of Deckerville, Burned to Death.

Detroit Journal of Wednesday.

A little over a week ago a pretty young girl, only 19 years of age, came to Detroit from Deckerville, Mich., with the intention of seeking employment as a domestic. Immediately after arriving here Florence answered an advertisement in a paper and was rewarded by being taken into the house of Wm. Koenig, proprietor of a grocery store at the corner of Harper-ava. and Beaubien-st. She started to work on the Fourth of July and performed her duties faithfully. In the few days of their acquaintance Mrs. Koenig became greatly attached to Florence and was happy in the thought that she had secured a most excellent servant. About 8 o'clock last night Mr. Koenig and his wife were sitting in their grocery store, and Florence Farnsworth was upstairs finishing her after-supper work. Those who were in the grocery store were suddenly startled by a piercing shriek, and almost instantly Florence came running down the back stairs completely enveloped in flames. She turned and ran through the back door, and probably not knowing what she was doing ran directly towards the shed where the gasoline tank is kept. Mr. Koenig rushed after her and grabbed her just before she reached the door of the shed. Without any hesitancy whatever, though the girl's dress was all afire, he put his arms around her and tried to smother the blaze, at the same time calling for blankets. Blankets were slow in arriving and he bravely began to tear the burning clothes from the girl's back, amid the heartrending wails of the terribly burned girl. She was then wrapped in blankets and carried into the house. Dr. J. P. Corrigan was summoned and hastily did what he could to temporarily relieve the poor girl of the pain. He then called Harper hospital ambulance and she was taken to that institution. Her recovery was beyond any possibility as she was burned from feet to head. Her hair was burned entirely off, and her face was frightfully disfigured. Her flesh was simply cooked and peeled off at the touch of the doctor's hands. She gained consciousness early this morning and told her father's address. Shortly afterwards she died in awful agony. Mr. Koenig who rushed so gallantly to rescue the girl was also badly burned. Both hands were burned so that the flesh came off and at first it was thought that one hand would have to be taken off. That danger is over now, however but it will be some weeks before he will be able to leave his bed. It is supposed that the girl attempted to fill a gasoline stove with out putting out the blaze, and her dress caught fire. The gasoline stove did not explode and this is about the only way the accident could have occurred.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

SHABBONA.

Mrs. Wm. F. Ehlers is entertaining her sister and two sister-in-laws and three children at present.

Amasa Brown raised a large barn last Thursday, it being 40x65 feet and placed upon a very fine stone wall 8½ feet high.

Most of the farmers are now busy either haying or harvesting now-a-days. Mr. Wann leading in cutting wheat, having cut part of his in the month of June.

School meeting next Monday night. All voters should turn out and see what has been done the past year, also say what shall be done next year. Just take a little interest in the rising generation for once.

The Mennonite Church at McHugh's corners was dedicated last Sunday. The Presiding Elder was there and preached a very fine sermon in the afternoon. The discourse in the forenoon was devoted mostly to secret societies, the Free Masons in particular.

A fine shower last Friday afternoon and a right smart rain in the night doing some damage by washing out corn and other crops. The lightning struck Mr. Hall's barn, three miles east of Shabbona, splitting one post and one rafter and tearing off a few shingles. There was a horse in the barn about 10 feet from where the current passed but he was not injured.

NOTICE. Sometime during last fall or winter a buggy was left in the barn owned by Rev. F. L. Curry and occupied by me. The owner will call for the same, prove the property and pay the charges. Dated this 8th day of July, 1896. J. S. McARTHUR.

TWEEN THE LAKES.

MICHIGAN NEWS RECORDED IN BRIEF ITEMS.

Michigan Prohibitionists Split at the Lansing Convention—The New National Party Formed and Two State Tickets Nominated.

The split which occurred in the Prohibition party at the national convention at Pittsburg some weeks ago has caused a break in the party in Michigan at the state convention at Lansing.

The Nationalists met in the army of 150 people present. Chairman A. L. Moore, of Pontiac, opened the ball.

After prayer by Rev. E. R. Clark, of Edwardsburg, J. S. Evans, of Branch county, was made secretary. Committees were appointed and a new state central committee was selected by districts.

The attendance at the narrow gauge convention was considerably smaller. John Russell, the venerable "father of Prohibition," presided and W. A. Taylor was made secretary.

Three sons of Phil Bogner were seriously wounded at Monroe by an explosion of a cannon made from gas pipe. John, the eldest, was shot in the face and will lose his eyesight.

An old veteran named Benj. Huff, aged 65, living at Rolling Prairie, 15 miles southwest of Niles, shot and killed his daughter-in-law and then ended his own life.

Wilson Hathaway, of Buchanan, a brakeman on a Michigan Central freight, caught his foot in a frog at Kalamazoo, and had both legs cut off and skull his crushed.

John Forsell was stabbed to the heart in a drunken affray, that took place in Andrew Michow's saloon at Ishpeming. Abram Planting, the bartender, and one other, are under arrest on suspicion.

Gov. Rich, Secretary of State Washington Gardner and other prominent men participated in the Rally Day program of the Oakland county Sunday schools at Pontiac.

THE TWO PENINSULAS.

The free mail delivery has been abandoned at Monroe.

Coldwater citizens contributed \$100 for the cyclone sufferers.

Careless children—firecrackers—Robert's home near Brown City—loss \$2,000.

John B. Allen, aged 72, and Mrs. Emma Bradley Pierce, aged 35, were married at Kalamazoo.

Wm. Clark, a farmer living at Colebrook, was struck by lightning while working in a wheat field.

Herman Lasky, aged 61, was found guilty at Bay City of raping his 11-year-old granddaughter, Eva Buska.

Almont has contributed \$600 cash and nearly as much in goods for the benefit of the cyclone sufferers.

An F. & P. M. train ran over Hiram Parrish, aged 68, at Bay City, and his left leg will have to be amputated.

Lizzie Johnson, aged 6, died at Pentwater from the effects of burns received from an exploding firecracker.

The barn on the farm of John Barnett, near Coopersville burned with two horses. Barnett was arrested for arson.

Mrs. Annie Finley, aged 17, fell into the river from her husband's dredge just below Wyandotte and was drowned.

CASUALTIES.

Ida Bollinger, 11 years old, fell into an oat bin at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and was suffocated.

Julius Wolgram, an inmate of the Milwaukee county insane asylum, hanged himself.

George McCain was thrown from a load of lumber at Shelbyville, Ind., crushed to a pulp.

James Logan and his son were hurled from a carriage at Bushnell, Ill. It is believed that the former will die from his injuries.

A man who is supposed to be John McKinney was found dead on the Burlington tracks at Burlington, Iowa. It is believed that he was run over by a train.

Henry Linden of Chicago went to New Baden to view the wreck caused by the cyclone. He was run down by an Air Line freight train while there and instantly killed.

Mrs. Dooley, aged 60 years, was burned to death in the destruction by fire of her home in Buffalo. On the way to the fire two trucks collided, killing the horses attached to one of them and injuring two firemen.

The Methodist church at Grinnell, Iowa, which has been used as an armory by Company K of the state militia, was wrecked by fire. It is believed that an incendiary kindled the blaze.

William Carey and team of horses were killed in a pit near Dayton, O., by falling gravel. A half dozen other workmen were entombed, but escaped serious injury.

David Bludsoe, a liveryman at Crossville, Ind., had one leg broken and his skull cracked in a runaway at Drayville, Ill.

Wilson Hathaway of Buchanan, Mich., was killed in the railroad yard at Kalamazoo. He caught his foot in the deadly frog.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Colored Republicans of Rockford will organize a McKinley marching club.

The Nebraska Republican Bimetallic League has issued a manifesto indorsing the Teller bill.

At Little Rock the Republicans of the Fourth Arkansas District nominated C. W. Waters for Congress.

Democrats of the Twenty-second Illinois Congressional district will hold their convention July 18 at Marion.

At the tenth district Democratic senatorial convention in Rockford, July 21, J. W. Bacharach will be nominated for minority representative in the Legislature.

Friendship for free coinage is given by L. M. Wade of Mount Vernon, Ind., as his reason for refusing to go to Chicago and help ex-Congressman Byrum in his fight for sound money.

W. A. Northcutt, nominee for lieutenant governor; Pantan Booth, nominee for state representative, and Congressman Donson Wood spoke at a Republican ratification meeting in Paris, Ill.

The national Republican party, as the Louisiana sugar planters style themselves, decided to drop the national, claiming to be the regular state organization. They will ignore the negroes and old-time leaders and hold a state convention July 30.

John J. Crowder, a lad of 18, was fatally stabbed in a tenement-house quarrel at Burlington, Iowa.

Matt Lee, who lived near Oskaloosa, Iowa, and who was quite wealthy, killed himself with a revolver. He was 50 years old and in bad health.

G. Augustus Page, cashier of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, was recommitted to jail at Pittsburg, Pa., to await trial at court on the charge of having caused the death of his wife by a criminal operation.

FROM MANY POINTS.

NEW ITEMS OF VARIOUS KINDS BRIEFLY RELATED.

Strikers, Police and Troops Have a Serious Time at Cleveland—One Man Killed and Many Badly Injured—Troops in Control.

The police of Cleveland have been having a hard time for a month guarding the men working for the Brown Hoisting Co., who took the places of strikers.

Later.—The action of police in clubbing the strikers at the Brown Hoisting Co.'s works served to make them more desperate, and two evenings later when 250 policemen tried to elude the strikers by taking the 50 odd "scabs" out by a circuitous route the 3,000 or more strikers and sympathizers went wild and started on the run after them.

A huge moving van filled with strikers tried to force its way through the police column, but the police charged upon the van clubbed the driver into insensibility and whacked right and left upon every head that came within reach, with the result that a score of strikers were badly disabled.

Albert G. Saunders, a young student at the Case school of applied sciences, who was spending his vacation at the Brown Co.'s works to gain practical knowledge, started for home on his bicycle alone. Some of the strikes saw him and began throwing bricks and stones at him.

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NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

President Cleveland and family are at their summer home, Gray Gables.

Alonso Walling, convicted of the murder of Pearl Bryan, has been sentenced to be hanged Aug. 7.

The national celebration of the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution was held at Saratoga, N. Y. By the explosion of natural gas at the Evergreen hotel, near Allegheny, Pa., six persons were injured fatally. The hotel was badly damaged.

A dispatch from Cairo says the Egyptian government packet Rahmahieh, from Suakim for Suez, was wrecked on a reef and 60 people drowned.

U. S. Ambassador Bayard gave a Fourth of July banquet at London which was attended by 800 guests. Sir Richard Webster toasted the President of the United States.

Maj. F. W. Halford, who was private secretary to President Harrison and is now a paymaster of the U. S. army in the west, sustained a compound fracture of his right leg while riding a bicycle at Denver.

Prof. J. O. Simlund, a Swedish music teacher of Manistiquette, disappeared June 6 and his body has just been found in a swamp near the city. The coroner's jury attributes his death to drink.

Henry Fontaine, of Muskegon, was taken to Grand Rapids, charged with being a foreign pauper. He came to Michigan a year ago and soon developed insanity. He will probably be deported.

American prelates have protested against the selection of Mgr. Falconio, who is mentioned as the successor to Cardinal Satolli, as apostolic delegate to the United States. They favor an American for the place.

A dispatch from Athens says that the Cretans have elected a provisional government, decided to proclaim the union of the island with Greece and expressed the hope that autonomy will be granted the island under the surveillance of the powers.

A cloudburst at Wegue creek, near Bellaire, O., drowned James Bery, his wife and child, and destroyed the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati railroad bridge, a large trestle on the Pittsburger and Ohio Valley railroad, a Presbyterian church and a dozen other buildings.

McKinley and Hobart Meet.

In response to an invitation (Garrett A. Hobart, of Patterson, N. J., Republican candidate for vice-president, visited Wm. McKinley, Republican candidate for president at the latter's home, at Canton, O. Gov. McKinley met Mr. Hobart at the railway station in his modest one-horse carriage and they were driven to the McKinley home with the citizens and hundreds of visitors cheering. Their recognition of each other was instantaneous and mutual and their greeting was cordial and unaffected. It is understood that at the conference of the nominees it was mutually agreed, as far as present intentions are concerned, that neither of them will depart from their homes for campaign tour.

Powerful Fortifications for New York.

Within a few weeks will be begun one of the most gigantic operations in the history of the United States war department. Fortifications more powerful than those existing anywhere in the world will be built at Fort Wadsworth and Sandy Hook, in New York bay, the cost of the work being about \$10,000,000. But this is only a beginning to place New York City in a position to defend herself against foreign foes. Construction will be continued from time to time until the fortifications outlined by the elaborate plans have been completed and when that is done the total cost will have been about \$50,000,000.

PARAGRAPHIC CHRONICLE.

France has decided to admit foreign corn to her markets.

Chicago's school census gives her a population of 1,619,226, a gain of 51,499 over the school census of 1894.

Having had a quarrel with her parents Jennie Gray, aged 17, left her farm home and went to Kalamazoo, where she committed suicide.

Mrs. Jessie Buck, of Lansing who has served the biggest part of a two years' sentence in the Detroit house of correction for being a common prostitute, had her conviction set aside by the supreme court.

The new Raines liquor law has gone into effect in New York and as a result 2,500 saloons have shut down in New York City, but 2,000 new "hotels" have opened up to get around the law.

