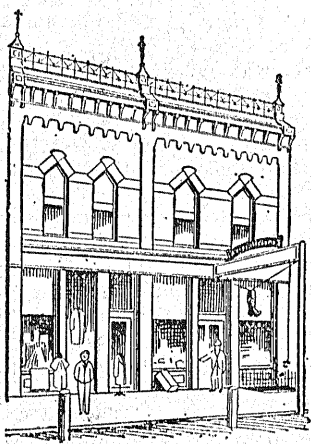


# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XVI. NO. 35.

CASS CITY, MICH., AUG. 5, 1897.

BY A. A. P. M'DOWELL.



## Special Bargain Sale.

### Shoes and Clothing

93 pair Women's Dongola and Tan, Oxford and Strap Sandals at COST.  
Special Bargains in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine Shoes.

Cut prices in all Men's, Boys and Children's Suits.

STRAW HATS AT COST.

Yours for Business.

**J. D. Crosby**  
CASS CITY'S  
SHOE & CLOTHING MAN.

## 2 MACKS

### 12th Semi-Annual Clearing Sale!

Will begin Saturday, July 31, and continue

## 2 WEEKS 2

This sale will include our entire stock of Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Dry Goods, Groceries, Carpets, Ladies' Cloaks and Jackets and will positively close in two weeks from above date. If you want to save money you cannot afford to miss this opportunity. All 5c., 6c. and 7c. Prints will be sold for 4c., 2,000 yards 8c. Outing for 5c. Men's \$5 Suits for \$3.50. Call and examine.

## 2 MACKS 2

## SHOE BUSINESS

We are doing the of Cass City, for the simple reason that we are giving the best goods for the least money. The line of AGENTS' SAMPLES, which we recently purchased from G. W. Farnham, of Buffalo, N. Y., are going VERY FAST at

## WHOLESALE PRICES.

Only one pair and one size of each kind. If you need shoes, call and see ours as we aim to keep something in Bargains before you all the time. While you are looking for shoes, we will try and sell you

## DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Because that's our business, and we want to see all the goods we can, and we are going to try and please you so that you will come again. We want Butter, Eggs and Cash.

## LAING & JANE'S.

## Special Clearing Sale

Of All Summer Dress Goods for the next 30 days.

Ladies Shirt Waists 50c.

Ladies Umbrellas 50c to 1.75.

Also a fine Line of Fans, Laces and Silk Mitts at lowest Prices.

## FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

### Cass City Markets.

CASS CITY, August 5, 1897.	
Wheat, No. 1 white	75
Wheat, No. 2 red	75
Western Corn, per bu.	35
Oats, per bu new	18 25
Rye	35 35
Barley, per 100 lbs.	00
Buckwheat	00
Peas	30 to 35
Beans	50 to 65
Clover Seed, per bu.	25 4 00
Timothy seed	1 50
Potatoes per bu.	00
New potatoes	80
Dried Apples per lbs.	3
Eggs per doz.	00
Butter	08
Cherries, per bush	50 to 64
Huckleberries	5 4
Hog, dressed	05 7
Live Hogs, per cwt.	3 00 3 25
Beef, live weight	2 00 to 2 25
Mutton—live weight, per lb.	2 to 2 1/2
Lamb, live weight	3 50 to 4 25
Veal	3 to 4
Tallow, per lb.	2 1/2
Turkeys—live, per lb.	08
Chickens—dressed, per lb.	08
Chickens—live, per lb.	5

### MARKETS AT ROLLER MILLS.

White Lily Flour	\$ 2.25 cwt.
Crescent	\$ 1.90 cwt.
Pillsbury's Best	2 50
Graham Flour	2.25 "
Bolted Meal	1.40 "
Feed	90 "
Meal	90 "
Bran	65 "
Middling	75 "
Buckwheat Flour	2 00 "
Rye Flour	2 00 "

### HOME HAPPENINGS

#### ITEMS OF PURELY LOCAL INTEREST.

Stern threshers are again on the war path.

Willie McTavish is afflicted with tonsillitis.

Master Park Tennant is on the sick list at present.

Ed. Hennessy, of Gageton, was in town yesterday.

Ernest Tompkins, of Caro, was in town yesterday.

Dr. P. Deming is at Oxford today on business.

The Glenners had a big picnic near Argyle yesterday.

Postmaster Ale made a business trip to Elkton last week.

Mrs. J. W. Penn returned from Oak Bluff Monday evening.

Harry Hunt and Minnie Barg visited Caro friends on Sunday.

Harry Outwater and Harry Weydemeyer spent Sunday in Caro.

Mrs. O. Kelley, of Caro, visited friends here during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Messner have purchased a fine lady's bicycle.

Schwaderer Bros. made a large shipment of live stock on Saturday.

Mrs. Cole, of Mayville, is the guest of her nephew, Dr. D. P. Deming.

J. S. Dunham, the Caro stage driver, is again on duty after a brief vacation.

Frank E. Warner, of East Dayton, spent part of the week in this vicinity.

Mrs. J. Howell, of Caro, has been the guest of her brother, F. C. Lee, this week.

Misses Anna Parr and Eliza Wright spent a portion of the week at Oak Bluff.

Mrs. Edwin Eno has been quite ill during the past week but is now improving.

Prof. and Mrs. W. F. Benkelman, of Grayling, are visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. S. K. Smith and son, of Port Huron, are the guests of Mrs. P. S. McGregory.

Mrs. T. H. Fritz spent the first of the week at her home but has returned to Oak Bluff.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Robinson, of Millington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Fritz.

Clark McKenzie has been the guest of Herman McPhail, of Detroit, for several days past.

W. W. Ford, formerly of Wilmot but now of Hadley, was the guest of P. Usher on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Marr returned Monday from their trip to Niagara Falls and other points.

A new plank top has been placed on the south sewer at the intersection of Main and Seegar Streets.

L. C. Purdy, John Fahrrenkopf and Hugh McMillan, of Gageton, attended church here Sunday evening.

Miss Josie Higgins returned on Monday to Flint, after spending some time at her home near here. She holds a position in the D. and D. Institute at that place.

Ferguson & Porter have been engaged to get out the window and door sills for the new addition to the school house.

James Reugh sprained his ankle quite severely while threshing at Harvey Weaver's the first of the week but is again on duty.

Last week was an unusually lively one at N. Bigelow & Son's in the way of repair work and the tinsmith was obliged to work overtime.

Jas. H. Eno left yesterday morning for Island Lake to enjoy a brief vacation. He will make friends in Detroit a short call before returning.

Angus McPhail, of Cumber, assisted at T. H. Hunt's store a part of the week during the absence of Harry Hunt, why was enjoying a brief vacation.

Mrs. Wm. N. Harrison, northeast of town, died today from consumption. The funeral services will be held at the M. E. Church on Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

J. C. Lauderbach, of the Cass City Confectionery and Ice Cream Parlors, has arranged a drive wheel attachment for his ice cream freezer which saves considerable labor and time and gives a finer grain to the cream.

A special series of discourses will be delivered at the Baptist church beginning next Sunday evening, on the "Mystic Marriages of the Bible." Theme for next Sunday evening, "The Mystic Marriage of Adam and Eve."

Judging by the large number headed towards Bingham's Grove, the Maccabee picnic there to-day is very largely attended. Our foreman is there—he plays ball—and our "devil" is sick, so the editor has to stay home and stick type.

Our creamery is now shipping about two thousand pounds of butter per week. The last shipment was made this morning and the prospects are good for a long season. At this time last year, owing to the dry weather, the managers were obliged to close down.

W. J. Albertson, our creamery man, now "kills two birds with one stone," so to speak. By running an extra belt from the end of the churn shaft to an ice cream freezer, he makes ice cream while he churns, also gaining the advantage of the even motion for the ice cream.

A. Spring has entered the draying business and came out yesterday with a newly painted and neatly lettered dray. Our draymen of late have been kept very busy, the amount of work in their line having increased considerably, so that a third drayman has fair prospects of getting a share.

Before the grading of Church Street extension and Brooker and Weaver Streets could be completed it became necessary to have some repairs made to the grader, which occasioned some delay, but the grader is once more on duty and Street Commissioner Ramsey is pushing the work as rapidly as possible.

Anderson & Muck, finding their present quarters inadequate to accommodate their increasing trade, have purchased the Sheldon property on Main Street, north side, between Oak and Maple Streets, and will move their buildings from their present location to the newly acquired property. They expect to move next week.

At a regular meeting of the school board on Tuesday evening, the contracts were awarded for the work on the new addition to the school building. The brick work was awarded to M. Steinhauser at \$1,450, Clements & Tindall got the carpenter work at \$1,400 and the painting will be done by Jas. W. Armstrong for \$128.

The friends of Miss Mattie Higgins will be pleased to learn that she is to take her former place in J. F. Hendrick's jewelry store next week. During her absence from town she has been in J. W. Goulding's jewelry department in Port Huron, which has given her an excellent experience in the jewelry line, especially in repairing.

One of our subscribers found a spider folded up inside of his paper and wants to know if it is considered a bad omen. Nothing of the kind dear friend. The spider was merely looking over the columns to see what merchants did not advertise, so he could spin his web across the door and be free from disturbance. That's all.—Ex.

A. A. McKenzie has secured the agency for the Crosby invalid bed and now has one on exhibition at his place of business on Main Street. The bed is of iron and so constructed that one person can perform all the necessary duties to a patient and with much more comfort to the sufferer than could be possible on an ordinary bed. Mr. McKenzie will be pleased to have you call and examine the bed.

On Tuesday afternoon, while Chas. Tallmadge, living about five miles southwest of town, was engaged at work upon his new barn, he fell from the scaffold a distance of some fourteen feet, striking head foremost upon the floor. He retained consciousness and Dr. H. C. Edwards was at once summoned. Two bad cuts were made in his head and the muscles of his neck were severely strained, but it is thought the injuries will not prove serious.

Miss Clara Davis and her brother, John, left for Oxford yesterday morning owing to the death by drowning of Harry Schell, a cousin, who formerly lived at Cumber. On Tuesday afternoon, he, with some companions were in bathing at Stoney Lake. Harry was in deep water and being unable to swim, was holding to a rail. In some manner he lost his hold and went down before his companions could rescue him. The body was recovered in about an hour.

We understand that the Stenographic Institute of Ann Arbor, Michigan, is willing to give two or three deserving young people a complete course in Shorthand and Typewriting, in payment of services as janitor, or by doing light office work for the school this fall and winter. Here is an excellent opportunity for some of the boys and girls among our readers to get a start in life, without having to go to a large cash expense. If some one who reads this wishes to take advantage of this opportunity, write the school at once.

Benj. Beers, one and one-half miles north and one-half mile west of Gageton, finds it necessary, owing to failing health to give up farming, and will accordingly sell his stock and implements by auction on Thursday, Aug. 12th, at one o'clock. J. H. Striffler will wield the auctioneer's hammer. Mr. Beers will remain on the farm but will only reserve a few acres for his own use and the remainder has been let. We trust that with lighter employment his health may improve.

John Duggan, a brother of Richard Duggan, and a former resident here, is visiting in town. He left here between three and four years ago and in company with a brother took up a homestead in Oklahoma, some six months after that territory was opened to settlers. At that time the nearest post-office was twenty-four miles distant, six months later Byron postoffice was established within seven miles and now the nearest office, Needs, is but one and one-half miles distant. This will give some idea of how rapidly the territory is filling up. Mr. Duggan is well satisfied with his location, says that the land is excellent for farming and that this year's yield is enormous. After spending several months with relatives and friends here and at other points he will return in time to look after the interests of his claim next season.

The American Sheep Breeder and Wool-grower for June is called the "Michigan Number," and contains much interesting information about the breeders and flocks of our state. It contains, among many others, portraits of John Marshall and John W. Murphy, of this place, and we give our readers the benefit of what is said in that journal. In referring to Shropshires it says:—"John Marshall's Hill-side flock kept on his 'Hillside' farm, northeast of Cass City, in Tuscola county, though not large, is a very select, bunch of Shropshires, started in '83 with English ewes, and has been almost consecutively bred to imp. rams ever since. Mr. Marshall is an old shepherd and a good one, and has brought his Shrops into admirable form by good handling. He breeds for strong head and neck, broad backs, good legs, good fleece, and has them all in a flock that would command respect anywhere in Shropshire circles, as he himself would anywhere among good men." Mr. Murphy's flock of Oxford Downs is spoken of as follows:—"One of the oldest Oxford flocks in Michigan and a really fine one is the 'Maple Grove' flock of John Murphy, kept on his handsome and well-improved 600-acre farm, six miles north of Cass City, in Tuscola county. Mr. Murphy hails from the hill country north of England, hard by the Scotch border, and comes naturally by a big stock of sheep sense, sheep love and sheep breeding sense. He came to the wilds of Tuscola county 30 years ago, carved out a beautiful farm and good fortune, and ten years ago put his skilled hands on a lot of Peter Arkell's, James Toltan's and Dickison's Canada ewes and Henry Arkell's rams, and has built on this foundation a noble flock of Oxfords, some 60 in number, that average 12 lbs. of wool and are right

up to the times in style and breeding. A magnificent Doncaster ram from the "Farnham" flock of Henry Arkell leads the stud, and, like the "Hickory" flock, it has furnished rams and ewes for many a foundation flock for cross-breeding in all this north country. Mr. Murphy has an equally fine herd of Polled Durham's, largely descended from A. D. De Garmo's famous Highland herd, with a fine 2,300 lb. Duke bull at head, is a breeder of draft and shire horses, a capital all round stock man, a successful showman, a broadly intelligent and influential citizen, vice-president of the State Oxford Down Association and a mighty good man." Both gentlemen also receive highly complimentary mention as to their flocks of Leicesters:—"The Hill-side flock of John Marshall kept on his 'Hillside' farm, five miles north of Cass City, in Tuscola County, was started in '95 with 25 fine ewes and lambs from Whitelaw's Canadian flock and an imported ram from James Snell, of Clinton, Ont. There are about 60 Leicesters of all ages at Hillside and they are a very pretty typical and taking lot, combining the best qualities of two notable Canadian flocks to which Mr. Marshall himself has added no little improvement by careful breeding and handling. The sheep shear 10 to 12 pounds of choice wool and are certainly a great compliment to Mr. Marshall, who is also a successful breeder of Shorthorns, his herd of 26 of the latter founded on James Smith's well-known "Maple Lodge" herd at Maple Lodge, Ont. Mr. Marshall's Shorthorns, like his Leicesters and everything else on at Hillside, are fine types of their breed. His 200-acre farm is admirably improved with a mansion home, large, well equipped barns, and sheds, and fine waterworks, is one of the choicest landed properties of the county, and is handled like a big garden by a prime farmer, a modest, sensible, reliable, clear-headed man, a successful business manager and a representative citizen of one of the best farm districts in the state. The Maple Grove flock of John W. Murphy is another valuable collection of Leicesters kept on Mr. Murphy's Maple Grove farm, heretofore mentioned in these columns. The flock was founded on breeding ewes from James Smith's prize-winning Maple Lodge stud, and have been bred to Maple Lodge rams. It is needless to add that in the hands of such a shepherd as J. W. Murphy they have developed into handsome and taking sheep, yielding 10 to 14 pound fleeces, in Leicester sheep, as in everything else, Mr. Murphy is a successful, and like his neighbor Marshall, a representative man."

CLIFFORD.

A. A. Booth is in Detroit on business this week.

The depot has been receiving a new coat of paint.

J. Almas, of North Branch, was in town Monday.

J. K. Thomas and wife, of Kingston, were Clifford callers on Monday.

E. Wilber is spending a few days at his old home with his parents near London, Ontario.

Mr. Thorpe, north of town, is very sick with fever. Dr. Bates, of Kingston, is in attendance.

Frank Hendrick, son of the late C. Hendrick, is very sick and it is reported with typhoid fever.

