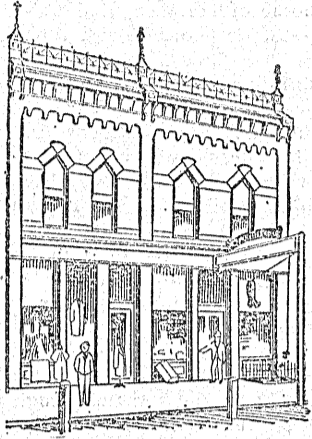


CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XVI. NO. 41.

CASS CITY, MICH., SEPT. 16, 1897.

BY A. A. P. M'DOWELL.



"Many Feet have Gone Astray,
Many Backs have Turned Away"

We Cannot

Shoe and
Clothe

YOU ALL.

But we want to all we can.

Honest effort should have its reward and usually does. We got our reward last year in a 20 per cent. increase of business

WE BOUGHT OUR

FALL STOCK

Before the raise in price and can give you better values than ever.

SEE OUR SPECIAL BARGAIN TABLES DURING SEPTEMBER

LOADED DOWN WITH

Men's, Boys', Child's,

SUITS and SHOES, many of them at one-half price. Make our store your headquarters during Fair Week.

J. D. Crosby
Cass City's
SHOE & CLOTHING MAN.

Butter and Eggs Wanted.

We are doing the
SHOE BUSINESS

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 & JANES.

Underwear

Ladies' and Gents fall and winter Underwear from

25c. to \$1 per suit.

Remember all our Summer Dress Goods at

25 per cent off.

We have a fine broken Tea at 15¢ lb. It is a fine steeper. Call and get a sample. Butter and Eggs wanted.

Frost & Hebblewhite.

Land for Sale.

Five hundred dollars will buy 80 acres of desirable land. East ½ of n w ¼ of section 14, Ellington. Apply to E. H. PINNEY, Cass City, 924

HOME HAPPENINGS

ITEMS OF PURELY LOCAL INTEREST.

Did you see McKim's adv? Mrs. R. Clark is numbered with the sick.

W. W. Ford Sundayed at his home in Had'ey.

D. M. Houghton made a trip to Caro on Tuesday.

Miss Mary Edgar spent Sunday with Caro relatives.

Mrs. S. Utter, of Caro, visited friends here this week.

J. W. Bingham, of Gageton, looked in on us Tuesday.

S. Champion is making a poultry exhibit at the Elkton fair.

Clarke McKenzie and Chas. Schenck wheeled to Bad Axe on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Crosby spent Sunday with Bad Axe friends.

Mrs. John Proffitt, Sen., is recovering from an attack of rheumatism.

Don't forget to read S. Ostrander's adv. It is of especial interest.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wickware visited Ellington relatives on Sunday.

Bert Bertrand spent the first of the week at his home in Sebawing.

Mrs. Jas. Tennant and son, Park, are visiting friends near Oxford.

Norman Morrison had the misfortune to cut his hand on Monday.

A little daughter arrived at the home of P. E. Peshette on Monday.

A. J. Craw, the jolly, big, 300 pound v. s., of Caro, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Auten and children visited Caro friends last week.

Jas. Tennant is opening up an elegant line of chinaware, lamps, etc. See adv.

Thos. Cross announces the arrival of new fall designs of wall paper. See his adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Douglas, of Shabbona, were the guests of E. McKim on Sunday.

The change of adv. of J. L. Hitchcock is sure to interest you. See if it don't.

W. A. Fairweather announces his opening sale of Fall Goods in his adv. this week.

John Armitage and Miss Sarah McGillvray visited Wilnot friends over Sunday.

J. D. Crosby and J. D. Brooker are among the attendants at the Elkton Fair to-day.

Arthur Ayre, of Caro, is helping the ENTERPRISE force through an unusual rush of work.

2 Macks say their prices are away down on dress goods, etc., in their adv. in this issue.

Mrs. D. D. McNaughton and Mrs. A. McLachlin, of Argyle, called on friends here yesterday.

Rev. and Mrs. O. Y. Schneider went to Grand Rapids on Tuesday to visit her parents.

Prof. J. W. Wilson, principal of the Pigeon schools, made us a pleasant call on Saturday.

A new arrival is announced at John Blackmore's, east of town. It's a girl and came yesterday.

Adam H. Mueck and Chas. McCue, Sr., transacted business in Elkton and Rescue on Monday.

Miss Maggie Campbell is teaching the "Nash" school, six miles west and one mile south of town.

A. K. Roblin, from Greenleaf, has rented the Hitchcock residence on Seegar Street south.

Mrs. Bader returned Monday from a visit at Bad Axe and has since been ill with a "grippe" attack.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Janes and little daughter are visiting friends in London and St. Thomas, Ont.

John W. Murphy is attending the London (Ont.) fair and calling on friends in that vicinity.

L. P. Bogert is improving his Houghton Street residence by placing it upon a stone foundation.

Our correspondents will do us a favor by sending in their items for next week as early as possible.

Thos. Cross has purchased the L. E. Karr residence on Third Street, at the corner of Sherman Street.

Colin Monroe has returned from Great Falls, Mont., and is again clerking for J. S. McArthur.

Two new cross walks have been completed on Third Street at its intersection with West and Seegar Streets.

Themes for next Sunday at the Baptist Church:—Morning, "All at Work," evening, "Christ the only Foundation."

T. H. Fritz is making special prices on a special line of teachers' Bibles and miscellaneous books. Read his adv.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hendrick and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Fritz drove to Bad Axe on Sunday to visit friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Tuckey and John Tuckey attended the funeral of their nephew, Roy Tomlinson, at Caro, on Sunday.

Jas. N. Dorman, of the Cass City woollen mills, has an adv. in this issue regarding horse blankets and other goods in his line.

Rev. A. E. Cragg is expected to preach his first sermon as pastor of the Gageton M. P. Church next Sunday evening.

