

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV. NO. 47.

CASS CITY, MICH., OCT. 29, 1896.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.

Money Lost

By injudicious buying, which wrecks the pocket book and wastes the dollars in an effort to obtain shoddy goods at cut prices.

Money Saved.

Common sense teaches that to buy judiciously means MONEY SAVED and in this connection points directly to our store where every dollar counts 100 cents worth of benefit to you in merit, quality, style and value. and the result of each transaction with us will be

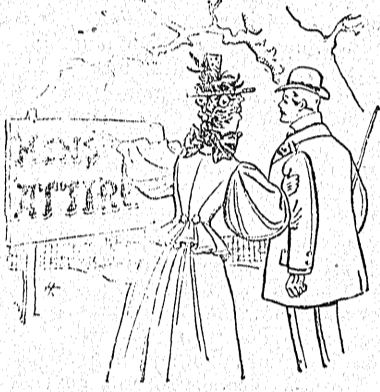
As good as coin.

Butter and Eggs Wanted.

J. D. CROSBY, THE SHOE and CLOTHING M N

Good Advice

is always best taken especially when it concerns your attire. A woman's opinion goes in this matter, and the feminine vote shows a heavy majority for our suits and overcoats. They reflect the latest styles better than anything else in sight. We demand an all-wool basis for clothing and demand upon superior workmanship for durability and wear. You'll find three W's in our clothing every time—wool, workmanship, and wear—and each W a giant size. Our prices are jolly dwarfs.



A LARGE SAMPLE LINE OF

SHOES

just received which will be sold at Manufacturers prices. A good line of Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods at lowest prices.

2 MACKS 2

When

you are thinking of purchasing an article you want the best.

That's Right.

Frost & Hebblewhite

have received a large invoice

CAPES, JACKETS AND FALL GOODS

Ladies' 25c line of Hose. Call early and get a good article at a rock bottom price. Highest market price for Butter and Eggs.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.



Long Experience

and wide acquaintance with drugs enables us to place our Prescription Department upon an unequalled footing. We enjoy the absolute confidence of local physicians. "Filled at Fritz's Pharmacy" means only pure drugs used and absolute correctness. This is exactly what's most essential to the production of effective medicines. Purity of drugs and accuracy in their use are two points. In the extent, completeness, and variety of our stock we're seldom equaled and nowhere excelled. Come to us for everything in the drug line.

T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

POULTRY.

The undersigned will be on the market in about 10 days for all classes of Poultry. No limit to the quantity but the quality must be good. A higher price will be paid for wellmatured and fattened stock than is now obtainable. FAIRWEATHER AND CHAMPION.

Caught on The Fly.

Don't fail to register, Saturday Oct. 31st.

Prof. H. E. Gordon has been in town several days.

Geo. Howe, of Caro, smiled on our town yesterday.

The easiest thing to collect these days is a crowd.

Harry Gould, of Bay Port, was in town last evening.

M. Sheridan called on Bad Axo friends on Tuesday.

J. S. McArthur transacted business at Kingston Monday.

Dr. P. Livingston, of Caro, called on friends here Tuesday.

Good advice is given our readers in 2 Macks' adv. this week.

The M. E. Church yard is being enclosed by a suitable fence.

Clark McKenzie has just recovered from an attack of tonsillitis.

When you call for your mail drop an item of news in the item box.

A. Frutchey is making a large shipment of live poultry this week.

A new forge and chimney are being built at McKim's blacksmith shop.

E. McKim has just completed a commodious woodshed at his residence.

L. E. Karr has a change of adv. this week which you should not overlook.

The masons are at work on the brick work of the addition to The Elkland.

A new crosswalk has been laid at the intersection of Main and Oak Streets.

Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell, of Kingston, were entertained by F. C. Lee on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Treadgold, from near Uby, were the guests of L. E. Karr on Sunday.

Frank Pettit, who is now station agent at Lum, visited friends here over Sunday.

Miss Etta Armstrong, of Gageton, made a short call on friends here Monday.

Jas. N. Dorman, of the Woolen Mills, spent Sunday at his parental home in Marlette.

Neil Livingston leaves to-day for Traverso City, where he has secured a position.

J. S. McNair, the furniture man from Minden City, transacted business here on Tuesday.

Mrs. Dr. Morris, of Gageton, visited her son, W. M. Morris, V. S., here last Saturday.

Myron Hanson, who is teaching school near Marlette, spent Sunday at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hendrick attended the Hendrick-Stone wedding in Ellington yesterday.

Republican rally in the Rink Saturday evening, to be addressed by W. P. Jackson, of Detroit.

Union Silver rally at the Town Hall Saturday evening, when N. Smith of Saginaw, will speak.

Fairweather & Champion announce that they will be in the market for poultry in a few days.

Ad. Stewart has secured a situation in the Traverso City asylum and left here Tuesday morning.

If you are registered in the township at present you are entitled to a vote without re-registration.

W. J. Spears, of Vassar, the Republican candidate for prosecuting attorney was in town on Saturday.

J. Frutchey, of the firm of Harris & Frutchey, of Detroit, is visiting his parents in town this week.

Follow a procession of women most any time now-a-days and you will land at a store which advertises.

G. Wescott, J. Strohauser, H. Herman, J. H. Beckton and F. B. Ransford, all of Caro, Sundayed in town.

The local item regarding "lumpy jaw" in a late issue of the ENTERPRISE, was copied by the Detroit Journal.

Andrew W. Wood, of East Chicago, Ind., is visiting his mother and friends here. He starts back to-morrow.

Mr. Roberts has moved into the Mrs. Gamble residence on West Street. He is employed in M. Dow's foundry.

Fix it in your mind! Friday, Nov. 13th, is the date of the Epworth League Birthday Party and entertainment.

N. Smith, the Union Silver speaker for Saturday evening is an old soldier and wishes to see "the boys in blue."

Ten states are represented this year by the student body at Albion college. There are eighty-six freshmen this fall.

Mrs. H. L. Eastman and little sons, Glen and Worth, of Grand Rapids, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bentley.

The Sioux City Nursery and Seed Co. made their first shipment yesterday of this season's product, to Kansas.

Rev. J. McCready, of Elkton, called on friends here yesterday, while on his way to the district meeting at Caro to-day.

A. A. Hitchcock made a business trip to Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and Chicago in the interests of the cycle trade this week.

The motto button fad is reaching a climax when buttons with vulgar expressions are seen upon the coats of school boys.

Would you pay your account at this office in wood, we would suggest that it would be a good idea for you to bring the wood now.

G. S. Farrar, of the Heasty Hotel, Pigeon, was in town Tuesday evening and took back a load of grain from his farm Wednesday.

McKenzie & Janes have completed arrangements for handling potatoes but ask that none be brought without first notifying them.

Frank Delaree, who spent most of his boyhood in Cass City, but has been absent for several years, renewed acquaintances this week.

Be sure and get your tax receipts printed at the ENTERPRISE office. Mail orders receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

We notice that C. L. Randall, the Oxford representative of the firm of Randall & Albertson, has been shipping on an average fifty cars of apples daily.

Harry Weydemeyer left for Turner, Mich., Saturday morning, to spend his vacation in quest of game. His father will assist in the store until his return.

The rush continues at the Hydraulic Cider Mill and they are obliged to run till near midnight each night and then cannot supply the demand for their product.

The monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will be held at the church next Wednesday, Nov. 4th. Tea will be served as usual to which all are invited.

The Presbyterian society has completed arrangements for the erection of suitable horse sheds. This will be good news for the members of the congregation residing in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Beach, of North Branch, spent several days here during the week, at the former's parental home. Mr. Beach has just returned from a holiday trip to Portland, Ore.

The Junior Endeavor society of the Presbyterian Church gave a Salmagundi social in the Forester Hall last Friday evening. A large crowd of young people were present and all enjoyed themselves.

The frontispiece of the November Review of Reviews is a map of the Hon. W. J. Bryan's wonderful stumping tour of 20,000 miles up and down the country, from the Missouri River to the Atlantic seaboard.

F. C. Lee makes his bow to the public this week through an adv. on the last page. His furniture and undertaking rooms are now open for business and Mrs. Lee is also prepared to supply our ladies with millinery goods.

Lou I. Wood, who has been several months in the Western States, latterly at Mitchell, Dak., returned to his home here on Tuesday. The western atmosphere appears to have improved his health considerably. He will again enter the employ of F. H. Fritz.

At the regular meeting of the order of the Eastern Star on Wednesday evening of last week, the following officers were elected: W. H., Mrs. Julia Frost; W. P., Thos. Leach; A. M., Louisa Leach; Secretary, Alvah Carrier; Treasurer, Laura Leach; Conductress, Mrs. Serena Leach; A. Cond., Hattie Wood.

We are always ready to publish the news accurately, from the hatching of a brood of chickens to the building of a house of gold, but it requires assistance from the people who are in possession of information. When our representative asks you for an item don't look blank and say you don't know any and then cuss the next edition because it doesn't contain that particular item you especially wanted to see in print. "Make a note of it," and give us your note. We'll do the rest.

Winter is coming on and you ought to see to it that yours is not one of the barns so open that the wind blows the hay and grain out of it, stop these cracks make your stables snug and warm and what you feed your stock will do them some good. Out door stabling is not a down to date method of making the farm pay.

Voters who wish to vote for Bryan and silver will do well to notice that the Democratic (gold wing) ticket and vignette appear second on the official ballot and the Union Silver ticket appears next with the Bryan dollar vignette. Mark your ballot carefully and conscientiously but know who you mark it for.

The question, "Would Free Coinage Benefit Wage-earners," is debated by Dr. Charles B. Spahr and Prof. Richmond Mayo-Smith in the November Review of Reviews. Dr. Spahr presents the arguments for the affirmative and Prof. Mayo-Smith for the negative, of this question, in compact and well-digested briefs.

A sub-district ministerial convention is being held to-day in the Methodist Church at Caro. It appears that Rev. Fenn, of this place, was to have given a sermon but failed to receive any notice thereof until informed of it yesterday by Rev. McCready, who had learned of it incidentally. Mr. Fenn was unable to prepare at such a late hour.

David Tyo, Jr., aged about ten years, was knocked down on Main Street last Saturday, through trying to cross the street ahead of a horse and rig. The pole struck him in the forehead, throwing him to one side and the wheel passed over his hip and shoulder, bruising them quite badly. It was necessary to have a patch put over his eye.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Kerr, of Grant township, announce the marriage of their daughter, Katie E. Fleming, to Thomas Cosgrove, drain commissioner of Huron County. The ceremony took place yesterday at one o'clock, local time, after which a sumptuous dinner was served and the happy couple took the afternoon train for Detroit to spend a few days. May they live long and be happy.

We understand that one of our most promising young men is making a special study of the private detective business and that one of our more experienced citizens is giving him practical lessons on the side. An individual was discovered the other evening relieving one of our merchants of some of his goods which were not under lock and key and consequently had to put up the cash for the same.

The Baltimore American has the following to say about Miss Hemingway, who is to give a concert at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening (30th): "At the Chautauqua, Glendon Park Assembly, Miss Hemingway was the soloist during the entire session. She moved the audience from their seats in spite of the intense heat, and it was a great regret to the audience that she could not be heard again."

We clip the following from the Bad Axe Tribune in reference to a young lady whose home is a few miles west of here: "Quite a large number of the young people from this place drove out to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McDowell, three miles west of town, Thursday evening and tendered Miss Tot Burnett a surprise party. All report a most enjoyable time. Miss Burnett leaves in a few days for Crosswell, where she will probably make her home in the future."

A large crowd attended the Union Silver Rally last evening in the Rink. Hon. H. J. Robeson, of Detroit, was the chief speaker. His style of handling the issues of the day is masterful, logical, and convincing, many of his arguments being taken from the best authorities on political economy. T. J. Eveland, candidate for Probate Judge, was also present and made a few remarks. Henry Dodge, the poet candidate for sheriff, recited the "Free Coinage Alphabet," which brought down the house.

The very latest musical composition to enlist popular approval is "The Broad Street Conservatory March," composed by a young Philadelphian, Roland H. Smith, a pupil of the popular institution to whom his work is dedicated. Through a special arrangement with the author we are enabled to present a copy free to every reader of this paper who will send name and address, enclosing this notice and 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing and postage. The Broad Street Conservatory of Music, 1331 South Broad Street, Philadelphia. The retail price of the March is 40 cents and this is an offer that should be appreciated by our musical friends.

CALLED HOME.

Mrs. J. S. McArthur Passes to her Reward.

In a previous issue mention was made of the serious illness of Mrs. J. S. McArthur, but it was then thought that she was improving and that she would eventually recover, but despite the untiring efforts of friends and medical assistants she breathed her last at an early hour on Friday morning last.

Florence McArthur, whose maiden name was Bowers, was born in Pt. Huron, Mich., February 20th, 1864. At quite an early age she united with the First Baptist Church in that city, during the pastorate of Rev. S. A. Beman, and became one of the most active workers. In January, 1889, she was united in marriage to Jas. S. McArthur and came directly to Cass City, where she has resided ever since. There being no Baptist society organized here at that time she associated herself with the Presbyterian society until an organization was effected later on. She has ever evinced a deep interest in every good work, and her pleasing manner and kindly disposition has endeared her to many who had not the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance. All regret her sudden departure but find consolation in the thought that she has gone to her reward, to be "ever with the Lord." The bereaved husband has the sincerest sympathy of everyone.

The funeral services were held at the residence on Main Street, Sunday afternoon and were conducted by Revs. Eldridge and Rushbrook. Fifty business men and employes formed in line and marched to the cemetery at the head of the procession, which was unusually large. The pall bearers were also chosen from among our merchants and everything connected with the services tended to show the high degree of respect entertained for the departed and bereaved husband and friends.

The occasion was rendered still more sad to the members of the family by the fact that only three weeks previous the father of the deceased, Alfred Bowers, had been taken to his last resting place. The mother, four sisters, and one brother still survive and were all present at the funeral. The sisters are: Mrs. Kate Turner, Mrs. R. Taylor and Mrs. Fred Wagensell, of Pt. Huron; Mrs. C. F. Niece, of Lapeer. The brother is Alfred G. Bowers, of Pt. Huron. Messrs. Wagensell and Niece accompanied their wives and George Turner his mother, and Miss Clara Smith, an intimate friend of the departed came with them. Mr. McArthur's brother Alex, and sister, Mrs. Pedden, both of Strathroy, Ont., were also present. Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Pedden and Mrs. Wagensell are still here and will remain for several days.

While going to school, girls, you will be less likely to have headaches, you will be quicker at your studies and have brighter eyes and better complexions if you take good nourishing lunches, and leave out the cold pastry and stale cake. A bottle of milk, some thin slices of fresh meat or finely chipped dried beef with freshly spread bread and butter, stewed fruit instead of preserves, fresh watercress or salad when you can get it, and always some fresh fruit if possible.

Every little while we read in the papers of some one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot, knee, hand or some other portion of the body, and that lookjaw resulted therefrom, of which the patient died. If every person was aware of a remedy for all such wounds and would apply it, then all such reports must cease. The remedy is simple, almost always on hand, and can be applied by any one, and what is better, it is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound, or any bruise or wound that is inflamed, with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound; repeated two or three times it will allay the worst cases of inflammation arising from the wound. People may sneer at this remedy as much as they please, but when they are afflicted just let them try it. It has saved many lives and much pain, and is worthy of being printed in letters of gold and put in every home.

For Sale

\$4,500 farm in Clinton county on contract with \$500 down, balance on time at low interest. O. K. JAMES. 10-29-96

As we go to press we learn that Mrs. Jas. McArthur died at 2:30 this afternoon, after a serious illness of several weeks. The funeral will be held on Sunday.

DISTRICT NEWS.