The K. O. T. M. of this place seem to be in a thriving condition. New members are being added at each review.

A medicine show came to town on Tuesday and is attracting quite a crowd here every evening. Every other evening free.

The Mite Society of the Baptist Church was entertained by Mrs. DuSaar last week and a pleasant time enjoyed by those who attended.

Owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. Thompson, who is attending the meeting at Romeo this week, there were no services at the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mrs. Stiver has rented her farm south of town to Robt. Swales, of North Branch, and she will move to town and make her home at present with her daughter, Mrs. A. Wilkinson.

Miss Betsy Tyler, an elderly maiden lady living east of town, met with a serious accident one day last week and it is feared may prove fatal. The horse she was driving became frightened by a binder and ran away throwing Miss Tyler out breaking some of her ribs and otherwise injuring her.

Mrs. Will Seaman had some choice house plants stolen by some petty thief last Monday evening. The track of an elegant pointed toe shoe was left to tell tales and they were tracked by the leaves left along the sidewalk to South town. As it is pretty well known where they went it would be wise to return them.

### NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

T. Bancroft, of Canboro, is in Sebewaing assisting in organizing a fair association and making necessary arrangements for a fair this fall. The dates chosen are Oct. 5-7.

W. G. McIntyre, of Crosswell, died on Tuesday morning of cancer of the face. He was a prominent cattle buyer and highly respected. He leaves a widow, three sons and one daughter.

While playing in the street Tuesday evening, Simon Lewenberg, the ten year old son of Frank Lewenberg, was run down by a horse and buggy, and quite seriously injured.—[Tuscola Co. Courier.

The stores of H. W. Johnson, hardware, and J. R. Hamilton, drugs, at Fairgrove, were entered by burglars Monday night. Considerable property was taken. It is thought to be the work of young local talent.

While building a staging over some hay on the Bedle farm near Unionville last week the staging gave away, participating three boys to the ground twenty-five feet below. One of the young men, Claude Sheets, had his leg broken but the others escaped with slight bruises.—[Tuscola County Courier.

A terrible accident occurred Tuesday about two o'clock two miles east of Elkton. The two-year-old child of W. Stout, just able to walk, came out on the road where stood a team hitched to a binder. The driver was in the seat and did not see the child which got under the wheel. When the horses started the master deck, on which rests nearly the whole weight of the binder, passed over the little one's body. It was not killed instantly, but is still alive.

A Caro father who is not over indulgent, answered his son's request for a bicycle in this way: "Yes, my son you shall have one. You'll find it at the front end of that wheel barrow, and there is a big pile of coal ashes back of the house that will have to be moved. The handle bars are of white ash and are adjustable so you can get any style of a hump on that snits your fancy. It is regulated largely by the load you put on. The bigger the load the more you have to hump yourself. Be careful and don't mar the enamel on the frame and keep the ball bearings well oiled, so they won't out to the cones. The tire is absolutely punctureless, so you won't need to take a pump and repair kit with you. By the time you have removed that pile of ashes I think you will have made a century run; also the perspiration.—[Caro Advertiser.

### WEST ELIWOOD.

Mrs. Sweet is seriously ill.

Mrs. H. Guild is suffering with a cancer on her lip.

Mrs. Sabrina Chast has returned from Maple Ridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cross were in Cass City on Saturday.

Prayer meeting was held at J. O. Adams' Sunday evening.

J. L. Winchester did business in Caro last week Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund McCreeedy spent part of last week at Fairgrove.

Mrs. Hiram Perry, of Ellington, was the guest of Mrs. J. O. Adams on the 3rd.

Dr. Chas. Bronson, of Bay City, visited at Wm. Scriber's the first of the week.

Mrs. W. Hawkins is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Hattie Miller, of Grand Rapids.

The Ladies' Aid society of the M. P. church will meet at the home of Mrs. D. Vanwagoner on the 11th.

Mrs. Frank Kelly, of Caro, was called on Saturday evening to the bed-side of her grandmother, Mrs. Sweet.

Wheat is not turning out very well in this neighborhood. Edmund McCreeedy had the wheat off of 7 acres threshed and it yielded only 9 bushels.

The camp meetings in the grove are being well attended and will continue for several days, Sunday included. Services at 10:30 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

Overwork, either physical or mental, will produce weakness and loss of energy. Too many business or family cares, overwork in the harvest field, an excess of woman's work and worry, will produce months of misery. To prevent this the exhausted system should be reinforced immediately. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier is an appropriate remedy. Price 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. For sale by T. H. Furr, Druggist.

Insure your home in the Wolverine Mutual. Agency at this office.

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

Crooked steps are the most apt to be noticed.

It takes will power to look oneself squarely in the soul.

Probably Colonel Ingersoll is right. It is hard to believe that there's a land that is hotter than this.

"Politically there is something in the wind out in Kansas," remarks a contemporary, O, let up on Peffer.

Rev. John Jasper of Richmond, Va., has just celebrated his 54th birthday, firm in the faith that the "sun do move."

It turns out that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is not dead, as was reported the other day; but he is spending the summer in Philadelphia.

"Why did we celebrate?" asks a Denver editor. O, psaw! What's the use of being sorry about it now? Stick to bromo seltzer and you'll pull through all right.

It is reassuring to learn from a local contemporary that "Sculptor St. Gaudens works quietly in his studio in New York." Those loud, explosive, boisterous sculptors never accomplish much, anyway.

One of the worst things about whiskey drinking is that it "catches 'em coming and going," to use a somewhat slangy expression. In prosperous times the tippler tipsles because he thinks he can afford it; in dull times he tries to drown his despondency in drink. It seems that the per capita consumption of whiskey in this country last year was larger than in any twelvemonth within the last quarter of a century.

Dean Goulburn, who recently died in England, was once master of Rugby. His discourses to the boys were ornate. He talked to them one day on the subject of schoolboy jesting, and remarked in his stately way: "Let your pleasantries, my younger brethren, resemble the lightning of the summer, bright and brilliant, but innocent." Such English may seem high and lifted up, but better this mountainous range of speech than the low and malarious land of slang.

Among the citizens who are worse than worthless are the Cubans who have been naturalized in the United States for the purpose of using their citizenship here as a shield while plotting against the Spanish government in Cuba. How many there are it is impossible to know; but Spain is making only a reasonable request when she asks the United States for an agreement that will prevent naturalization for such a purpose. No one who has a keen sense of honor would seek the armor of a bad-faith American citizenship before exposing himself to danger.

The United Postal congress, which recently finished its work at Washington accomplished something in the way of simplifying the postal transactions of the world. Following is an official resume of the results of the work of the congress: The principal treaty which excludes the entry of Corea into the postal union; the declaration of the Orange Free state, which failed to send a delegate to Washington, that it hoped soon to enter the union; and the declaration of the Chinese empire, which was represented in the congress, that it will observe the regulations of the union as soon as the organization of its service permits. The intermediary transit rates have been facilitated, and the tariff diminished materially on a graduated scale for the ensuing six years. Uniform colors have been projected for postage stamps. Postal cards unpaid are subject to a double tax; that is, 4 cents in place of the former tax, which was 10 cents, the same for unpaid letters. Circulars produced on a machine (typewritten) in quantities of twenty circulars, all of the same character, are admitted to the international mails at the same rates as printed circulars. Samples of merchandise are admitted up to 350 grammes. Objects of natural history, animals, dried plants, or preserved geological specimens, are admitted as samples. The question of the creation of a universal postage stamp was brought up, and the proposition was defeated on account of the difficulty which would occur in putting into practice that important innovation, especially because of the diversity of currency standards. Special arrangements concerning packages of declared values, postal orders, books of identity, and subscriptions to journals have been thoroughly revised. This country is not actually concerned in these arrangements. They mostly affect the states of the continent of Europe.

We may add one of the principal capitalists of the Kansas City of Atchison to the list of wealthy men who are not above serving the public in a humble capacity. He has accepted an appointment as street commissioner at a salary of forty-five dollars a month, and it is safe to say that he will earn his money.

An ill-fated whisky still and a nest of moonshiners have been discovered in New York City. Perhaps this may account for certain peculiarities recently observed in eastern journalism.

## HAS NO USE FOR HAY.

Horse That Prefers Meat to Any Other Kind of Diet.

The most extraordinary appetite known in a horse belongs to Billy, a handsome bay owned by A. Decourieux & Son, the butchers of the Pacific Fruit Market. Horses are frequently known to show a liking for sugar and instances are related where they would drink beer, but who ever saw a horse that was fond of meat and fish? Billy's duties are to draw the firm's delivery wagon and his stand is on Merchant street in front of the shop. Here he is often on exhibition, eating with an apparent relish steak, liver, tripe and in short almost any variety of meat handed him. Some times, after having had his fill of oats and hay, he refuses to munch meat, but this seldom occurs. Billy's appetite developed several months ago. No one knew of it until one day he was seen to reach into a butcher cart that was tied just ahead of him and calmly began eating a steak. After that he was often fed with the firm's wares, and many a bet has been won and lost on his appetite. The horse formerly varied his carnal meals by purloining fish, but he was cured in a manner that was ludicrous to the spectators but very painful for the equine phenomenon.

He reached into a fish wagon one day when his favorites detected the odor of his favorite smelt, but an active and belligerent crab took offense at the intrusion and promptly fastened to his lower lip. Billy shook his head frantically and whinnied in pain, but the crustacean held on until he was crushed by being banged against the side of the wagon. Since then the horse has kept clear of fish. Billy is the favorite of the market, and a strange templer who had the temerity to lay his whip across his back one morning to make him give room was nearly mobbed by indignant butchers and fishmongers. He is also the pet of his owner's family, and his sleek hide and general evidence of good care show that he does not lack attention.—San Francisco Call.

## GOSSIP OF TWO QUEENS.

Queen Victoria's family has no little talent scattered about among its various members. The Empress Frederick of Germany shines in art and sculpture; the Prince of Wales excels as a critic of both painting and stage work; Princess Christian plays and sings beautifully and her daughters are adepts in embroidery. The queen herself once drew portraits very cleverly and even now plays occasionally little duets with Princess Beatrice.

Queen Louise of Denmark is often spoken of as the "mother-in-law of Europe." She herself was nearer in the line of succession to the throne than her husband when she was married to him but for him she waived her right and knowing that opposition might in the future be raised to the rule of a monarch not strictly speaking in the line of descent she exercised her womanly tact and ingenuity to secure her husband's position by making such marriages for her children as would tend to cement friendly relationships between the little kingdom of Denmark and the great countries of Europe. Her majesty's eldest daughter married the heir of Great Britain; the second daughter became the Empress of Russia; the third is married to the wealthy Duke of Cumberland, and, as some would have it, rightful king of Hanover; her eldest son is the heir-apparent of Denmark and the husband of Princess Louise, daughter of Charles XV, of Sweden, a popular marriage which has done more than anything else to re-establish friendly feeling between the Scandinavian countries, which at one time were under one rule; the second son became King of Greece and took his wife, the beautiful and popular Queen Olga, from the Russian royal family; while the youngest son, Prince Waldemar, married the daughter of the Duc de Chartres, by whom he became allied to the princely house of Orleans. It is small wonder that the recent troubles in the east caused "the mother-in-law of Europe" to hold a family conference.

The robe in which Victoria was crowned was nine yards in length and composed of gorgeous gold-colored silk brocade, with gold and silver silk flowers. It was of the same pattern as that worn by George IV, at his coronation. The figures were exceedingly beautiful and symbolic of the countries over which the young queen had assumed the scepter. Around the regal crown were grouped the rose, the shamrock and the thistle, while the eagle and the fleur-de-lis were embroidered upon the robe in a raised pattern, which gave it a most effective appearance. The queen's underdress was of rich white satin with gold brocade, and a similar material was manufactured for the robe of the Duchess of Kent. At both the coronation and at the marriage of her majesty the Duchess of Kent chose white for her gowns.

## A Pacific Settlement.

An unsettled boundary question has for some years disturbed the relations of Peru and Bolivia; and the question assumed a threatening aspect a few months ago, when Bolivia occupied by force territory which Peru claims as her own. Wiser councils have prevailed, however, and the two republics have submitted their dispute to the arbitration of the Queen Regent of Spain.

## No Increase for Willie.

Willie Penholder (with an injured arm)—You told me last month that you would raise my salary. Stingy Russell—Ah, yes, I did succeed in raising it after considerable trouble.

## ASSETS HAVE INCREASED.

Building and Loan Associations in Good Shape.

## SATISFACTORY SHOWING MADE

Good Attendance at the Meeting of the League—Interesting Papers Read—L. W. Sanborn of Galesburg, Ill., Elected President.

Notwithstanding the general business depression of the last year the assets of the building and loan associations of the United States increased \$18,760,930 and the membership of the societies increased by 65,171. Secretary H. F. Cellarius of Cincinnati showed the total assets of the society, which number 4,776, to be \$598,388,695, contributed by a membership aggregating 1,610,300. The highest proportionate gains were made by the eastern and central states. The states showing a loss in assets are all located west of the Mississippi, except Illinois and Tennessee.

Business was resumed promptly Thursday morning by the United States League of Building and Loan Associations. A large number of papers were read by prominent men. Omaha was selected by acclamation for the convention of 1898. The following officers were elected: President, L. W. Sanborn, Galesburg, Ill.; first vice-president, William L. Bloomer, Buffalo; second vice-president, Timothy R. Foster, Vicksburg, Miss.; third vice-president, Thomas J. Fitzmorris, Omaha; treasurer, William C. Sheppard, Grand Rapids; secretary, Herman F. Cellarius, Cincinnati; assistant secretary, George F. Kostmayer, New Orleans.

Dubuque City Bonds Invalid. It has been discovered that \$1,188,400 of bonds of the city of Dubuque, Iowa, are defective because the resolutions authorizing their issue were not signed by the mayor. It is thought a curative act by the next legislature will remedy the defect.

Chinese Statesman Dead. The London Times Echo correspondent says that Li Hung Tsao, grand councillor and member of the Tsungli Yamen, is dead. He was a believer in a strong anti-foreign policy and was the chief opponent of Li Hung Chang, who will probably be promoted.

## A MICHIGAN MAN'S GOOD LUCK.



Frank Phiscator, the Michigan man who returned to San Francisco with his pockets full of gold and millions staked out for the future, is just the sort of a boy that likes the life of the mountain and the wilderness. His father died twenty-five years ago, and his mother passed away ten years ago. Frank "hit out" for the boundless west when he was 10 years old. He longed for room to move about, and Michigan was overpopulated. He drifted to Yellowstone Park. He took to horseback riding naturally, and was soon engaged carrying the mail over a sixty-mile route. He liked the work and enjoyed himself as he put away his salary. This sort of life gave him muscles as hard as rock and as strong as steel. He won health and fortune out of his work. About eighteen months ago he returned to his home in Michigan and amazed his town folks with his western ways and his display of wealth. It was said that he had then about \$3,000. Phiscator was a thorough western man and was not impressed with the angular

## WRECKERS KILL TWO.

Engineer and Fireman Lose Their Lives at Thornton, Ind.

The Big Four night express, east-bound, was wrecked at Thornton, Ind., at 2:15 o'clock Friday morning. Two men are dead, another is dying, and still another probably is injured fatally. The dead are: Seth Winslow, engineer, of Greensburg, Ind.; Jesse Quickmore, fireman, Indianapolis.

The injured—Charles Gavinger, Cleveland, Ohio; head cut and injured fatally; can not live. Harry Priebe, Cleveland, Ohio; head cut, back injured and arms and legs badly scalded; may recover.

The accident was without doubt the work of train wreckers. A coupling-pin was found wedged between the rail of the main track and the point of the split-switch at the spot where the engine left the track.