Revs. C. D. Eldridge and E. Rushbrook are attending a B. Y. P. U. Rally at Verona. They will deliver addresses at the convention.

D. J. Giles has contracted for advertising space in this paper and made his "hit" last week, following it up with another this week.

J. D. Crosby uses one column of our space to tell you what he can do for you in shoes and clothing. Of course you have seen his adv.

John McCollough has moved to his farm one mile and three-quarters north of Beaulieu, in Grant township, having sold his farm west of town.

M. L. Moore, baker and confectioner, solicits your patronage through our advertising columns. He will have a stand on the grounds during the Fair.

S. F. Bigelow and T. H. Hunt are attending the manufacturers' and jobbers' convention at Saginaw. Mr. Bigelow will visit an uncle at Midland before returning.

Dickson & Fuller have completed the stone work for A. H. Ale's residence in the Campbell addition. When completed it will be a very desirable property.

Mrs. T. H. Hunt and son, Burt, returned from Niagara Falls accompanied by Mrs. Hunt's father, mother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Emma.

Mrs. Geo. W. Helwig returned on Friday from an extended visit with her mother and other relatives in New York. She was accompanied by her brother, Samuel Warner.

E. B. Laudon desires to talk insurance with you and uses a portion of our columns to introduce the subject. He will be happy to talk the matter over with you and give any further information desired.

By mutual consent our elevators and roller mills will be closed on the afternoon of Friday next in order to give the employes an opportunity to attend the Fair. Farmers will please bear this in mind.

Miss Eva Wickware is spending the week in Detroit in the millinery interests of her mother, Mrs. E. K. Wickware, attending the openings at the several wholesale houses and studying the new modes of trimming fall and winter hats and bonnets.

Mrs. P. R. Winegar left yesterday morning for an extended stay with her daughter, Mrs. R. S. Mitchell, who is about to move from Clifford to Pontiac, where Mr. Mitchell has secured employment in an electric lighting plant.

Mrs. G. A. Stevenson was called to Caro on Sunday owing to the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Jos. Harris. She returned Tuesday, leaving her some better but received word to day that she was worse again.

A farmer living a few miles east of town last week sold thirty five head of cattle which brought him the neat sum of \$1,150. Another farmer from the same locality sold three two-year-olds for \$142. Surely this is evidence enough that stock raising pays.

Rev. W. A. Allyn, the retiring pastor of the M. P. Church at Gageton, was in town the first of the week. He informs us that the conference has thought best to leave him without an appointment in order that he may the better pursue his studies preparatory to ordination. Mr. Allyn has decided to engage in evangelistic work and his address will be Gageton until further notice. Mrs. Allyn leaves next week for an extended visit with a brother at Orangeville, Ont.

John Tuckey, of Mitchell, S. Dakota, has been the guest of his brother, Jas. D., for the past week. He was sent as a delegate to attend a convention of stationary engineers at Columbus, O., and improved the opportunity to visit his relatives here. He is doing nicely and is well pleased with the western country.

Don't forget the bicycle races at Cass City, Thursday, Sept. 23rd. Referee, J. H. Beckton, Caro; Judges, G. Masselink, Cass City, E. Meredith, Bad Axe, and Arthur Ayre, Caro; timekeepers, E. H. Pinney, J. D. Crosby and D. Lazelle (Caro); starter, A. A. Hitchcock; scorer, John G. Clark, Bad Axe; clerk, Chas. Schenck.

Jas. Perkins, who has been in the employ of the St. Louis Steel Range Co., and has been working in Pennsylvania, is at his home here. While handling a range some time ago he sustained an injury and he is obliged to take a rest. As soon as his health permits he will return, as he likes the work.

Rev. Jas. W. Fenn left for Port Huron on Tuesday afternoon to attend the sessions of the Detroit annual conference. It is fully expected that he will return here for another year. As he will be absent next Sunday the morning service will be conducted by the local brethren and Rev. W. A. Allyn has kindly consented to occupy the pulpit in the evening.

On Friday last while Cassius Wood was cleaning his bicycle he placed the ball bearings in his hat. Being busily occupied with another part of the wheel he did not notice the approach of a hen who mistook the ball for a delicate morsel of food and helped herself. Cassius was obliged to walk to town and procure a new set of balls. The hen still lives because her identity could not be discovered.

Last Sunday being the last of the conference year at the M. E. Church, the services were a departure from the usual routine. In the morning the pastor gave a review of the work during his three years pastorate here. During that time seventy persons have been received on probation and only five or six of these have been dropped. The evening service consisted of prayer and testimony, in which a large number took part.

The ENTERPRISE is enjoying an exceedingly healthy increase in advertising as will be noticed by a glance at our columns used for that purpose. Not only so but the amount of commercial printing turned out is steadily increasing. For these reasons we were prevented from doing justice in our local mention last week to the new advertisements in our special edition. F. C. Lee offered special inducements in Furniture, Millinery and undertaker's goods. E. F. Marr announced a closing out sale during Fair week in his complete lines of clothing. N. Bigelow & Son have the interests of the Fair at heart and in urging everyone to do their best to make the Fair a success, incidentally mention that they have a complete line of shelf and heavy hardware. A. W. Seed talks of drugs, medicines, stationery, school books, etc., at right prices. H. S. Wickware offers ten per cent off on buggies and road wagons for the next thirty days. J. Maier respectfully asks you to call and get your picture while at the Fair. Anderson & Mueck tell the reasons why they are headquarters in their lines of work. Something new is being introduced by E. McKim, carriage maker and blacksmith, in the way of a hay and stock rack, which he will exhibit at the Fair. Don't fail to see it. A. Hitchcock tells of wheels to rent and wheels to sell and quotes prices. The ENTERPRISE is offered till '98 to new subscribers, for 20c. McKenzie & Co. say that you don't need to go west to find cheap and desirable homes. They will be pleased to sell you one on easy terms. G. A. Stevenson expresses his desire to supply your table. Laing & Janes make special offers on shoes and hosiery. Mrs. E. K. Wickware announced the arrival of new fall and winter millinery in the latest styles. You are requested to keep in mind 2 Macks' fall clearing sale. T. H. Fritz's annual clearing sale of wall paper was brought to the front and other lines mentioned. Mrs. H. S. Wickware calls attention to her full line of millinery, fancy goods ladies' underwear, etc. M. Dew invites inspection of his single and double furrow and gang plows made at the Cass City Foundry and says he is just starting the manufacture of the celebrated No. 21 Gowdy plow. The Fair Association made announcements of the various attractions at the Fair and altogether it made up as good a supplement as has ever been issued in the Thumb. It is worth your while to preserve it and bring it along to the Fair that you may keep posted as to where to go for bargains.