John Carter, a prominent business man of Carsonville, died suddenly at his home. Death resulted from blood poisoning, the result of having a tooth pulled.

Ex-Senator McGinley was struck in the jaw yesterday by a man named Simmons at Lexington and was obliged to cancel his dates for silver speeches this week.

Ladies' husking bees are the latest fad. They get two or three cents a bushel for the husking and use the proceeds for church debts and like purposes.

The last term of circuit court for 1896 opened at Bad Axe Monday. The calendar contains 31 cases for the consideration of the court, 11 of which are criminal, 9 are jury cases, 5 court cases and 6 are chancery cases.

While Rev. G. C. Squire and daughter, Bertha, were making a trip to Orion last week on their wheels, Mr. Squire took a header and has been kept indoors most of the time since.—[Mayville Monitor Sayings.]

Editor Maywood, of Bad Axe, who is a staunch Republican, had a war of words with a silverite at Sebewing recently. The latter finally struck the editor, causing the blood to flow, but was called off by his friends.

Wm. Armstrong's eight-year-old boy met with quite an accident last Tuesday evening. While trying to catch a chicken he fell and a cherry brush entered his right eye, passing between the lid and the ball of the eye. They have had the little fellow to Flint for treatment but are afraid he will lose the sight of the eye.—[Otisville Bee.]

The rise of water in the lakes, which enables the boats to load to sixteen feet, has increased the carrying capacity of the lake marines about fifteen per cent. The steamer Queen City last week broke all records by taking from Duluth to Buffalo a cargo of 134,000 bushels of wheat and 42,000 bushels of rye, equal to 174,000 bushels of wheat.—[Lexington News.]

A certain notoriety clings to Caseville through the associations of the family of the present candidate for the presidency, William McKinley, Jr. The celebrated major's father owned a controlling interest in the iron smelting works here in company with the late Francis Crawford and was a resident of Caseville at intervals. The presidential candidate visited here a week on one occasion, coming here on the boat from Bay City. A number of our citizens came here from Ohio in the employ of the works, among others postmaster L. S. Johnson, who was a neighbor to McKinleys in Ohio and who has in his possession an easy chair given him by the elder McKinley.

A skilled physician investigated the effect of smoking on thirty eight boys between the ages of nine and fifteen who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven showed distinct symptoms of nicotine poisoning. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drink. In three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of the blood; in twelve frequent bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep and four ulceration of the mouth, of course many of them having several of these evils combined.

Renew your subscription.

Whether friendly to the cause of the free coinage of silver and Bryan, or of gold and McKinley, or of sound money as represented by Palmer, the general reader will certainly be delighted with The Monthly Illustrator and Home and Country, New York, for October. The illustrated articles in this number are numerous and the pictures are fine. Indeed, the entire table of contents is excellent in selection, well arranged and timely. Among the magazines of the present time, The Monthly Illustrator for its price (5 cents) is a wonderful production. It has achieved success by deserving it, and it ought to be in every home. Issued by The Monthly Illustrator Publishing Co., 66-68 Centre Street, New York. By subscription, 60 cents a year.

Photo. Mounting Board for sale at the ENTERPRISE Office.

BORN.

LEWIS.—At Cass City, on Sunday, October 25, 1896, the wife of B. A. Lutz, of a son.

SPENCER.—In Novesta, on Tuesday, Oct. 27, '96, the wife of Jas. Spence, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

HENDRICK-STONE.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Ellington township, on Wednesday, Oct. 28th, 1896, by Rev. B. J. Baxter, of Cass City, Frank Hendrick to Miss Lila Stone. Congratulations.

A laugh is the only crop that fools can raise successfully.

The Standard Oil trust will not make ice or anything else but money.

Out in Missouri there is a 24-year-old woman who is the mother of twelve children.

Enthusiasm is well enough for a picnic, but it takes endurance to saw wood successfully.

It is extremely easy for a woman to discover that she is abused by an incompatible husband.

One of the chief delights of feminine nature is to do something that will startle some particular man.

Many a man has an easy job simply because his employers are aware that he is not reliable in emergencies.

If Bourke Cockran marries the daughter of an English lord our foreign account will be partially evened up.

A bloomer girl in Groton, N. Y., last week saved her escort from drowning and the poor fellow is still in his misery.

China has sent an imperial commercial ambassador to this country. This sounds like a high-tone name for a drummer.

The amount a man can perform ought often to be judged by cutting in two what he can plan.

A St. Paul girl has inherited \$3,000,000, and Minneapolis is looking to one of its young men to see that it doesn't get any the worst of the deal.

William K. Vanderbilt refused to obey a summons to serve as a juror. It is thought, however, that Mr. Vanderbilt would condescend to act as a jury.

A Chicago girl at present sojourning near Philadelphia can say nothing but "nit." That, however, is the most a Chicago girl needs to say in that region.

A young man was arrested in Chicago the other day for throwing away money. If every man guilty of this offense were treated likewise the vote would be very slim this year.

The fact that a girl who is blind, deaf and without sense of taste or smell has passed the Harvard examination with credit may be taken as an indication that higher education is senseless.

The war department has put in doves and it may not be a great while before there will be a demand for the government to maintain a stock of rabbits with well-developed left hind feet.

The wind was blowing seventy-five miles an hour at New York one day last week. Gotham is evidently better at raising the wind than it used to be in the days when monument funds were on the tapis.

"Fresh eggs from China," is a sign which is being displayed in some of the Chinese stores of Chicago. The celestials have evidently got a thoroughly Americanized conception of the term "fresh eggs."

It is now reported that Actor Aubrey Boucault will quit the stage, having successfully married his million-dollar bride. This is more satisfactory to her friends than the original statement that he would remain on the stage and she would join him in artistic avocations. She will also be likely to hold on to her million somewhat longer this way.

A double golden wedding is certainly an unusual event. William R. Higbee of Bridgeport, Conn., and George R. Cornwall of Port Chester, N. Y., were old school friends and married on the same day, Sept. 22, 1846. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall went over to Bridgeport and celebrated a joint golden wedding with Mr. and Mrs. Higbee. All four are in excellent health and the two "young couples" enjoyed the festivities greatly.

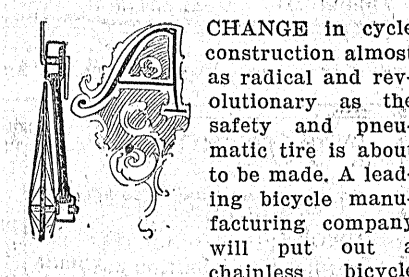
An amusing coincidence has occurred in Passaic, N. J. Two brothers, Alfred and Radcliffe Wells, have been secretly wooing two maidens of that locality, and fearing opposition in each case, neither said a word to the other of their intentions, but both determined upon a runaway match and a secret wedding. Each carried out their intention on the same night, and meeting the same day each was moved to an avowal of what they had done, and their mutual astonishment can be better imagined than described.

Are we to actually have a duel between Logan Carlisle and Senator Blackburn? This is the burning question of the hour, and Washington social circles are wildly excited over the prospect. The calm critic, however, may well point out that while a duel scare comes from Washington every few weeks, none of the duels arranged in the national capital ever come off. The few gentlemen who actually fight duels nowadays arrange them in an absolutely impromptu fashion and without any preceding "Corbett-Fitzsimmons" newspaper notoriety.

SCIENTIFIC CORNER.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

The Chainless Bicycle Will Cause a Revolution in the Trade—Some Practical Points—The Manatees and the Book-Fish—Metallic Cars.



CHANGE in cycle construction almost as radical and revolutionary as the safety and pneumatic tire is about to be made. A leading bicycle manufacturing company will put out a chainless bicycle next year, and two of the models of 1897, one for men and one for women, will be operated by bevel gears instead of the usual chain and sprocket.

Mechanical engineers outside of the bicycle trade have long recognized the fact that a chain and sprocket are theoretically the poorest method of transmitting power. Inventors have worked to solve the problem, and, indeed, a few bicycles were made on this plan some years since by a small concern.

The company has been for some time placing orders for gear-cutting machinery, and has secured ground patents covering chainless construction.

Several of its experimental machines have been running about Hartford for a considerable time. As the new gears do not differ in outward appearance from the bevel gears already in use and were concealed in gear cases they attracted no attention, and they did not betray the secret. It is said that one of the gears has been run 30,000 miles without wear or readjustment, and that several of the more recently constructed ones have been tested over 2,000 miles of the roughest road without mishap and without a sign of wear on the gears or need of adjustment.

Indeed, the records of many chainless machines are said to show no breakage of gears or appreciable wear, even when the distance covered has been upward of 15,000 miles. The great difficulties to be conquered in the perfection of the chainless bicycles were the cutting of accurate bevel gears in quantity and securing ball bearings to withstand the strain that came from the radically different method of transmitting the power.

To make absolutely accurate gears by thousands, all just alike, was another problem to be solved before the chainless bicycle would be practical to a manufacturer putting out a large number of wheels, for all the gear-cutting machinery in the world could not produce anywhere near sufficient gears for a maker.

Gear-cutting machinery had, therefore, to be devised that would produce bevel gears in which the pitch and lines of each tooth would be theoretically and mechanically accurate at every point.

While the bicycle manufacturing company does not see fit to announce at this time the exact form in which it will use the bevel gear, a glance at the cut accompanying this article will give a fair idea of the thing. The usual crank shaft carries, instead of the ordinary large sprocket, a bevelled gear of suitable size, meshing with which is a smaller gear, the shaft of which passes either through or over the right rear fork; the rear end of this shaft carries another small gear which meshes into a corresponding gear on the rear hub, instead of the usual rear sprocket. At each end this shaft is carried on ball bearings, which are arranged in such a way that wear can be taken up without affecting the meshing of the gears. The bearings for the hub and crank are of the usual form. Once adjusted, there is seldom occasion to change, and when necessary it can be done as readily as with any simple bearing.

The Manatees have the body oblong, terminated by a simple fin. Their anterior fins are composed of five fingers, each composed of three joints, and of which some at least are furnished with flat and rounded nails, coarsely resembling those of a man; they have no posterior members. Their head, almost conical, is terminated in a fleshy muzzle, having on its upper portion very small nostrils. The eyes are also small, and their upper lip is furnished with a moustache of stiff hairs. Their teeth, placed on the stomach, become large and rounded during gestation and the suckling period. It is for this last, and also on account of the skill with which the manatees sometimes make use of their fins for carrying their young, that these animals have often been called mermaids (femmes-poissons), or women of the sea. These animals collect together in large troops. Their character is mild, affectionate and sociable. The male, which is extremely attached to his female, does not desert her in the hour of danger, but defends her till his death. The young ones have no less tenderness for their mother. The fishermen know how

to profit by the ties which unite all the members of the family. They try, above all, to capture the females, because the males and the young ones follow them to defend them or to share their fate. On the shallow, weedy shores, round islands, at the mouths of rivers, which these innocent and mild animals frequent to feed on the seaweed, are the places to look for the manatees. The hunter waits for the moment when they come to the surface to breathe; or else he surprises them in their sleep, floating, with their muzzles above the surface of the water, in the current. When close he throws his harpoon. The wounded animal loses its blood; this blood brings up the other manatees to the assistance of the victim. At this fatal moment, some of them try to wrench out the murderous weapon, the others to bite through the cord which the wounded one is dragging along with it, thus affording the fishermen an opportunity to massacre the whole troop. The unselfish devotion of these animals leads them on to their destruction. The manatees often leave the sea to go up rivers. For this purpose they gather together in great troops. The strongest and oldest of the males leading the way, followed by the females, with the young placed in the middle. Their flesh is said to be agreeable, for it resembles beef in the opinion of some, is like pork according to others. Their fat is sweet and keeps for a long time without becoming rancid. What has been said relates particularly to the American species, which is found in the mouths of the Orinoco and the Amazon rivers, and all the great water courses of tropical South America.

The Book-Fish. On June 23, 1855, a cod-fish was brought to the market in Cambridge, England, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a book in its maw, or stomach. The book was much soiled, and covered with slime, though it had been wrapped in a piece of sail-cloth. It was a duodecimo work written by one John Frith, comprising several treatises on religious subjects. In a letter now in the British Museum, written by Mr. Mead, of Christ Church College, to Mr. Stuteville, the writer says: "I saw all with mine own eyes, the fish, the maw, the piece of sail-cloth, the book, and observed all I have written; only I saw not the opening of the fish, which not many did, being upon the fish woman's stall in the market who first cut off his head, to which the maw hanging, and seeming much stuffed with somewhat, it was searched, and all found aforesaid. He that had had his nose as near as I yesterday morning would have been persuaded there was no imposture here without witness."

The treatises contained in this book were written by Frith when in prison. Strange to say, he had long been confined in a fish cellar at Oxford, where many of his fellow-prisoners died from the impure exhalations of unsound salt fish. He was removed from thence to the Tower, and in 1533 was burned at the stake for his adherence to the reformed faith. The authorities at Cambridge reprinted the work, which had been completely forgotten, till it turned up in this strange manner. The reprint is entitled "Vox Piscis," or the Book of the Fish, and is adorned with a wood-cut representing the stall in Cambridge market, with the fish, book and knife.

Wood or Metal Cars. The relative merits of wood and metal cars have been widely discussed in railway circles, but no experiments have been made in this country. The Prussian government has, however, been giving attention to this matter, and some very interesting results. It appears that strict and minute accounts of the two sorts of cars have been kept, from which it appears that the metal cars are more liable to accidents, and when anything happens to them they are much more seriously damaged than those that are built of wood. When the latter meet with slight mishaps almost any car-mechanic can put them in order. Metal cars must be carried to the great shops, which is not a small expense, especially if the breakage is extensive.

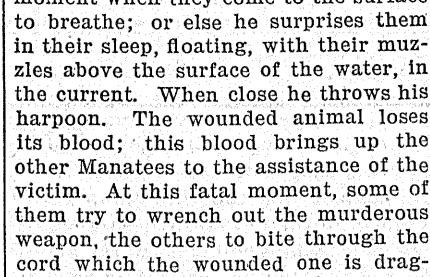
Deepening Waterways. After sinking millions of dollars in the hopeless task of deepening the channel of the Mississippi river, a young inventor has worked out a plan for an hydraulic dredge that will make the undertaking of deepening waterways comparatively easy. He has recently built a machine that will go through a sandbar at a speed of eight to ten feet per minute, cutting out a clear channel forty feet wide and twenty feet deep. It costs \$10,000 per month each to run these immense dredges, but they work so rapidly that the expenditure is not great, when one considers the advantage to be gained.

The Safe Lock. It has been successfully demonstrated that in patent locks having what are known as "six steps," the number of changes and sizes is almost incredible. For example, one of these "six-step" locks of a size that may be changed twenty times, may be changed nearly 87,000 times. Large-sized locks may have as many as 7,000,000 changes, and small ones about three-quarters of a million of changes. The chances of finding a duplicate key, once a key is lost, are, therefore, as will readily be seen, rather remote.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"PAGEANTRY OF THE WOODS" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "We All Do Fade as a Leaf; and Our Iniquities, Like the Wind, Have Taken Us Away"—Isaiah 64-6.



IT is so hard for us to understand religion, to understand the religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard, and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of his Bible, and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them, and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness, and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them! There are scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world. Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without falling. Knowing that fact, we understand that, when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness;" a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its egg in the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant—"The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness."

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world, who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression. There are some faces so bright that photographers cannot take them; and the face of nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer-evening-tide at the edge of a wood, and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will.