Belonged to Great Britain. With reference to the reported seizure by Great Britain of Palmyra Island, Polynesia, it is officially stated that the island has been a British possession since 1858. The report is supposed to have arisen from the fact that H. M. S. Wild Swan called there last May on a periodical visit.

Advocates Sweeping Changes. Walter Clark, associate justice of the Supreme court of North Carolina, in an address before the Tennessee bar association, advocated the election by the people of the federal judiciary and officers of court, the election of senators by the people and of postmasters and all other federal officials.

Curious Dilemma in Iowa. The Rev. E. L. Eaton of Des Moines, cannot run for the governorship on the Prohibition ticket this year. He was nominated, but the state constitution says no man shall be governor who has not been a resident of the state two years next preceding the election. Dr. Eaton has not.

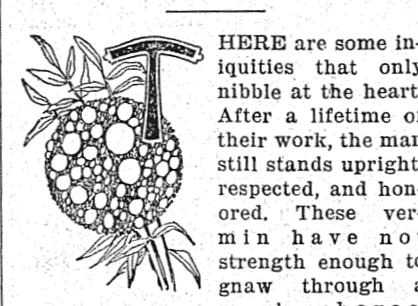
Brazilian Troops Slaughtered. A dispatch to the New York Herald from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, says that authentic information has reached the city to the effect that more than 3,000 soldiers have been killed in a battle near the site of Canudo.

Commercial Treaties to End. The commercial treaties between Great Britain and the German Zollverein and Belgium, which have been in force since May 30, 1856, were denounced Friday by Great Britain and ceased to be operative a year hence.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A CART-ROPE INIQUITY" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Bible Text: Isaiah, Chapter 5, Verse 18: "Woe unto them that sin as it were with a cart-ropes."—Vigilance Advised.



HERE are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work, the man still stands upright, respected, and honored. These vermin have not strength enough to gnaw through a man's character. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions, and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to sin as with a cart-rope. I suppose you know how they make a great rope. The stuff out of which it is fashioned is nothing but tow which you pull apart without any exertion of your fingers. This is spun into threads, any of which you can easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwoven—then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox, or hold a ship in a tempest. I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A cart-rope in strength is that sin, and yet I wish more especially to draw your attention to the small threads of influence out of which that mighty iniquity is twisted. This crime is so advanced, so that it is well not only that fathers, and brothers, and some best interests in such a discussion, but that wives, and mothers, and sisters, and daughters look out lest their present home be sacrificed, or their intended home be blasted. No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say: "It has no practical bearing upon my life;" for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involves three worlds—earth, heaven, hell.

There are gambling establishments by the thousands. There are about five thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten professing to be honest because they are merely the ante-chamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first-class establishments. You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter," and Dore's "Dante and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banquetting room where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate, and viands, and wines, and cigars, sumptuous beyond parallel. Then you come to the second-class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks mixed with more poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short metre with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the river.

You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle;" betting on three numbers is called a "gig;" betting on four numbers is called a "horse;" and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle," and mounting that "gig," and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace, and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Now you acknowledge that is a cart-rope of evil, but you want to know what are the small threads out of which it is made. There is, in many, a disposition to hazard. They feel a delight in walking near a precipice because of the sense of danger. There are people who go upon Jungfrau, not for the largeness of the prospect, but for the feeling that they have of thinking "What would happen if I should fall off?" There are persons who have their blood filled and accelerated by skating very near an air hole. There are men who find a positive delight in driving within two inches of the edge of a bridge. It is this disposition to hazard that finds development in gambling practices. Here are five hundred dollars. I may stake them. If I stake them I may lose them. But I may win five thousand dollars. Whichever way it turns I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

Then there are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain. It is especially so with professional gamblers. They always keep cool. They never drink enough to unbalance their judgment. They do not see the dice so much as they see the dollar beyond the dice, and for that they watch, as the spider in the web, looking as if dead

until the fly passes. Thousands of young men in the hope of gain go into these practices. They say: "Well, my salary is not enough to allow this luxury. I don't get enough from my store, office, or shop. I ought to have finer apartments. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly flavored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can with one brilliant stroke make a fortune. Now, here goes, principle or no principle, heaven or hell. Who cares?" When a young man makes up his mind to live beyond his income, Satan has bought him out and out, and it is only a question of time when the goods are to be delivered. The thing is done. You may plant in the way all the batteries of truth and righteousness, that man is bound to go on. When a man makes one thousand dollars a year and spends one thousand two hundred dollars; when a young man makes one thousand five hundred dollars, and spends one thousand seven hundred dollars; all the armies of darkness cry out: "Ha! ha!" we have him, and they have. How to get the extra five hundred dollars or the extra two thousand dollars is the question. He says: "Here is my friend who started out the other day with but little money, and in one night, so great was his luck, he rolled up hundreds and thousands of dollars. If he got it, why not I? It is such dull work, this adding up of long lines of figures in the counting-house; this pulling down of a hundred yards of goods and selling a remnant; this always waiting upon somebody else, when I could put one hundred dollars on the ace and pick up a thousand."

Many years ago for sermonic purposes and in company with the chief of police of New York I visited one of the most brilliant gambling houses in that city. It was night and as we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were down; the door was guarded; but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door, we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table, finding eight or ten men in night-life well-dressed—all the work going on in silence, save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming-table in one parlor, and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were ship-wrecked bankers and brokers and money-dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice—but all intent upon the table, as large or small fortunes moved up and down before them. Oh, there was something so thrillingly solemn in the silence—the intense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one looked up. They all had money in the rapids, and I have no doubt some saw, as they sat there, horses and carriages, and houses and lands, and home and family rushing down into the vortex. A man's life would not have been worth a farthing in that presence had he not been accompanied by the police, if he had been supposed to be on Christian errand of observation. Some of the men went by private key, some went by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me: "None get in here except by police mandate, or by some letter of a patron." While we were there a young man came in, put his money down on the roulette-table, and lost; put more money down on the roulette-table, and lost; put more money down on the roulette-table, and lost; then feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, the merciless place! Not once in all the history of that gaming-house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game.

Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead in one of the clubs of London; his body was carried into the clubhouse, and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him, it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players! In these gaming-houses of our cities, men have their property wrung away from them, and then they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiter's pen, and so restore their fortunes, some resort to the suicide's revolver, but all going down, and that work proceeds day by day, and night by night. "That cart-rope," says some young man, "has never been wound around my soul." But have not some threads of that cart-rope been twisted?

I arraign before God the gift enterprises of our cities, which have a tendency to make this nation of gamblers. Whatever you get, young man, in such a place as that, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul, and a robbery of the community. Yet, how we are appalled to see men who have failed in other enterprises go into gift concerts, where the chief attraction is not music, but the prizes distributed among the audience; or to sell books where the chief attraction is not the book, but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put money into their papers, so that the purchaser of this tobacco in Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent gratuity. Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what, until you open them and find they contain nothing. Christian men with pictures on their wall gotten in a lottery, and the brain of community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young men, these are the threads that make the cart rope, and when a young man

consents to these practices, he is being bound hand and foot by a habit which has already destroyed "a great multitude that no man can number." Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity; and some of you remember at the close of our Civil War how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did these enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity, which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping wound that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young men, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen your appetite for games of chance. Do one of two things; be honest or die.

I have accomplished my object if I purvey on the look-out. It is a great deal easier to fall than it is to get up again. The trouble is that when men begin to go astray from the path of duty, they are apt to say: "There's no use of trying to get back. I've sacrificed my respectability, I can't return," and they go on until they are utterly destroyed. I tell you, my friends, that God this moment, by his Holy Spirit, can change your entire nature, so that you will be a different man in a minute. Your great want—what is it? Higher salary? Higher social position? No; no. I will tell you the great want of every man, if he has not already obtained it. It is the grace of God. Are there any who have fallen victims to the sin that I have been reprehending? You are in a prison. You rush against the wall of this prison, and try to get out, and you fall; and you turn around and dash against the other wall until there is blood on the grates, and blood on your soul. You will never get out in this way. There is only one way of getting out. There is a key that can unlock that prison-house. It is the key of the house of David. It is the key that Christ wears at his girdle. If you will allow him to put that key to the lock, the bolt will shoot back, and the door will swing open, and you will be a free man in Christ Jesus. Oh, prodigal, what a business this is for you, feeding swine, when your father stands in the front door, straining his eyesight to catch the first glimpse of your return; and the calf is as fat as it will be, and the harps of heaven are all strung, and the feet are there. There are converted gamblers in heaven. The light of eternity flashed upon the green baize of their billiard-saloon. In the laver of God's forgiveness they washed off all their sin. They quit trying for earthly stakes. They tried for heaven and won it. There stretches a hand from heaven toward the head of the worst offender. It is a hand, not clenched as if to smite, but outstretched as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity—has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensely no iron-bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion. Its waves are the hosannas of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thunder of eternal victory. But alas for that man who sits down to the final game of life and puts his immortal soul on the ace, while angels of God keep the tally-board; and after kings and queens, and knaves, and spades are "shuffled" and "cut," and the game is ended, hovering and impending vortices discover that he has lost it, the faro-bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wallet all the blood-stained wagers.

## Mother's Dying Words.

(By J. F. O'Haver, Harrodsburg, Ind.) During a round of pastoral visits, I called at a country residence, and before I left read a passage from the Bible and had prayer. Contrary to my custom I concluded to read the first passage at which my Bible opened, which was the 103d Psalm. As soon as I began to read the lady of the house began to weep, and continued to do so throughout the reading and prayer.

Upon rising from our knees, she burst into tears, and told me the first words of that psalm were the last words of her mother on earth, and that she died in that very room, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. I learned she had not been to church for many years, but I notice she has been regular in attendance since.

Who will say that a mother's saintly life is soon lost, or that the Spirit does not lead his servants?

## A Brother's Love.

Little Jennie disobeyed her mother one day, and she made her leave her play and go and sit for an hour in the corner.

Her little brother was very fond of his sister, and he was so sorry for her that he asked his mother to let him sit in Jennie's place and let her go and play.

Their mother allowed him to do so. After a little he said: "Mamma, am I not like Jesus?" "Why?" said she. "Because I am suffering in Jennie's place."

"Yes," said mamma, "and you do it because you love her, don't you?"

Jesus suffered once and for all, for us. But we are always like him when we suffer or deny ourselves for others. Nothing makes us so much like Jesus as to forget ourselves and live to make somebody else happy.

Some men forget their sins so easily that they are often amazed and hurt when they remember them.

# THE FROZEN DEEP

A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

## CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"I have a casualty to report," said the captain, "which diminishes our numbers by one. My second lieutenant, who was to have joined the exploring party, has had a fall on the ice. Judging by what the quartermaster tells me, I am afraid the poor fellow has broken his leg."

"I will supply his place," cried a voice at the other end of the hut.

Everybody looked round. The man who had spoken so was Richard Wardour.

Crayford instantly interfered—so vehemently as to astonish all who heard him.

"No!" he said. "Not you, Richard, not you."

"Why not?" Wardour asked sternly.

"Why not, indeed?" added Captain Holding. "Wardour is the very man to be useful on a long march. He is in perfect health, and he is the best shot among us. I was on the point of proposing him myself."

Crayford tried to show his customary respect for his superior officer. He openly disputed the captain's conclusions.

"Wardour has no right to volunteer," he rejoined. "It has been settled, Captain Holding, that chance shall decide who is to go and who is to stay."

"And chance has decided it," said Wardour. "Do you think we are going to cast the dice again, and give an officer of the sea a chance of replacing an officer of the land?"

There is a vacancy in our party, not in yours; and we claim the right of filling it as we please. I volunteer, and my captain backs me. Whose authority is to keep me here after that?"

"Gently, Wardour," said Captain Holding. "A man who is in the right can afford to speak with moderation."

He turned to Crayford. "You must admit yourself," he continued, "that Wardour is right this time. The missing man belongs to my command, and in common justice one of my officers ought to supply his place."

It was impossible to dispute the matter further. The dullest man present could see that the captain's reply was unanswerable. In sheer despair, Crayford took Frank's arm and led him aside a few steps. The last chance left of parting the two men was the chance of appealing to Frank.

"My dear boy," he began, "I want to say one friendly word to you on the subject of your health. I have already, if you remember, expressed my doubts whether you are strong enough to make one of an exploring party. I feel these doubts more strongly than that ever at this moment. Will you take the advice of a friend who wishes you well?"

Wardour had followed Crayford. Wardour roughly interposed before Frank could interpose.

"Let him alone!"

Crayford paid no heed to the interruption. He was too earnestly bent on withdrawing Frank from the expedition to notice anything that was said or done by the persons about him.

"Don't, pray don't, risk hardships which you are unfit to bear," he went on earnestly. "Your place can be easily filled. Change your mind, Frank. Stay here with me."

Again Wardour interposed. Again he called out, "Leave him alone!" more roughly than ever. Still deaf and blind to every consideration but one, Crayford pressed his entreaties on Frank.

"You owned yourself just now that you were not well seasoned to fatigue," he persisted. "You feel (you must feel) how weak that last illness has left you. You know (I am sure you know) how unfit you are to brave exposure to cold and long marches over the snow."

Irritated beyond endurance by Crayford's obstinacy—seeing, or thinking he saw, signs of yielding in Frank's face—Wardour so far forgot himself as to seize Crayford by the arm and attempt to drag him away from Frank. Crayford turned and looked at him.

"Richard," he said, very quietly, "you are not yourself. I pity you. Drop your hand."

Wardour relaxed his hold with something of the sullen submission of a wild animal to its keeper. The momentary silence which followed gave Frank an opportunity of speaking at last.

"I am gratefully sensible, Crayford," he began, "of the interest which you take in me."

"And you will follow my advice?" Crayford interposed eagerly.

"My mind is made up, old friend," Frank answered, firmly and sadly. "Forgive me for disappointing you. I am appointed to the expedition. With the expedition I go." He moved nearer to Wardour. In his innocence of all suspicion, he clasped Wardour heartily on the shoulder. "When I feel the fatigue," said poor simple Frank, "you will help me, comrade—won't you? Come along!"

Wardour snatched his gun out of the hands of the sailor who was carrying it for him. His dark face became suddenly irradiated with a terrible joy.

"Come!" he said. "Over the snow and over the ice! Come! where no human footsteps have ever trodden, and where no human trace is ever left."

Blindly, instinctively, Crayford made an effort to part them. His brother officers, standing near, pulled him back. They looked at each other anxiously. The merciless cold, striking its victims in various ways, had struck in some instances at their reason first. Everybody loved Crayford. Was he, too, going on the dark way that others had taken before him? They forced him to seat himself on one of the lockers. "Steady, old fellow!" they said kindly—"steady!" Crayford yielded, writhing inwardly under a sense of his own helplessness. What in God's name could he do? Could he denounce Wardour to Captain Holding on bare suspicion—without so much as the shadow of a proof to justify what he said? The captain would decline to insist on one of his officers by even mentioning the monstrous accusation to him. The captain would conclude, as others had already concluded, that Crayford's mind was giving way under stress of cold and privation. No hope, literally, no hope now but in the numbers of the expedition. Officers and men, they all liked Frank. As long as they could stir hand or foot they would help him on the way—they would see that no harm came to him.

The word of command was given; the door was thrown open; the hut emptied rapidly. Over the merciless white snow—under the merciless black sky—the exploring party began to move. The sick and helpless men, whose last hope of rescue centered in their departing messmates, cheered faintly. Some few whose days were numbered sobbed and cried like women. Frank's voice faltered as he turned back at the door to say his last words to the friend who had been a father to him.

"God bless you, Crayford!"

Crayford broke away from the officers near him, and, hurrying forward, seized Frank by both hands. Crayford held him as if he would never let him go.

"God preserve you, Frank! I would give all I have in the world to be with you. Good-by! Good-by!"

Frank waved his hand—dashed away the tears that were gathered in his eyes—and hurried out. Crayford called after him, the last, the only, warning that he could give:

"While you can stand, keep with the main body, Frank!"