The Lake Superior Iron Co., at Houghton, has discharged about 250 men from its hard ore workings. Further reductions in force are anticipated in the Marquette ore district and extensive reductions are being made in the Gogebic and other districts.

The nomination of McKinley was well received at Honolulu. The Honolulu Advertiser says: "The foreign policy outlined for the campaign will be received with unalloyed gratification in this country. It is a practical sanction of the administration of President Harrison, and, without making the annexation question a direct party issue, foreshadows the movement for closer relations.

The veterans of the Seventh Michigan cavalry met at Ann Arbor for their seventh annual reunion, on the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, fought 33 years ago. This regiment went all through the war under the leadership of the famous Custer, and in his brigade they achieved distinction by their splendid charge at Gettysburg. Fifty-nine members of the regiment were present at the reunion.

An extensive shut-down occurred at all of the mines of the Metropolitan Iron & Land Co. at Ironwood, and fully 1,500 men are forced into idleness. The Metropolitan group of mine include the Norrie, East Norrie and Palst, and their average yearly shipments combined are about 1,000,000 tons of ore. The cause of the shut down is the slight demand for iron ore and the fact that they have in stock piles about 500,000 tons of ore.

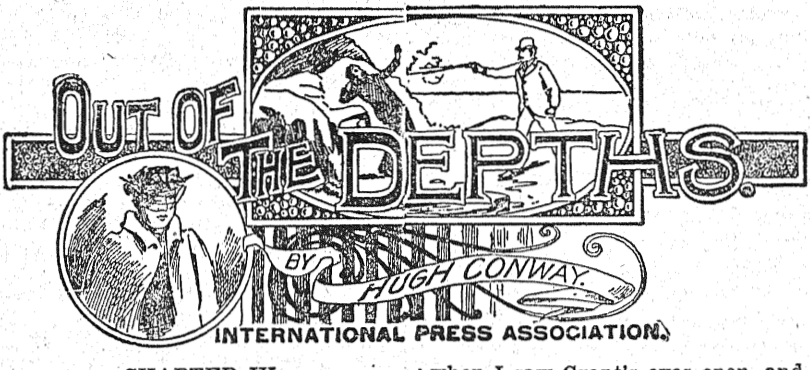
The Confederate veterans held a big convention at Richmond and over 40,000 visitors were present. The principal events were speeches by Gen. Gordon of the Confederate army and by Corporal Tanner, the famous Union veteran, the reception given to Mrs. Davis and to Brig.-Gen. Berger, aged 93, of Alabama. The crowning event, however, was the laying of the cornerstone of a huge monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, the president of the lost cause.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

New York—Cattle Sheep Lambs Hogs Best grades... 4.30 4.65 4.25 4.30 Lower grades... 3.90 4.00 4.25 3.40 Chicago—Best grades... 4.15 4.50 4.00 4.50 Lower grades... 3.50 4.00 3.50 3.25 Detroit—Best grades... 3.75 4.00 3.85 4.00 Lower grades... 2.90 3.75 2.90 3.00 Cincinnati—Best grades... 3.90 4.10 3.65 4.00 Lower grades... 2.90 3.75 2.90 3.25 Cleveland—Best grades... 3.80 4.00 3.50 4.00 Lower grades... 2.90 3.60 2.90 3.25 Pittsburg—Best grades... 4.00 4.10 4.00 5.25 Lower grades... 3.00 3.75 3.25 3.40 GRAIN, ETC.

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CHAPTER IX.  
GRANT had fallen upon his side. His face was turned from me, and one arm, thrown out as he fell, half hid his head. For a moment I stood motionless. Now that the deed was done, the horror I felt at my own act roared me to the spot. I felt that I could not meet the man's dying gaze—the reproachful gaze of one whom I had slain in what was little more than cold blood. Oh, if I could but undo my work!

But was he dead? I had aimed straight at his heart—had my bullet reached it? Let me learn if I was a murderer in act as well as intention. If so, my pistol had a second bullet, and my aim, when I turned the muzzle toward myself, would be as true as before.

I dropped the fatal weapon, and ran to the fallen man; I knelt beside him, and, with the mechanical calm of despair, set to work to learn the worst.

No, thank heaven, he was not dead—not yet! The blood had flown from his sun-tanned face; his features seemed pinched and drawn with pain; but he still lived. The blood was trickling down his white coat, and falling on the thirsty sand which formed his couch; but he was not dead.

I raised him, thinking that doing so might check the flow of blood. I placed that grand massive head on my shoulder. He sighed faintly, and his eyes opened.

"You have killed me, I think," he said. "But listen. On the oath of a man who believes he has but a few moments to live, I swear that Viola, your wife, is pure as the day on which she married you. The truth you may never learn; but believe this."

The effort of speaking exhausted him. His eyes closed once more, and a cold chill passed over me. I would have given all I possessed for a flask of brandy. I shuddered at the thought that perhaps those eyes had closed forever.

My agony was increased tenfold by the words he had spoken. I could not, dared not, doubt them. If, while I believed in his guilt, remorse at my crime sprang up and seized me, what were my feelings now that I knew that I had killed a man who had not wronged me? Those dying words had carried complete conviction to my mind.

I must do something. If only to place my pistol to my head, and fall lifeless across my victim, I must do something! I took out my knife, and ripped up the wounded man's coat and shirt. I found his handkerchief, which I knotted to my own. Then, picking up a smooth pebble, I enveloped it in a piece of linen torn from the shirt, and with these appliances made a rough tourniquet. The very pistol with which I had done the deed served to twist the bandage until its pressure checked the flow of blood. A tinge of color came back to the ashen lips, and for the first time I hoped that Eustace Grant would not die.

But I must have assistance. Here we might wait until doomsday without a creature coming near us. There was but one chance of saving him. I must leave him and fly for aid.

I wonder if man ever ran so fast as I ran along that stretch of sand. All the while I was haunted by the dread that some movement of the helpless man's hand would shift the rough-and-ready bandage, and that, when I saw him again, I should gaze on death—death for which I was accountable. Thoughts like these are spurs which might urge the slowest to superhuman speed.

I rushed up into the village. I begged the first man I saw to get others—to procure a gate, a shutter, a plank, anything on which a wounded man could be carried, and to start at once upon the coast. I tore into the little inn, seized a bottle of brandy, ordered the surgeon to be summoned at once, then ran back as wildly as I had come.

I outstripped the fishermen, who were already on their way with an extemporized ambulance. I reached the ravine, and, sick at heart, entered, to learn if Grant were still alive.

Thank Heaven, he lived! He lay just as I had left him. Once more I raised his head, and then gave him a teaspoonful of stimulant. He moaned faintly, and the sound of pain went through my heart like a knife.

Presently I heard the fishermen. I called to them. Tenderly as we could, we bore Grant through the entrance of the ravine, and laid him on the stretcher. Then, at a slow pace, started on the homeward march.

About half way we met the surgeon. He called a halt, examined the injured man, and complimented me on the way in which I applied the tourniquet. The saving of the man's life, if it could be saved, would be due to my prompt action. How little he knew that, before attempting to save it, I had done all in my power to take that life!

He gave Grant more stimulant. "How in the world did it happen?" he asked, turning to me.

When I saw Grant's eyes open, and his lips move as if about to speak. The surgeon and I bent over him.

"Accident," I heard him say to the surgeon.

"Shot myself—very stupid."

"Hush, don't talk," said the surgeon. Grant said no more. His eyes met mine for an instant, and their look told me that if he died, he meant to die without accusing me. My heart was too full for me to say a word. I turned aside to hide my feelings from the rough bearers, who once more raised the prostrate form.

"Hum!" said the surgeon. "Very strange for a man to shoot himself in the right breast. Must be left handed, I suppose."

The risk of carrying Grant up the hill was too great to be incurred, so by my instructions he was borne to the inn. There, on my own bed, was placed the man whom I had, without one thought of compunction, that morning gone out to kill. Now, an hour later, I hung over him in speechless agony, awaiting the result of the surgeon's examination.

Briefly, it was this: The bullet—my hand, after all, must have swerved—had entered the right breast, crashing through the frame-work of the bones, and was now lying imbedded under the shoulder-blade. It could be distinctly felt in its resting-place, and by and bye could be cut out. It was to be hoped that no particle of clothing had been carried into the wound.

But would he live—would he ever be himself again? Undoubtedly, unless unforeseen complications arose. The cure would be a tedious affair, but he would be cured.

As I heard this favorable report, I could have thrown myself on the surgeon's neck and wept for joy. If Eustace Grant, when he thought himself dying, could forgive me and strive to shield me, I felt certain he would forgive me when his recovery became an assured fact, forgive, and, with his solemn asseveration still echoing through my mind, I dared to hope, aid me in regaining the woman who had left me for some reason which I now vellel in mystery. But I thrust this dawning hope into the background. At present my one task must be to undo, or to use every human means to avert the dire consequences of, my murderous deed.

I left the room, saw the innkeeper and his wife, and gave such unlimited instructions for every care and comfort procurable, that the good people's eyes brightened. No doubt it seemed to them that prosperous days were dawning on St. Seurin. I ordered a messenger to be sent at once to L'Orient to request the attendance of the best surgeon the place boasted. I should have telegraphed to Paris for surgical aid, but I feared to waste precious time.

Then I settled down to nurse my late foe as one nurses a brother. I need not give in detail the account of Grant's progress toward recovery. I need not describe the hopes and fears which shook me each day as he seemed a little better or a little worse. The anguish I felt when fever set in—and he was for a while delirious, and, as I believed on the point of death—was a punishment I am fain to think almost commensurate to my deserts. I watched him day and night. Such sleep as I took was snatched in a bed laid at the foot of his. All the world for me seemed to be contained in that sick-room. Even Viola was for the time almost driven from my thoughts. Until Grant grew well, I could think of no one but him.

Everything he took was from my hands. It seemed to me to be a part of my atonement that I should wait upon him like a slave. Had he turned from me in disgust—had he by word or gesture shown that the constant presence of the man who had done his best to kill him was insupportable, I think I must have gone mad.

But he suffered me to nurse him; nay, more, seemed grateful for my aid. Perhaps it was my devotion and self-sacrifice for the sufferer which averted the suspicion which might well have fallen upon me. I believe the local surgeon guessed something of the facts of the case, but he was a discreet man and said nothing. The people at the inn were too much delighted with the windfall to be curious as to how it was brought to their feet.

As the local surgeon had predicted, the case was a long and tedious affair. Four dreary weeks passed before I, for one, could hope that danger was at an end. Then, to my indescribable joy, Eustace Grant began to mend rapidly, so rapidly that the little surgeon swelled with pride, and plumed himself upon the successful issue brought about by his treatment.

By his own request, Grant was moved to his own house, the farm on the hill.

In a shameful way, I begged that I might be allowed to accompany him, and continue my duties of sick-nurse. In reply, he held out his wasted left hand, grasping my own, and so set the matter.

Scarcely a word had yet passed between us concerning the veneful act of mine which had so nearly proved fatal to the man toward whom I now felt as a brother. Once or twice I stam-

mered out some prayer of forgiveness. He had always checked me by an action, as one would make who has forgiven, or who has nothing to forgive. As all talk likely to agitate him had been forbidden, I was obliged to let my expressions of contrition lie in abeyance. It was also part of the punishment which I meted out to myself that during those weeks Viola's name never crossed my lips.

Grant, a great, gaunt wreck of his former self, was carried up to Boulay's farm.

The journey did him no harm. The change from the sheltered village to the high, breezy table-land was a most beneficial one. In a fortnight's time he could, by leaning on my arm, creep about, and every day brought him new strength.

When he grew tired of walking, I had a couch wheeled out in front of the house. On this, under an awning made out of an old sail, he lay for hours, drinking in the fresh sea-breeze. One day he turned to me.

"Julian," he said—he often used my Christian name now—"I feel so much stronger and better, that I must go to work again. Will you be my amanuensis?"

His right arm was still disabled. I think the tears were in my eyes as I thanked him for the suggestion.

He gave me a look full of sympathy and forgiveness. Then, at his request, I sought for and found a bundle of manuscript and writing materials. Still lying on the couch, with his eyes half closed, he dictated to me page after page of a work which has since appeared, and brought him more fame and fortune.

Except for the reawakened desire, the craving which grew stronger and stronger every hour—to hear tidings of Viola, those hours spent with Grant at that lonely farm-house on the edge of the sea would have been very happy ones to me. Leaving out of the question the feeling of thankfulness that my murderous design had failed, the very charm of the man's society was such that I could have lingered for months at his side. I knew that Eustace Grant was making, not only a wiser, but a better man of me.

But Viola! I must hear of her! There is a limit of self-restraint; and Grant was now strong enough to talk on any and every subject. Sooner or later, I felt sure that he would enter upon my own troubles; that from him I should learn why my wife left me, where I could meet with her, how I could best bring her to me again. Is it any wonder that I longed for the moment when he might speak?

It came at last. One night—a night so still and calm that even the proverbially turbulent waves of the Bay of Biscay were all but at rest. Grant and I were sitting out in the moonlight. He was in a thoughtful, silent mood, and for a while I respected the sanctity of his meditation. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, I began to once more express my deep contrition and remorse for my rash act, my joy at what I now hoped was my friend's all-but complete recovery.