There is today more glory in one branch of smatch than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, at this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Crosey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into sallow and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had been touched as if just their morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfused, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In most sequestered spots, where the forests had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring catarracts of fire, tossed up and down, and every whiff of the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip top of the Alleghanies, and then it had come dripping down to the lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

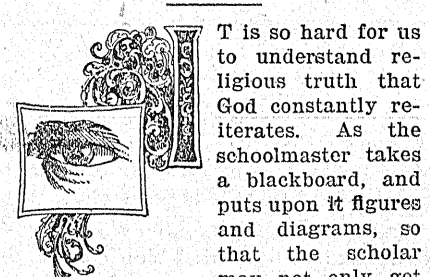
Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to the gospel harp—a string of sadness, and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf." First, like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week before last, felt the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will, for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the fist of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and

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deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After a while, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming green shall have been quenched.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we start a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding in to the vehicle, we are willing to be lifted in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Again: Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others; Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next may the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The waters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops today from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves today, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come in to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who go to sleep as we do. Because our life is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said, "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the blithe and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Al- though reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

Again: As with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will drift into the caverns; they will soften the wild beast's hair, and fill the eagle's eyrie.

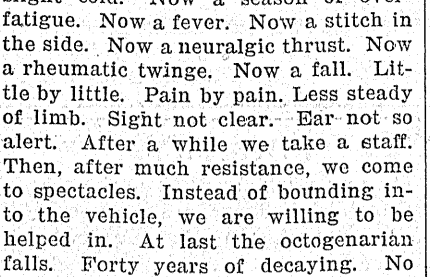
All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet, and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Amxminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains? So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between fifty and seventy people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over two hundred thousand of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses. Caesar is there, and all his subjects. Nero is there, and all his victims. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations Thebes, and Tyre and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yes, City of Silence. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clack. No smiting of hammer. No clash of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great City of Silence. Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

Again: As with variety of appearance the leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees, at the first touch of the frost, lose all their beauty; they stand shrouded, and uncomely, and ragged, waiting for the northeast storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday glides them with no beauty. Ragged leaves! Dead leaves! No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. So death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness, or one blast of the cold waters, and they are gone. No fringe of hope. No prophecy of heaven. Their spring was all abloom with bright prospects; their summer thick

OSAGE INDIANS RICH.

THESE RED BROTHERS HAVE INDEPENDENT FORTUNES.

Get Money from Uncle Sam's Treasury And Employ White Men as Common Laborers—The Progressive Party's Successful Movement.



HE richest people in the world—as a people—are about to make an important change in their condition, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. They live in the territory of Oklahoma and are known as the Osage Indians.

Every man, woman and child among them is worth an independent fortune, and they draw a big pot of money from the United States treasury four times a year.

Each grown person or infant owns 1,000 acres of fine land. However, the lands belonging to the tribe have not yet been divided up among its members. This is soon to be done under the direction of the Indian bureau and the result will be the opening of the country to settlement and trade.

The Osages are the only Indians that ever got a fair show in a bargain with Uncle Sam. In 1866 they signed a treaty relinquishing their original reservation, which was a strip about 100 miles wide, extending from the Neosho river in Kansas westward to Medicine Creek. They employed the services of a clever white lawyer, who happened also to be honest, and he fixed matters so that they got \$1.25 an acre for their land. Out of the fund thus accruing the present reservation of 1,400,000 acres in Oklahoma was bought. There was a big balance left over, and it constitutes nearly the whole of the \$5,454,282 which the treasury holds to-day in trust for the Osages.

The tribe now numbers 1,625, according to the official enrollment. There are 973 full bloods and 652 mixed bloods. The full bloods are steadily decreasing, while the opposite is the case with the mixed bloods. A short time ago 100 new members were admitted to the tribal rolls, but the full bloods have appealed for their expulsion, claiming bribery of the governing council.

The Osages annually receive from the treasury \$421,713 interest. Each quarter they draw \$90,000 in cash, which is divided. The remaining \$21,713 is expended by the Indian bureau upon whatever it deems Indian burial support and civilization of the tribe. Each individual in the tribe owns about \$5,500 of the money in the treasury. Including the value of the land per capita, a membership in the tribe is worth quite \$10,000.

Suppose a family to consist of six persons, including the babies. Then the tangible property of that household is \$60,000. A family of ten is worth \$100,000. This statement has to do only with the possessions held by the Osages in entail, so to speak, and without counting accumulated property. As a matter of fact, they have accumulated a great deal of property, and they receive large sums of money from cattlemen who lease their lands for grazing purposes.

All of them have good houses and well ordered farms. They hire white men to do the work. Passing along the road one is apt to see a lodge of back near a handsome frame dwelling. As likely as not a full blood family lives in the lodge, while the hired man resides in the mansion.

For a good while past there has been a strong progressive party in the tribe, which has desired to procure the allotment of the lands in severalty. A few days ago there was an election, and the progressives secured a large majority in the governing council. This will result in the desired change, and before long each individual in the tribe will receive title deeds for about 1,000 acres.

Four times a year each Indian, old or young, gets \$41.25 from the treasury. The allowance is more than apt to be "traded off" in advance of its receipt. It is characteristic of an Indian that if he wants anything he must have it right away, and cost is no object if he can pay or get credit.

Finance in the Sunday School. The Sunday school needed money, and Mr. Smart, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it.

He proposed giving each boy half a crown. At the end of the month the principal, together with what he earned, was to be returned to him. The scheme was good, but it didn't work quite as Mr. Smart had anticipated.

The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to audit the profit and loss accounts and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?" "My half crown has earned another one," said Johnnie, with an air of one having an option on a halo.

"Good!" said the superintendent. "Not only is Johnnie a good boy in helping the school, but he shows business talent. Doubling one's money in a single month requires no common ability. Who can tell but what we have another budding Croesus among us? Johnnie, you have done well. And now, Thomas, how much has your half crown earned?"

"Lost it," said Thomas.

"What! Not only failed to earn anything, but actually lost!" said Mr. Smart. "How was that?"

"I tossed with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won."—London Tid-Bits.

Where's the Farmer's Profit? A farmer of North Dakota a few days ago drove across the boundary line into Manitoba with a load of oats which he sold to a dealer in Chrystal City for nine cents per bushel. The custom house officer learned of it and arrested him for not paying any duty. The farmer said that he thought since Laurier's election there was free trade between this country and Canada. But he had to put up ten cents a bushel for his oats all the same.

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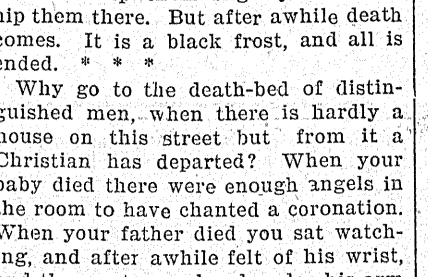
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The Prime Rose is nothing but the prime rose, an allusion to the early flowering of the plant in spring.

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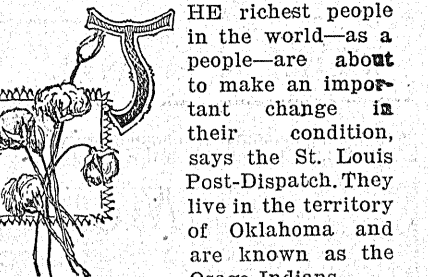
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Woman's Writes

Believe in Woman's Writes? Of course we do. Who could help it when women write such convincing words as these: "For seven years I suffered with scrofula. I had a good physician. Every means of cure was tried in vain. At last I was told to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which entirely cured me after using seven bottles."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla ..cures..

There are people who say they want to meet their friends in heaven who do not try to get very close to them on earth.

Santa Fe Route-California Limited. Beginning November 4 the Santa Fe Route will resume its celebrated California Limited train as a semi-weekly service, leaving Chicago Wednesday and Saturdays at 6:00 p. m., reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 76 1/2 hours.

Courtship is not a training school for marriage, more's the pity.

Letters From Farmers In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two cent postage stamp.

William Westhoek, a carpenter working at moving a heavy building at Holland, had his skull crushed by a rebounding timber. He leaves a family

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Tablets. A Druggist refund the money if it fails to cure.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are 2,750 languages. Envelopes were first used in 1839. All months produce some form of silk.

There are no fewer than 11,000 rooms in the Papal palace, and many of them never receive a ray of sunlight.

Luminous inks may now be used to print signs to be visible in the dark. Zinc salts and calcium are the mediums generally used.

There are at least 200 horse butcher shops in Paris. The first one dates from July 1, 1866, since when the consumption has grown continuously.

MY SICK SISTERS.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I had suffered with loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, palpitation of the heart, headache and pains in nearly all parts of my body. My physician said it was indigestion, but his medicine did not help me. I began the use of the Pinkham Remedies, particularly Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken four bottles, and now those troubles are cured."

"I cannot praise it enough, and our druggist says the medicine is doing a world of good among his customers." -BELL'S S. THOMPSON, New Bedford, MASS.

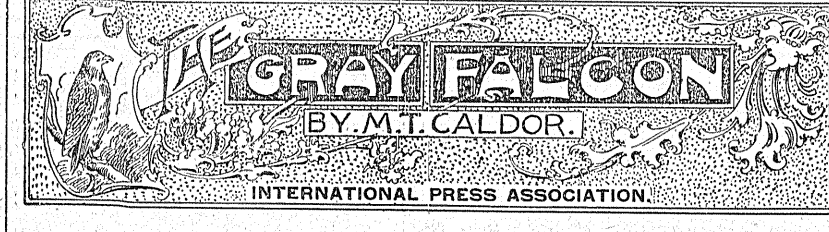
OPHIUM AND WHISKY habits cured. Send for PATENTS, 20 years' experience. Send sketch for advice. Vice: L. Deane, late prin., examiner U.S. Pat. Office, Boston & Weaver, 120 Main St., Wash. D.C.

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AVOID BUCKET SHOPS! TRADE WITH A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. E. S. MURRAY & CO. BANKERS AND BROKERS. 122 1/2 and 124 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

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CHAPTER II.-(Continued.)

"But you cannot imagine how keenly I suffer," sobbed she. "Can I not? ah, my child, you little guess how thoroughly I read every thought, how I bleed over every inward pang."

"And you do not blame me? Say you do not think I am wrong?" "Not wrong, my precious one, but like the imprisoned bird beating itself uselessly against the bars, very unwise. What is unavoidable must be accepted with the best grace possible. Spare yourself unavailing agony."

"At least, my love, you might try to look upon it in a pleasanter light. Who knows but the marquis may prove your ideal here? For I am sure there is no real love. I have watched you jealously enough, I hope, to make sure of that."

"Felicie's eyes flashed angrily. 'I cannot like him. I detest him—to seek a defenceless, unwilling bride for the sake of her wealth—if he were possessed of all the graces I should abhor him.'"

"Now, my daughter is unreasonable," was the mild remonstrance. "But, mamma, is not this way of contracting marriage barbarous and revolting?"

"Yes, my dear, exceedingly so. It is the fault of many years' growth. We in France do not look upon human beings as so many souls, worthy or unworthy; but we rate rank with rank, whether it joins great hearts and puny natures or otherwise. It is a great evil, yet you and I, Felicie, cannot alter it. Your father approves of it, sees no harm in it. You know how thorough an aristocrat he is. I have hitherto tried to conceal from you the pain it gave me to see his lack of sympathy with those below us. It seems the time has come now when your happiness demands a better understanding."

"I do not need this explanation at least—from a child I have seen the difference in your care for our people, and my father's. I have not always failed to notice the grateful glance of adoring love which follows you from cottage to cottage, nor the angry scowl, or sullen apathy which greets my father's appearance," replied Felicie, gravely.

The countess was silent, lost in a painful reverie. "Oh, mamma, don't think I have not appreciated your noble nature, your generous delicacy, that would never hint to me, nor allow me to refer to, my father's failings. Do you know, I have often wondered how you came to have him, you who must have been so grand and beautiful in your girlhood—"

Felicie spoke timidly, expecting the reproof she immediately received. "Hush, my child! I cannot listen to a disparaging word. He is your father, my husband. I would indeed he had a more generous forbearance for the down-trodden peasant; but we are all sinful in some way—we must forget, we must overlook each other's faults."

"As if there were any fault in your character!" exclaimed Felicie warmly, sinking down into her seat again—her excitement somewhat exhausted. "Alack, Felicie, if you knew what constant struggling I have endured! But it is of you I am thinking. I have been painfully anxious concerning this engagement; but I build all my hopes upon the marquis; I have only heard favorable accounts of him. Oh, my child, you must learn to love him, you must subdue this willful objection to one you have never seen, or your happiness will be wrecked. Heaven save you from all I have undergone!"

nouncement as you have received tonight—but how much more hopelessly, you may imagine, when I tell you her whole affections were given to another—and that the startling revelation only came to her upon the command to receive a husband from her own station."

The daughter reached up to kiss the quivering lips, which spoke these words falteringly. "My poor little Felicie! you thought I knew not how to pity you, while you are so fortunately ignorant of the fiery pages which I have suffered. There was a pleasant boy, who was a foster brother of my cousin Henri's, and who shared Henri's home and education, who even accompanied him to Germany to the college. It was done with the desire of giving the poor, sickly child of nobility a companion to cheer, amuse and help him. And all Henri lacked Emile possessed. He had a swift, keen intellect, a splendidly developed frame, a wonderfully gentle, refined, and knightly soul. He was absolutely necessary to the comfortable existence of the feeble invalid, and he shared all the advantages of wealth. He dressed like a gentleman, he had an education far above the average, his manners were elegant, his soul was pure. I was constantly with the household. I thought it was a pity for poor Henri, and affection for my cousin Annette, which drew me there, into that happy circle. I never discovered that it was love for Emile, until I was informed by my father that he had accepted the suit of Count Languedoc."

She sighed heavily, and caught her breath quivering. Her daughter seized her hand, and covered it with kisses. "I cannot tell you what strange impulse impelled me to hurry away into the little arbor where Annette and Henri sat listening to Emile's melodious tones as he read to them some old poem, and break upon them the announcement in the most tragic tone. My eyes were upon Emile's face. I saw it turn deadly pale; I saw the spasm of agony shake his strong young frame into the helplessness of childhood. Wretched and selfish that I was, I felt a glow of joy to know that he loved me—that the blow which pierced mine struck home to his heart. He said not a word, but threw down his book, and walked away. Annette looking frightened, went after him, and I threw myself, weeping bitterly, beside Henri. 'Poor boy!' he tried to comfort me—but he had read that one swift look exchanged between Emile and myself, and well understood the depth of my wretchedness. 'Too well he knew, who had known such a true nobleman with nature's signet, instead of an earthly monarch's, on his brow, could have no heart for a lower union of soul.'"

"My poor, poor mother!" sighed Felicie, as she wiped away the streaming tears. The countess smiled drearily. "It is of the past I am telling you, my child—not of the present, remember. Emile found means to speak with me alone. He was nearly crazed with grief. He talked bitterly and wildly; alas, truthfully, also, as I acknowledged then and now. What was a pityry coronet, he asked, beside a lifetime of love and happiness? He was not noble born, but he should never be poor. His education, his strength, his talent made me happier, as his wife, than the count could with a palace and a crown. I could not contradict him. Then he frantically besought me to fly to the new world, just in the glory of its independence. Oh, my child! Heaven spare you the terrible conflict which shook my very soul! It was a terrible temptation—to leave the harsh, un pitying father, who would wreck my happiness so needlessly, to fly with the one my whole heart clung to. But I was spared the decision. My father had somehow obtained an idea of the cause of my reluctance to fulfill his wishes. He had watched our meeting in the summer house between the two estates. He came upon me like a roaring lion; he heaped upon Emile the most abusive language, the most abhorrent revilings. Emile was like a marble statue, only the nostrils were curved with fiery indignation, and the eyes glowed like balls of fire. He answered not a word—but coming to me, held out his hand, and the hollow despair of the tone haunts me now."

"It is needless to struggle longer against fate," said he slowly; "farewell, Marguerite. Heaven give me all the bitterness, and leave you peace."