Wardour, waiting till the last—Wardour, following Frank through the snow-drift—stopped, stepped back, and answered Crayford at the door:

"While he can stand, he keeps with me!"

## CHAPTER XII.

LONE! alone on the Frozen Deep!

The Arctic sun is rising dimly in the dreary sky. The beams of the cold northern moon, mingling strangely with the dawning light, clothe the snowy plains in hues of livid gray.

An ice-field on the far horizon is moving slowly southward in the spectral light. Nearer, a stream of open water rolls its slow black waves past the edges of the ice. Nearer still, following the drift, an iceberg rears its crags and pinnacles to the sky; here, glittering in the moonbeams; there, looming dim and ghostlike in the ashy light.

Midway on the long sweep of the lower slope of the iceberg, what objects rise and break the desolate monotony of the scene? In this awful solitude can signs appear which tell of human life? Yes! The black outline of a boat just shows itself, hauled up on the berg. In an ice-cavern behind the boat, the last red embers of a dying fire flicker from time to time over the figures of two men. One is seated, resting his back against the side of the cavern. The other lies prostrate with his head on his comrade's knee. The first of these men is awake, and thinking. The second reclines, with his still white face turned up to the sky—sleeping or dead. Days and days since, these two have been given up by their weary and failing companions as doomed and lost. He who sits thinking is Richard Wardour. He who lies sleeping or dead is Frank Alderley.

The iceberg drifts slowly; over the black water; through the ashy light. Minute by minute the dying fire sinks. Minute by minute the deathly cold creeps nearer and nearer to the lost men.

Richard Wardour rouses himself from his thoughts, looks at the still white face beneath him, and places his hand on Frank's heart. It still beats feebly. Give him his share of the food and fuel still stored in the boat, and Frank may live through it. Leave him neglected where he lies, and his death is a question of hours, perhaps minutes—who knows?

Richard Wardour lifts the sleeper's head and rests it against the cavern side. He goes to the boat and returns with a billet of wood. He stoops to place the wood on the fire, and stops. Frank is dreaming, and murmuring in his dream. A woman's name passes his lips. Frank is in England again—

at the ball—whispering to Clara the confession of his love.

Over Richard Wardour's face there passes the shadow of a deathly thought. He rises from the fire; he takes the wood back to the boat. His iron strength is shaken, but it still holds out. They are drifting nearer and nearer to the open sea. He can launch the boat without help; he can take the food and the fuel with him. The sleeper on the iceberg is the man who has robbed him of Clara—who has wrecked the hope and the happiness of his life. Leave the man in his sleep, and let him die!

So the tempter whispers. Richard Wardour tries his strength on the boat. It moves; he has got it under control. He stops, and looks around. Beyond him is the open sea. Beneath him is the man who has robbed him of Clara. The shadow of the deathly thought grows and darkens over his face. He waits with his hands on the boat—waits and thinks.

The iceberg drifts slowly; over the black water; through the ashy light. Minute by minute the dying fire sinks. Minute by minute the deathly cold creeps nearer to the sleeping man. And still Richard Wardour waits—waits and thinks.

## CHAPTER XIII.

HE spring has come. The air of the April night just lifts the leaves of the sleeping flowers. The moon is queen in the cloudless and starless sky. The stillness of the midnight hour is abroad, over land and over sea.

In a villa on the westward shore of the Isle of Wight, the glass doors which lead from the drawing room to the garden are yet open. The shaded lamp yet burns on the table. A lady sits by the lamp reading. From time to time she looks out into the garden and sees the white-robed figure of a young girl pacing slowly to and fro in the soft brightness of the moonlight on the lawn. Sorrow and suspense have set their mark on the lady. Not rivals only, but friends who formerly admired her, agree now that she looks worn and aged. The more merciful judgment of others remark, with equal truth, that her eyes, her hair, her simple grace and grandeur of movement have lost but little of their olden charms. The truth lies, as usual, between the two extremes. In spite of sorrow and suffering, Mrs. Crayford is the beautiful Mrs. Crayford still.

The delicious silence of the hour is softly disturbed by the voice of the young lady in the garden.

"Go to the piano, Lucy. It is a night for music! Play something that is worthy of the night."

Mrs. Crayford looks round at the clock on the mantel-piece.

"My dear Clara, it is past twelve! Remember what the doctor told you. You ought to have been in bed an hour ago."

"Half an hour, Lucy—give me half an hour more! Look at the moonlight on the sea. Is it possible to go to bed on such a night as this? Play something, Lucy—something spiritual and divine."

## ROPE FROM THE SEA.

A Seaweed Whose Stem is 300 Feet Long.

The largest marine plant and probably one of the highest plants known on this globe, is a gigantic seaweed, the stem of which has been found to grow as much as 300 feet long, says an exchange. It was first discovered not far from the Alaskan coast, but has since been found floating in various parts of the Pacific ocean along the American and Asiatic shores. This seaweed grows in a very curious manner. Large quantities of it are found at a little distance from shore, and at a depth not exceeding 300 feet. On loamy bottom large thickets of this plant take root and a stem of the thickness of ordinary cord grows upward. At its top there is a pear-shaped balloon, which grows with the stem, and when it reaches the surface of the water it often measures six feet and more in length, with a diameter of four feet six inches. This balloon has, of course, an upward tendency, and keeps the stem growing until it floats on the surface of the water. From the top of this balloon a large tuft of strong, thick, spade-like leaves grows out, which originally are not more than two feet long, and which grow and split until from the balloon a rose-like growth of from fifty to sixty-five feet in diameter covers the water. This gigantic weed grows in such quantities that near the shore large meadow-like islands are formed, which impede navigation. The natives of the Aleutian islands make manifold use of this plant. From the strong dried stems they make rope 250 feet and more long, while balloons of this weed furnish them with large vessels after they are dried, the smaller ones being used in their boats to ball out water. The long leaves after being dried are cut into narrow strips and used for wickerwork, the making of baskets and similar furniture.

And Hence She Didn't.

He—"If I should kiss you would you scream?" She—"Indeed I would, if it were not for startling poor mamma."—Detroit Free Press.

Twenty years ago England had 11,610 male and 14,901 female school teachers. Last year there were 66,310 female and only 26,270 male teachers.

## DOUBLE COURTSHIP.

dearest, it is growing chilly; let us be going home."

The lovers arose and sauntered slowly homeward, hand in hand, in the deepening autumn twilight.

A few weeks afterward Towne received a pressing business call to the south, so bidding his little sweetheart an affectionate farewell, he departed for an indefinite stay.

"Madam, have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Gray?" asked a handsome young man of perhaps 30 years as he alighted from his horse in front of a spacious, old-time southern residence.

"You have, sir," returned the pleasant faced old lady. "And whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name is Towne, madam, Horace Towne, if you please. I live at Colleegetown, New England. I represent a northern company which is about to erect a large cotton mill near here, and I desire to enjoy your hospitality for a short time, madam, at whatever remuneration you may see fit to ask."

"Alight and come in," was the courteous reply. "You can probably arrange things satisfactorily. Sam (this to the grinning little negro boy who stood by) take care of the gentleman's horse."

Horace went in, threw off his mackintosh and heavy riding boots, washed and prepared for supper and made himself generally at home. He met his stately hostess again at the supper table.

"So you are from Colleegetown, New England, are you?" she observed. "I have an only daughter there, in school, though I dare say you never met her, as she is too hastily engrossed with her studies to do her duty by society."

"Ah! What did I understand you to say was your daughter's name?" inquired the artful Horace, apparently more out of courtesy to his hostess than genuine interest.

"Miss Dorothy Gray. Why, I am thrice blessed! Well, well, but I was always a 'lucky dog!' Madam, your accomplished daughter and I are quite well acquainted. She happens to be occasionally met. She has told us so much about her mother that I almost feel acquainted with you."

Mrs. Gray smiled pleasantly and Horace saw that his villainy was beginning to take effect. So he kept it up, with variations, making himself as pleasant and agreeable as possible, finding his own business and treating everybody—even the negroes—with respect, until Mrs. Gray declared that even if he was a Yankee, Mr. Towne was a perfect gentleman. But Horace took care not to hint of his relations to Dorothy. He knew better. He surmised the building of his mill and attended to his own business—he knew that he held the future well in hand.

By and by Dorothy came home from college to spend her vacation. She and Mr. Towne were friends, of course, and Mrs. Gray did not object to their being much together. They improved their opportunity and when, by and by, Dorothy told her mother that Horace had proposed Mrs. Gray joined their hands with her blessing and seemed as happy as she.

What the Teeth Can Tell.

"It is possible," said a well-known dentist, "for a medical man to tell more of the disposition and constitution of a person by the teeth than by any other part of the body. The first thing that an army doctor does when a man is brought up for enlistment is to look at his teeth. If they show any sign of decay it is evident that the man's constitution is delicate and his services as a soldier are immediately declined, even though he be in every other respect a perfect specimen of manhood. If the teeth showed but little signs of decay the man would be eligible for English service but for foreign service perfectly useless. Men with irregular teeth—teeth uneven and imperfect—are declined by medical men where there are arduous duties to perform. It is said to be a sign of bodily weakness. Another peculiarity noticeable in many persons is a spotted tooth. This is the tooth covered with dark specks and is usually found among persons of weak intellect; it is, in fact, a sign of insanity. Large teeth show braininess, more especially if they be regular. A set of perfect teeth is the surest sign of a good constitution."—Answers.

Camel as a Scapegoat.

A very curious use to which the camel is sometimes put among the desert tribes is related by a distinguished traveler. He tells us that he once saw one employed to appease a quarrel between two parties, much as the "scapegoat" was used in the religious rites of the Jewish people. The camel was brought out and accused by both parties to the controversy of all the injuries, real and imaginary, which they had suffered. All the mischief that had been done they laid upon the camel. They upbraided it with being the cause of the feud which had separated friends, reviled it with every opprobrious epithet and finally killed it, declaring themselves reconciled over its body.—Exchange.

Retribution for a Tattler.

A peculiar death has occurred at Galena, Minn. A young girl happened to see a newly married lady sitting on the lap of a man. The man was the lady's husband. The girl, in fun, told around that the lady was seen on a man's lap. The story came to the ears of the husband. He found the source of the story and gave the girl such a talking to that she was thrown into a spell of hysteria, from which she died the same day. The city has taken sides in the matter bitterly.

LOVE you, Dorothy, and you know it," said handsome Horace Towne, a wealthy young northerner, to a fair southern girl, as they roamed the green New England hills together. "I love you, Dorothy, and believe you care for me. Why will you not consent to become my wife?"

Dorothy gazed longingly across the distant hills and answered, hesitatingly. "Because I love somebody else."

"Then why did you not tell me this before? Why did you lead me blindly on to this proposal? I did not think it of you, Dorothy," exclaimed Horace, in tones that clearly betrayed his bitter disappointment.

"I could not tell you until you asked me, Horace," replied Dorothy, in tones whose plaintive tenderness evinced her utmost sincerity. "And can you doubt that I have acted honestly toward you?"

"Well," said Horace, "you have acted as if you cared something for me."

"And so I do," answered Dorothy, blushing slightly, as she dropped her glance furtively to the ground, then silently raising her deep brown eyes to meet her companion's rapt gaze.

"Do you really care for me then?" asked Horace, anxiously.

"Of course I do," said Dorothy, earnestly.

"But not quite so much as you care for some one else?"

"I did not say so."

"But you said you loved some one else and could not be my wife on that account," protested Horace.

"So I did, Horace," replied the beautiful southerner; "but I did not tell you who that somebody else, did I?"

"No, Dorothy, you did not. Who is it? I am anxious to learn the name of my successful rival, whom I congratulate in advance and to whom I say: 'Thou has won a jewel.' But tell me who it is."

Dorothy looked straight into her suitor's honest eyes and said: "My mother."

"Your mother?" gasped Horace, in blank astonishment. "Why should she wish to come between us? She knows nothing ill of me."

They had reached the brow of a lofty hill overlooking a picturesque valley through which wound a silver stream, murmuring its dreamy lullaby. It was early autumn and the thrifty Yankee farmers who dwelt in the happy valley, which everywhere was dotted with their neat cottage homes, were busily bringing in the golden fruitage of their well-kept fields.

"Let us sit down here beneath the

sauntered slowly homeward, shelter of this great oak and rest," said Dorothy Gray, "and while I enjoy this beautiful New England scene, I will tell you what you wish to know."

"You see, Horace, dear," she continued when they were snugly seated, "it is quite the same old story. Mamma has never got thoroughly over the remembrance of the losses our family sustained because of its loyalty to the southern cause during the late unpleasantness between the north and south, and you see you are a northerner."

"A northerner," broke in Horace, spasmodically.

"Yes," observed Dorothy, "that's the point. Mamma has never quite been able to forget her loss of property and wounded pride, and I am afraid she cannot do so now, even for our sakes. It is hard, I know, for you northern folks to understand; you cannot, probably. Let us not talk about it, Horace, I am miserable," said Dorothy, breaking into tears.

"Then you really love me, don't you, dear?" exclaimed Horace, appealingly, as he kissed her tenderly for the first time in his life.

"Why, of course I do," said Dorothy, candidly. "But what can we do, darling? I am sure mamma will not relent. She will remind me that she sent me here to college and not to fall in love with—pardon me darling—a Yankee. But I love you, Horace, and I love mamma, too, and desire her sanction and blessing for our union. What shall we do, Horace, darling; what shall we do?"

"We will have to win her over, little girl," said Horace; "for I love you far too well to give you up."

"Oh, Horace, Horace, dear," Dorothy exclaimed, "I shall love you while I live; but I despair of ever being your wife. I would not be content to disregard mamma's wishes, even if she were dead."

"Rest assured that love will find a way," said Horace. "So long as you love me I will not give up. I have won your promise; now I shall have to court my future mother-in-law a bit. Some day I shall send you word: 'I have met the enemy and she is mine.' But come,



## SILENT SUFFERERS.

Women do not like to Tell a Doctor the Details of Their Private Ills.

The reason why so many women suffer in silence from the multiple disorders connected with their sexual system is that they cannot bear to broach the subject to a man, even if he is a physician.

No one can blame a modest, sensitive woman for this reticence. It is unnecessary in these times, however, for a woman makes to all afflicted women a most generous offer. Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., bids every woman who suffers to write to her and confide every symptom that annoys her, and she will give her advice without charge, and that advice is based upon the greatest experience ever possessed by man or woman in this country, and extends over a period of twenty-three years, and thousands upon thousands of cases.

Why suffer in silence any longer, when you can get help for the asking? Don't fear to tell her everything. The case of Mrs. Colony, whose letter to Mrs. Pinkham we publish, is an illustration of the good to be received from Mrs. Pinkham's advice; here is a woman who was sick for years and could get no relief—at last in despair she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham—received in return a prompt, sympathetic and interested reply. Note the result and go and do likewise.

"I was troubled with such an aching in my back and hips, and I felt so tired all the time, and had for four years. For the last year it was all I could do to drag around. I would have such a ringing in my head by spells that it seemed as though I would grow crazy. I ached from my shoulders to my feet and was very nervous. I was also troubled with a white discharge. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., received a prompt reply and followed her advice, and now I have no backache and begin to feel as one ought; in fact, I never felt better in ten years than I do now. I thank God that I went doctoring with Mrs. Pinkham when I did. If I did not know I know I would have been in my grave."

—MRS. NELLIE E. COLONY, Nahma, Mich.

Fruit is considered by many authorities as one of the best aids to digestion. Therefore, they say it should be eaten freely. Its beneficial effect is due to the malic and other acids which are found in the cultivated fruits, such as pears, apples, grapes, etc.

There is a physician in Paris who declares that the milk diet usually ordered in fever cases is largely responsible for the falling out of the hair. He believes that a vegetable diet will cure baldness or at any rate ward it off and he points to the hairy Scot who lives on oat meal as a proof of his theory.