DON'T

Prick your fingers with the supposed inducements other firms are offering you and then feel hurt because you did not look our Stock over before buying. Especially in

DRESS GOODS,

where you can have the choice of 93 brand new, up-to-date patterns, no two alike. Fresh from the Eastern Market at \$2.00 per pattern, (8 to 10 yards). These goods are all wool. If we continue to give such values for such a small amount of money it is obvious that we will do the Dress Goods Business of the town, and these are our intentions.

JUST FOR SATURDAY.

18 (Soz full weight) Bats.....	\$1.00
4 Pair Ladies' 10 cent Hose.....	.25
60 cent Fancy Print at.....	.04
6lb Best Crackers.....	.25
13 lb Rolled Oats.....	.25
7c Arm & Hammer Brand Soda.....	5¢
10 Bars Key (best make) Soap.....	.25
10 lb Best Boneless Pork.....	.50

With every \$10.00 purchase we will give free the choice of any Print Dress in the store.

D. J. GILES.

Where

ARE WE AT.

Prices most everywhere going up, but at

2 MACKS 2

It is reversed, prices way down. Don't be taken in by a cheap article because a big price is asked and half taken off. Compare our goods, quality and prices with others at double the price.

OUR BIG SALE

Continues till Oct. 1st. Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Dress Goods, Carpets, Etc. In fact most everything you need. Butter and Eggs wanted.

2 MACKS.

Prospects Never Better.

The prospects for a successful Fair at Cass City were never better than for the '97 Fair beginning Tuesday and continuing until Friday evening. In the meantime, Secretary McGillvray has his office in the McKenzie building on Main Street where he is kept busy attending to the making of entries and such preparatory work as is necessary. It is encouraging to note that the people generally have a disposition to exhibit whatever they have and to make their entries in good time which is as it should be in order to save the secretary and his assistants the annoyance and inconvenience of an uncontrollable rush on the opening day of the Fair.

The buildings and grounds are being fitted up and improvements made wherever it is thought practicable and the indications are that we will have the best fair both in exhibits and attendance that has ever been held here. It is expected that every stall and shed for live stock will be filled with the best the country can produce. The poultry department will not be behind as a number of fanciers from adjoining villages have expressed their intention of showing their birds. Agricultural implements, carriages, etc., will be better than former years. Vegetables, grains, seeds, fruits, etc., will hold their own and there is not the slightest doubt but that the Floral Hall will surpass all former exhibits. We trust every reader is interested and will do their share towards making the Fair a tremendous success, as we believe it will be. Come one, come all and bring the baby!

A game of baseball has been arranged for the afternoon of Thursday, Sept. 23rd, between Caro and North Branch nines for a purse of \$70. This is sure to be a very interesting game as both towns are well able to put up first class nines and what is more they are sure to do it. An exhibition game will also be played the same afternoon between the Fats and Leans of Cass City, which will be intensely amusing as the players are supposed to be picked from those who have not played ball this year. Lovers of this sport may expect a feast.

GIRL WANTED for general housework. 8-26- LAING & JANES.

Renew your subscription.

WEST GRANT.

Geo. Monroe called on friends in town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson did business in Elkland Monday.

Robt. J. Keys, commenced work for Samuel Owen Tuesday.

Dan McDonald, of Owendale, did business in town Monday.

Miss Leonard, of Gageton, was guest of Miss McVicar Saturday.

Frank Reader, of East Grant, was guest of A. McVicar Sunday.

Quite a number from this place attend the Elkton fair this week.

Miss Lena Thompson, is at present guest of her grandma at Otter Lake.

Miss Florence and Archie Waters, in numbered with the callers in town Sunday.

Some of our young folks attended the entertainment at Owendale Tuesday evening.

Mr. Knight, had the misfortune to lose some of his fine sheep by pasturing on green hemp.

Grapes are an immense crop this season, and our merchants will soon have them on the market.

A. H. Mathews and Wm. Hart spent two days at Rush Lake last week. They returned with a good supply of fish.

Mrs. Hugh McVicar, of Detroit, who has been visiting relatives and friends in town the past two weeks, returned home Tuesday.

S. Jamieson, of Cass City, organized a lodge of Star of Bethlehem in school house No. 4 Grant last week which is progressing nicely. Sixteen members have already taken their stand while several others are expected this week.

Word was received from Essexville Sunday evening that the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McVicar was seriously ill. Mr. and Mrs. O. March, Mrs. McVicar and son Alex left at an early hour Monday morning for said place. We have not heard as yet of his condition.

On Saturday evening last a gang of toughs entered the vine-yard of L. Mathews and after having a supply of grapes called at Mr. Cross's garden leaving in it a ruined condition. After that being too lazy to walk home they took Mr. McVicar's horses from pasture and road them north-east-ward. There is a home in Jackson for such gents.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

There are no drunks in Dawson. The simon-pure stuff sells at \$100 a gallon. Ice water is free.

And now they tell us that they have struck "pay dirt" near Marquette, Mich. Where will this craze end?