"And before I could speak, he was gone. My father's anger with me was terrible. I was so crushed beneath it, I made no effort to save myself, and more like a corpse than a bride, was brought hither by your father, only two months after Emile's farewell."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, my angel mamma!" sobbed Felicie; "and you have lived till this time—"

The countess smiled mournfully. "Dear child, grief does not always kill. Moreover, I found a kind friend, just the comforter I needed. The Abbe Recated is dead now; you will no longer wonder that I hang a wreath every Christmas upon his grave when I tell you he taught me to be at peace again."

"It was useless to repine, nothing could relieve me now—why not try to find some happiness," said he, "since heaven had sent me such a lot?"

"And I saw the wisdom and goodness of the suggestion. Even before you

came, my treasure, my jewel, my happiness, I had grown calm and cheerful. I had shut the past from my mind as much as possible, and sought out the pleasures of my lot. Never should I have revealed it to you, but that it seemed to me you needed the lesson. It is even more hopeless now to attempt to escape from your father's will; he can appeal to the king, and compel you to marry as he wishes. For you, my Felicie, is no such trial as I have related; you understand why I have kept you in such strict retirement, why I have watched over you so jealously to prevent seeing the marquis—I judged it best, also, that you should not see him before. My child, seek, I implore you, for your own sake—seek to be pleased with him."

Felicie was not ready to return to her own case. "That noble, generous Emile!" said she; "have you ever seen him since?"

The countess frowned a little, but answered calmly: "Twice; once when our horse took fright in Paris he rescued me from almost certain destruction; but he never spoke, he thrust me into the count's arms, and vanished in the crowd. Your father does not know of his existence."

"And again, the second time?" persisted Felicie. "It was here at the chateau. I was leading you down the garden walk when I saw him—grown older and sterner looking—but with the same deep, melancholy eye, standing at the gate watching us."

"No, my child, I went away at once; I did not forget that I was Count Languedoc's wife."

"Poor Emile!" sighed Felicie; "I think I should try to comfort him a little if it were me that he loved."

"Don't talk about him, I pray you. I promise, if my father will not listen to my pleadings, to try to like him. I'll then, give me the privilege of detesting him."

CHAPTER IV. FOLISH child! ah, you little comprehend a mother's feverish anxiety," sighed the countess. Felicie turned, and kissing her fondly, said earnestly: "My dear, dear mamma, do not distress yourself. I will promise to obey you. This recital has indeed deepened your authority, as well as increased my love for you. Let us put away the subject until at least there is no escape from it. Have you heard the strange stories about around the chateau concerning a visitor to our little forest? whether human or ghostly remains to be determined."

"Certainly not. What can you mean?" replied the mother, looking extremely interested. "Old Jeannot was my most reliable authority. Victoire came in the other evening, chattering with fear, saying that some calamity was about to befall our family; that all the peasants had seen a dark figure hovering around which always vanished by any one. I tried to reason her out of the belief, and finding it useless to reprove her firm conviction, I demanded who had set the stories afloat. She named two or three—but Jeannot is such a steady, faithful old man, I selected him from the number, and went at once to accuse him of frightening the silly women. To my astonishment, instead of being ashamed and repentant, he persisted in declaring it was all true."

A Cheerful Prospect. A nervous young minister was filling the pulpit for a country charge that was without a regular pastor. A part of his experience is touchingly related by the local paper. The very pious old lady at whose house he stayed, in showing him his room, said: "It ain't everybody I'd put in this room. This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on three pillows, and poor Mr. Jenks died sitting in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him sitting there on that lounge right under the window there. Poor pa he was a spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died and sometimes I am foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me. It'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet there belonging to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. If you are up early and want something to amuse yourself before breakfast just open that cupboard there and you will find a lot of dead men's bones. My poor boy thought a lot of them. Well, good night, and pleasant dreams."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Deepest Gold and Silver Mines. The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal., depth 2,230 feet; deepest silver mine at Carson City, Nev., depth 3,300 feet. The Oldest National Flag. The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark. It has been in use since the year 1219.

NICKNAMES FOR MONEY.

Small Coins Bear Odd Names, Many of Them Erroneous.

Few people realize that every piece of money has a nickname. It has however, and some of the names are very odd. The \$100 note has but one nickname, but it is exceedingly appropriate, as well as dignified. It needs no more, for there are thousands in this country who have never seen a note of this denomination. Everybody has seen small change, though, and the commonness of this species of money has suggested scores of sobriquets, appropriate and the reverse, grave and gay, effusively funny and humorously pathetic. The "nickel," as a name, was suggested by the common idea that this metal entered largely into the composition of the coin. It is a misnomer, as the piece consists of 75 per cent of copper and only 25 per cent of nickel.

"Fannies" and "pica-yunes" indicate the contempt, more pretended than real, into which our smallest coins have fallen. The latter name, like "bit," preserves a morsel of history not familiar to general readers. "Pica-yune," now used as a synonym for the smallest value expressed in money terms, was once the name of a special coin. It was worth about one-half cent, and at one time, during our colonial days, when all sorts of valuations, circulated along the Atlantic coast. The "bit," now only a money of account and most familiar in the well-known form, "two bits," a synonym for the twenty-five-cent piece, was also known at one time as a coin, equal in value to one-half the Spanish pistareen, and when supplanted by our familiar "quarter," the name remained long after the coins had disappeared. "Shilling" has now finally disappeared from use, save along the Canadian border, where prices are frequently made in both kinds of money, but the "bit" we have still with us.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Sat on the Baby. Mr. D. is an extensive real estate owner in one of the suburbs of New York. He is also an insurance agent and a general adviser on matters of law and equity, and, in addition to all this he is the proud father of a three-week-old baby. The other day Mrs. D. took the little treasure into the parlor, and after a half hour's cooing, lulled it to sleep. Then she laid the child on a sofa with a pillow at its feet, darkened the room and went about her household duties, just as any good housewife would. All this time Mr. D. was busy in the garden. Presently a neighbor happened along and stopped for Mr. D.'s opinion on a law matter and was invited into the darkened parlor. The visitor went straight for the sofa. He could see the pillow, but did not observe the child. He was adjusting the pillow to make a nice comfortable seat, but Mr. D. insisted that he should sit in the big arm chair, a sort of seat of honor for all guests. He acquiesced and Mr. D. took his seat on the pillow. About this time Mrs. D., whose maternal instinct had asserted itself, peeped in to see how baby slept. She saw her husband sitting where she had left the child. As she asked in an alarmed tone where the baby was a muffled cry came from beneath the pillow, and Mr. D. jumped up. He had been sitting on the precious little thing, and the timely arrival of his wife probably saved the child's life. A few moments more and it would have been suffocated. "Lucky for the child that I did not sit on it," remarked the visitor, who is a man of generous proportions. The child is all right now, but Mr. D. does not take his clients into the parlor any more.—New York Times.

Match Boxes for Women. Since the passage of the city ordinance pertaining to lamps on bicycles, women who ride wheels find it necessary to carry a match box. Therefore there are any number of new match boxes, which are smaller and more dainty than anything in this line ever seen before.

"Do the girls buy them?" a prominent jeweler was asked. To which question he answered: "Yes, indeed. The smaller sizes are made particularly for their special use."

The prettiest of the new match boxes for girls are of gold, with an enameled decoration. The enameling either takes the form of a college or yacht club flag, or it resembles a hand-painted miniature showing a girl on a wheel, or the head of a dog. Many of these match boxes are made with a concealed recess for a photograph. It is only when a certain spring is touched that the picture can be seen, so skillfully is it hidden away.

The silver match boxes, decorated with the outline of a tiny bicycle in enamel, are also new and much less expensive.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When You See It In Print. A sensitive man is never so humiliated as when he is obliged to read his own profane. Type mocks the writer. The sentence that in manuscript moved with the stride of an armed man, or quaked as a swooning strain of Strauss is now limp and lame. The phrase that glowed with color is now pallid. Sparkling wit is flat; sage reflection is jejune. The thought "Shall I ever get the money for this?" is justified by "Who would be fool enough to pay for it?"—Boston Journal.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STEWART KEMBERT Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist, says:—"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor is natural, and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'"



Check it! Battle Ax PLUG If he had bought a 5 cent piece he would have been able to take it with him. There is no use buying more than a 5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent piece is most too big to carry, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade tobaccos.

Columbia BICYCLES You will find the best material, the latest, most graceful design, the soundest construction, and the finest finish in Columbias Standard of the World. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Branch Houses and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

Our Kitchen

No kitchen is kept cleaner than the premises devoted to the manufacture of **NONE SUCH Mince Meat**. No housewife can be more fastidious in the matter of preparing food than we are in the selection and preparation of the materials of which it is made. The cleaning of the currants (for one thing) is more thoroughly done by means of perfected appliances, than it would be possible to do it by hand.

Its cleanliness, purity, wholesomeness and deliciousness are good reasons for using **NONE SUCH Mince Meat**. The best reason is its saving of time, of hard work, of money. A ten cent package affords you two large pies without trouble to you beyond the making of the crust. Makes just as good fruit cake and fruit pudding as it does mince pie. Sold everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine.

Send your name and address, and mention this paper, and we will mail you free a book—"Mrs. Hopkins' Thanksgiving"—by one of the most famous humorists of the day.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Is As Clean As Yours

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Call at A. A. McKenzie's and see the

NEW FUNERAL CAR.

One of the Finest in The Thumb.

Caskets and Coffins at from \$2.00 to \$200.

A. A. McKenzie, Undertaker.

CHEAP HOMES

—IN THE—

THUMB OF MICHIGAN.

(Sanilac, Tuscola and Huron Counties.)

3,000 Acres

OF CHOICE FARM LANDS.

We give below a few of the many CHOICE FARM LANDS which have been listed with us for sale to which we respectfully call your attention:

120 Acres, 108 acres well improved and well fenced. Good bank barn 36x52, outside granary 16x24, fair house, two good wells of water, good young orchard. 1/4 mile from school, general store, post office, church and blacksmith shop. Seven miles from railroad and good market. \$25.00 per acre. \$1,500 down, balance to suit purchaser.

40 Acres of land, 5 miles from Cass City. Good location, good soil. Price \$15.00 per acre.

120 Acres, 90 acres improved, new bank barn, 40x56, fairly well fenced, good comfortable frame house, good well of water and windmill, also good orchard. \$25.00 per acre.

40 Acres of land, 3 1/2 miles from Cass City, some green timber, good soil and easily cleared. Price \$8.00 per acre.

160 Acres, with 50 acres improved, frame barn 34x50, comfortable house and only eight miles from two good markets. At a bargain.

80 Acres of land all improved. Good bank barn 36x60, good frame house. Six and one-half miles from railroad and market. Close to a good school. At a bargain.

160 Acres of land, 120 acres improved. 2 good frame barns, comfortable house, good orchard. Eight miles from railroad and market. \$25.00 per acre.

80 Acres of land, with sixty improved. Comfortable house, stable, good young orchard. \$20.00 per acre.

120 Acres of land, with 90 acres well improved, 40 acres of green wood, 2 frame barns, comfortable house, large orchard, good school, just across the road, 1 1/2 miles from railroad and good market. \$25.00 per acre.

40 Acres, with 15 acres improved. Price \$8.00 per acre.

80 Acres, 5 miles from Cass City. 1/2 hardwood land, 1/2 black ash. Price \$65.00, 1/4 down, balance to suit purchaser.

40 Acres, 4 miles from Cass City, partly cleared, balance easily cleared, new house, good well of water, good road, convenient to school. Price \$700, \$200 down, balance to suit purchaser.

80 Acres, 65 acres cleared. House, barn, orchard, well, good soil. Within 1/2 mile of school and church. Eight miles from Cass City. Price \$1,600, terms \$600 down, balance to suit purchaser.

Parties desiring to inspect any of these bargains will be given free transportation from Cass City.

REFERENCES—Exchange Bank, Cass City; Cass City Bank, Cass City.

A. A. MCKENZIE,

REAL ESTATE DEALER. CASS CITY, MICH.

Township Board Meetings.

ELKLAND, July 27th, 1896.

Meeting of the township board of the township of Elkland.

Meeting called to order by Chairman I. K. Reid.

Present—Reid, Brooker, Withey and Hebblewhite.

Minutes read and approved.

Moved by Joel D. Withey and supported by J. Brooker that the following bills be allowed and an order drawn on the treasurer for the several amounts. Yeas, Reid, Brooker, Withey and Hebblewhite.

Landon, Eno & Keating, for building inside stairs in town hall. \$52.50

Wm. H. Hebblewhite, for services as clerk. 13.00

Elmer Yake, for cutting Canada thistles. 8.00

E. B. Landon, services on board. 3.00

W. J. Macomber, for wall paper and border. 8.24

J. W. Wood, services as highway com. 40.00

O. C. Wood, services as highway com. 40.00

Moved by Clerk Hebblewhite and supported by Justice Withey that Justice B. O. Reid be appointed a committee to have outside stairs leading to second story in Town Hall removed. Yeas, Withey, Reid and Hebblewhite.

Moved by Joel D. Withey and supported by Clerk Hebblewhite, that as Justice Landon's time on township board has expired, that Justice Brooker be appointed in his place on building committee. Yeas, Reid, Withey and Hebblewhite.

Moved by Justice Brooker and supported by Justice Withey that the walk belonging to the township in front of Town Hall be built of cement and that cement steps be built in front leading to basement and that Hebblewhite and Brooker be appointed a committee to look after the completion of said walk and steps. Yeas, Withey, Reid and Hebblewhite.

Moved by Justice Brooker and supported by Justice Withey that township board adjourn. Yeas, Reid, Withey, Brooker and Hebblewhite.

Wm. Hebblewhite,
Township Clerk.

Elkland, Sept. 11, 1896.

Meeting of the township board of the Township of Elkland.

Meeting called to order by Supervisor I. K. Reid.

Roll Call—Present, Reid, Brooker, Withey and Hebblewhite.

Minutes of July 27th read and approved.

Moved by Justice Brooker and supported by Justice Withey that the following bills be allowed and an order drawn on the treasurer for the several amounts:

J. L. Hitchcock, for giving Town Hall roof two coats paint and sandries. \$5.90

James Armstrong, painting Town Hall. 4.00

N. Bigelow & Son, hardware. 3.00

James Brooker, 2 days on board. 2.00

E. B. Landon, Insurance Town Hall. 25.25

G. E. Perkins, changing lock on Town Hall. 1.00

Yeas, Brooker, Reid, Withey and Hebblewhite.

Moved by Clerk Hebblewhite and supported by Justice Brooker that township board adjourn. Yeas, Withey, Reid, Brooker and Hebblewhite.

Wm. H. Hebblewhite,
Tp. Clerk.

One Week's Treatment Free.

Every invalid who visits the British Medical Institute, 106 South Washington Ave., Saginaw, and begins a course of treatment, will, till further notice, receive 20 days treatment, including all medicines, free of charge. The object in making this liberal offer is to convince the public of the superiority of the system of practice pursued by British Medical Institute.

If ordinary treatment has failed to relieve you, or if you are tired of being humbugged and maltreated by quacks and impostors, consult us. We have made the treatment of all chronic diseases the study of our life. If you are in need of honest treatment we will give it to you. Our staff consists of seven eminent specialists, and their combined wisdom is brought to bear in all complicated, difficult and doubtful cases. Consultation free either at institute or by mail. If you cannot call send stamp for question blank.

Our charges for treatment vary from \$5 to \$30 per month either by mail or at Institute. Only curable cases are accepted, and a cure is guaranteed in every case undertaken.

P. S.—Send 10 cents for our little illustrated booklet on "Steam Melbilization," showing the only rational and successful treatment of Catarrh, Chronic Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.