He checked me quickly.

"Do you know what thought flashed through me, even as I felt the sting of the bullet? You may believe I had no wish to die; but I said to myself, were I in that man's place—ignorant as he is of the truth—should I have done as he is doing, or even worse. If it gives you any satisfaction to hear me say that I forgive you, I say it. Now, let us never again mention the subject!"

He held out his hand. I grasped it in deep gratitude, and once more there was silence between us.

Another Gold Brick Sold.

A Frenchman named Martin who keeps a saloon in Fishkill Landing, N. Y., was robbed of \$400 a few days ago by two men and a woman, who represented that they had been commissioned to secure the adoption of a child by persons who were willing to pay \$2,000 for its care and maintenance. The money was placed in a tin box, and the Martins induced to put \$400 with it as an evidence of good faith. They were to keep the box, and the \$2,000 was to be theirs if the child was not produced by Sunday. Of course the child was not produced. Monday the Martins opened the box and found it filled with old newspapers.

Microbes in London Ice Cream.

A crusade against hokey pokey has been going on in London for some years past, shocking accounts of the millions of microbes found in the mixture being published from time to time. A member of the health board, however, analyzed a strawberry ice cream bought of one of the fashionable west end caterers recently, and found that it contained from eight to fourteen millions bacteria to the cubic centimeter, among them the bacillus coli—which is a worse rector than that of the Italian street vendors.

Preaching.

No book, no written discourse, orally delivered, can take the place of the living preacher. The flash of the eye, the gesture of the hand, the tone of the voice, can never be produced on paper.—Rev. John Snape.

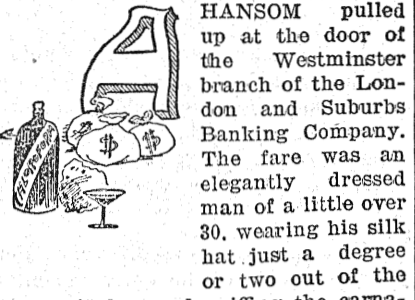
Then She Melted.

She—Yes, Henry, our engagement is at an end and I wish to return to you everything you have given me. He—Thanks, Blanche! You may begin at once with the kisses.—Boston Courier.

Perfectly Happy.

Mrs. Fret—If I had money enough to go abroad and stay a year I would be perfectly happy. Mr. Fret—So would I.—Detroit Free Press.

### THE RELIEF CASHIER.



HANSOM pulled up at the door of the Westminster branch of the London and Suburbs Banking Company. The fare was an elegantly dressed man of a little over 30, wearing his silk hat just a degree or two out of the perpendicular, and sniffing the carnation in the lapel of his frock coat.

He entered the bank, passed through the private door leading off his hat and coat, while the manager of the branch glanced at the letter he had brought. It was an ordinary letter of introduction from the general manager of the company stating that the bearer was Arthur Gordon Durrant, whose signature would be found attached, and who had, in accordance with advice previously forwarded, been instructed to join the Westminster branch on temporary service as relief cashier.

The manager, having watched this new member of the staff sign the book, mechanically compared the autograph with the firm, bold "Arthur G. Durrant" at the foot of the letter of introduction, handed the newcomer his supply of cash and retired into his own sanctum.

Arthur Gordon Durrant, who had now been with the London and Suburbs Banking Company for some years, had long been eagerly anticipating the time when he should become attached to one of the London branches, for it had been Durrant's fate to spend a month or two at most of those branches which were at the greatest distance from the metropolis.

The specific hardship of this destiny will not be apparent until it is mentioned that it was in Kensington that Miss Florence Kendal abode, and that, therefore, Kensington was the center of the universe, according to Durrant's geography.

And, to be perhaps unwarrantably frank about the heart affairs of a lady Miss Kendal had not heard the news of her admirer's transference to London without revealing a glow of pleasure.

He father had arranged to call for Arthur at the bank and bring him home to tea; and as the hour of their anticipated arrival approached, the sprightly Florence's trills became merrier, and more critical became her inspections of the pretty dimpled face, framed with clusters of loose and wavy brown curls, which smiled saucily at her whenever she passed a mirror.

But Mr. Kendal came home alone, and a little cloud rapidly traveled over her face and obscured the sunshine which had hitherto played there.

"Where's Arthur?" she demanded, coming frankly to the point with a directness which made her parent avert her gaze.

"Well," he replied, with marked hesitation, "I don't exactly know. He wasn't at the bank when I called, and I didn't wait."

Perplexity took undisputed possession of Miss Kendal's face, causing her eyes to dilate, and her little mouth to open and expose the regular ivory teeth behind her coral lips.

"Why, father," she exclaimed, "you are strange!"

"Can you stand a piece of most un-

BAGGED THEM EFFECTUALLY.

pleasent news, dear?" asked Mr. Kendal, very gravely.

"Tell me, father,"

"When I called at the bank Mr. Scotland, the manager, informed me that Arthur Durrant had duly arrived at the bank in the morning, had gone out at lunch time and had not returned. His cash was then overhauled, and—shall I go on, Flo?"

ill, but obviously in the highest spirits his feebleness permitted, stood Arthur Durrant.

It was with a mingling of blank astonishment and distant constraint that Mr. Kendal met the young man's cordial greeting.

But Florence, with a little scream, ran at him and was caught in an embrace which she returned with an interest which Arthur willingly set off against the father's chillness.

"My word! it was an adventure, wasn't it?" said Arthur, reluctantly disengaging himself from the fetters around his neck.

Mr. Kendal preserved a noncommittal silence.

"Haven't you heard?" pursued Arthur, correctly divining the meaning of this strange reception. "They've got the couple, and so far as is at present known, they've recovered every farthing of the money."

"Begin at the commencement, Arthur," said Mr. Kendal, as soon as the house had finished the spinning motion which the rapid succession of startling events had given to it in his disordered impressions.

"It has been done by people who have a good acquaintance with banking practices," he commenced, "as you will see as I proceed. It will turn out to be some former employe of one of our branches, I should think."

"Well, last night—today's Monday, isn't it? I'm not myself yet, by any means. Yes, last night, before I had been in my lodgings an hour—I had arrived at Euston at 7:35—I received a note brought by hand, stating that Cecil Horsham, whose name I know as that of one of our directors, would like to see me immediately on urgent business admitting of no delay, if I would favor him by forgetting for the moment that it was Sunday evening."

"No, 18 Grantham square was the address at the head of the note, and I took a cab there immediately. Of course, being unaware of the exact nature of the business, I thought I would let Mr. Horsham see, at all events, that I was not without intelligence, and I therefore took my bank papers, not dreaming that it could be anything outside of bank affairs."

"You know what fine houses they are in Grantham square? Well, 18 was a handsome place, and I have rarely seen a grander room than that into which I was shown. The pictures were—"

"Yes; leave out the description for the present, Arthur, dear, and you can tell us that afterward."

"Well, it was a place which would have impressed anyone, and that's how it affected me. I had just had time to take in my surroundings when a lady, young-middle-aged, of very stately bearing richly dressed, came in. Her husband, Mr. Horsham, would not be long. He had taken a cab to the residence of one of the directors. There was something of vital importance pending, and she hoped I would be worthy of the trust Mr. Horsham had decided to place in me."

"In her grand and yet very pleasing manner she invited me to take a glass of wine while waiting for Mr. Horsham, and she so took it for granted that I would accept her hospitality I did not dream of declining. I drank a glass of claret."

"It was drugged, I must have been overcome by it in a few moments, for I recollect nothing more at this time."

"Oh, how terrible!" ejaculated Florence, in the deepest concern.

"Yes; it's getting quite melodramatic," was Mr. Kendal's comment.

"Don't mind father's interruptions, Arthur, go on."

"My first sensation on coming round was a most awful racking pain in the head, a feeling such as that left by too much whisky over night—according to all the descriptions I have heard," added Arthur hastily.

heard, that Newhaven, for Dieppe, was the destination of the thieves; and, sure enough, the local police, acting upon instructions, telegraphed to them, met the couple as they detrained and bagged them effectually."

Florence was still looking puzzled, and Arthur had to supply a few more details.

"Don't you see that while they had me there hors de combat in Grantham square the man, armed with my letter of introduction, marched down to the bank and calmly impersonated me? That he could easily do, because there isn't a soul there who has ever seen me. Of course they know the explanation of it all at the bank by now?"

"No," replied Mr. Kendal; "the local inspector who saw the manager doubtless did not know himself at that time, and Mr. Scotland is applying for authority to offer a reward for Arthur Gordon Durrant. But I see he is captured. Flo seems to have him pretty securely, and for a young man with a price upon his head he seems to be fairly happy."

La Donna e Mobile.

An example of the presentiment of success occurs in the account of the production of "Rigoletto," brought out at Venice in 1851. It is related that Verdi, when at work on his opera, refused to fill up a certain blank in the score, alleging, in answer to entreaties from the singer who was to perform the missing aria, that there would be plenty of time to study it—it was nothing difficult.

This he continued to repeat until the actual day fixed for the performance of "Rigoletto," when, with much mystery and many precautions against being overheard, he played the enchanting "La Donna e Mobile" to the mystified singer. As the latter was expressing his delight Verdi cautioned him strictly on no account to hum or whistle the catching air before the evening; the orchestra, he said, had learned it already and were also under a solemn vow not to let one note be heard before the actual performance.

"Why this mystery?" inquired the puzzled artist.

"Because," replied Verdi, "I do not wish all Venice to be singing it before my opera is brought out."

Sure enough, the following day "all Venice" had caught the facile melody and "La Donna e Mobile" was assured of immortality.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Bustle Question.

"Why is the bustle coming back?" The riddle fiend propounds.

"Because," the wag says quickly, "back is just where it abounds."

"It's come to kill the bloomer craze," The old-style girl observes;

"That men," the female ball player says, "May get onto our curves."

"It's come to fill a long-felt want," The willowy maid replies;

"Or else," says she who moans her weight, "Augment our sobs and size."

The riddle fiend laughed loud and long; "Oh, this is glorious biz. You're all told why it's coming, when You're not sure that it is!" —New York World.

Diamonds in Granite Cutter.

## You

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$3.  
Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters in my family for two years. It is the best medicine I ever used. It cured me of erysipelas in very short time; also cured my son of scrofula after the doctors had failed." Louie S. Woodward, Laurel Hill, Fayette County, Pa.

An Outrage.

"It is an outrage!" the Spanish general exclaimed. "What has happened?" "That war correspondent insists on publishing untruths of his own composition!"—Washington Post.

"I burned my fingers very badly. The pain was intense. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil brought relief in three minutes. It was almost magical. I never saw anything like it." Amelia Swords, Saundersville, O.

The first horse was brought to this continent in 1818. Now there are in the United States alone, 14,059,750 horses, valued at \$191,000,000. A fireman who undertook to fight fire the other night was severely licked by the flames.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is pleasant to take, positively harmless to the most delicate constitution, and absolutely sure to cure the most obstinate cough or cold. A household boon.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide. Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1885.

For Pin Worms, Eczema, Hives, Itch, and all the various torturing, itchy diseases of the skin, Doan's Ointment is an instant and positive remedy. Get it from your dealer.

Great ladies had steel and brass mirrors, parrots, fans and smelling bottles.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Almost any man is inclined to permit his customers to keep their own opinions.

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

The wishes of the improvident mortal are his wants.

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

That's Different. An exchange says that a boy can sit on a sled six inches square, tied to a sled moving eight miles an hour, but can't sit on a sofa five minutes for a dollar. A man will sit on an inchboard and talk politics for three hours; put him in a church pew for forty minutes, he gets nervous, twists and turns, and goes to sleep. Men will punch his cheeks with filthy tobacco, jute runs down his chin, feels good; but a hair in the butter kills him. He stays out till midnight, wife don't know where he is, comes home when he pleases; but if a meal is not ready just on time, pouts, frowns and says unpretty things.—Womankind.

An Old Riddle Refuted. "Don't you think a blonde woman ought to marry a brunette man?" "Of course not. His neckties would not suit her at all."—Indianapolis Journal.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life.

Every time it will cure Backache. It has cured more cases of leucorrhoea by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills work in unison with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is of great value for local application.

Dr. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT CURE. The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c. per Bottle. Advice of Pamphlet Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water. OPIUM FREE. Dr. H. N. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

RIGGS' CURE FOR GIBBS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION PREVENTED.

# Now is the time

To use my new stock of

## Screen Doors, Windows, Hammocks,

### Window Washers, Mowing Machine Oil, Binder Twine, Bean Planters, Pumps,

## Shingles and Lumber.

3 STORY BRICK.

## J. L. HITCHCOCK.

# WE OFFER

20 lbs. Light Brown Sugar for \$1.00  
 18 lbs. Granulated Sugar for \$1.00  
 10 lbs. BEST Oatmeal for 25c.  
 3 cans Tomatoes for 25c.  
 4 lbs. Cleaned Currants for 25c.  
 7 bars Soap for 25c.  
 1 lb. Carmel Cereal (makes 100 cups of elegant coffee) for 15c.  
 3 packages of Mince Meat for 25c.  
 1 doz. Lemons for 20c.  
 30 lbs. Rice for \$1.00  
 25 lbs. Raisins (5c. per single lb.) \$1.60  
 2 bottles 10c. Mixed Pickles for 25c.  
 1 lb. W.A. CHOP TEA for 25c., 4 1/2 lbs. for \$1., (equal to any 40c. tea on the market).