A Kansas clergyman conducted services last Sunday by telephone. This will be a year of great events in Kansas.

Electricity for propelling street cars now has a dangerous rival in compressed air. It may yet be applied to bicycles.

The thing that appears to be the matter with Kansas is the inadequacy of all outdoors as a storehouse for her wheat crop.

Ex-Gov. Morton of New York is the first rich man on record to ask to have his assessment doubled. He is entitled to a sketch in the school readers.

It turns out that three Italians who were lynched in Louisiana two years ago were innocent. Judge Lynch is just as apt to be wrong as any other judge.

The other day the Miami County, Ind., doctors held a convention, which broke up suddenly when several members drew revolvers and threatened to furnish business for some other medical association.

It would be a mistake to regard an expensive yacht merely as a summer symbol of lavishness. A magnificent steam yacht has been placed at the disposal of the inmates of the various "old ladies' homes" in Philadelphia for excursions on the Delaware river. What is even better, this act of generosity is said to be a characteristic exercise of kindness on the part of the owner. Where there is a will to be kind how readily the way opens!

The petty frauds perpetrated upon the government by well-to-do persons bringing from Europe valuables upon which they paid no duty were classed as "gentle smuggling." One of the benefits conferred by the new tariff law is to make these frauds impossible, and consequently to do away with an expression that never should have been used. There is no gentler thiefing, burglary or law-breaking of any sort, and there never was any "gentle smuggling."

The importation of sugar in July was only about one-third that for June, the last full month before the enactment of the new tariff law. The total imports in July amounted to 178,004, 050 pounds of raw sugar, valued at \$4,152,245. In June there were 708,552, 496 pounds of raw sugar imported, valued at \$13,889,860. In April and May the importations amounted to 773,527, 477 pounds, valued at \$15,125,409, and in May there were 790,653,995 pounds imported, valued at \$15,054,777. The importations for July were made up of 43,000,113 pounds of Hawaii sugar, valued at \$1,242,363, which came in free of duty under the reciprocity treaty with that country; 16,156,049 pounds of beet sugar from Europe, valued at \$3,003,270; 97,514,566 pounds of cane sugar, valued at \$2,113,386; and 21,324,332 pounds of sugar testing above No. 16 Dutch standard, valued at \$493,226.

The thrashing that China received from Japan seems to have given the people some new ideas. They begin to see that civilization is power, and that China can not be strong unless developed on modern lines. The North China Herald prints a proclamation by the general of Hunan, dwelling upon the advantages to be derived from the construction of telegraph lines in the province, and exhorting the people not to be wrongfully influenced and destroy the telegraph lines and poles now being erected connecting Changsha, the capital, with Wuchang, the capital of the sister province of Hupeh. According to a letter from Changsha, it is reported that, apparently acknowledging the value of the telegraphs and that they will not be allowed to interfere with the people's graves and the private property of the gentry and literati, the construction of the line has been going on rapidly, without the slightest hindrance on the part of the inhabitants of the province. Whereas in 1891, when an attempt was made by the imperial Chinese telegraph commission, at the request of the governor, to erect telegraph poles within the borders of the frontier town of Lichou, the inhabitants of the place rose en masse and so badly injured the working party and military escort that they had to fly for their lives, abandoning valuable material to the mob. Several lives were lost in the affair and a local literati in favor of the innovation was also killed by the mob.

Sweet Annie Whitewing of the Pawnees wants a divorce and the restoration of her own name of Annie Comerunning. This is notable Indian progress. Possibly Annie's brave expected her to come running with kindling wood for the wigwam.

Among those who have gone to the Klondike is Miss Blanche King, a New York heiress. Among many other queer things for such a country she took a piano and four canary birds. Evidently she proposes to provide her own music.

OUR GOLDEN TERRITORY.

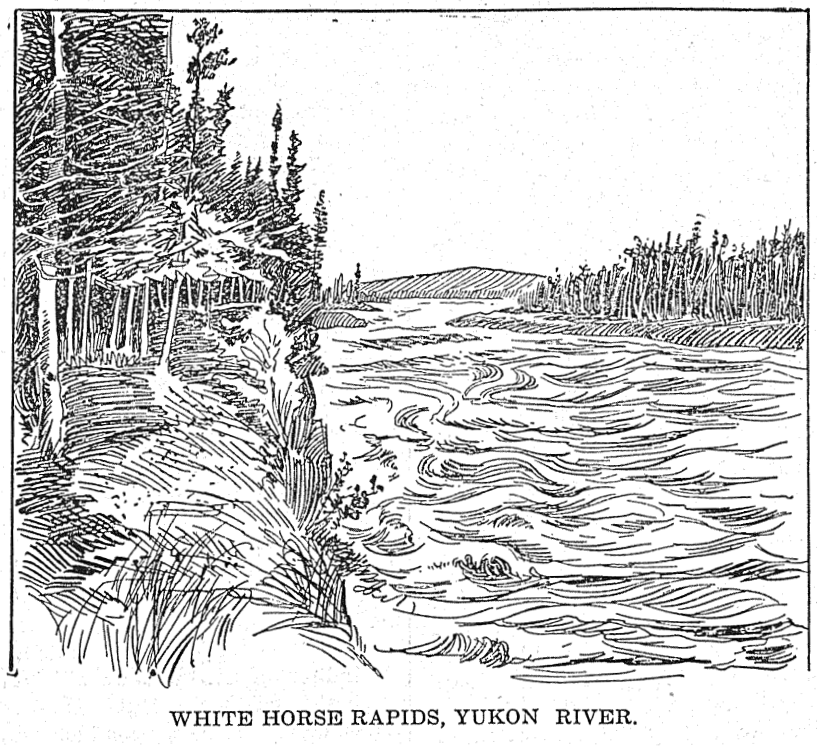
It is almost thirty years since the foresight of one man secured for the United States a land whose value is every day becoming more and more known and appreciated by the people of the Union. He braved ridicule, and opposition of every sort from every source, and with a pertinacity born of inward conviction, he never rested until he had seen Alaska become the property of the United States. The name of Secretary Seward will be forever associated with that remarkable purchase, by which we secured from Russia for seven million two hundred thousand dollars a territory nine times the size of the New England states; teeming with gold mines, rich in furs, abounding in fish, and clothed with forests. But at that time no one, not even the Russians themselves, knew what a rich country Alaska was, and many were the jokes made at the expense of Secretary Seward's enthusiasm. The papers sneered at it, one of them suggesting to President Johnson that he visit "this land of valuable snow and merchantable ice," for the general impression was that it was an ice-bound country, access to which was crowded with Siberian-like difficulties, the people as a whole knowing very little about it, and not stopping to consider that its thousand miles of coast was washed by the warm waters of the Japan current, thus modifying the climate, so that winters in Sitka are scarcely more severe than those in New York, while the summers are refreshingly cool. Secretary Seward worked with almost a seer's vision to accomplish his heart's desire, and he was ably seconded by Charles Sumner, whose speech in the senate on "the cession of Russian America" was one of the finest efforts of his life, and at length the vast district became the property of the United States.