"Mother," said a small boy to his gentle yielding mother, "I do wish when you say 'No,' you would say it harder. When Aunt Jane says 'No' to me, I know it's no use to beg her; but when you say 'No,' I always think you'll say 'Yes' if I beg long enough, and so I do it and I get tired of it and you get sorry, and I just wish you'd say 'No' like Aunt Jane."

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Dunderman of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was past-r of the Baptist Church at River Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption it seemed she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's new Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles at T. H. Fritz, druggist. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Dunderman of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was past-r of the Baptist Church at River Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption it seemed she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's new Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles at T. H. Fritz, druggist. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLUCKY MISS CALDWELL, WHO RODE TO SHASTA'S SUMMIT.

Woman and the Love of Admiration. Apropos in Holland—Tight Sleeves in Dinner Bodices—Scalpskins and Substitutes. Girls Who Attempt Suicide.

Miss Hattie Caldwell of Gold Hill, Or., is the only person who has ever ridden to the summit of Mount Shasta. It is a daring and adventurous enough feat to climb afoot to the crest of snow capped Shasta, as many tourists who have undertaken the trip will bear witness, but to guide a horse up the rocky and slippery trails, that's something really worth boasting about.

The daring young girl who accomplished the climb successfully is only 15 years old. She made the trip early in September. Her success is owing chiefly to her trusty guide, Tom Watson of Sisson, a mountaineer whose skill is known to all frequenters of the region about Mount Shasta. Besides Watson and Master Charles Mills of Sisson were in the party.

The party left Sisson on the 2d of September, going by way of Snaw Valley and reaching the old Mountain House at 4 p. m. Jolly Tom Watson knew every step of the way from Sisson to the summit. For over 15 years he has been over those roads and trails dozens of times every summer.

At the old Mountain House all passed a comfortable night, and the next morning they were astir early and off on the trail by 6 o'clock. They traveled all that day over rough ridges and up mountain paths and reached the upper limit of the timber belt about sunset. There they camped by a stream of clear and cold snow water. Every one had a ravenous appetite, and every one was tired out. But they built a rousing campfire and stood watch by turn to guard the camp against four footed night prowlers. It grew frightfully cold before morning dawned, and all the blankets in stock were in great demand. But all rested well and had wolfish desires for the coffee and ham that furnished their breakfast.

Long before "sun up," as every one in the mountains calls dawn, they were again on their way, up, up, up. There was snow everywhere, and traveling over it was not the greatest sport in the world. Watson guided the party around the east side of the mountain and through the deep gap known as Mud Creek canyon. The air was delightful and the scenery superb. Watson is a cheery companion, full of jokes and quips and turns and stories of mountain doings. The travelers nearly forgot they were mountain climbing when suddenly Luneh rock was at hand. This rock is a massive piece of granite that overhangs a perpendicular cliff thousands of feet high. It is a charming spot, with magnificent glimpses of the great valley stretched out far below.

After lunch the journey was resumed. Heavenward the party toiled. Steeper and more jagged the rocks became as the summit drew near. Then the ice field, fully a mile in extent, was crossed, and beyond were the hot springs. From the springs to the summit is only 300 yards, but the incline is the steepest of the whole trip. Plucky Miss Caldwell never flinched, although there were places where a single misstep of the faithful old horse meant death for horse and rider down deep in the precipitous canyon thousands of feet below.

This last climb is over what is known as "the pinnacle," on which stands the monument put there by the coast and geodetic survey 35 years ago. It is a monument of cut stone and was all carried up the mountain side by Indians. Mr. Sisson, the contractor for that task, charged a mountain freight rate of 90 cents a pound. At just 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Sept. 4 the summit was attained at last. The guide and Master Mills gave three cheers for the plucky girl who had beaten all records by riding to Shasta's crest. They cheered the horse, too; but he didn't seem to appreciate the glory and looked very much as though he wished he was safe home again.—San Francisco Examiner.



MISS HATTIE CALDWELL.

Woman and the Love of Admiration. Apropos in Holland—Tight Sleeves in Dinner Bodices—Scalpskins and Substitutes. Girls Who Attempt Suicide.

Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of Michigan University. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Eyes tested and glasses accurately fitted. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Office over Fritz's drug store. Residence, the James T. Landon residence on Houghton Street, Cass City, Mich.

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Bucklers Arctic 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 them, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

The Burlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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

Societies.

J. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 265, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited. GEO. PERKINS, M. G. A. MCKENZIE, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.
CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. Wm. F. HIGGINS, Commander. SA. F. BIGELOW, Record Keeper.

L. O. L.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 14, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited. E. B. LANDON, W. M. GEO. W. SEED, Secretary.

Professional Cards.

C. F. MILLS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of Michigan University. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Eyes tested and glasses accurately fitted. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Office over Fritz's drug store. Residence, the James T. Landon residence on Houghton Street, Cass City, Mich.

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

A. A. MCKENZIE,
AUCTIONEER, Cass City, Mich. Sales of all A. A. kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales collected from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements made at the office of the ENTERPRISE. 8-3-94

J. D. BROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, A. Reference: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in second story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R. TIME CARD.
In effect June 21, 1896.

GOING NORTH		STATIONS		GOING SOUTH	
First Class	Sec. Class	MIN.	Pass.	First Class	Sec. Class
5:55	10:00	Port Huron	Dep.	10:20	4:20
4:45	8:50	Crossville	11:25	6:30	
2:25	6:30	Marquette	12:15	8:15	
2:05	7:00	Sand Beach	1:20	7:25	
1:45	6:40	Bad Axe	1:45	7:15	
1:30	6:25	Port Austin	1:55	7:00	
P. M. A. M.				P. M. A. M.	
9:02	9:20	Port Huron	Dep.	9:35	9:15
7:57	8:15	Brown City	10:12	8:35	
7:35	7:50	Yale	10:55	8:14	
7:07	7:20	Chillicothe	11:45	7:45	
6:45	7:00	Chillicothe	12:35	6:58	
6:27	6:40	Mayville	1:05	6:25	
6:05	6:20	Cass City	1:37	6:00	
5:50	6:10	Saginaw	1:55	5:20	
5:30	5:50	Bay City	2:25	5:00	
P. M. A. M.				P. M. A. M.	
3:40	7:40	Port Huron	Dep.	10:00	6:10
1:20	6:30	Marquette	11:20	6:00	
1:51	6:20	Marquette	11:43	5:25	
1:29	6:15	Smiths	11:55	5:25	
1:10	6:00	Smiths	12:10	5:00	
P. M. A. M.				P. M. A. M.	

PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R. PASSENGER TIME CARD.
Trains run on Central Standard Time.

GOING NORTH		STATIONS		GOING SOUTH	
First Class	Sec. Class	MIN.	Pass.	First Class	Sec. Class
4:05	6:50	Port Huron	Dep.	11:50	
8:50	1:15	PONTIAC	8:15	10:40	4:00
9:15	2:30	Farmers	7:45	10:25	3:30
9:50	3:00	Crossville	7:20	10:15	3:20
10:05	3:15	Marquette	7:05	10:05	3:00
10:15	3:25	Marquette	6:55	9:55	2:45
11:25	4:35	Leopard	6:40	9:40	2:30
11:55	5:05	Oxford	6:25	9:25	1:55
12:25	5:35	Port Huron	6:10	9:10	1:25
1:25	6:35	Port Huron	5:55	9:05	1:10
2:00	7:10	Chillicothe	5:40	8:50	1:00
2:55	8:05	Chillicothe	5:25	8:40	1:00
3:40	8:50	Yale	5:10	8:30	1:00
4:15	9:25	Yale	5:00	8:20	1:00
4:45	9:55	Mayville	4:45	8:10	1:00
5:15	10:25	Mayville	4:35	8:00	1:00
5:45	10:55	Mayville	4:25	7:50	1:00
6:15	11:25	Mayville	4:15	7:40	1:00
6:45	11:55	Mayville	4:05	7:30	1:00
7:15	12:25	Mayville	4:00	7:20	1:00
P. M. A. M.				P. M. A. M.	



Wilson Harrison, Tailor.

Cass City.

TENNANT

Always has Fresh and First-Class Groceries, Crockery, Glassware

Right Prices. Agent for Butterick's Patterns

CITY MILLS.

Attention - Farmers. We are running our mills both night and day to supply the trade, with our White Lily Flour which is now giving universal satisfaction. If you have not tried it, try it and patronize home industry. We have on hand several car loads of bean middlings and chop feed which we will sell cheap. Note prices for next thirty days.

P. S.—Exchange work and feed grinding in order day and night. With prompt attention, courteous treatment and square dealing, we are yours for business.

C. W. NELLER.

J. MAIER
Photographer.

CARSON & EALY
SUCCESSORS TO A. T. SLAIGHT & CO.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLES

TO ALL LANDS IN TUSCOLA CO.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTGAGES.

—IN SUMS FROM—
\$50 TO \$5,000

For long or short time. Office across from Medler House.

CARO. MICH.

THE Proprietors of the Cass City Woolen Mills take this opportunity of thanking their numerous customers far and near for their liberal patronage during the past two years and wish to say to you now that they are better than ever prepared to supply your wants. We have just put in a

Broad Loom

for making Bed and Horse blankets the full size and we want your wool either to make up for you or we will trade you goods or yarn for it. We have a good stock of Yarns, Tweeds, Flannels and blankets now on hand ready to trade for wool and now that wool is cheap it will pay you to trade it for those goods. We hope to be able to please you in all our dealings with you. Again thanking you for past favors we remain.

JAS. DORMAN.

Cass City Jeweler.



All kinds of jewelry and everything reflecting the latest styles are a sight for feminine eyes to see. That's just the sort of spectacle presented by our jewelry display. The list is long, but not too long for us to cover. It's a jump across brilliancy to pass from our array of gold jewelry to our watches, clocks and silverware. There's a response of surprise and pleasure for every glance, a discovery of easy possibilities of purchase, in every price we quote.

Fine Assortment of Cut Glass and Chinaware.

J. f. Hendrick,
Jeweler and Optician.

OH, LOOK!

I am again offering

One Dozen Cabinets

—AND ONE—

Life Size Crayon

—FOR—

Five Dollars,

Or One Dozen Cabinets For \$1.50.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

J. MAIER

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TWEEN THE LAKES.

MICHIGAN NEWS RECORDED IN BRIEF ITEMS.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows and Daughters of Rebekah at Lansing—Big Fire at Zeeland Destroyed About \$175,000 Worth of Property.

Odd Fellows and Rebekahs.

The Michigan grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows held the annual session at Lansing. Grand Master Wilder's report showed that notwithstanding the hard times during the past year new lodges had been organized at five places, and two lodges had been reconstituted.

Grand Lodge Officers Elected.

Grand Master, W. F. Wiseloge, of Muskegon; deputy grand master, Eber S. Andrews, of Williamston; grand secretary, E. H. Whitney, of Lansing; grand treasurer, B. D. Fritchard, of Allegan; grand warden, E. H. Sellers, of Detroit; grand representative, Henry N. Wilder, of Grand Rapids.

Report of the Officers of the Daughters of Rebekah Shows that during last year there was a gain of 1,616 members, the total membership at the close of the year being 11,067.

Twenty-one new assemblies were instituted and 15 reconstituted, while four surrendered their charters. There are now 262 subordinate assemblies in the state. The cash balance from last year was \$6,150.27; the receipts of the year were \$8,758.70; the total amount paid out for relief and lodge expenses was \$12,859.06, leaving a balance of \$3,076.90.

22,000,000 Feet of Lumber Burned.

The Central Lumber Co.'s plant near Zilwaukee was swept by one of the fiercest fires in the history of the Saginaw valley. The mill property was no wise injured, but the 22,000,000 feet of lumber piled in the yards, the tramways and docks were food for the flames.

Four houses, the homes of employes, were also destroyed, will all of their contents. There were also burned a barn, four drill houses and the big lumber docks, entailing a loss of fully \$175,000. It was feared that the sawmill and salt block, which is also operated by the company, would be burned but after several hours hard fighting the firemen succeeded in saving them.

The fire was undoubtedly incendiary, as three men were seen running away from the mill just as the flames blazed up. Saginaw and Bay City were called on for aid and the firemen from these places responded as quickly as possible.

A large barn in Essex township, Clinton county, owned by John D. Henderson, was destroyed by fire together with a large quantity of hay, grain and farming implements.

Ora L. Hemmingway, a well-to-do farmer, near Orion, lost three barns by fire. The barns were full of grain and hay, and three horses were also burned. The loss is \$2,500; insurance \$1,500.

The new Detroit & Mackinac Railroad Co. has made a formal demand of the Business Men's association of Bay City for the \$25,000 promised as a bonus for the extension of the road from Alger to that city.

The Drydock Iron Co.'s plant at Bay City was totally destroyed by fire. The plant employed about 30 men but was working only about half time. The plant was valued at \$30,000; insurance \$15,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The aged aunt of Arthur Smith, of Davison, fell down a hay chute a distance of 10 feet, and tore asunder the ligaments of one of her arms. She was in the chute for an hour and was rescued by means of ropes. She is seriously injured.

Mrs. Archie McDougal, in a fit of anger, shot and killed her husband at Menominee. He had returned home early from work and found a strange man with his wife. McDougal, however, the intruder and after a quarrel with his wife he left the house. Later he returned and she shot him dead.

The Berkeley & Gay furniture factory, at Grand Rapids, which is the largest in the world has resumed operations after a period of enforced idleness during the great business depression. The factory employs more workmen than any of the large institutions in Grand Rapids, and although all of the men are not taken back to work at once, they will be put on gradually.

This revival of business is hailed with delight by the workmen and it is expected that other factories will start soon.

John Trost's residence in New Holland was destroyed by firebugs.

NEWS FOR MICHIGANDERS.

Mrs. Joanna Bednah died at Niles at the age of 102 years.

Mason county supervisors have pared down county officials' salaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Everhardt celebrated their golden wedding at Tecumseh.

Ben Christensen was sent to jail 30 days at Menominee for hugging ladies on the street.

At the Baptist state convention at Plainwell \$2,000 was secured for Kalamazoo college.

The store and Macebee hall of Henry Hoover, at Smith's, was destroyed by fire.

Chas. Horton, of Calumet, pulled a gun through a fence and his right arm was amputated.

The 17-year-old son of S. Parks, of Riverdale, shot his arm off at the shoulder while hunting.

Washtenaw county supervisors have reduced the salaries of several officials from \$200 to \$300 per year.

Mrs. Zeber Root, of Niles, celebrated her eightieth birthday by husking a bushel of corn in the field.

Emil Parion, brickman on Michell's logging road, was killed while making a coupling, near Lake City.

The board of supervisors of Oscoda county have reduced the salaries of nearly all the county officers.

Wm. Vanderveer, Holland's leading butcher, was arrested for alleged complicity in the tannery swindle.

William Fitten fell from a tree while picking apples at St. Clair, breaking a leg, collar bone and three ribs.

C. H. Morse, wife and two children will drive overland from Alma to Mr. Morse's former home in Maryland.

John Evert committed suicide by cutting his throat with a pocket knife at the farm of James Patterson, near Ravenna.

A G. R. & L. passenger train struck a milk wagon at Grand Rapids and killed the driver, D. Van Middleworth, and both horses.

Five cows on David Wilcox's farm near Bay City, afflicted with tuberculosis, were killed by order of the state veterinarian.

Solomon Elbinger, a traveling man of Bay City, was killed by his horse running away and throwing him out of the buggy.

James Shurley, aged 48, committed suicide at Ann Arbor, by hanging himself from a rafter in his house with a strip of cloth.

Conrad Smith, an old and respected farmer, was thrown from a wagon and killed, near Newaygo, by his horse running away.

Mrs. John Burbank and Mrs. T. Westerman, elderly ladies of Hartford, were very seriously injured by their horse running away. Mrs. Westerman may not recover.

Clovis Duval, a Marquette tailor, committed suicide by attaching a rubber tube to a gas fixture and putting the other end in his mouth and inhaling the gas.