SPICES per lb. 25c.  
 6 packages Pearlina for 25c.  
 3 packages Ryena for 25c.  
 PINNERS Unbleached Cotton, 5c. a yd.  
 Shirting and Dress Prints, 4c. a yd.  
 Cambric, 5c. per yard.  
 Dress Gingshams 6c. per yard.  
 Apron Gingshams at 5c. per yard.  
 6 spools Thread for 25c.  
 Ladies' Summer Vests (good) for 10c.  
 Cotton " " 40c. per yard.  
 Peerless Carpet Warp, col., 90c. bunch  
 " " white 80c. "  
 Umbrellas for 85c.  
 Wool Ingrain Carpet, 60c. per yard.  
 6 pairs Shoes for 25c.  
 BARGAIN SHOES for \$1.00.

We will Deliver Goods to any part of town.

Want Butter, and Eggs at Highest Market Price.

# LAING & JAMES.

# UNDERTAKING

Receives our personal attention and we will do our outmost to please you. A full line of Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes, etc., always on hand. Night calls receive prompt attention. Showrooms north side of Main Street. Residence south end of Seegar Street.

Luther E. Karr, Martin Anthes.

# THE WHITE BICYCLES

Speed, Strength and Sterling Worth

Characterize the "White."

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

THE EMBODIMENT OF BEAUTY, GRACEFUL DESIGN, LIGHTNESS AND DURABILITY.

Four Styles—List \$75 and \$100.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROTECTION ASSURED.

OUR HANDSOME CATALOGUE YOURS FOR THE ASKING.

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

A Full Line of Stationery  
 At the ENTERPRISE Office.

### CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

An independent newspaper. Published every Friday morning at the ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, Segar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Michigan.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c.; three months, 25c., strictly in advance.

Advertisements.

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

OUR MOTTO:  
 PERSEVERANCE, PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

### HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

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

ARGYLE.

Quite a number of Cass Cityites were here July 4th.

M. McNaughton went to Carsonville to spend the fourth.

George Languburg had the misfortune to break his leg on Sunday last.

Miss Barbra Herdell expects to go to Deckerville, a few days this week to sew.

G. A. Striffler, who has been stopping here for some time, has returned to Cass City.

Miss Kate Zinnecker, of Cass City, is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Will Striffler.

Herbert Lenzner, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Sam Striffler, has returned to his home at Cass City.

The glorious fourth is over and a good time was had by all. The speaking and races were all good especially the women's race.

LOUIS STAUBIS and wife Sundayed in Bay Port.

Wm. Hammacker, of Owendale was in town Sunday.

Quite a few young couple spent Saturday in Bay City.

Frank Merriek spent Saturday and Sunday in Bad Axe.

Farmers are busy now with their haying and harvest.

E. F. Hess was in Sebawaing Saturday and Sunday last.

W. A. Scriber and wife spent Saturday and Sunday in Caro.

Our Pigeon band furnished Bay Port with music on the 4th.

A. Kleinschmidt, our post master, spent his fourth in Sebawaing.

John McLean and Jennie Hart spent Saturday and part of Sunday in Caseville.

Wm. Heasty and wife, and Henry S. Schuchter and wife spent their fourth in Bad Axe.

Chas Bartlett and wife, Fred Kirby and lady friend, of Linkville, passed through here on Monday, on their return trip from Sebawaing and Bay Port.

Robert O. Curtis has a carriage.

A son was born to Wm. and Emma Patch on the 2nd inst.

Charles Henderson visited George O'Rourke Sunday last.

John Camlin, of Shabbona, visited John McCracken last week.

Reuben Mosher has purchased a new binder. So has Henry Holtze.

Chas Chase, of Marlette, is hauling home potatoes from B. Sharps.

The celebration at Novesta corners was a great success in all points.

A. W. Canfield has bought the Shields forty, north east here.

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A social at Jesse Cooper's for the benefit of the M. E. minister on the 1st inst.

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A Mr. Mathews, brother-in-law of Thos. O'Rourke by his first wife, visited the latter on the 4th.

Old Mr. A. W. Sole is 77 years old, and he can stand on his head yet as graceful as a circus athlete.

Joier, daughter of Howard and Carrie Rutherford, has been quite sick for some time past. Convalescent at present.

The heavy rain on the night of the 3rd laid some heavy oats low and broke the straw so they will rise no more. A total loss.

A Mrs. Ferry, a middle aged woman, died the last day of June and was buried on the 4th inst. She lived on the south-east corner of Sec. 12, Kingston. A husband and five small children are left to mourn her loss.

Why good men die and cowardly tyrants live, is one of the mysterious things of this world. West of our town lives a wretch, who has a meek trusting wife—to day she bears the marks on her face of blows from the hands of him who promised to love and protect her. So fearful is she of the beast that she is forced to call companion that she dare not complain of him in court. All this leads us to feel with Gunn, "Who be to the law that binds an angel to an ox."

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Wonderful! Marvelous!  
 An expression frequently heard about cures effected by Clinic Kidney Cure. Do not fail to try this great remedy for any kidney trouble.

Large number from here spent the 4th in Caro.

John Axford, of Caro, visited his farm here on Sunday.

Miss L. W. Burnett visited in Cass City part of last week.

W. A. Lockwood and family spent Saturday near Caseville.

W. Burnett and Mrs. W. Shaffer were at Casoville on Saturday.

Benj. Beards and father, of Gageton visited relatives here on Wednesday last.

Quite a number attended the speaking contest at Ellington on Wednesday evening.

Wheat harvest has begun and soon will be heard the merry hum of the threshers.

A. J. Spittler was papering and painting for Benj. Beards near Gageton this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Webster spent the last of the week with H. VonPetton's, of Mayville.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Huffman and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spittler Sundayed at M. H. Eastman's, of Cass City.

Jas. Ewing, who has been principal of the Watrousville school for the last year, was calling on friends here this week.

Backless Arica 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.

### RESCUE.

H. D. Hager is once more on his feet after a severe illness.

Paul Hirth departed for his home in Toledo Ohio last Monday, after a short visit among friends in this place.

Miss Lucy Thompson, formerly clerk in the post office at this burg, is visiting her parents after a long stay in Lapeer.

The Fourth passed off very quietly. The majority of the natives spent the day at home. Hard times seems to be the excuse.

The wheat harvest is now ready for the reaper and the crop is above the average. Hay is light but everything else is abundant.

"Many men of many minds," is a proverb, easily illustrated just now during the campaign. If we only cast our mighty vote as we are directed the "dollars of our dads," will come to us in showers, and when we think of the present prices of produce we shudder least we make a mistake.

### KINGSTON.

Miss Ita Nedry is reported quite sick.

Ed. Newman raised a new barn Thursday.

L. A. Maynard drove to Caro Saturday afternoon.

J. K. Thomas and family spent the fourth in Caro.

C. E. Bradshaw spent July 4th and 5th at Bay City.

Wm. Ross visited Inlay City, Lapeer and Vassar Wednesday.

Mrs. L. A. Maynard was on the sick list the first of the week.

Geo. Briggs called on Kingston friends Wednesday evening.

Dr. Francis and Miss Lulu Mitchell visited Yale friends the fourth.

A Saigon attended the Prohibition convention at Lansing July 4th.

A number from here attended the celebration at Clifford July 3rd.

W. E. Siffert and family, of Caseville visited Kingston friends this week.

Z. Bartholomew and wife and Mrs. F. C. Lee went to Cass City Tuesday.

Rev. Reeve and family attended the "Assembly" meeting at Mayville July 4th.

Geo. Calder and family spent the fourth at St. Clair with Mrs. Calder's parents.

G. W. Baker and wife and C. E. Baker spent Saturday and Sunday with Saginaw friends.

### DEFORD.

Robert O. Curtis has a carriage.

A son was born to Wm. and Emma Patch on the 2nd inst.

Charles Henderson visited George O'Rourke Sunday last.

John Camlin, of Shabbona, visited John McCracken last week.

Reuben Mosher has purchased a new binder. So has Henry Holtze.

Chas Chase, of Marlette, is hauling home potatoes from B. Sharps.

The celebration at Novesta corners was a great success in all points.

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Old Mr. A. W. Sole is 77 years old, and he can stand on his head yet as graceful as a circus athlete.

Joier, daughter of Howard and Carrie Rutherford, has been quite sick for some time past. Convalescent at present.

The heavy rain on the night of the 3rd laid some heavy oats low and broke the straw so they will rise no more. A total loss.

A Mrs. Ferry, a middle aged woman, died the last day of June and was buried on the 4th inst. She lived on the south-east corner of Sec. 12, Kingston. A husband and five small children are left to mourn her loss.

Why good men die and cowardly tyrants live, is one of the mysterious things of this world. West of our town lives a wretch, who has a meek trusting wife—to day she bears the marks on her face of blows from the hands of him who promised to love and protect her. So fearful is she of the beast that she is forced to call companion that she dare not complain of him in court. All this leads us to feel with Gunn, "Who be to the law that binds an angel to an ox."

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 People may become strong, vigorous and healthy by taking Foley's Sarsaparilla—a perfect blood purifier; a splendid tonic. Trial size, 50c.

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### WILMOT.

Cleo Ford is on the sick list.

Moore's telephone wagon passed through here Monday on its way to Caro.

Mrs. Orrin Brintnell started Tuesday morning for her home in East Jordan.

Ethel Dubois spent her 4th of July in Saginaw and returned home Monday evening.

Fred Vorhes and wife, of Rochester, Mich., are rusticiating at his brother's on White creek flats.

Clarence Dubois, one of Wilmot's best ball players played at Bad Axe with the Cass City boys the 4th.

There was a ball' played Saturday between the married and single men in which the married men came out a head.

The youngest child of Thomas Maplay was badly scalded on the arm Monday by the upsetting of a cup of hot coffee.

A telegram came Monday from Gaylord that Mrs. Miriam Brintnell, daughter of Daniel Cook lay at the point of death and her mother hastened to her bedside.

### FINNEBOG.

Our warm weather has caught cold.

Our little village was nearly deserted on the 4th of July.

Some of our citizens thought they would like to spend the 4th on the lake but after being there an hour or so decided to go to Port Austin.

The boys who rode their bicycles to Port Austin on the 4th had lots of trouble. They had to walk some of the distance on account of the dust and some of the way on account of the mud.

E. N. Luke, of Coleman, and Miss Mary Hill, of this place were united in marriage on Tuesday last week. After spending a few days in this place they started on their wedding tour. They have the best wishes of their many friends. Mr. Armstrong tied the tie.

Probably the largest funeral procession ever seen in this part of the county was the one that followed the remains of Mrs. Isaac Hoover to Soule last Sunday, it being over one mile in length. While getting the cows, a few days before her death, Mrs. Hoover slipped on a log, and received injuries which resulted in her death. Mr. Hoover has the sympathy of his many friends. He is a farmer and a school teacher in the town of Chandler. He is also supervisor.

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A Mr. Mathews, brother-in-law of Thos. O'Rourke by his first wife, visited the latter on the 4th.

Old Mr. A. W. Sole is 77 years old, and he can stand on his head yet as graceful as a circus athlete.

Joier, daughter of Howard and Carrie Rutherford, has been quite sick for some time past. Convalescent at present.

The heavy rain on the night of the 3rd laid some heavy oats low and broke the straw so they will rise no more. A total loss.

A Mrs. Ferry, a middle aged woman, died the last day of June and was buried on the 4th inst. She lived on the south-east corner of Sec. 12, Kingston. A husband and five small children are left to mourn her loss.

Why good men die and cowardly tyrants live, is one of the mysterious things of this world. West of our town lives a wretch, who has a meek trusting wife—to day she bears the marks on her face of blows from the hands of him who promised to love and protect her. So fearful is she of the beast that she is forced to call companion that she dare not complain of him in court. All this leads us to feel with Gunn, "Who be to the law that binds an angel to an ox."

Weak, weary and waster.  
 People may become strong, vigorous and healthy by taking Foley's Sarsaparilla—a perfect blood purifier; a splendid tonic. Trial size, 50c.

Wonderful! Marvelous!  
 An expression frequently heard about cures effected by Clinic Kidney Cure. Do not fail to try this great remedy for any kidney trouble.

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### Help Your Minister.

The pews preach half the sermon. The congregation help to make the preacher prosy or magnetic. If a congregation sit like a lot of Egyptian mummies, show a lack of interest in what is going on, they become a dead weight which few men can move. Some congregations are simply invincible. Many a preacher has had his enthusiasm chilled, sometimes killed, by looking into the faces of a people cold as an iceberg. If your pastor is prosy, give him your heart; show an interest in what he does; help to make the church services helpful; be an eloquent listener if you would have your pastor a truly eloquent preacher. It is bad to have a young man spend from six to ten years preparing for the ministry and ruthlessly kill him off by giving him the marble heart.

Don't Stop Him!

He has a bad attack of colic and is making for T. H. Fritz's drugstore after a bottle of Foley's Diarrhoea and Colic Cure. 25 and 50c.

### PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTH R. R.

PASSENGERS TIME CARD.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

GOING NORTH		STATIONS		GOING SOUTH	
Frgt. No. 5	Pass. No. 3	Frgt. No. 4	Pass. No. 2	Frgt. No. 1	Pass. No. 6
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
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A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher. CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

Campaign buttons are now on. True nobility shows itself, in doing good.

Mr. Pace is a Kansas horse buyer. He's hard to beat.

The government should serve not the politicians but the people.

Spain wants a bigger navy and she needs it if she expects to hold Havana.

Some folks make a specialty of picking out crosses for other people to carry.

It would be too bad to have a muss with Spain, just when the bass are biting at their best.

Here is a decision that should stand: A Washington judge has decided that twisting a cow's tail is cruelty to animals.

Emperor William has taken 300 books on the financial question away with him on a cruise. After he has read them all "Old Subscriber" will explain to him what the facts really are.

Sarah Ann Angel of Rouses Point, N. Y., claims that she was married to the late Jay Gould away back in April, 1853, and therefore is entitled to a few of the millions that Jay left. Sarah Ann has certainly taken her own time in revealing the secret.

A man in New Jersey has sued a woman for breach of promise of marriage. The woman had promised to marry, but finally said: "Can't marry you. A young man who used to wait on me has returned, and he has lots of money." For the sake of the eternal fitness of things the man suing and the sordid woman should have had the happiness of going through life together.

Famine is desolating portions of China. Tonquin has always been regarded as the most prosperous province of the Flowery Kingdom, but last year drouth cut short the harvests. Mothers are offering their children for sale for something to eat. At Hanoi a mother offered her three infants to a missionary for eight cents, preferring to hand them over to a European rather than see them perish from hunger in her arms.

At last "Dynamite Dick" has been captured and the people of Oklahoma are breathing easier. For three long and exciting years officers have been on "Dynamite" trail, not only for "Dynamite" himself, but for the \$3,000 reward as well, and his capture is only another instance in favor of perseverance, which, we are taught, accomplishes much. Very early in life "Dynamite" chose the career of a bandit, and now, scarcely out of his teens, he faces a frowning gallows. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

James F. Matthews and Henry L. Sherburne, of Topeka, Kan., have invented an apparatus for drenching train robbers with scalding water. The invention consists of a number of metal nozzles for throwing jets of scalding water. From the boiler of the locomotive the inventors intend to run pipes passing around the engine, ending in nozzles at the end of the cab. These nozzles are so arranged that when high-waysmen try to hold up an engineer all he will have to do is to turn on the hot water. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, streams of boiling liquid will be thrown out in every direction from the cab, while a steel shield guard, before invisible, will rise quickly and shut off all entrance of robbers or but jets to the cab or tender. Thus protected the engineer may throw his throttle wide open and leave the scalded and chagrined robbers far behind.

The pretensions of Ignatius Kojolek, a Chicago youth, to an exclusive possession of his satanic majesty and the consequent elation of his neighbors must be shattered by the reports from New York, where a hysterical school girl saw the individual in person. "There he is," she is said to have shrieked, and in the subsequent panic among her fellow pupils nothing could have been more fitting than the forethought of an equally hysterical bystander, who sent in a fire call. The fire department arrived quickly, but found nothing to put out, the director-general of the greatest conflagration on or under the earth having presumably removed his blazing material presence to a less watery locality. This is not the first New York school to have received this seditious visitation, and until Master Kojolek shall add more corroborative evidence to his limited manifestations the particular sultan he thinks he has entertained must be set down as an interloper, to put it mildly.

It has been discovered that John McDonald, who has spent six years in the Marquette penitentiary for a murder at Ontonagon, is the wrong man. Every little while we hear of similar cases, all of which shows that circumstantial evidence frequently convicts when it ought not. The state should pay McDonald for the time it compelled him to lose. But it will not.

It turns out that Helen Gould gave \$1,000 instead of \$100,000 to the St. Louis sufferers, which is a horse of another color.

LATEST IN DOORWAYS

BRONZE GRILLES AND GLASS

Close Copies of French Chateaux and Hotels of French Basements and Venetian Entrances Are Conspicuous in New York

(New York Letter.)

In a few years," said an architect of note, "New York residence streets, that have been all ways rightly condemned for their hideous uniformity of high-stepped brownstone fronts, promise to present the most variegated aspect of any thoroughfares in the world. This is because the wives of wealthy citizens have studied out the truth, that by inserting a new street doorway the whole aspect of a house can be changed; and, as the mistress of the house is usually the dictator in such matters, there have come to be actual fashions in street steps and doors. Those who can afford it have coaxed their husbands to put up new houses, on the porches and doorways of which a most amazing amount of thought and money are spent. Those who cannot quite compass an entirely new house have almost attained their ends by ordering the old ugly doors taken out and one of a half-dozen approved styles of street entrances built in place.

"The changes began first about four years ago when every woman was willing to deny herself fresh portieres in the drawing-room, and maybe a new bonnet or two, that the old high steps might be swept away, and an English basement entrance introduced. This kept architects busy, because it cost a matter of \$600 or \$300 to have a front door changed, and for awhile the English basement style had as strong a grip on feminine fancy as bustles or picture hats.

"The basement doors, however, received a fashionable black eye when the colonial steps appeared, and now those who had their entrances altered to the English or colonial style are bitterly envying their more up-to-date neighbors, who sit inside Parisian, Venetian or French chateau doorways, which are some of the ultra smart and showy methods of finishing off the street side of a new house. When an architect brings forth his plans today it is the doorway that the future mistress critically examines, and the house is usually built to suit the door, and not vice versa, as used to be the case.

"What we call a Parisian entrance is just at the moment very popular with women who are doing over old houses. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's house shows an excellent type of Parisian facade, where the big square front door is set below the level of the street in a sort of little area way paved with veined marbles, and the door itself, of carved yellow oak, has its upper French plate

drive in or out, but in winter huge oak doors will fill the arch and be tended by a servant in showy livery. This, you see, is an improvement on even the porte cochere, and the modern desire among rich American women is by some means to do away with the use of awnings and contrive a protected carriage passage.

"Mrs. John Jacob Astor spoke for a Venetian doorway to her great residence in Fifth avenue, jutting out over that part of the sidewalk she can call her own is an arched canopy of heavy ground-glass plates set in a frame of wrought iron. This amply protects guests descending from their carriages, and after passing up the long, broad stone steps four glass doors fold into one and slip away into wall sockets. Then you go up a flight of eight

wide marble steps, at the top of which is a broad, exquisite screen door. It is made wholly of heavy polished plates of glass, set in a richly worked bronze frame. It is ten feet high by nearly fifteen wide, and behind it hangs a curtain of the richest bronze-colored brocade. At this door the servant appears, draws the portiere back and opens one section of the glass screen.

MILLICENT ARROWPOINT.

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOMAN SACRIFICED" THE SUBJECT FOR LAST SUNDAY.

"To Bring Vashiti, the Queen, Before the King with the Crown Royal; for She Was Fair to Look Upon"—Esther, 1-11.

Stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the groves; the ceilings adorned with images of birds and beasts, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars, shining down on brodered arabesque. Hangings of emerald and sapphire, and the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass, and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, into which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carousal, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle: Light of silver dropping down over floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearls. Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of amethyst and jacinth and topaz and chrysolite had descended and lighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlefields upon the metropolis of Persia. In connection with this palace there is a garden where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and Linden and acacia, the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many colored ranunculus. Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets filled up with apricots and dates and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulaeus filling the urns and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hicough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace, Queen Vashiti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus sits by her servants: "You go out and fetch Vashiti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashiti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashiti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rises up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Of course Ahasuerus was infuriated; and Vashiti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God, and admire the divine portrait of Vashiti the queen, Vashiti the veiled, Vashiti the sacrifice, Vashiti the silent.

In the first place I want you to look upon Vashiti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with strong faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation, and whether she come up from the shanty on the commons or from the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout: "All hail! Queen Vashiti." What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of

France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put all her money in the Lord's treasury?—or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism?—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband?—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi?—or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle-wounds of the Crimea?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throbb, and curfew's knell at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty and bread to the hungry and medicine to the sick and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lanes and in government hospital and almshouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not mind them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen of Vashiti."

Again: I want you to consider Vashiti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court upon that day, with her face uncovered, she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thine hand." And when women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their souls and lightning in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild-flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphires; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of her womanly indignation. But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels, Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty with cheerful dignity, presiding at the table, with kind and gentle, but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashiti with a veil on." But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud-voiced, with a tongue of infinite clatter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashiti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet, moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an undefined combination of siffle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with homoeopathic quantities of talk, but only homoeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meaning in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Look! look! Vashiti has lost her veil!"

Again: I want you to consider Vashiti the sacrifice. Who is this I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trusting along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashiti the sacrifice. Oh, what a change from regal position to a wayfarer's crust. A little while ago, approved and sought for; now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintance. Vashiti the sacrifice! Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home embraced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will founder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Laphthe. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashiti and her children. There are homes that are in danger of such a breaking up. Oh, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life, destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to

HISTORY OF A WEEK

THE NEWS OF SEVEN DAYS UP TO DATE.

Political, Religious, Social and Criminal Doings of the Whole World Carefully Condensed for Our Readers—The Accident Record.

Cholera is still raging in Fayoum province and elsewhere in Egypt. There have been twenty-seven cases of the disease, with nine deaths from it, among the Egyptian troops at Wady Halfa.

It is reported that there are 2,000 Mahdists in Dongola and that they are resolved upon fighting.

The London Daily News has a dispatch from Cairo which says that two British soldiers have died of cholera at Wady Halfa.

In honor of the American warships lying here on the Fourth of July all of the vessels in the basin of St. Mark were ordered to hoist their galle flags on that occasion. The Italian dispatch vessel Galileo also fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

Walter Thompson, a stock dealer, shot and instantly killed himself at his home in Burnside, a small town twelve miles west of Laharpe, Ill., at 9 o'clock this morning. It is reported that he was mixed up in some trouble resulting from a sale of some stolen cattle and the thing preyed on his mind until he took his life.

Early Sunday morning while Night Watchman Loomer was placing a man in jail at Chadron, Neb., two occupants of the place made their escape and have not yet been captured. One was a tramp and the other was Barker of Crawford, awaiting trial on a charge of perjury. Officers are in search of the fugitives.

In the Spanish senate Saturday Generals Calleja and Pando were very bitter in their expressions against the United States. The former gentleman declared that the conduct of the United States in protecting the Cuban rebels was most treacherous.

Clements Slight, an iron molder, of Dayton, O., threw himself before a train at Elwood, Ill., and narrowly escaped death.

An unknown tramp was drowned in the Ohio river at Cairo, Ill., while indulging in a carousal with two companions on the proceeds of a half day's begging about town.

Thomas McGinty, a laborer in the employ of McArthur Brothers, contractors, was run over and killed by a train at Cobden, Ill. His body was found in a mutilated condition.

Fire at Dyersville, Iowa, Sunday night destroyed Schemmel's flouring mill, the jail and several warehouses. Loss \$10,000 to \$15,000, covered by insurance.

Emory Mills, aged 32, and unmarried, was found on the railroad track a short distance west of the depot at Sadorus, Ill., at 4:45 o'clock this morning. There was a terrible gash in his right temple, and he was unconscious. He was carried to the home of his parents, where he died in about fifteen minutes. It is the opinion of the police that he was murdered.

Late Saturday evening Alexander Cochran, a well-known farmer and stockman, residing near Fort Scott, Kan., shot and instantly killed J. H. Vanhorn, a brakeman on the Missouri Pacific between Kansas City and Ottumwa. The coroner's jury decided the shooting was done in self-defense.

During a storm at Hardin's Valley, near Knoxville, Tenn., last night, Arthur Peake, a young farmer, was killed by lightning, and two sisters named Swan were so badly injured that they will die.

Henry Schultz, a farmer, was struck by a train at a crossing near Apple River, Ill., and instantly killed.

Robert McCurdy, inspector of the eastern Wisconsin insurance district, is ill at Oshkosh, Wis., and not expected to live.

Thousands of people from all sections of Ohio and Winnebago counties attended the big republican ratification meeting at Oregon, Ill. Speeches were made by James R. Mann of Chicago, W. A. Northcott, candidate for lieutenant governor, and Charles A. Works of Rockford.

Fairmont church, near Umanapolis, O., was destroyed by an incendiary.

THE FULL ACCOUNT.

A Prosperous Liquor Dealer was

boasting to a group of men standing near his saloon of the amount of money he had made.

"I have made \$1,000 in the last three months," he said.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?" was the quick response.

"You have made my two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. You have made much more than I can reckon, but you'll get the full account some day!"

Optimism.

The world is coming every day to be a better place to live; human life more sacred and more worth living, because Christianity is fast girdling the earth and is exercising more and more a gracious influence on mankind.—Rev. A. L. Banks, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Divorce.

In this country divorce is wickedly common. In Connecticut and Dakota the giving or withholding of divorce is practically in the hands of the judges. There is great need for a universal law of divorce applicable to all states.—Rev. G. C. Jones, Methodist, Pittsburg, Pa.

Gambling.