Then came the puzzling question of naming the territorial baby, because its old name, "Russian America," was no longer appropriate. The wits exercised their inventive powers, suggesting such appellations as "American Siberia," and "Zero Islands," but Charles Sumner showed his fine taste by suggesting "Alaska" (the great land), a name which the Indians used in connection with the southern part of the peninsula. The ceremony of the transfer was very simple. Had one been in Sitka a certain bright October morning in 1867 he would have seen beautiful Sitka bay gay with the fluttering Stars and Stripes on three United States warships, while from every staff and roof of the village waved the emblem of Russia's power. In front of the old castle on its lofty, natural elevation were drawn up the troops of both countries, who silently awaited the first salute from one of the United States ships, at which signal the order was given to lower the castle's Russian flag. Scarcely had the sound of the American guns lost themselves in echo, when the Russian batteries boomed forth, and the American flag gayly

mounted to the top, while both country's guns sounded a duet, after which the Russian governor formally resigned his badge of office to America's representative, and the land belonged to Uncle Sam. That night there was a banquet and ball at the castle, and then the Russian families, many of whom were cultured, educated people, prepared to leave the country in possession of the new owner, so that in a few months the natives and United States troops, together with unscrupulous adventurers, were the sole occupants. Gradually the latter class was superseded by honest prospectors and rugged pioneers, whose accounts of the beauty of the land attracted the tourists who now annually flood the coast region, where some of the grandest scenery of the world can be seen. Leaving Victoria, the boat begins its serpentine passage among the innumerable islands which, necklace-like, encircle the coast. In verity and truth, they are the spurs of that unbroken mountain range which forms a wall along the Pacific coast from north to south. At first, one begins to count these islands, but is soon lost in a maze of figures, for there is a goodly company of about 1,100, varying in size from small, delicate patches of green to great tracts of land as large as the state of Massachusetts. As the boat glides in and out of this labyrinth of nature, the scene becomes kaleidoscopic, for, in new combinations of turquoise water, fesse-flecked sky, granite moun-

tains, and forests centuries old are constantly presenting themselves. The Yosemite seems but the child of this very day, grand congregation of rocks, while Pike's Peak is but a strayed little brother, for one after the other, on all sides, mountains that lose themselves in the sky's snow banks rise perpendicularly from the smooth, level surface of the water, Neptune demanding no tribute during this voyage, as one meets the open sea only while crossing Queen Charlotte Sound and Dixon Entrance. A bird flying high over head, or a seagull skimming the water's mirror-like face, give evidence of the feathered inhabitants of these unexplored wildernesses, while a birch-bark canoe filled with Indians darting across the water, add the last touches of wildness to the scene. But the "noble red man" is nobler at a distance than upon nearer acquaintance, for the first settlement where the water carriage lands, Fort Wrangell, discloses the natives freed from all picturesqueness, their totem poles alone calling out admiration. Before almost every hut are seen these stately emblems, symbolical of the natives' pride—a pride which humanity shares, for does not everyone respect a coat-of-arms? The savage and white man here meet on common ground, for each desires influence, and in Indian affairs he who erects the most splendid pole is reckoned a man of wealth, for these heraldic emblems cost the owners from \$1,000 to \$2,000 of our money. A fine cedar log, perhaps fifty feet long, is chosen, and this, after it has been stripped of the bark, is carved with the faces of men, beasts and birds, which may or may not be painted, and is very Indian this true genealogical tree relates a plain story of the owner, showing his descent (which is reckoned on his mother's side), the powerful alliances made by his family, and the great events in the tribe's history. The day of its erection is a proud one for the savage, as the event is celebrated by the entire tribe, and that host who can make the greatest display by lavishly feasting all his guests on the delicacies of this land, by giving them expensive blankets as souvenirs, is counted the most important, and takes a correspondingly high rank, even if he beggars himself in the operation—a parody on modern civilization.

Having exchanged good United States money (of which they seem to know the value) for silver spoons on the handles of which they have carved totem poles, and having reviled in their old art work baskets made of the split roots of the cedar, woven together by hand so tightly that they would hold water, and painted with native colored clay in rude geometrical figures, the tourist finds himself once more drifting through a never ending panorama of nature's arranging and painting, until the glaciers begin to make their appearance, each one of which seems more beautiful than its predecessor, until that queen of glaciers, the Muir, is



WHITE HORSE RAPIDS, YUKON RIVER.

reached. Like a shy maiden, it has been chary of its beauty, hiding itself in a bay which is rather formidable entrance, as it is usually filled with a fleet of icebergs and floes which persist in keeping three-fourths of their bodies under water, so that a vessel wishing to make their acquaintance must be shod in iron. The grating of the ice under the ship's metal heel, the fierce rushing in and out of the tides, and the distant booming of nature's artillery as the icebergs break away from the glacier's face and fall into the water, make one's blood tingle, and expectation has reached its climax when a sudden turn into an inlet brings one face to face with one of the most novel, awe-inspiring sights in all this great round world—Muir glacier—unlike any other of its fellows. Across the bay Mount Crillon and Mount Fairweather, towering 1,500 feet above the water, like giant sentries, guard this frozen gem. It does not stoop down to reach the sea, but boldly, fearlessly approaches the edge of the water, presenting a solid wall of ice over 200 feet high, and three miles across its face—a sight to dazzle and fascinate mankind.