The sixteen annual convention of the W. C. T. U. of the Eighth district was held at Saginaw. All the old officers were re-elected with Mrs. Melissa R. Adams as president.

The G. R. & L. round house burned to the ground at Mackinac City. The contents were all destroyed, including passenger engine No. 110. The loss is estimated at \$15,000; insurance \$1,000.

Col. A. T. Bliss' lumber yards at Catronville were set on fire by some boys with lanterns. The estimated loss is 700,000 feet of lumber, valued at \$12,000, covered by insurance.

While hunting near Kingsley Claude Putnam, aged 23, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun which slipped off of a log. He leaves a widow and two children.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS PICKED PROMISCUOUSLY.

Hon. Charles F. Crisp, Ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives is Dead—Venuea Successfully Negotiates a Big Loan in Germany.

Ex-Speaker Crisp Dead.

Charles F. Crisp, ex-speaker of the national house of representatives, died at Atlanta, Ga., quite suddenly, but it was not altogether a surprise in political circles, as the speaker had several spells of illness in Washington. He suffered from asthma and later from heart trouble.

Chas. Frederick Crisp was born Jan. 29, 1845, in Sheffield, Eng., where his parents, then citizens of the United States, were visiting. The same year the family returned to America. The boy was educated in the common schools of Savannah and Macon, Ga.

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SPANISH CRUELITIES.

Torture and Butcher Philippine Island Rebels—The Insurrection Growing.

Advices have been received by steamer at San Francisco from the Philippine islands regarding the insurrection against Spanish rule. The rebellion is much more serious than has been generally recognized.

The rebellion is much more serious than has been generally recognized. It is stated that the revolution is now beyond the control of the Spanish authorities and that unless reinforcements are sent to Manila immediately the Spanish forces are in danger of final defeat.

For a long time the natives have been conspiring to overthrow the government and it was finally decided to make a strong attack. Governor-General Blanco was to have been murdered and it was arranged to swoop suddenly upon the body of officers who attended the funeral, kill as many as possible, then ransack the town of Manila, and take entire possession of the place.

It is due to a woman that the plot was discovered. In confession she disclosed the plot to a priest, who divulged the secret. The arrest and imprisonment of many natives merely postponed the opening of the fighting, but since hostilities began there have been many bloody conflicts between the government forces and the natives.

Stories of terrible cruelties by the Spaniards are told. Rebels killed at one battle where the natives were defeated were left unburied by the Spaniards. Over 150 rebels captured were confined in a small room under the bastion of San Sebastian Intra Muros, with no water and only one small window. Fifty-four were found dead in the morning, and 16 died soon after.

The Spanish recently captured several native leaders near Cavite, and after torturing them, disemboweled them and hung the bleeding bodies, still warm, over the city gate. The natives who witnessed this outrage seized a lieutenant and his family. They crucified the man, and then, while he hung dying, they assaulted his wife and daughter, mocking him, and declaring that all the Spaniards on the island would be treated in the same way.

The natives, usually lazy and good natured, has sworn blood brotherhood against the Spanish and priests, and the worst massacres are feared. Tyranny by the priests and increased taxes caused the trouble.

Eight Killed, 23 Injured. Two passenger trains on the E. Louis & San Francisco railroad collided near opposite Windsor station, 13 miles from St. Louis, Mo., instantly killing eight persons and injuring 23 others. The dead are all of St. Louis.

The famous missionary ship Day-spring has been wrecked on the coast of New Caledonia and nine of the crew were drowned.

Spain is bankrupt, and after ransacking Europe, has abandoned the attempt to secure a loan of \$200,000,000 to carry on the Cuban and Philippine islands wars.

W. T. Ransbush, of Juneau, Wis., the defaulting banker who stole \$200,000 shot himself in the head in the national cemetery at Fredericksburg, Va. He left a note by which he was identified.

Hon. John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury of the United States, was grossly insulted at Covington, Ky., his own home city, while making a political speech. Eggs and other missiles were thrown upon the stage about him and he was insulted repeatedly as he was leaving the hall at the close of his address, and it required a score of police to escort him safely through the crowd.

Another Terrible Massacre by Turks. A Berlin dispatch gives details of the latest massacre at Van, Armenia, secured from fugitives who have arrived at Elchmidzin. They declare that no Armenians are left in the Van district. The Kurds, declaring that they were executing the sultan's will, mercilessly butchered the men, kidnapped the prettiest women and girls and threw the children into the pits, intended for storing corn and buried them alive, in order to save ammunition. The victims were arranged in rows and were killed, two or three at a single shot.

The details of the outrages on the priests and temples and the sacred books and vessels are indescribably revolting.

A Madman and a Revolver. Henry Ramm attacked his wife and a party of women going to church at Toledo, with a revolver. He shot at the bullet struck Mrs. Schmidt. Mrs. Ramm fled as Mrs. Schmidt fell to the sidewalk. The maddened man pursued his wife two blocks, firing at her continually. She escaped into a neighbor's house. Ramm then returned and began another fusillade on Mrs. Schmidt, and his stepson and fired several shots without effect. Then Ramm turned his weapon on the crowd that had collected and finally, taking off his hat, fired a bullet into his own forehead about an inch above the right eye, but he will die.

Vessel on Fire at Sea. The British steamer Worsley Hall, Capt. Cameron, put into New York with her cargo on fire. She was bound from New Orleans for Havre. When the steamer was 350 miles east by south of Sandy Hook the fire was discovered in the hold and despite all efforts of the officers and crew the fire could not be extinguished and the ship will have to be scuttled. Her cargo is baled cotton. She was on fire four days before she reached New York.

Mother and Five Little Ones Drowned. While Andrew J. Spate, with his wife and five children were boating on Smith's lake, a small body of water at Denver, Colo., the boat was by some means overturned and Mrs. Spate and her five children were drowned.

The steamer Argo, plying between Coos Bay, Ore., and San Francisco, was wrecked near Coos Bay, and 14 men were drowned.

Harriet Elaine Beale, daughter of the late James G. Blaine, has secured a divorce from her husband and is given custody of their minor child.

TREASURE IS THERE.

RICH MINERAL DEPOSITS IN SOUTHERN STATES.

Gold in the Appalachian Range—Return of a Mineralogical Expert with Encouraging Reports from Virginia, Alabama and Other Southern States.

NE of the mineralogical experts of a large mining company has just returned to New York after an extended trip through the south in the interests of his organization, and, in speaking about the mineral resources of the southern states, he said:

"I have passed through nearly all the mining sections of the south to examine the mineral products in the interests of a number of capitalists, and, after a careful survey of the field, it is my honest belief that the future mining operations of this country will be in the south instead of the west. I found the Appalachian range particularly rich in all the precious metals and gemiferous ores; not only in Virginia, but throughout its whole length into Alabama. In Georgia the rich deposits are well known, and companies are now rapidly organizing to mine the various ores. In South Carolina the deposits of monazite (crystals of a rare metal known as cerium, used only in chemistry and worth \$180 an ounce) have been found so valuable that a big industry has been built up in the Piedmont section. It is estimated that this industry is now valued at several millions of dollars, although it is only a few years old. When I visited the fields everybody was looking for monazite, and the business will bring in at least \$100,000 to the people of the Piedmont section this year. Owners of apparently worthless land have let it out to contractors at the rate of 8¢ and these miners are making big profits besides. A few years ago the owners would have been glad to have received three or four dollars per acre for this land."

"There is more gold in the south than any man ever imagined. Traces of it crop up in the most unexpected places, and there must be some valuable veins hid away in the mountains that some day will be discovered and startle the country. Cripple Creek will be nothing to the southern gold fields after they have once been located. It seems strange, but the fact is nevertheless true, that the south has never been thoroughly examined for mineral and gold products. Before the war everybody went west to find gold, and the south was given over to cotton, tobacco, sugar and rice. After the war almost nothing was done for a long time to develop the industries of the southern states, but now we are beginning to realize that a great, undeveloped field spreads out before us. There are scores of gold prospectors traveling through the mountains of the south, looking for treasures that are sure to come to light some day. People speak about the future supply of gold being found in Africa! Why, more gold is buried in the Appalachian range of mountains than they will find in Africa in the next hundred years. But the mountains are so vast, and the region so little known, that it will take time to locate the best mines even after the prospectors have been attracted to the place."

"Another thing about the southern mines is that many of the most precious stones have been picked up at various points, and where such jewels are spread out on the surface you can rest assured that there are others further down in the ground. For instance, at Corunna Hill some beautiful sapphires have been found. Here are some that I secured from a miner. They are not mining for sapphires, but happened to pick them up while mining for ores. Over 100 sapphires have been found at this place, and most of them are valued at \$50 to \$100 and upwards. But sapphires are not by any means the only precious stones found in the south. Genuine diamonds have been found in North Carolina, and one mine secured a precious gem that sold for \$200. In South Carolina and Georgia fine specimens of emerald have also been taken from the ore mines. In fact, we have two mines that have recently been started, for the purpose of digging out the emeralds, for both the aquamarine and the yellow beryl are found. In the last five years nearly twenty thousand dollars' worth of emeralds have been mined and they are among the best ever discovered in America. Garnets, of course, are scattered all over these rich auriferous fields, and we pick up such large genuine specimens that they prove very valuable. Ordinary small garnets are not worth very much, but when you find them as big as a bird's egg you are sure to find a profitable market for them. In Virginia garnets of wonderful size and brilliancy have been taken, and the coal fields of Alabama and Tennessee also abound in these products. Small specimens of diamonds have been found in Georgia, and there are undoubtedly whole districts that could be profitably mined for these precious stones."

"The fact is that we have a country capable of producing all the precious stones known to science, but so much attention has been given to the mining of iron, coal, oil, silver and gold that the more precious products of the rocks have been neglected. I remember distinctly in California, when the gold fever was at its height, miners threw up several fairly good specimens of diamonds, but in their craze for the yellow metal they paid no attention to the precious stones. They knew all about gold mining, but nothing about diamonds. Now that the gold fields have been exhausted I guess many of them wished they had stopped and pocketed some of the precious stones they threw away. If we made as thorough preparation for diamond mining as they do in South Africa, we would find this country much richer in materials than anybody anticipates. A company has recently been organized to develop the mines of precious stones in the south, and it has a number of agents in the fields making examinations. They will include in their work all the precious stones, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, beryls, garnets. The company which I have been traveling for has already made negotiations for large tracts of mineral land along the Appalachian system, and it will make immediate efforts to develop the mines. I have no doubt but they will strike many unexpected fields of precious gems, and the country will get a new idea of the resources of the mines of the south."

MINING OF MICA. The Principal Source of the Entire World is in North Carolina. "The principal source of the mica used by the entire world," said Thomas Padgett, of Bakersville, N. C., who is stopping at the St. James, "is in North Carolina, in the vicinity of my home. Mica is found there in all sorts of blocks; of various thicknesses and shapes, which can be split and resplit almost without limit, until it becomes the transparent pane of commerce. The material is embedded or scattered throughout the feldspar with which the surrounding mountains are mostly covered. The veins are found between walls of slate. It is blasted from the surrounding rock by means of dynamite, and is freed from all impure matter by miners with chisel and pick. From the mines it is taken directly to the shops, where it is split into thin sheets and trimmed into regular forms, which are then ready for the market, the price varying according to the size of the sheets. The average size will fit an ordinary parlor heater. In rare instances, sheets as large as twenty-four by eighteen inches are found, but there is seldom or never a demand for mica of this size, so the sheets have to be cut down. Most of the mines, as I have said, are exceedingly profitable, but sometimes one is found where the mica is so scattered that it would not be profitable to work. No money is wasted on such a mine, however, for an experienced mica miner can tell at a glance whether a mine will pan out all right or not."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Exile of Kipling. If Rudyard Kipling had not been so lawfully English and his neighbors had not been so awfully Yankee, he would probably have staid in this country and made some more books and been to us a source of pride. We could even point at him. But he was worried out of his home at Brattleboro by the rustles and the lawyers, and has gone to India, where people are not devoured by such a pleasuring curiosity to know about the color of one's wall paper and the number of the dinner dishes. Kipling shut himself up in his house and saw no one except on business. He lived as a country gentleman may live in England, but not here. The Vermonters tried to get into his place and see what he ate and find who made his shoes, and it worried him. At last he had trouble with a worthless drunkard in the neighborhood and had him arrested. Immediately the lawyers converted him into the defendant in the action and made him gratify their own and the neighbors' curiosity by asking all sorts of questions about himself, his family, his friends, his clothes and his business. A judge of proper bringing up would have stopped these important fellows, but the Brattleboro judge was probably as eager to know about the private affairs of Mr. Kipling as any one, so he let them prattle on and made no objection to the most impudent and irrelevant question. In the end the village lawyer was let off on bail, but Mr. Kipling had been sapped of most of the information he could give and was properly disgusted with Brattleboro. It is not likely that he will ever come back. Human beings are interesting to their fellow creatures, but there is a way of exhibiting that interest that entitles the subject of it to lay around him with a horse-whip—Brooklyn Eagle.

Tore Down a Fine Opera House. Butte, Mont., Special: Maguire's opera house, erected at a cost of \$50,000, and opened to the public seven years ago is a mass of ruins. James A. Murray had been decreed by the supreme court to be the owner of the building. Numerous judgments for mechanics' liens were entered, and the Grand opera house company was given the grounds under a mortgage. The company refused to buy the house and also refused to sell the ground, and Murray put a big force of men to work to tear down the building.

Made to Fit. Friend (to Mr. Levy)—Don't you think it's a pity, Levy, to let your little son walk so early? He is getting quite bandy legged.

Mr. Levy—I wants him to get bandy legged. You see, I am bandy legged myself, and ven mine boy is old enough to wear mine left-off trousers, dey will fit him pitter if he be bandy legged!—Fun.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

New York—Cattle, Sheep, Hogs. Best grades—\$1.00-1.25; 2 1/2-3.00; 3 1/2-4.00; 4 1/2-5.00.

Chicago—Cattle, Sheep, Hogs. Best grades—\$1.25-1.50; 2 1/2-3.50; 3 1/2-4.50; 4 1/2-5.50.

St. Louis—Cattle, Sheep, Hogs. Best grades—\$1.10-1.30; 2 1/2-3.20; 3 1/2-4.20; 4 1/2-5.20.

Philadelphia—Cattle, Sheep, Hogs. Best grades—\$1.05-1.25; 2 1/2-3.10; 3 1/2-4.10; 4 1/2-5.10.

Pittsburg—Cattle, Sheep, Hogs. Best grades—\$1.00-1.20; 2 1/2-3.00; 3 1/2-4.00; 4 1/2-5.00.

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

St. Louis—No. 2 red, No. 2 mix, No. 2 white. Philadelphia—No. 2 red, No. 2 mix, No. 2 white.

Pittsburg—No. 2 red, No. 2 mix, No. 2 white. General trade continues along conservative lines, buyers and sellers preferring to defer business until after election.

Traders are more hopeful as to the outlook for business later in the year and next spring. The reaction in wheat prices after the big advance, is the natural result of a desire to realize profits, an advance of rates for money and enormously heavy receipts at primary markets, caused by higher prices. Comparatively small stocks of wheat in importing countries; a decrease in the world's total production of wheat for two years in succession, unexpected shortages in Russia, India, Argentina and Australia, and only an average crop in the United States are interpreted to mean that the prices of wheat will advance further. Exports of Indian corn continue heavy. Mercantile collections continue as difficult to make as heretofore. The most striking feature of industrial returns is the number of contracts conditional upon the election. These already are enough to make business rather lively for a time, and many others are pending which will probably be held back until the horizon clears up.

The Protestant Episcopal church of the United States is organizing an army of uniformed evangelists, who will be under military discipline, to do Christian work among the poor.