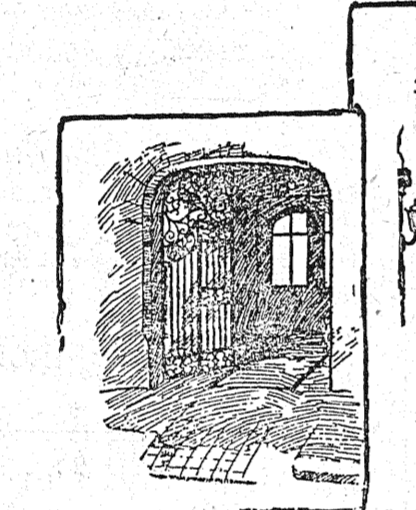
Gambling is stealing another's property without just return. He who wins \$1,000 from another betting on a horse race, a faro bank or a game of cards has given no return for what he has received.—Rev. M. J. Breaker.

War.

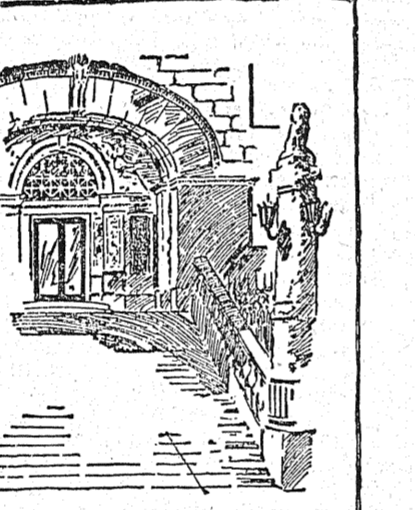
It is rapidly coming to be fact that war should be as much denounced as slavery, and that the function of a righteous government will be to prevent war, to forbid it and render it impossible.—Rev. Wallace Nutting.

Repentance.

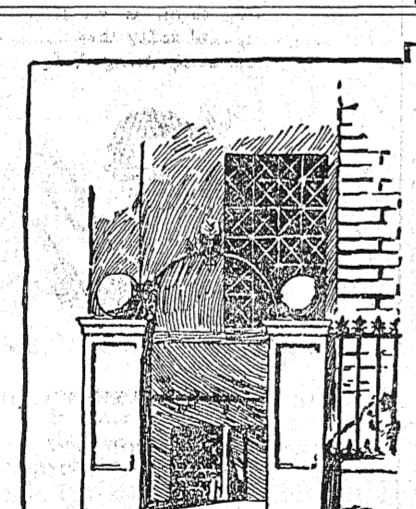
The Gospel is the Gospel of salvation, but there is no salvation without repentance. Man is saved from sin, but not saved in sin. There must be a change of mind.—Rev. J. W. Sullivan.



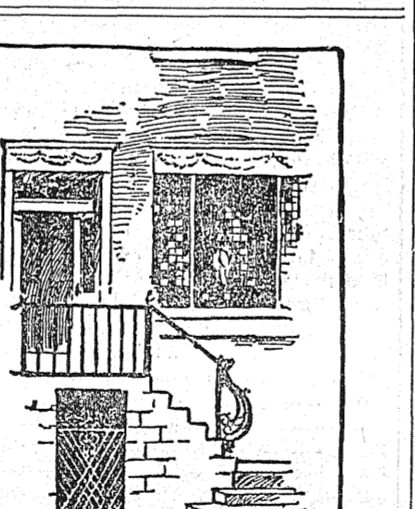
A VENETIAN ENTRANCE.



THE FRENCH HOTEL.



PURE COLONIAL.



A FRENCH BASEMENT.

## VETERANS' CORNER.

AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF SOME FAMOUS WAR SONGS.

Some Beautiful Verses That Helped to Make Soldiers and Save the Union—"Rally Round the Flag," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," Etc., Etc.

HERE is a sound among the pines That nod where stood the battle lines— A strain of music, low and sweet, Mixed with the tread of marching feet; A ghostly legion threads its way Beneath the grim pines far away; No loud command, no sound of gun, No sabers flashing in the sun.

Where laugh the ripples in their glee, As 'neath the stars they seek the sea, Two ghostly pickets guard their posts, Behind them camp the spectral hosts; No camp-fires in the starlight gleam, No light falls on the silent stream, Yet, to and fro, in blue and gray, The spectral pickets tramp their way.

The sweet rose nods, the lily blows Where men in battle met as foes; The wren hath built her tiny nest Where gushed the blood from hero breast; There's rust upon the broken blade Deep in the heart of yonder glade, And flowers fair of every hue Fall on the brave who dream in blue.

No thought of strife, no dream of war The Nation's sacred day can mar, The lily, type of love divine, Is found in heart of wreath of pine; And, reunited, North and South, With flowers hide the cannon's mouth, Whilst Love and Friendship, warm and true, Recrown the brave who sleep in blue.

Songs That Made Soldiers. The requiems sung recently over the graves of those who surrendered life in the fight for a nation's preservation and those that fought for the cause that was lost recalls the stirring songs that inspired patriotism in the hearts of men during the crimson times of the rebellion's fierce insipidity. True, the sound of music, harmonious from many instruments, sent the blood flowing faster and thrilled the souls of listeners, but it was the songs, patriotic and courage-inspiring, voiced by brave men, that made stanch soldiers stancher, and drew into the ranks of those battling for a country men who might otherwise have remained laggard in war. Nor have these songs, springing from the necessity, ceased to find the indorsement of enthusiastic patriotism whenever they are heard, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

The greater portion of these stirring songs and equally stirring tunes, though it is not generally known, are Chicago productions, and it was in this city that they were first sung. Since then the echoes have resounded around the world. Some are aware that several of these battle songs were published by the late George F. Root. But the men whose voices first introduced "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," and other national favorites are comparatively unknown to the public. These men who popularized patriotic music by such an inspiring rendition of songs that it made thousands of soldiers were the Lumbard brothers, Jule and Frank, who lived in Chicago until a few years ago, when the latter died, Jule moving to Omaha, Neb., where he still sustains his reputation as a vocalist. The surviving brother possesses an impressive personality as well as a voice whose rich compass is unimpaired. Jule Lumbard, now 65 years of age, is a handsome old man, erect in figure and of kindly countenance. A generous growth of long hair recalls the prototype of the Silver King. The voice which once made soldiers now sings the sacred music of peace victories in an Omaha choir.

"Rally Round the Flag." When the civil war broke out Dr. Root wrote "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." He took it at once to the Lumbards for its introduction at a mass meeting to be held at the old court-house on Clark street that evening. After one rehearsal the brothers attended the meeting and were introduced to the audience by the composer of the song. At that time Dr. Root called it "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

Then the inspiring strains of Dr. Root's production were given to the world for the first time. The Lumbard brothers were at their best. Their hearts were in the song. When the chorus was finished with its great climax of rallying round the flag, 10,000 throats cheered in patriotic approval. Men shouted and sung themselves hoarse. The sound of a brass band, which endeavored to play another tune, later, was drowned in the uproar which demanded repeated renditions of the new national song. The popular voice renamed the song "Rally Round the Flag," and as such it became known. The song quickly reached the army and was soon heard at every federal camp fire. The original words of the patriotic air presented by Mr. Lumbard are as follows:

**The Great War Song.** Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

**CHORUS:** The union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah! Down with the traitor, up with the star, While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before, Shouting the battle cry of freedom, And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free-men more, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

**CHORUS:** We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave, Shouting the battle cry of freedom, And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

**CHORUS:** So we're springing to the call from the east and from the west, Shouting the battle cry of freedom, And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

**CHORUS:** "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, Etc." Then the Lumbards introduced "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching" with equal success. "Marching Through Georgia," "The Red, White and Blue" and "Father Abraham" followed in swift sequence and found popular favor.

Jule abandoned his law practice in 1863 to enlist in the army. He became an adjutant on General Farnsworth's staff in the Eighth Illinois cavalry, but at this juncture his wife, who was a southern woman, appealed to him not to fight her friends and brothers, who wore the confederate gray. Love triumphed, but Jule, patriotically inclined, decided to give his voice to his country to assist in recruiting soldiers by patriotic music. Accompanied by his faithful brother, he made a tour of the north singing at mass meetings and inspiring men to enlist. It is estimated that the Lumbards won 29,600 soldiers for President Lincoln during the war by their continuous good service of song.

**"Old Shady."** Their most thrilling experience was in the trenches at Vicksburg during the famous siege. While singing "Rally Round the Flag" among the union forces, their voices were recognized by old Chicago friends on the rebel side, who shouted a hearty salutation, accompanied by a cordial invitation to visit the confederate lines. It was at General McPherson's headquarters that Jule heard an old darky servant sing an unpublished melody, which the negro called "Old Shady." It at once attracted the attention of the war singer. The words are as follows: Oh! yah! yah! darkies laugh with me, For de white folks say Ole Shady's free,

So don't you see dat de jubilee Is a-coming, coming, Hall! mighty day.

**CHORUS:** Den away, away, I can't wait any longer, Hooray! Hooray! I'se going home. Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer, Hooray! Hooray! I'se going home.

Good-bye, Mass' Jeff, good-bye, Mis'r Stephens, 'Seuse dis neggar for takin' his leavin', 'Spect pretty soon you'll hear Uncle Abram's a-coming, coming, Hall! mighty day.

Good-bye, hard work, wid never any pay, I'se gwine up north where de good folks say Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day Am a-coming, coming, Hall! mighty day.

Oh, I've got a wife and a nice little baby, Living up yonder in lower Canady; Won't dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady A-coming, coming, Hall! mighty day.

**Nellie Gray.** Jule Lumbard remembered the song that gave it to B. R. Hanby, who wrote "Nellie Gray." Hanby arranged it and sent it to the publisher. The song, which thus originated in General McPherson's tent on a southern battle field, soon became famous. Another link in a chain of unbroken successes of songs popularized by the Lumbards was the staple sentimental ballads, "The Old Arm Chair" and "Nellie Gray." Lincoln was a great admirer of the Lumbards, and it was the heroic President who complimented them as the "singers who made soldiers—men with hearts in their voices who served their country well."

**Patriotism in Maine.** In the town of Windham, Maine, lives William Garland, a veteran of the war, who cannot be outdone in patriotism by any man in the United States. For years he has kept three flags constantly flying, one from a flag-staff in the front yard, one from his house, and a third from his hen house. His house is painted in alternate stripes of red, white and blue, and in various convenient places are the regulation number of stars. Those eggs of his loyal hens must be nourishment for good citizenship.

Many a boy has turned out bad, because his father bore down too hard on the grindstone.

## IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

UP-TO-DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Princess Gown Is Rapidly Growing in Favor Again—Charming Frocks for Young Girls—For the Tired Housewife.

THE princess gown is rapidly growing in favor. It is a style especially adapted to a plump figure, the long, graceful lines going far to give an air of slenderness. It is a poor policy—indeed, almost a hopeless task—for an amateur to attempt the princess gown. It requires skillful fingers to give perfection to the style. When well made there is no gown more satisfactory, but when botched there is no gown so utterly hopeless. A handsome model in prune tinted taffeta is made up in this style, fitting the beautiful figure like a glove, and made most severely plain, save for the rich braiding set around the foot as a finish. The front of the gown buttons diagonally from shoulder to belt, and then follows the outlines of the graceful limb to the foot. Small turquoise set buttons are done in rich shades of prune, turquoise-blue and black, and relieves the air of severity about the gown. The stock is plain and high and built of turquoise blue velvet, fastened with the studded buttons. The rather small leg o'mutton sleeves are caught close to the arms below the elbow, and finished at the wrist by a smart flare and a row of the turquoise buttons.

Mourning gowns made in this style are especially effective, it forms so good a body for any mode of decoration. A smart princess gown made up of Valenciennes was set in under the stock collar, and the sleeves were finished with flounces of the lace. A dainty frock of grass linen was made with a plain skirt, with embroidered band about the bottom. The waist was cut blouse fashion with a large embroidered yoke over the shoulders, cut in peculiar squares at the edge. Tiny ruffles of lace traced their way down blouse and sleeves. A large green bow at the nape of the neck and a hat of the same color completed the costume.—The Latest.

**Rest for Tired Housewives.** If a vacation is impossible, try rest, advises a writer on women's work. There is no special satisfaction to the tired, overworked housewife at this season to be told that she must try change of scene and moderate exercise. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion, we are told, than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. But the tired housekeeper realizes only too well that it is not exercise she needs half so much as rest. For those who cannot get a holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed whenever he could be spared from business and laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the most successful working women in England, who had for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is said, to the habit of spending one entire day of each week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover between shocks. If the idea of a whole day in bed seems absurd to the tired

SATIN CAPE WITH RUCHINGS OF LACE AND PERSIAN RIBBON.



in lustreless black silk is enriched with insertions of black silk lace and narrow bands of cut jet. The insertion is let into all the long seams, while each side is edged with the tiny cords of jet, giving an air of exceeding dressiness to the entire gown. The big leg o' mutton sleeves are intersected in rows (running around the sleeves) of the insertion. The entire effect is most novel and decidedly dressy.

**Children's Dresses.** A Paris firm in the Rue des Petits-Champs makes a special feature of underlinen and children's dresses. Here is a description of one of the last named: It is of cream printed foulard with a pattern of roses and eglantine, with foliage in dead green. The skirt has gathers at the waist, very closely placed behind. Twelve centimetres from the bottom are two rows of embroidery with eyelets, through which are drawn narrow green ribbon.