Leaving the ship, lifeboats land the aspiring tourists in a ravine at the side of this ice river, and the ascent through sand and boulder is begun—a scramble rich in reward, as the top of the glacier is a congregation of ice-pinnacles, many of which are as beautiful and symmetrical as if they were cut from

Carrara marble by master artists in days of yore. Even the sun seems to pause and smile more genially as he sees himself reflected in a thousand brilliant ice-facets which separate its rays into their prismatic hues. But linger as he may, the time comes when only the moon and stars see the wonderful beauty of the place, for boats must say good-by when Sol's chariot passes on, as it is not safe for a vessel to be overtaken by night in that ice-dotted bay, which is so unlike that other bay which caresses the banks of Sitka, the most interesting settlement in Alaska. A single street, at the head of which is the old orthodox Greek church, with its picturesque green minarets, chime of bells and fine clock, divides the village into two parts—civilization and heathenism. On the one side is the Indian rancherie or settlement, for the government now compels the natives to live in houses or huts which front the beach in a double row, each place being white-washed and numbered. The inside consists of one large room with a hole in the middle of the roof, through which the smoke of the fire escapes, the soot on the ceiling forming black stalactites of the most fascinating shape and form. In this common living room, the entire family, including hordes of dogs, eat and sleep, while the only touch of picturesqueness about the rancherie are the beautiful canoes covered with gay blankets, which are drawn up on the beach. On the other side of the graveled highway are the trading store, custom house, barracks, mission schools and governor's castle, which is a most interesting square old structure made of huge logs held together by iron bolts, its foundation being a rocky elevation which is surrounded on three sides by water, while the fourth springs abruptly from the surrounding land, thus forming a natural and impregnable fortress. The view from this commanding height discloses a semi-circular bay which might be the twin of the beautiful bay of Naples, not even the five mountain being absent, for the extinct volcano, Edgecumbe, far in the distance to the right, is wrapped in a royal purple mantle, guards the hundreds of emerald islands which stud the silvery, glittering expanse of water. Back of the town are the everlasting hills, whose rising slopes as blue as lapis lazuli, gradually hide themselves in veils of filmy, fleecy clouds until they change their gowns to the pure whiteness of perpetual snow.

Nature seems to be "setting for her picture," for everything about Sitka presents views to fill a water color artist with rapture. Even the sun lingers long before closing his eyes on this perfection, for 9 o'clock in August finds him still out of bed, flooding the scene with glorious mellow light, which gradually fades through the red of regret, and the gray of resignation, to the tender amethyst of hope, for the gentle afterglow which tints the snow-capped mountains, and is reflected by the island-boat bay, seems to be a promise of tomorrow's return, and one secretly envies him the sight, for ere that time comes the steamer will have carried its human freight many miles from this haven of perfect beauty, on the homeward voyage from this land of poetic loveliness—America's Switzerland.

Helium in a Mine. Helium, it will be recollected, is a chemical element which was known to exist in the sun and some of the stars long before it had been discovered on earth. When found on our globe, two years ago, it was discovered in a rare mineral of Norway named cleveite. Since then cleveite has been in demand in chemical laboratories, and its rarity has made it costly. Recently a mine was opened near Ryfylke, Norway, containing an abundance of cleveite, together with several other rare minerals. The cleveite from this mine, examined in London, has been found rich in helium, and it sells for about \$5 a pound.

Present Population of Johannesburg. Johannesburg, according to the latest figures, has now 136,000 inhabitants, 51,000 of whom are whites. There are 16,265 British, 3,335 Russians, 2,263 Germans, 819 Dutch, 442 Frenchmen, 311 Swedes and Norwegians, 205 Italians, and 648 from other non-African countries; the others came from the Orange Free State and the British South African colonies.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

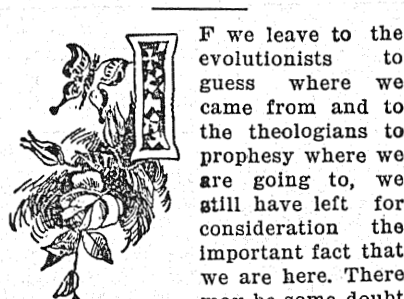
The ring of the dollar is not heard in the death chamber. Kind acts find a dozen friends before kind wishes get an introduction. The truthful are youthful though their cheeks are withered with age. The rich man in hell didn't ask to be taken out. He wanted to be made comfortable where he was. Convince a sinner that you are concerned about him, and he will soon be concerned about himself. There is some difference between hope-so religion and assurance, that there is between muggy twilight and clear sunshine. A euchre playing, dancing, theater-going, beer drinking church member can do more to demoralize the young than a full fledged devil. The preacher who is not caring whether anybody is being brought to repentance by his preaching has misunderstood the Lord. According to the critics of emotional religion, the penitents on the day of Pentecost should have been "cut to their logical faculties," instead of "cut to their hearts."

People who would bow, and scrape, and walk on their knees for the sake of being presented to Queen Victoria, excuse themselves from the Wednesday night levee of the King of Kings—the prayer meeting.—Ram's Horn.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A MOMENTOUS QUESTION," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, James IV. 14: What is Your Life?—Yes, Life is Worth Living if People Will Only Live for God.