Wm. Baedek, a farmer, between Gibsonburg and Woodville, O., who has a large income from oil leases, was murdered by four robbers and his wife was seriously injured. Baedek had just received his month's income from oil leases, but the robbers failed to discover its hiding place. All they got was his watch and a few dollars in his pockets.

WON BY ART.

When Jack Ashley, the gifted but struggling young New England artist, went south for his health he did not expect to fall in love.

But he did. The first time he saw pretty Alice Holley, with her soft, deep, dreamy eyes, sweet face and modest, simple ways, he admired her and told his friend, Ned Moorland, so Moorland introduced the pair, and the admiration seemed mutual. Jack asked Miss Holley's permission to call upon her and she readily granted his request, Ashley felt elated.

"Don't you think I've made a good impression on her, Ned?" he asked that evening as they sat smoking in their lodgings.

Moorland smiled. He had known Miss Holley from her girlhood. Besides, he was ten years older than Ashley.

"Well, you two do seem to be getting acquainted rather easily," he replied, with a slight laugh, as he blew the smoke-wreaths into the air and gazed almost tamely at the earnest face of his handsome friend. "I thought you didn't like southern girls," he added.

"Don't be a crab, Ned," was Ashley's reply. "Wise men, you know, change their minds—when sufficient evidence is produced."

"Is the evidence conclusive in this case, then?" asked the triumphant Moorland.

"You are posing as the judge, not I," said Ashley.

The two relaxed into silence, giving their minds to more serious thoughts. Moorland, the southerner, was reflecting upon the happy days he had spent on his father's old plantation, a part of which comprised the little village in which he now lived, in the "good old days before the war."

Ashley, on the other hand, was intently planning out schemes for success in his profession, mapping out possible roads by which he hoped to travel through the present trials to artist's triumph. To be sure, he had \$300 a year in rentals from a small Boston property left him by a deceased aunt and the interest on a few hundred dollars left him by his father. Besides, he was something of a writer and earned an odd penny now and then as a newspaper correspondent. Then occasionally he sold one of his pictures.

But the thing for which his heart really yearned, the one ambition of his life, deny it as he would, was success and fame as an artist; success which would bring him financial independence; success that would set him free from the monotonous grind of newspaper toil; fame that would make his name remembered among men. He wanted to own a pretty little, dove-white cottage, nestled upon some sunny hillside, with the birds singing around and the vines climbing over the porch and the flowers shedding their delicious fragrance everywhere. Then, too, he added to this mental picture—for Jack was nearing 32—a charming woman, herefore a creature of his own imagination, who should preside over the home with dignity and grace. Now, however, despite all Jack's efforts to the contrary, this fascinating fairy was undeniably transforming herself into a remarkable resemblance to dainty Alice Holley.

"I say, Jack," said Moorland, awakening from his trance, "why don't you try for that \$5,000 prize at the interstate art exhibit this year?"

"I am thinking of doing so," Ashley replied, as the awful thought of the cold cash which stood between him and the realization of his dreams dawned upon him. "I was thinking of it," he repeated, "but I can't decide upon a proper subject."

"Induce Miss Holley to sit for you," suggested Moorland, smiling, "and call

his visit as long as possible. He even announced his intention of returning to the north. His health, he felt, was fully restored. Meanwhile, however, he had not been idle. He had written innumerable newspaper articles, done all sorts of artistic hack-work and had secretly sent to the "Interstate Exhibit" what he considered the "picture of his life." It was called "The Happy American Peasant." It represented a twilight scene in the famous "Piedmont district" of North Carolina. The sun had set behind the hills, the skies were purple and gold and the very hills themselves were shadow outlines of dusk and gold. A little white town lay dreaming among the hills and at their feet ran a shallow stream, beyond which, on either side of a broad road that sloped away and vanished to the southward were visible here and there distant farm houses. Down the road a team of oxen wandered slowly "at their own sweet will," and upon the dilapidated cart which they drew a lazy, happy-go-lucky negro sat singing and playing the banjo to his heart's content. There was not a light to be seen in the picture. Neither sun, moon nor stars were shown, but, despite the general darkness of the scene everything was distinctly shown and every feature of the negro's face could be plainly seen. When the "Interstate Exhibit" critics examined Ashley's masterful picture—\$5,000—and one of the committee members made him a handsome offer for something from his brush. All this Jack told his friend Moorland, but demanded that he keep strict silence in the matter.

Three days before his contemplated return to the north Ashley visited Miss Holley. He found her entertaining and modest and perfectly natural in her manner.

Ashley was interested. He suddenly discovered that Miss Holley was an exceedingly handsome and cultured young woman. He had not appreciated her beauty and yet it was so strangely fascinating. He had never before seen a face so dainty and sweet and yet so expressive of noble character. He doubted if he would ever again find another face like it. Of course this enthusiasm was purely from the artist's standpoint, as Ashley assured himself. Business was the business. He would postpone his northern trip and call on the morrow, show her some of his pictures and persuade her, if possible, to sit for her portrait for him. Moorland had been right about her being a good subject.

Jack told Moorland of his "change of mind." The latter laughed and exclaimed: "I should call it a 'change of heart!'"

Ashley called upon Miss Holley the next day, secured her consent to his plan, and the portrait was begun.

For two weeks Jack worked industriously, with voice and smile as well as with brush. He fancied he was making admirable progress with the portrait and told Moorland so. Ned laughed and remarked that the new cottage on the hillside was nearly completed. Jack gave his friend a reproachful look, but he was helpless. Meanwhile his prize money had arrived from the north and with it a letter summoning him to Philadelphia on an important business. Jack saw that he must work hard or his picture could not be finished.

"I shall miss you so much, Mr. Ashley," said Alice when Jack informed her that he was soon to return to his northern home; "but your southern friends are proud of your success and then—one must attend to business."

She looked beautiful as she stood bidding him good-by in the little vine-clad doorway, the tempting lips, the eyes so deep with love, her dainty pose all held him in their magic power. Jack trembled with emotion. Must he speak? His heart decided for him and like an honest man he told her that he loved her and would love her without need and found her tender heart too kind for homicide.

Their wedding tour extended to Philadelphia.

"I will finish my picture when we return," said Jack to Moorland, as he and his pretty bride boarded the north-bound train.

"And hang it in the little cottage," said Moorland, with a laugh.

Disapproves of Duelling.

Old Grand Duke Charles of Saxe-Weimar, brother-in-law of the late Emperor William, and granduncle therefore of the young Kaiser, is entirely at variance with the latter on the subject of duelling, an institution of which he disapproves in the most pronounced manner. The other day, when dining at the mess of the Prussian cavalry regiment that bears his name, and of which he is the honorary chief, his attention was attracted to an officer whose face was covered with scars of sword cuts.

"How many times have you been on the field?" inquired the aged grand duke. "Sixteen times," was the response of the captain, and it was given with a certain amount of swagger.

"What a much better use you might have made of your time," retorted the prince, and with the exclamation of "What a fool!" he turned his back upon the officer, who remained literally open-mouthed with astonishment.

A Suspicion.

"I wonder why so many telephone operators are women?" said the man who cultivates an idle curiosity.

"I don't know," replied the misanthrope, "unless it's because the occupation puts them in a position to have the last word every time."—Washington Star.

Next year is the centennial of the stovepipe hat, which first came into common use in Paris.

END OF GIRL IN GRAY

IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSES WHICH CALLED HER FORTH.

Was the Power of Heredity to Blame?—She Had a Horror of Becoming a Nun but Could Not Help Herself.

Susan earned her daily bread by trying on hats in one of the majestic dry-goods palaces of the metropolis, says the New York Mail and Express. Her beautiful head, fine eyes, exquisitely refined expression and beautiful figure had been the source of an income to her. She did not know it, but nature had been most kind in making her an ideal model for the millinery business.

Susan was a gray girl. She was a perfect poem in gray. Her eyes were deep, twilight gray; her skin the cream gray of the white flesh about a blue-bird's beak; her eye that drab brown which is noticeable in the eyes of Welsh girls, and her eyelashes such a tint of chestnut gray as ornamented the mane of the famous racehorse Sir William.

Susan was full of gray moods, and her favorite position was to sit half bent over in one of the guest's chairs in the aforesaid emporium with a Paris creation upon her fair head and to gaze out of the window.

People came and people went, and they wondered that such a beautiful girl was not fairly carried away by some rich and appreciative wife-hunter, who had a taste for the fine

arts. An artist who went to the shop to sketch hats and bonnets raved over Susan, but Susan didn't mind. To all his compliments she only smiled a cold, gray, far-away smile that could be easily interpreted. Susan interested an author one time enough to have her question the girl and find out why she always wore such a pensive look and seemed altogether removed from her environment.

She found that Susan was all alone in the world; that she came from a good English family; that she was obliged to cross the ocean to earn her living; that she cared little for dress and worldly things.

After becoming better acquainted with Susan she learned that most of the girl's female relatives had been nuns.

Susan said to her one afternoon, when they were friends: "I have a perfect horror of ever becoming a nun myself, but day after day the idea grows upon me, and I am sure that some fine morning I shall go to the sisters and ask them to take me in. I truly believe that heredity has called me to that mission. I think so much about not becoming a nun that my mind is drawn to them, and their lives own me."

"I unconsciously read all about them in publications. I follow them about in the streets; I cast my eyes down when I meet them, and always speak to them if I have a chance. I cannot keep away from the nun costume, and every dress I have is made as near like theirs as it can possibly be. I wonder if it is hypnotism or thought transference, or the effect of training, or what?"

"Do you know much about mysticism and mental science? If you do, tell me.

A REMARKABLE REQUEST.

A California Man Provides for Annually Giving School Children Candy.

A modern Santa Claus truly was George W. Teasdale, one of the early settlers of Oakland, Cal., and when he died, twenty-three years ago, there was found a provision in his will which will ever keep his memory green among the school children of Los Gatos. The sum of \$900 was ordered to be deposited in the bank at San Jose, the annual interest from which was to be drawn on Memorial day and invested in candy, which would be equally distributed among the boys and girls attending the public schools of Los Gatos. The only request made in connection with the bequest was that his little friends would see that his grave was never neglected or destroyed. On every Memorial day the children cover the Teasdale grave with the choicest flowers. For the first few years after Mr. Teasdale's death the exact terms of the will were carried out, and the annual interest amounting to over \$60 furnished a sufficient supply for the youngsters. But the juvenile population of Los Gatos, under the beneficent influences of the glorious climate of California, grew so rapidly that the annual amount was found insufficient to sweeten the palates of the host.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The author heard nothing more from the girl until one day, while investigating a charity on the east side, she saw a familiar figure fit past. Upon looking intensely at it it proved to be Susan.

She smiled and recognized the author and said: "And how is it with you? I have answered my own question. I have proven to myself that each individual is given the mental life to perceive and enjoy these things which bring pleasure and to be able to sacrifice and give happiness to others, and the spiritual life is an inspiration pointing to a better life, where the only pleasure is in giving up pleasure and the only happiness in bestowing your own inheritance of it upon those who have neither mental perception nor spiritual inspiration."

"When I fought my own soul I was nearing a point where my mind would have become shattered because my mind had not solved the wants of my spirit. Now I love that which I hated, and hate nothing, and I feel that this is the highest state a human being can reach."

And artists and society women look in vain for an ideal model in the famous dry goods shop to anticipate their artistic wants.

Three Men's Scrap with a Catfish. The 110-pound, blue channel catfish that has been one of the many attractions in the fisheries building of the

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

WIT, HUMOR AND SATIRE ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Her Bright Smiles—An Edgeless Weapon.—The View Was Too Dazzling—Miscellaneous Logic—A Slave to the Wood-Flotsam and Jetsam.

W HEN Lucy smiles the world grows bright and darkness flees away; Her smile is like a cheerful light Transforming night to day.

When Lucy smiles my pulses burn With waves of warm desire; And in her eyes I can discern The spark that lights the fire.

And since she's light and fire to me I think I'll wed this lass— Just think what great economy 'Twould be in coal and gas! —Ellis Parker Butler in Chicago Up-to-Date.

Found to Keep Dry.

Boomspl—Vy didn't you go in mit dot shandy on dot river bank ven it rained? Then you nod got soakin' yet? Mr. O'Shea (who has been fishing)—Sure, Oi did. Phin it started to rain, Oi looked round for th' shanty, but it was on th' other side ay th' river, and Oi had to swim across to get to it, d'yez moind!

A Slave to the Weed. "Boys," solemnly remarked the heavy-set man in the light suit, holding an inverted match in one hand, and a large, fat, brunette cigar in the other, "never acquire the pernicious habit of smoking. I'm a slave to it now, and yet I abhor it. I never see a cigar, but what I want to burn it up."

And then, with extreme satisfaction, he proceeded to burn up the one he held in his hand. —H. J. S.

Matrimonial Amenities. "How dare you be so rude to me," demanded the angered wife, "before our marriage has been pronounced valid by a court of last resort? Suppose it should prove that we are not married?"

Even in his bitterness the husband could see that he had been hasty.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Edgeless Weapon. Willie Puffens—It makes me blood boil, ah, to wead of the fighting in Cuba. I am seriously thinking, Miss Dolly, of going to the Cubans' aid.

Miss Dolly—That's very patriotic of you, Mr. Puffens, but you must remember that the Spaniards do not in the least object to cigarette smoke.

A Leg Horn.

Miss City-Niece—What kind of a chicken is that, Uncle Josh? Uncle Josh—That is a leghorn. Miss C.—How stupid of me! Of course I ought to have noticed the horns on his legs! —Chicago Up-to-Date.

Papa's Way Out. Boy—Who was Cain, papa? Father—What book is that you are reading? Boy—The Bible. Father (whose early religious training was rather neglected)—Oh, Cain was a very good man I believe. Boy—But it says here that he killed his brother. Father—ER! Well I suppose they must have found that out since I went to Sunday school. You know they are continually revising the book!

A Bold Policeman. "I wonder," said the policeman who knows more about the local regulations than about Biblical history, "why it was that Joshua made the sun stop?" And the member of the bicycle squad expanded his chest and looked learned and answered: "That's easy; he probably arrested it for scorching."—Washington Star.

In Purse and Strength. Rural Host—Well, good-by, good-by; I shall expect to see all you folks back again next summer. Town Lo—I d'essay, as we'll have a chance to recuperate during the winter. —Detroit Free Press.

Hour's This!

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 35 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. Walsling, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Prof. Koor and Mr. De Haan, the experts employed by the U. S. Venezuelan commission to examine the archives of the governments of England, Spain and Holland for information on the Venezuelan boundary question, have completed their work and sailed for New York.

That Joyful Feeling. With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

Work has been commenced on the Benton Harbor & Southeastern railway from Benton Harbor to Nappanee, Ind., where connections will be made with a line to Cincinnati, thus opening direct communication between Cincinnati and Lake Michigan.

Get a Farm While Prices are Low. If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. Lower prices, long time. Address C. E. Rollins, 101 La Salle Street, Chicago.

The 2,000 miners employed at the 25 mines about Springfield, Ill., have struck for an advance from 33 to 35 cents per ton, gross weight for mining coal. The operators say they cannot pay it, but will arbitrate.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, muscular, full of vigor and vitality, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will assist in ten days. Booklet and sample mailed free. All Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Christian era. It first came from India. Both small and work an instead of beginning large and working down.

All those terrible itching diseases of the skin that help to make life miserable for us are caused by external parasites. Doan's Ointment kills the parasite and cures the disease. Perfectly harmless, never fails.

When a man's patriotism gets to be over a yard wide an all wool, that's an odds somers in size.

Constipation is the cause of all sorts of serious disorders of the blood. Strong cathartics are worse than useless. Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's own remedy for troubles of this sort.

It keeps the devil busy to hold his own against a praying mother.