WASHINGTON A FINE ART.

"Ever since spinning was a trade of womanly industry from age to age, it has been expected that beautiful apparel should clothe women. From the classic robes of Assyria to the rich dresses of Elizabeth, and thence to the wedding gown of Puritan Priscilla we see the attractiveness of dress. But at this time only has it become possible for all women to be becomingly attired at a small cost, the supply of beautiful inexpensive dress fabrics now to be had, making it an easy matter. Yet there are women who insist that the expense of having summer gowns laundered is greater than the original cost, and that in the end light woollens or summer silks are more economical. This is a mistaken idea, as washing pretty belongings is a fine art, which is very easy to learn. Any girl no matter how delicately reared can wash her own summer gown. A bright day, plenty of water, and a little pure soap are the necessary aids in the work. To do it, fill a tub two-thirds full of warm water, dissolve a fourth of a cake of Ivory Soap, (which will not fade the most delicate colors), add it to the water, wash the garments carefully through it, rinse first in clear water, then in cold water, wring, dip in thin starch, hand on the line in the shade. When dry, sprinkle, and iron on wrong side.

Benzine sprinkled on the edges of carpets is a sure preventative of moths, and will evaporate, doing no harm.

Breeders will find more money in raising fewer animals and giving them a little training.

Some people never feel religious until they get into a tight place.

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You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most interesting study and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable, they send what they advertise.

Some fellows get very low down in getting up in the world.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes the weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1.00. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Before we can do much good we must first be good.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. Get it at C. C. Fall, druggists refund money.

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TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., regular communications in the hall, on 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st, of each month, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited. A. A. MCKENZIE, Sec'y. 3-25-27

**I. O. F.**  
HOURT ELLKLAND, No. 826, I. O. F., meets on 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in their hall in the Campbell block, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited. A. A. MCKENZIE, Sec'y. 3-25-27

**I. O. O. F.**  
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 223, meets on 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Wm. J. CAMPBELL, N. G. G. A. STEVENSON, Secretary.

**K. O. T. M.**  
CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. JAS. RAMSEY, Commander. SAM. F. BIGELOW, Recorder.

**L. O. L.**  
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 214, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. A. ANDERSON, Secretary.

**Church Directory.**  
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**EVANGELICAL**—Services begin with Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. S. at 6:30 p. m. English services every Sunday evening. All are invited. Rev. O. Y. SCHNEIDER, Pastor.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL**—Prayer services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday. Class meetings follow morning services. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 9 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. J. W. EZZEN, Pastor.

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# AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the hand you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

*Samuel Pitcher, M. D.*

## Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

Insist on Having  
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Do you want to

Buy, Sell  
or Rent

FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY?

Here are a few Bargains.

For Sale.

- 40 Acres, four miles from Cass City, all cleared and well fenced; 1/4 mile from school, one mile from church. Take it at \$16 per acre.
- 80 Acres, in southwest corner of Novesta township, 4 acres improved and 3 acres of rye on ground, on good road. \$7 per acre takes it; half down, time on balance. Land drains easy and is within eighty rods of White creek.
- 80 Acres, 75 acres cleared, good bank barn, No. 1 house, 3 parts 18x28, orchard, tool house, horse barn; will sell at a bargain or exchange for improved farm property in Southern Michigan or Ohio
- 80 Acre farm, four miles from Cass City, good brick house, orchard and on Main road. A bargain.
- 40 Acres, in Greenleaf township, on main road, six miles from Cass City; 25 acres cleared. Small house. At a bargain.
- 40 Acres, 7 1/2 miles from Cass City; 30 acres cleared; good frame house and barn; good orchard and well. A bargain at \$16 per acre.
- 85 Acres in Clinton County, three miles from Elsie, five from Ovid and ten from Owosso; farm well seeded; 75 acres cleared; barn 32x44, stable and two granaries; windmill; large house in condition. For sale on easy terms.

To Exchange.

200 Acre farm in Deerfield Twp., Livingston county, five miles from Fenton. Thirty acres green timber, good brick cottage and out-buildings, remainder of farm improved. To exchange for property in vicinity of Cass City.

80 Acre farm in Grant Twp., 57 acres improved, good buildings, orchard, 3/4 miles from good school; to exchange for improved forty or village property.

Good residence property in Cass City to exchange for forty acre farm.

**McKenzie & Co.**  
CASS CITY, MICH.

## MARCHESI METHODS.

HOW THE GREAT TEACHER TERRORIZES HER SCHOLARS.

Instructions in Singing From Her Not Altogether an Agreeable Ordeal—But She Conscientiously Labors Always For Her Pupil's Benefit.

In the musical world of Europe no teacher stands higher than Mme. Marchesi, and yet a first interview with her is an ordeal to be dreaded. She may tell you with almost brutal frankness that your cherished vocal projects are thin as air bubbles and that you had better turn your attention to cooking. Or, with one unusual gleam of her gray eyes and one sudden indrawn breath, making her thin lips still thinner, she may tell you that you are destined to lift the heart of the world in immortal song and wear the laurels of a great lyric career. Again, she may tell you with the same blunt severity that you have no looks at all for the stage, and after you have been accepted as a pupil you are still subjected to her merciless severity.

To be taught by Mme. Marchesi is not to have the luxury of an individual lesson, an hour's good, easy, comfortable time all to yourself. By no means. That is not her plan. You are taught in class. You are thus introduced at once to an audience. You thus have an opportunity of conquering stage fright. You are thus subjected to the criticism of others. Not only your voice, but your manners, your gait, your way of holding your hands are studied. From head to foot you are scrutinized.

A small platform is in the center of Marchesi's salon, where the pupil stands and recites (or sings) her lesson. The class sit around the room and criticize. The pupil has to face not only the class, but the audience includes often the finest musicians of the world. How does sensitive woman bear the gun fire of Mme. Marchesi's criticism, her ridicule, her sarcasm and severity? One day one of the class was having her 15 minutes of lesson before a crowded room. Marchesi was in a sardonic humor that morning. Her remarks were brilliant, but more cutting than a Damascus blade. The audience felt that a climax was coming. It came. The girl's lip began to tremble as Marchesi's commentary sparkled and cut and sparkled against her lip trembled more and more. The action gained upon her whole body, till she shook like a willow in the wind. Poor dear, the other pupils held their breath. The room was silent as a tomb. You could hear Marchesi's watch tick in her pocket. Still the pupil strove to bring out the tone that those severe lips of Marchesi had commanded. At last the voice rolled out. The tone gained upon the room. The voice stopped.

"You sing like a fool!" literally hissed Marchesi, and the storm broke. The girl burst into tears. Her sobs, coming upon the silence, were most painful. Not one of the pupils dared to rush forward with comfort or handkerchief. The girl threw the sheet of music on the floor and covered her face with her hands. Then, dashing the tears away from her face, she stooped down, gathered up the scattered music, tore it into shreds, tossed it to every part of the room, and rushed from the platform stage. All felt it was over with her forever, so far as lessons with Marchesi were concerned, and more than one heart ached for her.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Marchesi, rising delightedly from the piano, rubbing her hands together and walking, or rather stalking, majestically through the room and up and down and again seating herself at the piano. "Ha, ha! The girl will sing! She has the grand fire. She is dramatic. She has the fine passion of the devil." And the girl came back the next day and won Marchesi's bravos and hand clapping.

Upon another occasion Marchesi sat in judgment upon a pupil's hands as she stood upon the platform.

"Now, don't put up your lip like a baby," she says, "if I tell you that I never saw such a booby. You're as awkward as a country clown. Look at your hands! Just look at them dangling down at your sides like a jumping jack waiting to twitch on a pole. Mais, oui, ha," she continued, softening a little, "if I do not tell you, ma chere, of these things now while you are in my salon, do you know who will tell you of them later on when you stand for the first time before one of the great audiences of Europe? The reporters will flay you alive and deservedly. Will they not note down every awkward gesture, every gaudy? Will they not say, 'She has a divine voice, but she held her hands like a clown?' And when you read it in all the papers the next morning, ah, how you will exclaim, 'Why did not Marchesi correct me, tell me, reprove me, no matter how severely?' Now, hold your hands easily, one palm crossed upon the other, the right hand across the left, the forefinger and middle finger of the right hand between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Bon! Now, see what ease of position, what repose it gives to your whole figure as you stand there."

To look over the programme for the concerts Mme. Marchesi gives from time to time is to read a strange collection of names. Here are pupils from Japan. Here is a name from Norway. Here is a lady from Finland. Here are sturdy Scotch names. Here are American names—girls from St. Louis, San Francisco, the Maine woods, the gulf states. New Zealand has representatives on the programme. To look over Marchesi's album is to see some of the portraits of the world's great singers and their signatures.—New York Sun.

Source of Juvenile Income.  
"Some clever fellow has invented tasteless cod liver oil."  
"The wretch! Trying to beat innocent children out of a lot of dimes and nickels."—Chicago Record.

## Value of the Egg in Sickness.

The value of egg albumen as food in certain diseased conditions is pointed out by Dr. C. E. Boynton. When fever is present and appetite is nil, he says, when we want an aseptic article of diet, the white of an egg raw serves both as food and medicine. The way to give it is to drain off the albumen from an opening about half an inch in diameter at the small end of the egg, the yolk remaining inside the shell. Add a little salt to this and direct the patient to swallow it. Repeat every hour or two. In typhoid fever this mode of feeding materially helps us in carrying out an antiseptic plan of treatment. Furthermore, the albumen to a certain extent may antidote the toxins of the disease. Patients may at first rebel at the idea of eating a "raw" egg, but the quickness with which it goes down without the yolk proves it to be less disagreeable than they supposed, and they are very ready to take a second dose.—Pacific Medical Journal.

## Plants From Buds.

There are certain varieties of mountain plants which have a singular provision of nature for perpetuating their species. The duration of summer in those elevated regions is too short to permit of the ripening of seeds, and the top buds fall off and take root as the seeds.

Grand Excursion to Niagara Falls by the Grand Trunk Railway System Thursday August 12th.

The Grand Trunk Railway System will give a grand excursion to Niagara Falls on Thursday, August 12th. Extremely low rates will be made for all points on its system west of the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers. Also from Stations of connecting lines. Special trains will be run and special accommodations made for this occasion.

The rate from Detroit for this excursion will be \$3.50 for the round trip and proportionately low rates will be made from all points in Michigan. Tickets will be valid to return up to and including August 16, 1897.

Everybody should wait for this grand excursion. See advertising bills which give full information as to train service and Rates which can be obtained from all Grand Trunk Agents and from Ben. Fletcher, Traveling Passenger Agent, Detroit.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy always affords prompt relief. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

"What do you think of Tesla's scheme of telegraphing without wires?" "That's nothing new; my wife has kicked my shins under the table for twenty years."—Chicago Record.

Stands at the Head.  
Aug. J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cures my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Campbell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and to-day stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store.

Collector—"Is Mr. Slowpay in?" Landlady—"No, sir." "I called five weeks ago, and you said he had gone to Long Branch for a month. Hasn't he got back yet?" "Yes, sir; he's back." "Then where is he?" "In the poor-house."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The quality of the blood depends upon good or bad digestion and assimilation. To make the blood rich in life and strength giving constituents use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier; it will nourish the properties of the blood from which the elements of vitality are drawn. Price 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

"Fellow can sleep like a top these cool nights." "Huh! I can sleep like the earth." "Eh?" "Only turn over once in twenty-four hours."—Indianapolis Journal.

## A Remarkable Cure of Chronic Diarrhoea.

In 1892, when I served my country as a private in company A, 167th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I contracted chronic diarrhoea. It has given me a great deal of trouble ever since. I have tried a dozen different medicines and several prominent doctors without any permanent relief. Not long ago a friend sent me a sample bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after that I bought and took a 50 cent bottle; and now I can say that I am entirely cured. I cannot be thankful enough to you for this great Remedy, and recommend it to all suffering veterans. If in doubt write me. Yours gratefully, HENRY SPRENGER, Allentown, Pa. Sold by T. H. Fritz Druggist.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Niagara Falls Excursion \$3.00  
The G. T. Ry. System will run a special excursion on Aug. 12th to Niagara Falls. The rate from Port Huron has been announced at \$3.00 for the round trip tickets good to return up to August 16th. For further information and tickets call or write

C. R. Clarke, Ticket Agent,  
Port Huron, Mich.  
7-22-4

## Buy all your Dry Goods at the PEOPLES' POPULAR DRY GOODS STORE

YOU WILL FIND IT PAYS.

We are giving a Special Low Price on ALL SUMMER GOODS. Do not fail to secure some of the many bargains we have to offer.

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120 acres of land in Evergreen township, 60 acres under cultivation with fair buildings, good orchard; will sell cheap on terms to suit purchaser. Call on or address, Wm. F. Ehlers, of Shabbona, Mich., or D. June & Co. Fremont, Ohio. 5-13.

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## Homeseekers TO THE WEST

Join the big EXCURSION from Michigan to the Canadian West, from Detroit (Windsor) Thursday, Aug. 12th, Be Independent. Keep pace with the Western World and be the proprietor of Your Own Farm. The tide of Immigration is marching on. The Millions will soon replace the Thousands now upon her soil. The Eyes of The People of all Europe are toward the Canadian West! Get there and get settled before the Immense Immigration from the older country sets in. Secure a Free farm of 100 Acres, close to Railways, Churches, Schools and Elevators.

Trains will leave Detroit, Windsor, from Union Depot 11:35 p. m.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Aug. 13th at 10 a. m., via Canadian Pacific Railway. Cheap, Low Rates! Free Colonist Sleepers. Any desired information regarding climate, soil, pamphlets, maps, etc., can be secured by addressing either of the gentlemen below.

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Colonization Agent,  
Bad Axe, Mich.  
JOHN W. GORDON,  
Local Agent,  
Cass City, Mich. 7 15 13



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A \$100 WHEEL FOR 50 CENTS.

The Owl Pub. Co. will give one of these popular and well known wheels, either Ladies' or Gentleman's model, to each one of the three persons sending them by Sept. 25th, the longest list of bona fide English words formed from the seven letters contained in the word "Monarch." These wheels are made by the Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co., of Chicago, and may be inspected there, or at their Eastern Branch, 83 Reade Street, New York.

All contestants must conform to the following regulations:—Use no letter more times than it occurs in the word "Monarch," omit proper names, abbreviations, contradictions, prefixes and suffixes and do not repeat a word though it may have many meanings. Number the lists and arrange alphabetically, using only one side of the paper. Enclose with list Post Office Money Order for 50 cents or 25 two cent stamps for one year's subscription to THE OWL. Contest closes Sept. 25th selection being made in favor of earliest mailed lists, should there be more than three sending the same number of words. Names of successful contestants will be given in the November issue of THE OWL. 85-5 Address, Owl Pub. Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

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Work all Guaranteed

Prices Reasonable.

TWEEN THE LAKES.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD FOR MICHIGANDERS.

A Large Number of U. P. Homesteaders Rejoicing Over a U. S. Land Office Decision—Statistics Showing Extent of Coal Mining in Michigan.

Upper Peninsula Settlers Made Happy. The action of U. S. Land Commissioner Hermann in sending back to the Marquette land office the contest between the Michigan Land and Iron Co. and the settlers will cause an open court contest for 50,000 acres of land and may jeopardize the title to nearly 100,000 acres more.

Steamer Cambria Wrecked.

The steamer Cambria, of the Detroit, Windsor & Soo line, which left Detroit with 150 passengers for Georgian Bay and Sault Ste. Marie, was wrecked in Lake Huron, three miles north of Sarnia, Ont. A very heavy sea was rolling when the Cambria entered the lake about 1 a. m. and Capt. Hill decided to turn back to Sarnia.

An Aged Lover's Bloody Crime.