If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we will have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?" Solomon in his unhappy moments, says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and money he has honestly made has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide the matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. (If the wind blows from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him he will say, "No.") How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow, and misfortune, and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as a right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissors grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he was made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and

live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmanned and postilioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting, fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hog-head above hog-head, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged, and strangled, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men today struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men today as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society, whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them, and the greatest of intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, and have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really see your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantuamaker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilts. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife—"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment, and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening Senates as he makes a plea for the downtrodden and

the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters: when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fort-tress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her, he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon—the forenoon—having been devoted to her household—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting the little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want the face of that group around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of usefulness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthem all through the ages. I would not find it hard to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed to the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my little mother,"—a major-general standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds of you today. You say, "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace, but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within?

VICISSITUDE.

The "Original Marks." Once a Judge, in Poverty in Chicago.

The original of "My name is Marks, I'm a lawyer, shake," is living in poor circumstances in Chicago at the age of eighty-three. His name is Abraham Marks. He says that Mrs. Stowe wished to localize "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and some one told her he was the only attorney in the vicinity. Judge Marks—he was made a probate judge by Sam Houston—has had a checkered career. Graduating from Union College in 1832, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and went to New Orleans. From there he went to Monroe, La., where he established the Standard, his conduct of that paper drew him into several duels and he was indicted half a dozen times for libel. In 1837 he met a fire-eater named Alexander on "the field of honor," and escaped with a bullet through his coat. After this duel he started for Texas on horseback. At Houston he met the famous Sam Houston, then president of the Texan Republic. Houston made him judge of the Probate Court at San Antonio. He remained in Texas a number of years and then returned to Arkansas. All his life Judge Marks has been an active politician. He was at first a Whig, but afterwards became a Republican, to which party he has belonged since it was born, in 1856. He says that when he was a very small child his parents, who lived at Pensacola, were intimate with Gen. Jackson's family, and that he remembers seeing Mrs. Jackson sit in the chimney corner and smoke a pipe. He asserts that Henry Ward Beecher once told him confidentially that if he could see the manuscript of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he would see that he (Beecher) had written a large part of the book.

A scientific Dane claims that a sleeping plant exposed for some time to the fumes of chloroform or ether is aroused into activity, the effect of an anesthetic on a plant being the reverse of what it is on an animal.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water.

GET RIGID QUICKLY. Send for Book, "Inventions Wished." Edgar Tait & Co., 245 W. 11th St., N.Y.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 27 years' experience in patenting claims, etc.

DROPS NEW DISCOVERY. For all ailments of the throat, nose, and lungs. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. Green's, 2808, Atlanta, Ga.

FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. MY BOOK, GIVING full information about a never-failing cure for the most distressing and dangerous disease, TORACIC HEMIPY, DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, 46 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ills.

NO EGGS, BOILING, FLAVORING. To Make Elegant Cake Frosting. Send 20 cents in stamps for "The Cake Making Book" by J. C. Hoffman, 46 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ills. AGENTS WANTED.

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"Big Four Route" SEPTEMBER 20-21

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For tickets and full information call on any ticket agent of the Big Four Route, or address: E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager, WARREN J. LYNCH, Asst. Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent, CINCINNATI, O.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO NEBRASKA

September 21, October 5, 1910. On these dates round-trip tickets, good for 21 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at Plus \$2.00.

The undersigned will send you free of application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

A Dry, Healthy Climate. A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the homeseeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates, or write to F. S. Huston, District Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

\$100 To Any Man. WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE

Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure. An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAGICAL TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; contains no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT—magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood, should write to the STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly MAGICAL TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition. This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cures, Free Samples, or C. O. D. fake. They have \$250,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or eruptions of a cutaneous membrane. Faintness, and not asthenia. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for 50c. Circular sent on request.

A Question Answered.

The State Board of Nebraska recently sent out circulars to the farmers of the state, asking the question: "Does farming pay?" The following letter reproduced from the September number of "The Corn Belt" would seem to answer the question pretty effectively:

Seward, Neb., Aug. 25, 1897. To the Editor of the Corn Belt: I landed in Seward County Nov. 22, 1868, from Pennsylvania, overland with a team and wagon and about \$800 in money. I now have 400 acres of well improved land within sight of the county seat, unencumbered, worth \$20,000. I also have 30 head of horses, 35 head of thoroughbred Hereford cattle and 100 head of thoroughbred Poland-China hogs, some 8 or 10 of them costing me \$110 each. I also have city property to the amount of over \$3,000, and some \$3,000 or more of personal property, besides several thousand bushels of corn and grain. I have made it a point to feed all I raise. I do not believe I have sold over a thousand bushels of corn since I have lived in the state. While we have had a few short crops, we have never had a total failure. I am well pleased with farming in Nebraska and would advise all my friends to cast their lot with us. Yours very truly, Levi Hofer.

No need to scratch your life away. Doan's Ointment brings instant relief in all cases of Itching Piles, Pita Worms, Eczema, Ringworms, Itches or other itebness of the skin. Get it from your dealer.

Happy the man who early learns the white chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.

Gum arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient mucilage to keep in the house.

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. 7—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Guaranteed. All druggists, 50c or \$1.00. Send for circular and sample free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Jonathan Hulls in 1736 made a small steamboat. It failed to work, but had all the secrets of Fulton's later invention.

Rugs Made From Your Old Carpets. Latest improvement, new method of making reversible rugs from your old Brussels or Ingrain carpets, with border all around. Send for circular and prices to S. Kross, 6211 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Swords equally as fine as the famous blades of Damascus are manufactured in Bhutan, a state in the Himalayas.

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

The first paper ever made in the world was made by wasps. They used it for building nests.

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

One of the greatest pleasures in life is found in counting the money one is about to make.