Cholera morbus, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all those other deadly enemies to the little ones are infallibly cured by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Sarsaparilla.

Olympic peninsula, west of Puget Sound, has never been surveyed.

One application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil takes away the pain of the most severe burn. It is an ideal family liniment.

A sole of chamois skin inside the shoe will relieve cold feet.

We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. The Fisco Co., Warren, Pa.

Texas has 10 state farms on which convicts are worked.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The devil always hates the man whom God indorses.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Love to God is sure to bring peace of conscience.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sickens, weakens or gripes.

The first American paper wad was made in 1740.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowels regulator ever made.

Caxton first printed English books in 1477.

When bilious or constipated, eat a Cascarett candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c.

Considerable comment was created at Baltimore by the U. S. revenue cutter Windom being ordered to sail under sealed orders. It is surmised that she is to prevent filibusters leaving the Florida coast for Cuba.

Three firemen were killed and six badly injured by the collapse of an upper floor at a stubborn fire at the chemical warehouse of Gilmour & Co. at Montreal.

Sound Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best in Fact the One True Blood Purifier

Health is of the utmost importance, and it depends upon pure rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all skin diseases, coughs and pneumonia by taking a course of.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ELLINGTON.

Hugh Ackley was taken sick last Friday night. His father is sick too.

Mrs. Ozias Hutchinson has been sick for several days but is better now.

Caleb Card is now on the sick list and has been for several days past.

The new iron bridge is expected about the middle of November and the filling is to be completed before that time.

Mrs. J. F. Brook and three of her children are sick. The children were very low last week but are a little better now.

Samuel Elliott's sister from Canada, who has been visiting here for some time, started for home last week Tuesday.

We received a few weeks ago from H. M. Clay, of the State of Washington, a cactus plant with five balls growing upon it. The plant was received all right and remains so still, and a prickly thing it is too.

DEFORD.

Jonathan White is out again.

Joe Coomer is convalescing after four weeks of suffering.

Howard Retherford is rushing his new dwelling to completion.

We are ready to furnish the world their potatoes. Where are the buyers?

We see and hear little but the forked tongue of political debate casting venom at the opposing side.

The gold bug party offers us again the ragged edge of broken promises—Shall we touch and be lacerated again?

Before the next issue of the Enterprise the great battle will be fought—The battle of the monied class against the common masses—Shall there be party lines? No, not if we love liberty, home and country! Party lines are already broken by men who refuse to be held in line when gold bug trickery is evident. Men who are not deluded by party prejudices will declare for principle. We vote for a standard of the two metals side by side. The standard given us by the founders of the nation—our benefactors in whose hearts never pulsed a selfish throbb. Let no man blunder. Tallyrand declared that a blunder was often worse than a crime.

CASEVILLE.

Henry Neinstedt, of Bad Axe, was in Casaville on Sunday.

Mrs. J. R. Poss is getting much better and expects to be out in a few days.

Mrs. Dr. Johnson has been ill for the past week, but is some better at present.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Perry Oct. 26, a son. Mother and child both, doing well.

John McLean, of Pigeon, spent Sunday in town with his parents. There seems quite an attraction in town lately for John.

Miss Mabel Libby left last Thursday for Cleveland, Ohio, where she expects to remain with her sister, Mrs. D. Murdock.

The Leaf Social netted the L. O. T. M's. 87. Everyone seemed to have a good time. Raleigh McDonald received first prize for the best verse written on a leaf. Peter Stott received the booby prize for the poorest one.

Caseville is on the move. In spite of the excitement over the coming election some one is likely to get best on the 3rd. of Nov. Both parties claim the victory. The safe way for those that do not want to vote for either old party, is to vote for Joshua Levering and be on the right side of one question at least.

Mr. LeRoy has moved into his new house, and Mr. Jackson has moved into the house that Mr. LeRoy vacated. Jim McKinley is occupying the one Mr. Jackson moved out of, and next week Thos. Barbour will move into the one Mr. McKinley left. C. A. Stockmeyer will soon move into the one now occupied by Mr. Halliday.

Rev. Halliday has received a call to preach at White Lake. He will go this week but the family will remain here a week or so yet. Caseville has been honored by having in her midst such thorough and upright christians as both Mr. and Mrs. Halliday, and their gain in removing will be our loss. The W. C. T. U. loses two members and much they will be missed by the Union.

Bucklers' Arnica 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.

THE GLOBE HOTEL.

Embodiment of a Famous Hospitality of the Philadelphia Centennial.

The Philadelphia Times publishes a long article reviewing the history of the famous Globe hotel, just outside the grounds, which will be remembered by visitors to the Centennial exhibition in 1876. It was built by a company composed of some of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Philadelphia, including General Harry H. Bingham, who was president; Hamilton Disston, P. A. B. Widener, W. L. Elkins, Samuel Joseph, Charles H. Gross and others. Most of these gentlemen subscribed from \$20,000 to \$30,000 each. The ideas these capitalists had of the remunerative character of the enterprise they had engaged in may be judged from the fact that one of them, at meetings of the directors, could show most conclusively on paper that the net profits could not possibly be less than \$2,000,000. The hotel cost \$250,000, and was a most imposing structure, as many will recollect. A big mineral fountain was erected at one end, and the company received \$20,000 or \$25,000 for the lease of it. A manager of the hotel was engaged at \$1,000 a month for a year.

The hotel had accommodations for 5,000 guests. But somehow people would not patronize it. Samuel Joseph, later the originator of "Grover, Grover, four years more of Grover," and his partner paid \$50,000 for the bar privilege. Afterward the company received \$15,000, but even then the two lost \$60,000 on their venture. It was not a liquor drinking crowd that went to the Centennial. Connected with the Globe hotel, a couple of squares away, was a vast collection of sheds, beneath which teams could be sheltered and where they could be watered and fed. They calculated that the manure alone would pay all the expenses of the enterprise. During the six months of the exposition how many teams do you suppose were driven beneath the sheds? Exactly one. During July, August and September the hotel cleared an aggregate over expenses of \$103,000, but the upshot of the whole business was that when the exhibition closed the concern was sold out at public auction, and the mammoth hotel that had cost \$250,000 before a piece of furniture was placed in it was knocked under the hammer for \$2,500. The stockholders in the enterprise received 70 cents for every dollar they had invested—a loss of 33 per cent. The Globe hotel enterprise was one of the brightest bubbles and most costly failures that ever marked a world's fair.

THE WALDORF'S OWNER.

A \$5,000,000 Investment Which Mr. Astor Has Seen but Once.

William Waldorf Astor has \$5,000,000 invested in the Waldorf hotel and has never been under its roof but once, only to visit a friend who happened to be staying there. He drove up to the ladies' entrance, walked through the hall about 50 feet to an elevator, got out at the fifth floor, went to Mr. Kissam's room, remained half an hour or more, rode down the elevator, walked to his carriage without looking to the right hand or the left and drove away.

He has been in New York several times since his hotel was completed, but this is the only time he has ever entered the doors. Whether his indifference is a freak or an affection no one seems to know. The managers of his business, who are old family friends and occupied a similar relation with his father, submitted to him the plans of the architect before construction was begun, and they were approved by him, and he, of course, advised as to all that relates to the property. But he never goes there.

A friend suggests that his peculiarity may perhaps arise from the fact that his late wife took an active part in planning and particularly in selecting the decorations of the house, but one would suppose that would increase his interest in it.

A special reason for Mr. Astor to feel an attachment for the Waldorf is found on the first floor, where the dining room of his grandfather is exactly reproduced. When the old mansion was torn down to make way for the hotel, the architects carefully removed the decorations from the walls of the original dining room, the old fashioned marquetry floor was taken up, the mantel, sideboards, window frames and doors, the fireplace, the chandeliers, and, in fact, all the furnishings and furnishings, which are of black walnut, handsomely carved, were stowed away and then reset in what is known as the Astor memorial room, but William Waldorf never has had the curiosity to see it.—Chicago Record.

"Primer of Municipal Government," issued by the Buffalo Cross-town Railway company.

Q. What are streets for?
A. To put car tracks in.
Q. What are people for?
A. To pay fares.
Q. What are municipal authorities?
A. The manager of the street railway company.

Q. What form of government has the city of Buffalo?
A. An absolute monarchy.
Q. Who is the monarch?
A. The manager of the street railway company.—Buffalo Express.

Philip II of France was surnamed Augustus, not because he bore any resemblance to the Roman emperor, but because he was born in August. The same surname was bestowed on Sigismund II of Poland for the same reason.

The Big Hat Rage.

The big hat will be the rage this winter, says a New York fashion writer. The new Paris shapes are conspicuously huge as to brim and ridiculously high as to crown. After experiments and benevolent resolutions in favor of permanently abolishing the wide hat, vanity proves triumphant. Headgear broad, lofty and aspiring has come promptly back into popular wear. Last spring, in all good faith, an effort was made to establish a smaller hat turned up at the back and tilted over the face, bringing the nose and the hat-brim in familiar proximity. To a certain type of woman, with fine eyes and pretty cheeks and chins, this hat was a becoming one and the compromise rather pleasing. But it did not fascinate and flatter, as did the big, wide, eccentric "picture" hat. Under the shadow of one of these glorified mushrooms, every woman sits as serenely as did Jonah beneath the gourd vine. Its plumes and drum major airs impart dignity, and the halo of the brim lends a charming background, therefore the Parisian milliners have provided the ample headdress that their patrons most desire. Designers of hats, it is said, desire to give us a taste of the first end of our century, especially the date when Queen Victoria was young, and they propose to continue this mode right on through the winter. The Victorian hat is a most picturesque affair. In black chip or Milan it is astutely wired and then bent into broad waving lines, while the crown is heaped with tulle, fall flowers and waving plumes. Tucked under the brim, just over the ear, are soft rosettes of velvet ribbon in cerise or rose color, dahlia shaped knots of pink and white velvet, or velvet petals of wallflowers, nasturtiums or roses. This arrangement is calculated to take the place of the cache peigne at the back and the large cluster of flowers there massed, and undeniably the effect given to most faces is novel and becoming.

The Puff on the Sleeve.

A favorite sleeve for the plain cloth gown, which admits of little garniture, has the arm fitted quite snugly almost to the shoulder, narrowing down to absolute tightness at the wrist, where it spreads over the hand in two deep points. The only fullness of the sleeve puffs out at the shoulder, smartly, not at all in a drooping way, but aggressively stiff, as if making up for the lack of quantity. Often this style of sleeve is made up in velvet for a cloth gown and finished at the wrist by a soft frill of yellow lace. A far more dressy sleeve is shown in a style suitable for a handsome dinner or reception gown, where more or less elaborateness is employed. Over a tight lining of silk is puckered thin mousseline de soie in black or white from the puff which tops the shoulder to the frill finishing the wrist. The puff is made of the dress material and is made to stand out as stiffly as possible, finished oddly by a huge loop and long end of the silk stuff caught at the top of the shoulder by a fancy button and allowed to flutter away at the back. Twists of velvet fastened with fancy buttons finish the bottom of the shoulder puff and the wrist.—New York Commercial.

New York Women Officials.

It was in the guise of stenographer and typewriter that the first woman was introduced into the city's service in New York. A year ago an innovation was made in the appointment of a woman draftsman in the city works department. Now there are no fewer than 50 women in the municipal building. The woman draftsman has planned sewers and other city constructions, and her work is in every way equal to that of the men. The hours of all these women are easy and the pay is very good, running from \$800 to \$1,200 for stenographers to \$2,500 to women skilled in engineering or architecture.

To Make the Sleeves Stand Out.

You can puff out the thin sleeves of fancy waists by using a separate sleeve of stiff paper cambric or crinoline, white, made very full, half way to the elbow and gathered to a narrow band at the top. This, if basted inside of the thin dress sleeve, will answer every purpose. One yard of material will make a pair of extenders.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Rebecca Keener, 84 years old, residing near White Oak, Pa., has never seen a locomotive or train of cars, although she can hear the whistle of the engine from her home. She is an active woman and does all the work about her home. She and her husband recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. I. M. Turner, one of the board of managers of the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs, was recently elected a member of the school board of Grand Rapids from the Eleventh ward by a handsome majority.

Native Christian women in China have formed a society to discourage the custom of compressing the feet of children.

Miss Hannah Alice Foster of Berea, O., won the \$50 prize for the best ode written for the Cleveland centennial.

If Troubled with Rheumatism Read This.

Annapolis, Md., Apr. 16, 1894.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. Jno. G. Brooks, dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18 Main St.

Also read this. Mechanicsville, St. Mary County, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGill, for sale at 50 cents per bottle by T. H. Fritz.

Fresh Stationery at this office.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

See the samples of Paper Napkins at the ENTERPRISE Office.

FOR PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT. ARTHUR SEWALL, OF MAINE.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT. THOS. E. WATSON, OF GEORGIA.

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THE SAGINAW WEEKLY NEWS is sent to any address for 75 cents a year. This price includes any of its premiums. Complete telegraphic news service. Reliable foreign and local markets. Full accounts of all local happenings. A correspondent in every town in this section.

307 TUSCOLA ST., SAGINAW, MICH.

CASS CITY BANK.

Auten, Seely & Blair, Props. Established 1882.

A general banking business transacted.

Money loaned on Real Estate.

The Kingston Bank,

McPhail & Maynard.

KINGSTON, MICH.

Interest paid on deposits left three months or more.

Send your money by Bank Drafts, the cheapest and safest way to send money from one place to another.

Collections a specialty. A share of your patronage is solicited.

Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery

We are headquarters for these goods. Get my prices on Oranges, Lemons, Bananas and Dried Fruits of all kinds. We can't be beat in prices.

Try Our Pork, Lard, Bacon.

Dried Beef, Bologna, Hams, Halibut and Salt Herring. We also carry a line of Salt Fish. Get 25c. worth of Rolled Oats, Rice, Peaches or Pickles and be convinced. Highest market price for butter and eggs.

H. B. Fairweather.

Goods delivered.

Cass City and Caro STAGE & LINE.

J. S. DUNHAM PROP.

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

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

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



When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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G. W. CLARK, of Indianapolis.

3-CENT COLUMN.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading for three cents per line each week.

FOR SALE—Seventy-eight acres of farm land in section 18, Evergreen. Reasonable terms. 10-20-94 JOHN C. WHEELER, Cass City.

ABOUT thirty sheep wanted. Inquire at this office.

LATEST STYLES in Wedding Invitations at the ENTERPRISE Office.

OFFICE to rent under Cass City Bank. 10-22-94

PAMPHLET WORK of every description, clean and quick at the ENTERPRISE Job Department.

POSTERS, all styles, Hangers and Dodgers, at the ENTERPRISE Job Department.

SCHOLARSHIP in the Fenton Normal School for sale at this office.

SHIPPING TAGS—At close prices—ENTERPRISE Office.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

TO EXCHANGE—A good 40 acre farm for town property. F. W. TAYLOR, Canboro.

TO RENT—A part of the Edwards' ivory barn. Apply at once to Dr. EDWARDS. 8-10-

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

When traveling for pleasure or on business, don't forget that the Grand Trunk Railway System is a great international route for points in Ontario, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, as well as Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and all Eastern States. It is the only direct connection from this section to Chicago and the west. Rates are always as low as by other first class lines and accommodations are not surpassed by any line in the country.

For information, rates, etc., apply to F. H. HUGHES, A. G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

BEN FLETCHER, T. P. A., Detroit.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

We are headquarters for these goods. Get my prices on Oranges, Lemons, Bananas and Dried Fruits of all kinds. We can't be beat in prices.

Try Our Pork, Lard, Bacon.

Dried Beef, Bologna, Hams, Halibut and Salt Herring. We also carry a line of Salt Fish. Get 25c. worth of Rolled Oats, Rice, Peaches or Pickles and be convinced. Highest market price for butter and eggs.

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Central Meat Market.

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