The corsage is low necked and is slightly gathered at the waist both before and behind, and a small bouquet of gathers adds to the effect of the décolleté. A fringe of mousseline de soie over a transparency of pink silk brings up the body at the neck, where it is trimmed with lace. The tour de cou is ornamented with a small broken collar of mousseline de soie and lace, and at the back are three small bows of green satin ribbon. There is a draped fichu which goes under the waistband; it is of cream mousseline de soie and trimmed with a flounce and narrow insertion and Meclina ceru lace.

The sleeves are short and balloon shaped, and are confined at the elbow by a green satin ribbon, which forms a bow. The waistband is of narrow green satin ribbon and fastens behind in a bow; in front two short ends end in bows over the skirt ten centimetres from the waist.

**Garden Fete Gowns.** Recently a very unique garden party was held in some private grounds on East 37th street, New York. The garden belonged to Governor Morgan, and, though now the property of several owners, the grassy lawns and fine old trees are still preserved. The party was given under the auspices of the alumnae of Barnard college, and the gardens were gay with pretty gowns. A white dotted Swiss there was, most appropriate for this festive occasion. It was made over white taffeta, the seams marked with insertions of white Valenciennes lace through which the silk shone prettily. A rev

mother and housewife at least determine to take half an hour's seclusion and rest after lunch, and it will prove a saving and not a loss of time.

**Encouraged.** Her father—"Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir?" Suitor—"Well, she said you were always a very generous parent."—Philadelphia American.

The late Mrs. Emily R. Talcott of Hartford, 105, had a great-grandmother who died at 107. Her mother lived to be 100.

## A Point in Question.

The Worthy Warden of the Woman's Wayward Watchers hung on her words for a moment, holding one finger aloft significantly.

The Worthy Warden, who had just entered, sprang from her luxuriously cushioned chair, saying: "Mrs. Worthy Warden, I object; this is the point," and with one hand she held up a glistening bent pin, while with the other she stroked her bloomers.

"When the applause had subsided the Worthy Warden remarked sneeringly: "Worthy Watchers, while I admit the truth of the Worthy Vice-Warden's remark, it is plainly evident to every Watcher in the hall that she is out of order just now, and that her point has already been sat upon."

**Water Tipping.** "I suppose," said the man with the silk hat, who had eaten a three-course dinner and found fault with everything, and even complained at the manner in which the waiter helped him on with his coat. "I suppose if I should go off now and forget to tip you something you'd feel pretty ill used."

"Not at all, sir," answered the waiter, with a frank smile, "for I have learned that a pay shant waiter is a loser."

**N. B.—**Being a French waiter he naturally used a franc smile. If he had been an American waiter he wouldn't have done it under 25 cents.—New York Recorder.

**A Lesson Lost.** Dominic—"I tell you, my dear, extravagant gowns bring a great deal of unhappiness in the world." Miss Bay (evidently)—"Yes, indeed. Particularly upon one who can't have them."—New York World.

**Her First Affair.**



Oldbach—Well, Clara, my dear, what is it? Clara—Since this is leap year, Mr. Oldbach, I came to ask you if you would marry me—not just now, you know, but when I grow up.

**Same Treatment for All.** Patient—Doctor, I'm in a bad way. Dr. Newmethod—Diet. "I can't sleep." "Diet." "I can't eat." "Diet." "I'm bilious." "Diet." "My hair is turning gray." "Dye it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Muddled.** Uncle Josh (to street arab)—Say, sonny, I'm looking for No. 600, and I've been told that it's on 't'her side de street. Now, kin yer tell me which side 't'her side is?

Street Arab—Why, that side, at course, you old goose. Uncle Josh—Why, dang dast it, I was over there a minute ago an' a feller told me that it was on this side.

**Old and Young Stagers.** The Soubrette—Where are you going to spend your vacation, Willie? Leading Old Man—Papa and mamma insist that I visit them at the old farm. Where are you going? The Soubrette—Oh, my grandchildren have arranged to make life easy for me at the seashore.—Philadelphia American.

**Not Such a Jewel After All.** Mrs. Bimby—Why did you leave your former mistress? Applicant—I slapped her husband's face for asking me for a kiss. Mrs. Bimby (triumphantly)—Good! You are engaged.

Applicant—Thank you. You see, nobody but a fool would have stopped to ask.

**Won't They?** Won't the Silverites be madder than a nest of hornets, though, Won't they dance around St. Peter, won't they rip and snort and blow, Won't they feel just like the sheep that wander off beyond the fold, If they ever get to Heaven where the streets are paved with gold?

**Real Mean.** "I called to see your father, Maud, this very afternoon." She gave a sudden blush, a little flutter and a squirm; "Ah, did you?" then she asked him, with her voice in sweetest tone. "Yes, 'twas," he said, "about a little bill he owed our firm."

**The Reason Why.** He can't pay his board, for his star of success Beneath the horizon has sunk! He's an elephant now on his landlady's hands And that's why she's holding his trunk. —Denville Chronicle.

**Effect of Advancement.** "Your wife is a very talented woman, I should imagine, Mr. X." "Talentful! I should say so. Why, she even talks Greek in her sleep."—Brooklyn Life.

## A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

**Unity of Faith.** Men have always differed and always will on unessential matters. I do not think it is necessary that they should all agree perfectly. So while I am a firm believer in the unity of faith I do not look for the unity of the churches. —Rev. A. D. Mason.

The question often asked—"Why are pupils of the New England Conservatory so uniformly successful as teachers or performers?"—is readily answered by those who have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with the institution. With an equipment superior to that of any other school, with both American and foreign teachers of the highest rank, with Boston, the art centre of America, to furnish the best operas and concerts, it is easy to see why one year of study there is better than two elsewhere. Its prospectus is sent free.

**On Condition.** Money Lender (to Lieutenant)—"All right, I will prolong your bill, but only on one condition, namely, that during the next paper chase you scatter broadcast these little cards with the words: 'Money advanced on easy terms by N. N.—'."—Feinsinnige Zeitung.

**FITS** stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after the use of Dr. Williams' Great Peppermint Cure. Free 25¢ trial bottle and treatise. 25¢ glass cures. Dr. Williams, 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"I am on the trail again," said the 62-year-old man who had been blind for 15 years. A good resolution is supposed to be one that will stretch a little when necessary. A rock on the top of Alpine Peak, in California, spouts electricity.

**W. N. U. D.—XIV—28.** When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

## The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet unfaded by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, Hires Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. Best by any test.

Made only by The Charles F. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 5¢ package makes 4 gallons. Sold every where.

**DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS** Restorer. Free 25¢ trial bottle and treatise. 25¢ glass cures. Dr. Williams, 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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**W. N. U. D.—XIV—28.** When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

**BattleAx PLUG**

The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

**Standard of the World**

For nineteen years we have been building Columbia Bicycles, constantly improving them, as we have discovered better materials and better methods, until today they rank, not only in America, but in Europe, as the handsomest, strongest, lightest and easiest running bicycles made.

are made in the largest and most completely equipped factories in the world, and every detail of their manufacture is carried on upon thoroughly scientific lines, thus preventing mistakes or imperfections. **\$100** to all alike.

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbias, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

**POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

**FREE HOMES** From Uncle Sam.

Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement

**IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS.**

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. NOW IS THE TIME TO GET A HOME. For further information address:

**E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.**

25¢ notice to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.

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

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## CORRESPONDENCE

### BAD AXE.

Orangemen's parade next Monday. Big bicycle parade and races next Monday.

Bad Axe will surrender to the crowd next Monday. All will be welcome.

W. T. Bope has been attending the big convention in Chicago this week.

Mrs. G. A. Elach and children have returned from their visit at Caseville.

Prof. Doyle's summer normal opened Monday. Attendance rather light.

The Misses Anna and Lulu Robinson, of Grassmere, Sundayed with friends at this place.

W. H. Merriek was looking after Uncle Sam's revenue business in St. Clair County the fore part of the week.

Cass City's base ball team played an interesting game of ball with the local nine last Saturday. Score 10 to 11 in favor of Bad Axe. A lively, good natured contest and no "kicking."

Our celebration last Saturday went off smoothly. Though the crowd was not large, those present seemed to enjoy themselves in the customary way on such occasions. The day was rather cool for lemonade and in the absence of beer (our town is "dry" you know) "hop pop" seemed to prove a fairly effective substitute for the old-fashioned lager. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." However, there were but few drunks, no serious cases, and no trouble was experienced by the officers in keeping things orderly. The Paris band of fifteen pieces arrived about noon and furnished some very good music during the rest of the day, while our local martial band got out for awhile in the afternoon and stirred up the old "sojor boys" with its rub-a-dub, dub. Fireworks in the evening, also a dance, from which some of the boys didn't go home until mornin'.

### CANBORO.

Mrs. Wm. Parker is on the sick list. Mr. Lown is no better at this writing.

James Brackenbury was at Gageton Tuesday.

Dr. Watson, of Elkton, was in town on Friday.

Miss Annie Hintz went to Gageton on Tuesday.

July 1st, Mrs. James Brackenbury, of a son—still born.

Fred Hintz went to Elkton and Bay City on Tuesday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Connell, July 3rd, a son.

Miss Sparling celebrated the Fourth at her home in Ubyly.

Miss Connell and Miss Minnie Balogh were at Elkton on Tuesday.

Miss Maud McAllister, of West Grant, was in town one day this week.

Rev. McLeod, of Greenleaf, preached at the F. W. B. C. Sunday at four p. m.

Quite a number of our town people attended the celebration at Bad Axe on the 4th.

Misses Emma and Effie Graves, of Bad Axe, were in town on Thursday on their way to Resenee.

Cherry trees in this section have the appearance of autumn. The foliage has been eaten by a worm.

A bear with one cub was seen in this vicinity Sunday morning. Monday it was around again with two cubs.

Uncle Joseph Brackenbury went to Bay Port Saturday to visit with his son, John, also to celebrate the Fourth.

Hon. D. D. Atkin, of Flint, and Major N. S. Boynton, of Port Huron, will be the gentlemen orators at the fraternal picnic here August 27th, to which all good people are kindly invited.

Brother scribe of Deford, one volunteer is worth two pressed men. Better visit Resenee scribe and be rescued from the foolish notion of visiting Canboro. However, experience has taught us that all who say "come" do not mean what they say.

We regret to record the death of Wellington Tanner, who died at his home in Greenleaf, July 2nd, of consumption. Deceased taught our schools for nearly two years. During that time he made for himself many friends, who will regret to learn of his death. He was temperate and very industrious and attended to his work punctually.

If a man could look at himself with a sober eye when he is drunk, he would never drink again.

See the samples of Paper Napkins at the ENTERPRISE Office.

### GAGETOWN.

Our greatest need, next to money—is rain.

School meeting next Monday evening.

Frank Bebee is sick and under Dr. Donovan's care.

Nelson Summers and Otis Nicholson are in Marquette.

Wheat harvesting commenced early this season—July 2nd.

Pat Freeman's new house is boarded in and the roof on.

Mr. Shea, of Elmwood, has been home during the week past.

The grass hoppers are doing some damage to crops in this vicinity.

The price of wheat is going down and binding twine is going up.

Mrs. Predmore, of Detroit, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. C. Albertson.

Andrew Armstrong and wife, of Ubyly, have been visiting in town the past week.

Joseph G. Lehman and wife visited with relatives at Minden during the week.

R. S. Brown and wife were the guests of I. Waidley and wife, of Elmwood, Sunday.

Miss Mattie Austin, of Ortonville, is the guest of her friend, Miss Lizzie Dupere.

Gilbert Whitcomb and wife, of Oxford, were the guests of A. E. Summers and family the past week.

Nathaniel Churchill, who has been in the employ of A. Thomas for the past two years, left Monday for a visit among friends in Canada.

Mrs. Helen Gage and Mrs. S. A. Johnston served luncheon to the Episcopal Ladies' Aid Thursday, at Jennie Nelson's dressmaking rooms.

The Episcopal folks have formed a labor and experience club and each have pledged a dollar towards paying for the repairs on the church and on July 24th they will have an entertainment, when all will tell their experience in earning their dollar.

Dr. Lyman has taken a card and so far he has had quite a little experience in the labor line. He took Gifford's washing to do and says among other disinfectants he used chloride of lime and carbolic acid on the socks and then Mrs. Lyman would not let him hang them on her clothes line so he hung them on John Anyon's patent clothes bar and Anyon says the health officer ordered him to bury them. So he buried them in Tom Finkle's lot and Tom threatens to bring action for trespass and Gifford no doubt will render a bill to the church for the socks.

### ELLINGTON.

Most all of Ellington went to Caro to celebrate the 4th.

Earl Bailey went over to the bay last week to join his parents there for a few days.

G. S. Clay, Miss Annie C. Clay and Miss Lulu Wright, of Saginaw, were in Caro last Friday.

W. A. Bailey and family are expected home from their summer resort some time this week.

G. S. Clay and Mrs. Amzy Clay went Sunday afternoon to spend a few days visiting with relatives in Fairgrove.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mosher and J. Mosher started for their summer resort below Sebawaing last Friday night.

The annual school meeting for fractional district No. 3, of Ellington and Almer, will be held at the school house in said district on the evening of the second Monday of July.

J. A. Campbell has his new house up and sheeted on the outside and the roof boards are being put on. When completed it will be a handsome residence. The size is, one wing 16x24, another 16x28 and the third 14x30.