N. N. James, aged 50, shot and probably mortally wounded Martha Minor, aged 25, and then killed himself at the home of Chas. Gadd, farmer of Bridgeview township, Lenawee county. Mr. Gadd says that he rose at 5 a. m. and called Martha Minor, who answered, and then he went to the barn. Upon his return, not finding the girl, he called her again and received a very weak reply. Mr. Gadd then pushed her door open and saw James lying upon his back upon the floor and Martha Minor lying across him.

Michigan's Coal Output.

The U. S. geological survey has completed its annual report upon the coal product of Michigan, which shows that the total production in 1896 was 92,882 short tons valued at \$150,031—nearly 20,000 tons less than in 1895. The production by counties was as follows: Bay 7,436 tons; Eaton, 1,645; Jackson 45,318; Saginaw 7,315; Huron and Shiawassee, 31,163. Total number of mines, 11; amount of coal loaded at mines for shipment, 83,150 tons; sold to local trade and used by employees, 6,547 tons; used at mines for steam and heat, 3,185 tons; average price per ton, \$1.63; average number of days active work in mines, 157; total number of employees, 320.

Officers of the Law Confer.

The fourth annual convention of the Michigan association of sheriffs and chiefs of police was held at Port Huron. Many matters of interest were discussed and officers were elected: President, ex-Sheriff C. P. Collins, of Detroit; vice-president, Sheriff George E. Mallory, of Port Huron; secretary-treasurer, John F. Sanborn, of Lansing.

Martha Minor, who was shot at the home of Charles Gadd, near Clinton, last week, has died from the effects of her injuries. She never really regained consciousness, so that the reason for the double tragedy will probably always remain a mystery.

Senator M. A. Hanna, of Ohio, is cruising through the lakes on his steam yacht Comanche, with his family and several friends. They made stops at Detroit and other Michigan points. President McKinley will cruise on Senator Hanna's yacht the latter part of August.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS.

Deyers & Deville will locate a furniture factory at Hudson to employ 50 men.

Wm. Bumford, aged 75, fell from a load of grain near Stanwood and broke his neck.

John Freer killed a blue racer at Metamora which measured six feet one inch.

Mrs. Peter Burgh fell down cellar at Holland and will die from the effects of her injuries.

Mrs. Eva Krahl, aged 50, of Marion, was fatally burned while filling her gasoline stove.

Labor Commissioner Cox has appointed Samuel Howes inspector for northern Michigan.

By the upsetting of a rowboat on Diamond lake, near Cassopolis, Miss Deanie O'Dell was drowned.

A bicycle frightened Mrs. Nathaniel King's horse at Metamora and she was thrown out and fatally injured.

Oscar Corban, aged 80, fell from a load of wheat near Elm Hall and died in a few minutes of a broken neck.

Stockholders of the defunct Ingham County Savings bank will be assessed 65 per cent for the benefit of depositors.

The Third and Fourth regiments of Uniformed Rank Knights of Pythias of Ohio camped on St. Clair near Port Huron.

The Chapman house at Lansing has been completely gutted by fire, the second time within a month. Loss \$2,000, insured.

Bay county farmers' experiments in raising sugar beets have proven successful, and Bay City capitalists will build a refinery.

James Christiansen, a member of the B. J. Goodsell Hardware Co., at Ludington, suicided by blowing his brains out with a revolver.

Lou John, aged 40, an Indian living south of Burgess, was gored to death by a bull. John was a farmer and leaves a large family.

The first load of Michigan peaches on the market at Grand Rapids was brought in by Thos. Quinlan, of Tallmadge, Ottawa county.

The Tilden mine at Bessemer has closed down, throwing 250 men out of employment. Poor demand for that grade of ore is the cause.

Silas Husted, of Muir, a pensioner in moderate circumstances, took carbolic acid and died in terrible agony. He was very temperate.

The Ionia council has decided to bond the city for \$6,500, to extend the city water system, and a special election will be held on Aug. 16.

Adrian lodge No. 91, F. & A. M., celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, with its first initiate, D. D. Sinclair, now aged 93, among those present.

Two large barns belonging to Chas. Seibert, near St. Johns, were destroyed by fire, with all their contents. Loss \$3,000, insurance \$900. Tramps.

Ed Cross has given up his farm at Kinde and built a 40-foot schooner and with his family will now live on the lakes, trading from place to place.

A Washington special says the treasury department intends to close the small ports of entry at Mt. Clemens, New Baltimore, River Rouge, Delray and Trenton.

When Charles Spears and wife, of Owosso, returned from camp meeting they found a baby boy aged about two months calmly sleeping in their bed, with no clue to its identity.

Maj. W. K. Bush, private secretary to Gov. Pingree, came near choking to death on a fish bone at the Park hotel, at Sault Ste. Marie. A doctor removed the bone with much difficulty.

Oliver T. Petterson, canvasser for a New York publication, was found dead in his bed at the Naegeli house, at Saginaw, after a young woman had spent part of the evening in his room.

Melita Sallowani, a young woman, was found bestially drunk lying across the railroad track at Iron Mountain. She was pulled off just in time to save her from being run over by a freight.

John Willett, aged 60, a wealthy farmer, drove to Owosso to do some trading. He carried considerable cash and the man, horse and rig have mysteriously disappeared. Foul play is suspected.

The doors of the Chinese laundry at Alpena were broken into and Wah Sing, the proprietor, was found lying upon the floor in a pool of blood. He admits that he shot himself. He cannot recover.

A youthful cigarette fiend caused the destruction by fire of the barn and granary of Curtis Powell, near Cassopolis, with over 1,000 bushels of wheat, other grain and vehicles. Loss, \$3,000; no insurance.

Hezekiah Callan, of Muskegon, took carbolic acid and was found dead in bed, with his son Arlie sleeping quietly beside him. Callan leaves a widow and five children. Ill health and poverty induced the suicide.

Atty.-Gen. Maynard has rendered an opinion to the state auditors to the effect that the state bank examiners must be allowed reasonable compensation for their work, notwithstanding the fact that the law makes no provision for it.

The board of state auditors will not grant Alpena county's claim for \$11,000 overpaid taxes, because of an error by the board of equalization. Atty.-Gen. Maynard said the board was practically a court of last resort and to depart from its ruling would establish a bad precedent.

The Michigan Building and Loan Association league met in Detroit and after merely formal reports elected the following officers: President, C. D. Hanchette, of Hancock; vice-president, W. C. Sheppard, of Grand Rapids; secretary, T. R. Goulden; treasurer, H. L. Houseman, of Grand Rapids.

Frank Klump, proprietor of a large stock farm near Port Huron, attempted to suicide by severing the arteries in his arms, but this evidently proved too slow so he jumped into his cistern and was drowned. Family troubles.

A meat market belonging to Martin Kramer and a grocery store occupied by Martin Waalkes, were destroyed by fire at Muskegon. Wm. Winter, his wife and son barely escaped from their rooms over the grocery. Loss \$3,000.

Bears are said to be unusually common about Sney. Geo Taylor was attacked by a large black bear while returning home from the mill, but bruin retreated after receiving several thumps on the head with an iron bar.

The wife of Wallace J. Scooby dropped a lighted lamp at Grand Rapids. The fire caught and Mrs. Scooby was probably fatally burned. A young son was suffocated, while two other children escaped. Scooby is in New Orleans.

A gasoline stove exploded in the home of S. A. Lockwood at Lapeer, very severely burning Mrs. Lockwood and Rena Brown, a domestic. The girl's presence of mind saved Mrs. Lockwood's life as she smothered the flames on her with a rug.

A \$50,000 fire at Ashley destroyed the hardware store and warehouse of Jos. F. Bush, the general store of Milton M. Clark, the Saturday Evening Post printing office, the postoffice, two vacant stores, three barns and an ice house. The total insurance is only \$10,000.

Ex-County Treasurer B. W. Wright, of Ishpeming, has been appointed receiver for the Ropes gold mine in Marquette county, whose liabilities are estimated at \$100,000. The machinery, buildings, etc., are valued at \$70,000, but won't bring half that at receiver's sale. An attempt will be made to reorganize.

The fifth annual meeting of the United States League of Building and Loan associations was held at Detroit, and the sessions were of interest. Lake W. Sanborn, of Illinois, was elected president; H. F. Cellarius, of Cincinnati, secretary, and W. C. Sheppard, of Grand Rapids, treasurer. They will meet at Omaha in 1898.

Photographer McSherry, of Hubbardston, recently took a family group. There was only one child in it and she stood beside her mother. When the plate was developed a second child was revealed standing with a hand on the living child's shoulder. It can be explained in only one way, that it was a spirit of a sister of the living child.

The Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railway will be extended to Calumet, the largest town of the copper district, at once. The narrow gauge tracks of the Mineral Range R. R., will be widened and passenger and freight trains run through to Calumet. A new passenger station and new wharves of large capacity will be built at Hancock, and a number of other improvements made.

The deputy game warden of Presque Isle county complains to the state officials that the board of supervisors have fixed his compensation at one cent per day. The board lately informed him that they did not want those laws enforced in that county and the prosecuting attorney told him the same thing. As a result all the fish and game laws are being flagrantly and openly violated.

Frank A. Covey, of Kalamazoo, is at work on a huge airship in which he intends to go to the Klondike regions, carrying, besides provisions, two companions. He expects to make the first stop at Winnipeg, where additional supplies will be procured. In a week from that time he says he will land in the heart of the gold regions if the wind is favorable, securing such claims as he may find, and returning inside of six weeks.

Chief Simon Pokagon, of the Pottawatomie tribe in Allegan county, is very ill and says he expects to shortly leave for the happy hunting grounds. He is almost 80 years old and has done a great deal for his people in obtaining justice from the government. During 1893 he was a prominent figure at the World's Fair where he delivered several lectures of historical interest. He has since written a book bringing out in dealing with Indian tribes.

John Ryan was elected dean commissioner of Scioto township, Shiawassee county, last spring and notwithstanding the fact that the last legislature abolished that office John has been doing business just the same. He experienced no particular difficulty until the laborers who had been constructing a costly drain demanded their pay and the township treasurer refused to cash the commissioner's orders and informed the men that they must look to Mr. Ryan for their pay, about \$500.

About \$50 in money and \$1,500 worth of diamonds and jewelry disappeared from the jewelry store of Albough & Son, at Hillsdale, at the same time that F. W. Vergien, who had been sleeping in the store nights for some time, quietly left town. Vergien was finely educated, speaking several languages, and he had made many friends during the few months he was in Hillsdale, but it is now learned that he was an ex-convict, having been sent from Adrian to Jackson prison to serve one year for false pretenses.

Geo. Martell, who lives near the farm of Curtis Wright, near Gladwin, who was recently shot and killed by unknown chicken thieves, has been arrested on suspicion of having been the principal in the crime. Roy Nunn, a neighbor's boy, who was arrested, but released because of insufficient evidence, has been induced to make an alleged confession, which implicates Martell. He says that, accompanied by Martell, he went to Wright's farm to steal chickens. Nunn says he went inside of the hen house while Martell watched outside with a gun. Nunn charges that Martell fired the fatal shot.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS PICKED PROMISCUOUSLY.

Labor Leaders Decide to Support the Striking Coal Miners in All Ways—Central American Republics Unite—Secretary Sherman May Resign.

Organized Labor Stands by the Miners. The conference of the heads of labor organizations of the United States called at Wheeling, W. Va., by President

Ratchford, of the United Mine Workers, and approved by President George L. of the American Federation of Labor, was attended by 30 delegates representing nearly every branch of organized labor. President Ratchford and other leading miners' representatives stated the causes of the strike and the condition of the miners and showed that upon the material and moral sympathy of organized labor generally now depended the success of this great strike against "white slavery."

Messrs. Debs, Mahon and Rea who have been endeavoring to bring out the miners of the Fairmont, W. Va., district made it clear that much depended upon their success there.

Every organization represented at the meeting pledged aid to the miners and telegrams of like nature were received from officers of organizations not represented.

It was decided to flood the West Virginia coal fields with miners' organizations and if they fail to bring the miners out there the railroad men will probably act and tie up the roads.

Strike Notes. The Illinois field is witnessing troublous scenes. At DuQuoin the miners are working and an attempt is to be made to force them out. About 50 strikers from Belleville went to Du Quoin for that purpose, but were ordered out of town by the marshal.

The strikers returned home but threaten to gather 800 men from Belleville and reinforcements from Freeburg and other points and drive out every miner at DuQuoin, Cartersville, Murphysboro and Marrisca.

Union Cloakmakers of New York City are preparing to strike—12,000 strong—against the starvation wages prevailing. One man received only \$1.35 as wages for a week of 63 hours.

The miners' officials were greatly encouraged by the news that the men have quit work at the Turtle Creek mine—one of the De Armit mines in the Pittsburgh district where the men have continued at work in spite of all the pressure previously brought to bear upon them. This victory for the strikers was the result of a big mass meeting held near the mines and attended by several thousand strikers with a dozen bands of music. The mines were surrounded by deputy sheriffs to prevent the strikers from interfering with the men at work.

The W. & L. E. railway during the past few days has laid off scores of employes on both the east and west divisions pending a settlement of the miners' strike. The freight business of the road depends largely on the coal traffic.

Insurgents Attack Havana's Suburbs. A Havana dispatch says: The story of an attack by insurgents on the suburbs of Havana is confirmed by Senor Calbajer, a wealthy Spaniard, who with his wife and daughter have fled from Havana. The attack was made on the village of Marnanao about 10 miles west of Havana. Senor Calbajer was an eye witness of the raid. He says that the attack was led by insurgents under Baldomero Coasta, Juan Delgado and Hernandez. They were well armed with dynamite rapid-fire guns and met with slight resistance. The engagement was short and desperate, and 40 Spaniards were killed and 120 wounded; two Cubans were killed and 40 wounded. The inhabitants of the town fled for their lives, leaving the insurgents in complete possession. They sacked the place and secured \$40,000 in gold besides a large quantity of supplies. Senor Calbajer says that the wildest terror reigned in Havana and that the well-to-do inhabitants are leaving as fast as the local laws permit.

The Grecian Situation Again Alarming. It is rumored that the possible abdication of the king of Greece has inspired the following dispatch from Athens: "It is stated on good authority that in the event of a proposal looking to the establishment of foreign control of Grecian finances being adopted by the powers the king will make a declaration of exceptional gravity. Russia and Germany having counseled Greece to submit to the conditions imposed by the powers, M. Ralli, the premier, replied that Greece would never accept the idea of financial control proposed, and that she would help herself."

The foreign admirals at the Island of Crete held a conference and decided to oppose by force the landing of any additional Turkish troops. In reply to their notification to that effect Ismail Bey said he could not accept such a decision. It is believed that fresh trouble is brewing.

Has Secretary Sherman Resigned. The report is again revived that Secretary of State Sherman will shortly leave the cabinet and that Whitelaw Reid will be appointed his successor. The report is practically confirmed by the fact that Mr. Reid has leased the house in Washington of John Hay, ambassador to Great Britain, and will occupy it next winter. Mr. Sherman was very much dissatisfied with the selection of Judge Day as first assistant secretary of state and has felt that he was merely a figurehead in the transaction of the department's affairs.

NEWSY CONDENSATIONS.

Two Lehigh trains collided at Depew junction, near Buffalo, N. Y., killing Geo. Ellensbee, engineer, of Manchester, and Chas. Eddy, fireman, of Sayre. A freight train was stalled in Lewis tunnel, near Hinton, W. Va., and the crew was overcome by foul air. Conductor Ed Bray is dead, Sam Hamilton, Ed Womack and Tom Kamewood cannot recover.

It is stated Gen. Maximo Gomez, the leader of the Cuban insurgents, has reaffirmed his determination not to accept a compromise with the Spanish government, but to adhere to his demand for the absolute independence of Cuba.