July 2nd, W. M. Hiller, his mother, Mrs. Nancy Hiller, and little Pearl, Mrs. H. J. Wright and two daughters, Lulu and Lele, of Saginaw, all came on a visit to Amzy Clay and family. Mr. Hiller and mother returned home that night, leaving the others for a longer visit. At the same time Mr. and Mrs. Peter Molonzo and the Misses May, Mattie and Nancy Molonzo, all of Fairgrove, drove up, giving them quite a surprise. They all remained overnight except Miss Nancy, who went home with her uncle, W. H. Hiller, for a few days visit.

Last week Wednesday night, in going home from the League contest at the M. E. Church, Lester Rogers was driving J. A. Campbell's team and when near A. N. Hatch's for some cause unknown, the team started on the run and when near A. J. Turner's residence Mrs. J. A. Campbell and her little girl and Miss Etta Adams were in some way

thrown from the buggy to the ground. Mrs. Campbell and Miss Adams were bruised considerably and the little girl had her left shoulder broken also her arm between the elbow and wrist and some slight bruises besides. Lester was also bruised some but not seriously. How it all happened none can tell. The pole of the wagon was broken in several places, also the neck yoke and lines and the buggy was standing right side up and turned around the way they came. The horses ran on east until they came to their pasture and stopped. Dr. Graves, of Caro, was called and reduced the fracture of the broken bones for the little girl and she is doing as well as could be expected.

### THE IRON DUKE.

Wellington and His Ways as Seen by Two English Artists.

When engaged on the two pictures, "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament" and "The Christening of the Princess Royal," much of my father's time and money were spent in taking them from one nobleman's house to another to obtain an appointment with a duke or a lord, first that he was engaged, and after waiting for hours that he regretted not then being able to see Mr. Leslie, but would be at his service on the following day. The Iron Duke was an exception, and the day after he received a note from my father I saw a white haired elderly gentleman walk up the short gravel path and steep steps of our little villa, and shading his eyes from the sun take a rapid survey of the front garden as he stood on the steps, and how, when a small maid-servant answered his knock and question, "Is this Mr. Leslie?" with "Yes, sir. What name, please?" his reply in a very clear, loud voice, "The Duke of Wellington," nearly made the girl drop where she stood, and not only brought my father, palette and brushes in hand, to her rescue, but many heads out of the upper windows of the adjoining villa.

Then, before going indoors, he informed my father and all the neighbors in the same loud tone that the distance between Apsley House and ours was "five miles," repeating it more than once, and when my father ventured to say, "I think not quite so much, your grace," he closed the argument thus: "Oh, yes, it must be. I'm a good judge of distance, and consider it certainly over five miles." The duke had come on horseback, and was much pleased when told that my father would wait upon him for a sitting at Apsley House, but on doing so he was received by the duke with, "Well, Mr. Leslie, didn't you find it a long way—over five miles, I am sure?"

A few days later my father chanced to mention this to Sir Edwin Landseer, who knew more of the duke than he did. Sir Edwin said: "It is no use to differ with the duke. I once did about some engravings of my own pictures with which he was having a room papered, and ventured to suggest that, as many of them were valuable proofs, they might be attached to the wall only by paste round the edges, so that at any future time they could be removed without injury. But he cut me short at once with: 'No, no, that would not do at all. What I do is this: I get a man with a pot of strong paste and a big brush, and he pastes them all over the backs, and up they go at once, with no more bother about them.'"—Temple Bar.

### Reaching an Understanding.

"What I want to know," he began after the chief clerk had been sent for and had arrived at the window, "is whether the money order department is open nights?"

"No, sir."

"Not open at 10 o'clock at night, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Should I receive a money order from my brother in Tawas at 10 o'clock at night? I can't get it cashed?"

"No, sir."

"I would have to walk around all night with that order in my pocket, would I?"

"Not necessarily. You could go to a hotel and have it cashed next morning."

"I see. The idea is a good one. Even if the landlord did not know my brother in Tawas it would make no difference?"

"I can't see how it would."

"If I had a note from you, for instance," persisted the man, "stating that I expected a money order from my brother in Tawas tomorrow night?"

"But you haven't a note from me."

"And I won't get one?"

"No, sir!"

"And in case my brother in Tawas fails to send me a money order I cannot depend upon you?"

"No, sir!"

"For a note?"

"No, sir!"

"Nor the price of a bed?"

"No, sir!"

"Thanks—I see. I wanted to know, you know, so there could be no mistake. Money order not to open at 10, no note, no price of bed. Brother in Tawas better bring the money down himself. Good day."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Declaration of Rights.

The Declaration of Independence is essentially a declaration of rights. Every line of it is based upon the assumption not merely that this country should be free from foreign interference—for to the American colonists the English were not foreigners—but that all political power is inherent in the people and that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed and may be altered or abolished whenever the people will. This is the great principle of liberty that Englishmen already had asserted again and again in their history against various kinds of tyrants.—Philadelphia Times.

Fresh Stationery at this office.

### TUSCOLA COUNTY

### SUMMER - NORMAL

### Teachers' Training School

CARO, MICHIGAN.

Seventh Annual Session, Opens July 13, Closes August 21, '96.

The TUSCOLA COUNTY NORMAL and TEACHERS' TRAINING SCHOOL provides for thorough review and advance work in all subjects required for first, second and third grades, and for state certificates. The course of study is definitely outlined in pamphlet form and may be obtained by application.

This Summer Normal has enrolled about 500 students since its organization. The satisfactory work done by students at former sessions gives this school rank second to none of its kind in the state.

INSTRUCTION.

The plan of recitation and regular class work will be carried out as in former years. In addition a thorough course by means of lectures before the entire school will be a special feature of the session of '96.

The instructors are too well known to require special mention. The plan of alternating recitations enables a student to review all subjects in his grade. Prof. Osgerby will give a thorough course in penmanship.

INSTRUCTORS.

Prof. R. L. Holloway, J. K. Osgerby and H. E. Gordon.

TUITION.

Third Grade Course, 6 weeks... \$5.00

First and Second Grade Courses, 6 weeks... 6.00

State Certificate Course, 6 weeks... 8.00

Tuition per week... 1.00

Course in Kindergarten Methods. Terms made known on application.

BOARD AND ROOM RENT.

Good board can be secured from \$2 to \$3 per week. This item of expense may be lessened by clubbing.

Remember your tuition will be refunded if you are not satisfied with the workings and methods of the school.

The regular examination of teachers will occur at Caro, August 20th. The Institute commences August 24th.

Direct all communications to H. E. GORDON, Principal, Box 280, Caro, Michigan.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Fredericktown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentery, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

Home Seeker's Excursions TO THE SOUTH, VIA Ohio Central Lines.

July 7 and 21. Limit for return, 30 days. Consult O. C. Agents. W. A. Peters, M. P. A., Detroit, Mich. John Moores, T. P. A., Findlay, Ohio. 6-26-1

In the vicinity of Boquet, Westmoreland Co., Pa., almost any one can tell you how to cure a lame back end or stiff neck. They dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts and in one or two days the trouble has disappeared. This same treatment will promptly cure a pain in the side or chest. Mr. E. M. Frye, a prominent merchant of Boquet, speaks very highly of Pain Balm, and his recommendations have had much to do with making it popular there. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

There is no cheap Sarsaparilla so good; There is no good Sarsaparilla so cheap as Foley's Sarsaparilla. It is several times stronger in blood cleansing qualities than any other Advertised Blood Medicine.

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL.—Services begin with Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. A. meetings 8:15 p. m. Refreshment service Sunday evening. All are invited. Rev. J. M. BIRNER, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday. Class meetings follow morning service. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior League at 3:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting at 7:30 on Thursday evening. Rev. J. W. PENN, Pastor.

Cass City Markets.

Wheat, No. white... 51

Wheat, No. 2 red... 51

Corn, per bu... 33

Corn Meal, per cw... 1.09

Oats, per bu new... 15 1/2

Rye... 24

Barley, per 100 lbs... 20

Peas... 30 to 35

Beans... 40 to 45

Clover Seed, per bu... 4.50 to 4.85

Potatoes per bu... 1.00 to 1.50

Apples per bu... .08

Eggs per doz... .08

Butter... 4 1/2

Hog, new... 3.00 to 3.00

Live Hogs, per cwt... 12 to 13

Mutton—live weight, per lb... 1 1/2

Lamb, live weight... 1 1/2

Veal... 12 to 13

Tallow, per lb... .08 to .04

Turkeys—live, per lb... .00

Chickens—dressed, per lb... .05

Chickens—live, per lb... .05

Hay, new... 6.00

Wool, unwashed... 14 to 18

Wool, washed... 6 to 13

Wool, unwashed... 15 to 18

White Lily Flour... \$ 2.00 cwt.

Bolton Meal... 1.40

Grain Flour... 2.00

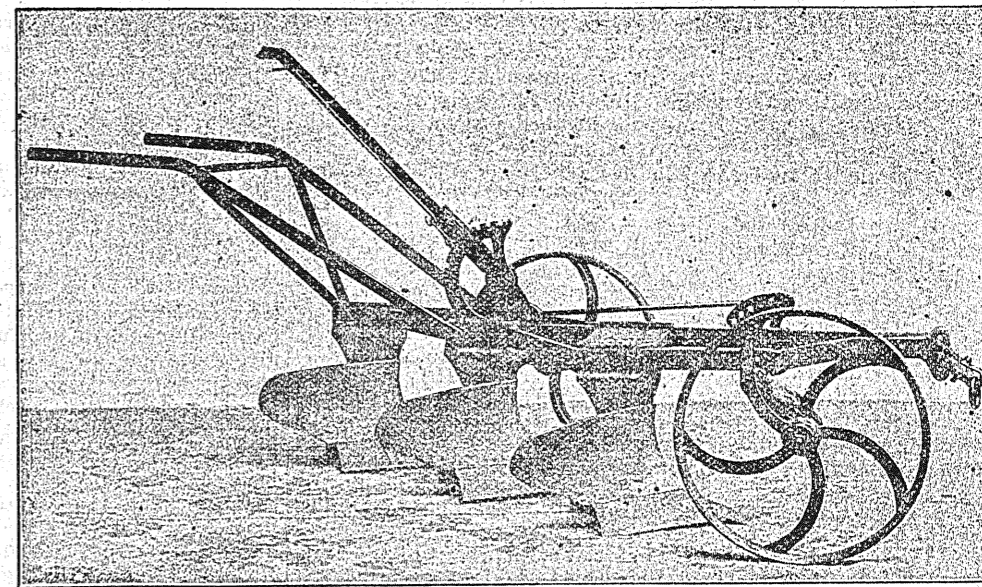
Feed... .75

Brass... .60

Middlings... .70

# It Takes the Lead!

While Others are Distanced.



## The Cass City Gang Plow.

### BUY NO OTHER!

### We Don't KEEP THEM!

### WE SELL THEM!

We have got to enlarge our plant and that means we must have money to do it, and in order to get you to help us and at the same time help yourself,

WE WILL SELL PLOWS FOR NEXT 60 DAYS

At a Trifle More Than Wholesale Price.

Before buying any other be sure and examine our New Single Furrow All Steel Plow—Light, Neat and Strong—possessing several new features of genuine merit. Mouldboards of very best quality of steel and thoroughly tempered by one of the latest and best processes.

## CASS CITY FOUNDRY, - - M. DEW, Prop.

### WEST END MEAT MARKET.

Fresh and Salt Meats of All Kinds. Poultry bought at Cash Prices. Cash Paid For Hides and Pelts. Meat delivered in town.

A trial order solicited.

Robt. Burling, Prop.

YOU SAVE MONEY and IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE

By getting a genuine

Made-to-Order Suit

That is not "all straw and no grain," all shoddy and no wool. For a

Good All-wool Suit

—GO TO—

Wilson Harrison,

Tailor, - Cass City.

Of Interest to All Women.

An Offer of \$300.00.

R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore, Md., make a most liberal offer of \$300.00 to any agent who will sell 200 copies of their new book, "Aris of Beauty, or Studies in Grace, Health and Good Looks," by Shirley Dure. This is a work of great popularity and of special value to all women. Endorsed by leading physicians. One agent sold 22 copies first day, another \$7 in 2 days; another 75 in 1 week. A gold watch is given in addition to commission for selling 60 copies in 30 days. Freight paid and credit given. Complete outfit 35 cts. Agents wanted also for other books and Bibles. Write them immediately. 7-10-8

Renew your subscription.

### BELVIDERE. AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Something New. Strictly up to Date.

I have recently purchased a few \$100 and \$75

### BICYCLES

—AT A—

### Bankrupt Sale.

These Bicycles I will sell at \$40, \$50 and \$60 each until they are sold out. These Bicycles are extraordinary values and will go quick, so be on time and get one.

### Second Hand Bicycles.

Price, \$10 and \$35.

### BICYCLE SUNDRIES KEPT ON HAND.

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

### A. A. HITCHCOCK, CASS CITY.

IXION. CHICK.

### FOUR TONS

OF BINDER TWINE ON HAND.

I don't go and leave it at the farmer's house but let the farmer come here and derive the benefit.

Number One

### HORSE RAKES

To Sell at

### COST PRICES.

### J. H. STRIFFLER.