The Egyptian intelligence department has received word of heavy tribal fighting up the Nile between the derwishes and the Jaalins. The latter suffered defeat after losing loss on both sides, the Jaalins losing 2,000 killed.

Inventor Holland will, it is said, soon have on the ways the skeleton of several more of his submarine torpedo boats, which, he is confident, will revolutionize naval warfare. It is known that other governments than that of the United States are taking more than passing interest in it.

Reports of very heavy damage to the corn crop in Kansas, Oklahoma and the Cherokee strip as a result of drought and torrid-like hot winds are pouring into headquarters of the Santa Fe and Rock Island roads, whose lines practically cover the state. The damage to crops varies from 20 to 60 per cent.

Inursions of Albanians, who attacked almost simultaneously seven Servian blockhouses along the stretch of frontier between Madliza and Rashka, have led the Servian government to make a formal protest to the powers, and it is believed that this is part of an organized plan by Turkey to provoke Servia.

The powers have drafted plans which provide for European arbitration of any differences that may arise between the Greek and Turkish plenipotentiaries in arranging a definite treaty. The desire of Germany to institute a European control over Greek finances still hampers the settlement of the indemnity question.

Among the hundreds of people sailing for Alaska—mostly fortune-seekers—was two representatives of the Salvation Army going to Dawson City to carry on their work; one of them, C. H. Dale, is a wealthy old time miner who was recently converted. Two nuns had also sailed to open a school for white children at St. Michaels.

The secretary of war has appointed the special board provided for in the sundry civil appropriation bill to make a survey and examination (including estimates of cost) of deep waterways between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic tide water, as follows: Maj. Chas. W. Raymond, corps of engineers, Alfred Noble, of Chicago, and Geo. Y. Wisner, of Detroit.

Official information received in Washington indicates the Great Britain will consent to join in an international monetary conference to be held in Washington next winter. The statements received indicate that the mission of Special Envoys Stevenson, Payne and Wolcott will be so far successful as to insure the meeting of another international monetary conference.

Bluejackets from the U. S. ships Yorktown and Boston have been several times attacked by coolies in Kobe, Japan, even the policemen taking part against the Americans. James Mullen, a bluejacket from the Boston, was tied by the legs and dragged around the pier and was then arrested by Japanese policemen. On another occasion a party of American bluejackets was stoned.

The Canadian government has decided to impose a royalty on all placer diggings in Canadian territory on the Yukon in addition to \$15 registration fee and \$100 annual assessment. The royalty will be 10 per cent each on claims with an output of \$300 or less monthly, and 20 per cent on every claim yielding above that amount. Besides this every other claim is reserved to the government.

The great volcano Mayon, situated in the extreme south of the Island of Luzon, of the Philippine islands, has been in violent eruptions since June 26. The towns of Libog, Bacay and Malipot are threatened with destruction. Fifty-six bodies have been recovered, but the fate is unknown of the people living on the sides and at the foot of the mountain, which is surrounded by the finest hemp plantations in the island.

Official dispatches from Lorenzo Marques, South Africa, confirm the reports of recent fighting between Portuguese troops and rebellious natives in Gazaland. The battle took place near Chimbutu, the capital of Gazaland. The Portuguese force routed 7,000 rebels. The Portuguese losses were two killed and 10 wounded. The natives lost 300. A dispatch from Cape-town says a report has reached there that the Portuguese have been badly routed in the Kileni district, north of Delagoo bay. The natives declare that not a Portuguese is left alive.

London representatives of the Baron Hirsch charities say that the Jews are organizing in all parts of the world to participate in the scheme to form a Hebrew government in Palestine. It is stated that the Turkish government will be glad to let them have it. Plans are being made to send an expedition to overhaul the land from end to end, and to establish telephone, telegraph and other modern scientific conveniences before opening the territory to general settlement. A limited monarchy, like that of Great Britain, is proposed. The capital of the company is to be \$250,000,000.

UPRISING AGAINST BRITISH.

Serious Revolt in India With Considerable Hot Fighting.

In consequence of the rapid spread of the revolt against British authority in India, from 12,000 to 15,000 natives now being under arms, the government has ordered the reserve brigade to assemble under the command of Col. Woodhouse. Fort Chaklara was attacked by the natives about 2 p. m. and continued until 8 o'clock the next day. The English lost five wounded. The native loss is not known, but it is believed to have been heavy. Fort Chaklara is strong enough to resist any attack and it has a good supply of ammunition. The only fear is that the garrison may become exhausted by constant fighting. The tribesmen are sending forth fresh relays continually. British reinforcements with abundant supplies of ammunition have arrived at Dargal. The march was forced and very rapid, and 19 Sikhs died from sunstroke on the way.

Spain to War With U. S. to Save Herself. A Spanish diplomatist who is in close touch with Senor Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish premier, says that it is useless longer to attempt to disguise the fact that the Spanish ministry is in a very tight place, and that in order to retire gracefully from Cuba and at the same time save the monarchy Spain may have to go to war with the United States. He admits that Spain cannot raise money to carry on the war in Cuba much longer. The premier will court war the moment the United States becomes imperative in its demands for the independence of Cuba. The wave of great emotion and patriotism, such as war would call out in Spain, would naturally sink all threatening domestic questions and disturbances, and save the present dynasty.

Fish Schedule of Tariff Bill Explained. The treasury department has received a large number of inquiries from fishermen on the Great Lakes as to the proper interpretation of the new tariff law which is decidedly complicated in regards to fish. The customs division has finally decided that fresh water fish imported in bulk and not frozen or packed in ice caught in the Great Lakes by others than citizens of the United States, are dutiable at 1/2 of 1 cent per pound. If caught by American citizens they are free of duty. The department also holds that ice may be used upon fish in bulk without subjecting them to the duty of 1/2 of 1 cent per pound provided by paragraph 261 for "fish frozen or packed in ice."

The Republics of Central America Unite. A treaty has been completed and signed and goes into effect Sept. 15 for the formation of the Republics of Central America to be composed of the states or republics of Guatemala, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and San Salvador. The government of the new republic is vested in a council of the chief of states who is elected from each of the states in their alphabetical order and shall hold office for one year, and two representatives from each state. Alliances of defense and preservation for all the states are provided and the expenses of the government and of war are to be assessed by the council.

The Japanese government has accepted the offer made by Hawaii to submit their differences to arbitration. The Amoskeag cotton mills at Manchester, N. H., have closed down throwing 6,000 persons out of work. Overproduction.

District assembly No. 49 of the Knights of Labor, of New York, has passed strong resolutions condemning the nomination of T. V. Poverly as U. S. commissioner of immigration.

Cretons are enraged because the powers permitted the sultan's special commissioner, Djavad Pasha, to land on the island, and have notified the admirals of the foreign fleets that they will decline to entertain proposals for autonomy so long as Djavad Pasha or the Turkish troops remain on the island.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK. New York—Cattle, Sheep, Hogs. Best grades, \$1.00 to \$1.25; Lower grades, 75c to 1.00. Chicago—Best grades, 4.00 to 4.25; Lower grades, 3.50 to 4.00. Detroit—Best grades, 4.00 to 4.25; Lower grades, 3.50 to 4.00. Buffalo—Best grades, 4.00 to 4.25; Lower grades, 3.50 to 4.00. Cincinnati—Best grades, 4.00 to 4.25; Lower grades, 3.50 to 4.00. Cleveland—Best grades, 4.00 to 4.25; Lower grades, 3.50 to 4.00. Pittsburgh—Best grades, 4.00 to 4.25; Lower grades, 3.50 to 4.00.

GRAIN, ETC. Wheat, No. 2 red, No. 2 mix, No. 3 white. Chicago 77 @ 77 1/2, 77 1/4 @ 77 1/2, 21 @ 21 1/2. Toledo 77 @ 77 1/2, 28 @ 28, 29 1/2 @ 29 1/2. Detroit 77 @ 77 1/2, 28 @ 28, 29 @ 29. Cincinnati 75 @ 75 1/2, 28 @ 28 1/2, 21 @ 21 1/2. Cleveland 76 @ 76, 27 @ 27, 21 @ 21. Pittsburgh 77 @ 77, 28 @ 28, 21 1/2 @ 21 1/2. Buffalo 78 @ 78 1/2, 31 @ 31 1/2, 24 @ 24 1/2.

\*Detroit—Hay, No. 1 Timothy, \$10.00 per ton. New Potatoes, 90c per bu. Live Poultry, spring chickens, 11c per lb; fowl, 7 1/2c; ducks, 8c; turkeys, 9c. Eggs, strictly fresh, 9 1/2c per doz. Butter, dairy, 11c per lb; creamery, 14c.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

Dispatches from almost every northern city of importance report without exception improvement in business from Detroit to Seattle and Portland. The outlook for the prospects. The task of adjusting the business and industries of the country to conditions created by a new tariff law has progressed with gratifying rapidity and ease. Even the increasing strength of striking coal miners probably forward the adoption of the uniformity plan, which promises to remove most of the causes of our struggles.

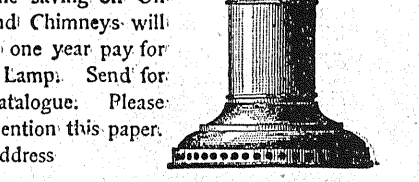
Some confusion is caused by events seemingly contradictory: by closing of large cotton mills when many other works are starting and by decline in some prices when others are advancing, but the balance is, unmistakably on the right side. The most important event since the passage of the tariff bill is the advance in the price of wheat.

The Hitchcock Lamp

BURNS WITHOUT GLOBE or CHIMNEY at a cost of ONE CENT for TEN HOURS' Light.

The saving on Oil and Chimneys will in one year pay for a Lamp. Send for Catalogue. Please mention this paper. Address: HITCHCOCK LAMP CO., Watertown, N. Y.

For Sale by Jas. Tennant, - Cass City.



HITCHCOCK LAMP CO., Watertown, N. Y. For Sale by Jas. Tennant, - Cass City.

OHIO CENTRAL RAILROAD



LOOK AT THIS MAP. RATES ALWAYS LOW AS THE LOWEST. SERVICE ALWAYS GOOD AS THE BEST. EXPERIENCED TRAVELERS ALWAYS USE THE O. C.

THE ONLY THROUGH CAR LINE BETWEEN DETROIT, TOLEDO AND SPRINGFIELD; TOLEDO, COLUMBUS AND CHARLESTON; COLUMBUS, FINDLAY AND CHICAGO; TOLEDO, BOWLING GREEN AND CINCINNATI; COLUMBUS AND MARKET TA. ALWAYS COME WITH OHIO CENTRAL AGENTS, OR ADDRESS: MOULTON HOUK, TOLEDO, OHIO, GEN'L PASS' AGT.

If you are going SOUTH

Why not go Via the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville.

THE LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD CO. Presents the best possible service from Northern to all Southern cities, and will carry you through Nashville, the location of the Greatest Exposition this country has ever had, with the possible exception of the Columbian.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT LOW RATES. Will be on sale from all points to Nashville on every day between May 1 and Oct. 31, 1897. For full information write to JACKSON SMITH, Div. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O. C. P. ATMORE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, PATENTS & CO. ANYONE sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is a probable patent. Communications strictly confidential. Oidest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munz & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.00 six months. Specimen copies and HANDBOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address: MUNZ & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some thing to improve? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, 1111 Broadway, N. Y. for their \$100 price catalog and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

## Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

For growing berries of all kinds select well-drained soil on which some hood crop was produced last season, potato ground being best.

**Shake Into Your Shoes**  
Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is quite possible to tell how much branes a man has got, but to tell how much harts he has another thing entirely.

Hives are not dangerous to life, but they are a prolific breeder of misery and profanity. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, even in the worst cases of this and other exasperating diseases of the skin.

A coquet is like a kicking heifer—dreadful hard to brake, but once broke, nothin' is more tame than she is.

An unflattering specific for cholera morbus, cholera infantum, diarrhoea and all other dangerous diseases incident to the summer season, is found in Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Sarsaparilla.

My dear friend, don't talk to high; there is no diet so remorseless as to have to eat your own words.

Averie, when it takes full possession of your harte, roots out all other things, good, bad and indifferent.

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

Rev. E. F. Crane, Dankirk, N. Y.

You have found out what a man is when you have found out what he loves.

Pure blood and a good digestion are an insurance against disease and suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters keep the blood pure, the digestion perfect.

Pullets and yearling hens are the ones to put your dependence upon for a sure profit.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. Makes weak men strong. Blood purifier. 50c. All druggists.

Always fold a dress right side out in packing and it will not so easily wrinkle.

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

Green tea will relieve rusty black lace, and make it look as good as new.

To remove tar from any cloth saturate and rub well with turpentine.

**GEORGEAN BAY LIPS**—America's finest outfit 1 week 50c. For folders Stevenson's deck, foot lamp, or 10 Woodward Ave., Detroit, or any G. E. By agent.

There is a

## Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

## Try Grain-O!

**CANCER CURED AT HOME.** Send stamp for book. DR. J. E. HARRIS & CO., Pike Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The coolness is refreshing; the roots and herbs invigorating; the two together animating. You get the right combination in HIRE'S Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles H. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 50c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

## WISCONSIN CURE FOR

BURNS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use 10 to 15 times. Sold by druggists.

## CONSUMPTION

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

A woman sharpens a pencil pigeon-toed

## POSED FOR A QUEEN.

Victoria Sat for the Face, While Miss Sully Supplied the Figure.

About two years ago a handsome old lady, Miss Blanche Sully of Philadelphia, visited Washington. She was the guest of her sister, the late Mrs. John H. Wheeler, 28 Grant place, that city. In 1837 this lady was a beautiful girl, and had an experience no other American girl ever enjoyed. Her father, Thomas Sully, America's greatest portrait painter, had been engaged by the Society of St. George and St. Andrew of Philadelphia to paint the portrait of the young queen of England. Blanche Sully, his daughter, accompanied her father on this interesting mission. Both were quartered at Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria consented to pose for the portrait until the face was finished. After that the royal robes were placed on the shoulders of Blanche Sully, and she stood for hours in the position as indicated in the steel engraving now in the possession of Col. Sully Wheeler of Washington, the grandson of Thomas Sully. This steel engraving was the original executed in London under the supervision of Sully himself, and was owned by that artist until he gave it to his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Sully Wheeler, for many years an honored resident of the nation's capital. Mrs. Wheeler had two sons, who now live there, Col. Sully Wheeler and Maj. Woodbury Wheeler. These gentlemen recall many incidents connected with the painting of this portrait, especially in connection with the queen's jubilee.

Miss Blanche Sully was then a charming girl, and the head of her, painted by her father, gives evidence of rare beauty and refinement. She found the coronation robes of the young queen a burden, weighing forty pounds, and probably became very tired of her gorgeous borrowed plumage, but when the task was done and her father's portrait was hung in the Royal Academy, a similar portrait was ordered for Buckingham Palace, and Queen Victoria gave Blanche Sully a splendid diamond signet ring and an autograph letter thanking her for the trouble she had taken. Sully received \$40,000 for the portrait he painted for the Society of St. George and St. Andrew, and was municipally paid for those he painted for his English patrons. After his return to this country he spent much time with his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Sully Wheeler, and during one of his visits painted a charming group, which represents Mrs. Wheeler with her two babies, now stalwart citizens of the District.

When the war began Sully Wheeler was in the United States navy and gallantly served his country throughout that memorable struggle. The other joined the Confederates and fought as bravely for a lost cause. They were again reunited after peace resumed her propitious sway.

Gen. Alfred Sully, the son of the artist, was a brigadier general in the Federal army and was frequently quarreled at Washington. He was a graduate of West Point and a participant in the Indian wars, the Mexican war, and distinguished himself in several engagements in the late war, rising from the rank of captain to brigadier-general. Col. Sully Wheeler and Maj. Woodbury Wheeler own many splendid specimens of their distinguished grandfather's art. There is no finer collection of portraits in any one family connection in the District of Columbia. The flesh tints in Sully's portraits retain to a wonderful degree their original coloring. As the years go by his fame increases, and he is easily first among the American artists.

**Singular Optical Delusion.**  
Here is a singular illustration of the optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect. Take a row of ordinary capital letters and figures.

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now turn the paper upside down, and without any careful looking you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half.

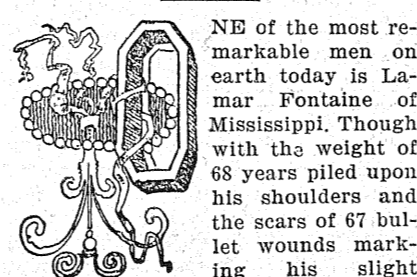
**Cowboys of the Asphalt.**  
The cowboys and other dashing plains riders lean far over in their saddles and pick up, as they go dashing by, articles that they have dropped on the ground. So does the dashing bicycle rider of the city. Not on the boulevards, perhaps, where the crowds would scarcely permit, but on some quiet, asphalt paved block. There you may see a skillful and daring rider cast his cap upon the ground and then you may see him as he sweeps past it on his wheel bend over and pick it up without pausing in his flight. This before a small but appreciative audience of friends and neighbors sitting on the doorsteps and such passers-by as may happen that way.

**A Daybreak Dance.**  
Texas is setting the pace in the social world now. A Louisville girl who has just returned from a visit in Corsicana, Texas, exhibits an engrossing invitation for a dance to be held from 5:30 to 7:30 in the morning. Breakfast is served at 7:30 o'clock and the german takes place directly afterward. The affair is just as formal as a night entertainment, and while it lacks the glamor which attaches to the ordinary ballroom, it is certainly more enjoyable, if people must dance in the summer.—Ex.

## FONTAINE'S RECORD.

SHOT SIXTY FEDERALS IN SIXTY MINUTES.

Captured in Youth by Indians—His Wonderful Ability to Elude Vigilance of Foes—Startling Audacity at a Crisis.



ND of the most remarkable men on earth today is Lamar Fontaine of Mississippi. Though with the weight of 68 years piled upon his shoulders and the scars of 67 bullet wounds marking his slight frame, he is neither bent nor misshapen. Mr. Fontaine's adventurous life began at the early age of 10 years. At that age he was captured by Comanche Indians in Texas and borne off by these savages to their retreat in the vicinity of what is now Sioux City, Ia. For four years they kept him captive. Then the band made its way south to New Mexico, and he made his escape across 750 miles of sun-baked desert between that wild country and the capital of Texas and again resumed the garb and habits of civilization. An uncle, Mirabeau Lamar, was then president of the Texas republic, which had been wrung from Mexico only a few years before. He remained with his uncle at Austin two years, and then was transferred to the care of another relative still more famous—Commodore Maury, who mapped the trackless seas. For more than 10 years he was the amanuensis of this great sailor, accompanying him on all his voyages. He was in Nicaragua when the smoldering embers of war were fanned into red, furious flames in the United States, and he hastened home to throw himself into that con-



LAMAR FONTAINE.

He was during these four years of tragedy that Fontaine's adventurous spirit got full play and he made a record for individual daring and heroism unsurpassed by any knight of old and unimagined by any writer of fiction.

He bears with him a certificate from General Robert E. Lee testifying that Fontaine shot and killed 60 Federal soldiers in 60 minutes, and another note from Stonewall Jackson couched in this startling language: "I believe that during his service with me as sharpshooter Lamar Fontaine killed more of the enemy than were killed by any company in my command." Stated briefly, Fontaine's war record is this: He began as scout and courier for Stonewall Jackson. He served in the same capacity with General Stewart and Joe Johnston, and a short while with Lee. He took part in 27 pitched battles, 58 skirmishes and over a hundred "individual skirmishes," as he calls them. He was known in all branches of the Confederate service as the best marksman with rifle or revolver in either army. He was wounded 67 times and 13 times his lungs were pierced. Twice his heart was grazed, and these scratches caused that organ to so enlarge that skilled physicians today who examine him without knowing his history will declare that he is liable to die in 24 hours. On two occasions he was able with the aid of a mirror to look into apertures in his breast made by "Yankee" bullets and see the beatings of his heart. His right leg was torn off below the knee toward the close of the war, and today his locomotion is rendered as good as though he had the use of both members with the aid of the barrel of the rifle with which General Lee saw him kill "60 Yankees in 60 minutes." That rifle barrel, instead of being melted into a plowshare, was converted by Fontaine into the center piece of a "wooden" leg. He did this with his own hands after the war was over. Gutta serena surrounds the rifle barrel, and the contrivance serves him excellently as a false leg. It was in the battle of Waterloo Bridge, just below Warrenton, Va., in August, 1862, and immediately prior to the second battle of Manassas, that General Lee witnessed Fontaine's feat of killing "60 Yankees in 60 minutes." Stonewall Jackson was flanking Pope. Jackson's sharpshooters had possession of a long frame house and had been pouring death into Pope's ranks for an hour or more when General Lee rode up. The great captain had heard of Fontaine's skill and sought him out to witness his work. With his field glasses General Lee was enabled to get a good view of the men as Fontaine picked them out for slaughter. A battery was pouring a continual stream of fire into the building occupied by the Confederate sharpshooters. "Train your glass on No. 1 at gun No. 1," Fontaine said to the Confederate commander, "and you will see him jump into the air in a minute and another man will have to take his

place at the gun." In this way Fontaine picked out all his men for General Lee and didn't miss one of them. When he had killed 60 Lee told him to quit his deadly work.

## PEBBLES THAT GIVE LIGHT.

Queer Stones in California Ditches Which Emit Quite a Brilliant Blaze.

An Italian working in irrigation ditches on a ranch near Stockton, Cal., has made what promises to be a wonderful discovery. According to the story he tells to the San Francisco Examiner, he retired early one Monday evening, forgetting to open a certain gate in one of the irrigating ditches. About midnight he awoke, and immediately getting out of bed he donned his working clothes and proceeded to the field. He found that the gate being closed, had backed the water up in such a volume that it had forced out the restraining dam and overflowed the field. Upon going to the place where the water had broken through the embankment, he says he noticed a peculiar gleam coming from the spot. On closer examination he observed that the water had bored a hole in the ground about three feet deep and twice as broad, and that in the bottom of the hole, where the water still remained to the depth of a foot or more, there were numerous objects which emitted light. This was so brilliant that the water appeared to be a pool of liquid fire. The man decided to ascertain the cause and plunged his arm into the water. He brought out a small pebble about the size of a hickory nut. It was white and smooth, and as it reposed in his palm it emitted a light sufficient for him to tell the time by his watch. The stones are declared to be perfectly smooth and as hard as flint. Some of them are to be sent to the science department of the state university with a view of learning their true character.

## A New Reservoir.

In Pawtucket, R. I., a reservoir has just been constructed, which, according to casual observation, has been made to stay. It has a depth of twelve feet, a top diameter of ninety-seven feet and a bottom diameter of ninety-five feet. The concrete walls are four feet thick at the bottom and two feet thick at the top, with an outside batter of an inch to the foot. Extending all around the outside of the walls and imbedded in the concrete are wrought iron rings. There are four of these rings about seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. The upper one is one foot from the top of the wall; the others are each one foot lower than the last. The entire sides and bottom are of one continuous mass of concrete, the whole being laid without joint or seam and of the most approved material. The concrete is made of one part Portland cement, three parts sand and six parts gravel. Any person at all familiar with the use of such materials need scarcely be told that this is an exceptionally strong construction, and one that, barring accident, will make the reservoir practically safe for many years to come.

## High-Power Telescopes.

The cost of high-class telescopes is such as to effectually bar them from all but extremely wealthy individuals and corporations. The forty-two-inch objective for the new Yerkes telescope cost \$18,000 for the rough cast alone. Double that amount was expended for the grinding and polishing. An ingenious inventor has been studying the principle of objectives, and, it is said, has invented a lens made in sections. One scientist says that if this experiment proves successful, and of this there is but little doubt, telescopes that now cost hundreds of thousands of dollars can be made so cheaply that their purchase will only involve a sum obtainable by almost any high school in the land. This statement seems almost too wonderful to be true, but it is given on excellent authority. The new idea is, briefly, the assembling of a large number of small lenses in exactly the form of the large one, following in every detail the same lines and curves.

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This is Miss Anna Hegeman, eldest daughter of Chauncey M. Depew's sis-



MISS ANNA HEGEMAN.

ter, who is to marry the Baron de Briscen.

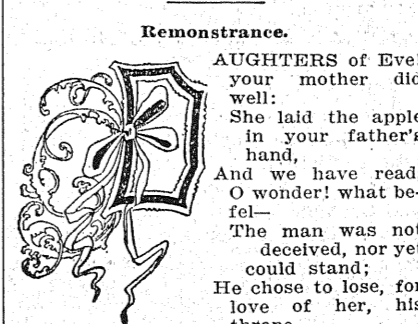
## Rosa Bonheur's Daily Life.

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## IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

**Why the Bridegroom Looked Flushed—His Small Dog Saved His Life—A Calf with One Body with Two Heads—Other Curios.**



With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve! he did not fall so low, Nor fall so far, as that sweet woman fell; For something better, than as gods to know, That husband in that home left off to dwell: For this, till love be reckoned less than lore, Shall man be first and best for evermore.

Daughters of Eve! it was for your dear sake The world's first hero died an uncrowned king; But God's great pity touched the grand mistake, And made his married life a sacred thing: For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true, Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

## Why the Bridegroom Looked Flushed.

From the Auburn Advertiser: A good story is told of one of the numerous bridegrooms of yesterday, whose nervousness in the face of the approaching event was so great that just before the ceremony he inadvertently donned two boiled shirts. When he came to pack his traveling bag he discovered the loss of a shirt, and an anxious search was instituted for the missing garment. The most thorough inspection of the apartment was made, but it was futile, and the bridegroom-elect cast reproachful glances at his best man, who had assisted in the arrangements. Finally it occurred to the perspiring bridegroom that he was uncomfortably hot, and in a moment of mental reaction, he argued that, perhaps it was due to too much clothing. Investigation proved the soundness of his theory, and a quick shift of attire was made. The waiting company wondered at the flush in the bridegroom's cheeks as he entered the parlors, but it was all explained later.

## His Small Dog Saved His Life.

From the Philadelphia Press: Gloucester dispatch: John Van Der Werf, about 35 years old, a bartender in this city, was found buried up to his neck in mud in a marsh near Newtown Creek bridge, this city, early this morning, by Edward Carey. Carey was walking along the tracks, when a small dog came rushing toward him, whining in a piteous manner. It then rushed toward the marsh, and finally Carey concluded to investigate the cause of the dog's actions, and started for the marsh.

## A Four-Footed Fire Fighter.

H. H. Burns, of Traverse City, Mich., has a dog that has established a record as a fireman. On two occasions it has extinguished fires that would have destroyed the houses but for the dog's efforts. It puts out the fire by rolling on it. Once it lost most of its hair before the flames were subdued. The dog is a handsome cotter spaniel and is very popular in Traverse City, where its exploits are well known.

## Queer Calf Freak.

They raise all sorts of freaks in New Mexico, but the most novel one reported in many months is a calf monstrosity. The calf that gave birth to it belonged to the La Cueva Ranch Company. The calf had two perfectly formed and fully developed heads

## This Dog Stops Runaway Horses.

From the Minneapolis Times: A gentleman who makes his home at the Hotel Berkeley is the possessor of a fine St. Bernard which deserves a gold medal. The dog has developed a strong penchant for stopping runaway horses, and the last time the stop was accomplished just in time to save a party of ladies from serious injury and perhaps worse. His master was driving down Portland avenue last Saturday when he was startled by a cry of "Look out!" He turned and was just in time to wheel his horse out of the way of a runaway, which was tearing down the avenue. Just ahead there was a party of ladies who could not possibly escape what seemed certain death to some of them, when the dog, who had been following and who seemed by instinct to comprehend the impending tragedy, gave a leap and caught the lines of the runaway between his teeth, his great weight bringing the frightened animal

## Co-operation in a Bee-Tree.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat: Mico. The richest bee tree ever cut in this country was cut a few days ago by Kinson Gregory, living a few miles from this place. The tree, a large pine, had two swarms in it, 13 feet apart, the honey from the two swarms approaching within four feet, making 14 feet of solid honey.

to his haunches, just as he was about to strike one of the ladies, who seemed too terrified to move.

## Absence of Light and Animal Life.

Some of the effects of the absence of light upon animal life were strikingly revealed not long ago on the reopening of an old mine near Bangor, Cal. In a dry slope connecting two shafts one of the explorers was astonished and startled to find a number of flies that were perfectly white, except the eyes, which were red, and directly afterwards he killed a pure white rattlesnake. The animals had lived in the dry passages, where they had been supplied with air, but not with light. It is supposed that the flies were offspring of some that had been imprisoned by the partial filling of the mine with water about thirty years ago, and that the snake, when quite young, had been washed down in a rain. A few of the flies were exposed to light in a glass case and resumed the colors of ordinary house flies within a week.

## A Census of the Blind.

It is stated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or one to every 1,500 inhabitants. Latest reports show 22,000 blind persons in Great Britain, or 870 for each million inhabitants. Blind infants of fewer than five years, 166 for each million; between five and fifteen, 288; between twenty and twenty-five, 422; between forty-five and sixty, 1,625, and above sixty-five years, 7,000 for each million. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportionate number of the total population, in Russia on account of the lack of experienced medical attention, and in Egypt because of ophthalmia due to irritation caused by the movement of the sand by the wind. There are nearly 200,000 blind persons in European Russia.

## The American Bison.

The American buffalo or bison has been almost exterminated through the greed of hunters, but a herd of twenty owned by the Island Improvement company is kept on Antelope Island, in the Great Salt Lake, under conditions which, it is hoped, will lead to their increase. The island is thirty miles long by six wide, and is virtually given up to the animals, who graze there in a semi-wild state. During the past year four calves were born, and the future progress of this curious animal colony will be watched with great interest. A herd of bisons is also kept in Yellowstone Park.

## Miss Mitchell's Electric Footprint.

From the Florida Times-Union: Melbourne, Fla.: A severe thunder storm occurred yesterday. The lightning struck the gable on the west side of James H. Baker's house. Mr. Baker's sister, Miss Mitchell, was pumping water on the porch. The stocking and shoe on her right foot were torn to pieces, and the imprint of her foot was stamped an eighth of an inch deep into the hard pine plank. Dr. Brown pronounces Miss Mitchell out of danger, but it will be a long time before she will be able to be around again.

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With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve! he did not fall so low, Nor fall so far, as that sweet woman fell; For something better, than as gods to know, That husband in that home left off to dwell: For this, till love be reckoned less than lore, Shall man be first and best for evermore.

Daughters of Eve! it was for your dear sake The world's first hero died an uncrowned king; But God's great pity touched the grand mistake, And made his married life a sacred thing: For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true, Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

## Why the Bridegroom Looked Flushed.

From the Auburn Advertiser: A good story is told of one of the numerous bridegrooms of yesterday, whose nervousness in the face of the approaching event was so great that just before the ceremony he inadvertently donned two boiled shirts. When he came to pack his traveling bag he discovered the loss of a shirt, and an anxious search was instituted for the missing garment. The most thorough inspection of the apartment was made, but it was futile, and the bridegroom-elect cast reproachful glances at his best man, who had assisted in the arrangements. Finally it occurred to the perspiring bridegroom that he was uncomfortably hot, and in a moment of mental reaction, he argued that, perhaps it was due to too much clothing. Investigation proved the soundness of his theory, and a quick shift of attire was made. The waiting company wondered at the flush in the bridegroom's cheeks as he entered the parlors, but it was all explained later.