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

Usually when a woman's car begins to burn she is talking about somebody.

GEORGE'S BAY LINE—America's finest cutting 1 week free. For full particulars, send 10c to George's Bay Line, 110 Woodward Ave., Detroit, or any G. R. Y. agent.

It is a mighty good boy who likes to have his school teacher meet his parents.

Rub finger marks from furniture with a little sweet oil.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. It is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like Coffee Looks like Coffee

WISCONSIN'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. 25c. In time. Sold by druggists.

George Caulfield's Journey

By Miss F. E. Braddon.

CHAPTER I. HERE were but five minutes left before the time for starting of the night mail from the great central terminus in the busy commercial city of Grandchester, and the Rev. George Caulfield, with a traveling bag in his hand, and a comfortable railway rug over his arm, was walking slowly along the platform, peering into the first-class carriages as he went by, in quest of ease and solitude. He was a man of reserved temper, bookish beyond his years, and he had a horror of finding himself imprisoned among five noisy spirits, cottony, horsey, and of that boisterous and coarsely-spoken temperament, which the retracted and gentle parson would have characterized as rowdy. The Reverend George was a Christian gentleman, but so far as it was possible for his mild nature to hate any one, he hated fast young men. He was not fond of strangers in a general way. He endured them, but he did not love them. He had lingered on the platform till the train was within three minutes of starting, in the hope of securing for himself the luxury of privacy, but as the long hand of the station clock marked the third minute before 11, he espied an empty carriage, and was in the act of entering it, when a hand was laid very gently on his sleeve.

"Pardon me, sir," said a somewhat agitated voice, "are you a medical man?" Mr. Caulfield turned, and confronted a man of slight figure and middle height, some years younger than himself—a man with a pale face, delicate features, and soft black eyes; a very interesting countenance, thought the curate. The stranger looked anxious and hurried.

"No," answered Mr. Caulfield, "I am a clergyman." "That is almost as good. My dear sir, will you do me a great favor? My sister, an invalid, is traveling by this train, alone, but she will be met by friends at Milldale Junction. She is very ill—nothing infectious; chest complaint, poor girl. If you will afford her the privilege of your protection, only as far as Milldale, you will oblige me enormously."

There was no time for hesitation, the bell was ringing clamorously, people were hurrying to their seats. "With pleasure," said the good-natured curate, sorry to lose the delight of loneliness, embarrassed at the idea of an unknown invalid, but far too kind to shrink from doing an act of mercy.

The young man ran to the second-class waiting room, and returned almost immediately carrying a muffled figure in his arms—a small, fragile form, which he carried as easily as if it had been that of a child. This slender figure, half buried in a large Rob Roy shawl, he placed with infinite care in one of the seats farthest from the door; then he ran back to the waiting-room for more wraps, a pillow, and a foot-warmer. He administered with womanly tenderness to the comfort of the invalid, who reclined motionless and silent in her corner, and then, hurried and agitated in the imminent departure of the mail, he stood at the door of the carriage talking to Mr. Caulfield, who had taken his seat in the opposite corner to that occupied by the invalid.

"You are more than good," said the stranger. "Don't talk to her; she is low and nervous, and you will agitate her painfully if you force her to talk. I dare say she will doze all the way. It is only an hour from here to Milldale, and no stoppage till you get there. Oh, by the way, kindly take this bottle, and if she should turn faint or giddy on the way, give her a few drops of the contents. There goes the card. Will you allow me to offer you my flag? I am deeply indebted. Good night."

All this had been said hurriedly. George Caulfield had hardly time to take the proffered card when the engine puffed itself laboriously out of the great, ghastly terminus, a wilderness of iron work, a labyrinth of tunnels and sidings and incomprehensible platforms, very gloomy on this cold winter night.

For the first few minutes Mr. Caulfield felt so confused and disturbed by the suddenness of the charge that he had been forced upon him that he hardly knew what he was doing. Then he glanced at the lady, and saw with a feeling of relief that her head was reposing comfortably against the padded division of the carriage, and that her face was hidden by a blue gauze veil, which she wore over a small brown straw hat. She was breathing somewhat heavily, he thought, but that was to be expected in a sufferer from chest complaint.

"I hope her heart is all right," thought George, with a sudden sense of the awfulness of his position were his invalid charge to expire while in his care. He looked at the stranger's card: MR. ELSDEN, Briargate.

The address looked well. Briargate was one of the most respectable business streets in Grandchester. Doubtless it had once been a rustic lane, where briars and roses grew abundantly, and the bees and butterflies, and village lads and lassies, made merry amidst odors of new-mown hay. Nowadays Briargate was a narrow street

of lofty warehouses, tall enough to shut out the sun, a street that smelled of machine oil. The express had cleared Grandchester by this time, tearing along a viaduct above a forest of tall chimneys, and then, with a sweeping curve, away to the windy open country, a land as wild and fresh and free as if there were no such things as factories and smoky chimneys in the world. Mr. Caulfield had, for the first ten minutes or so, felt revived by his inability to see his companion's face. It had been a comfort to him to behold her placidly asleep yonder, requiring no attention, leaving him free to dip in Tennyson's latest idyll, which he carried uncut in his traveling bag. But so variable is the human mind, so fanciful and altogether irrational at times, that now Mr. Caulfield began to feel vaguely curious about the face hidden under the blue gauze veil. He began to wonder about it. Was it so very pale, so deathly white, as it seemed to him under that gauze veil, in the dim light of the oil lamp? No, it was the blue gauze, no doubt, which gave that ghastly pallor to the sharply-cut features, the sunken cheeks.

The young lady's eyes were altogether hidden by the shadow of her hat, but Mr. Caulfield felt that she was asleep. She was breathing so quietly that he could scarcely see any indication of the faint breath that must be stirring her breast in gentle undulations. Sometimes he fancied he saw the folds of the Rob Roy shawl rise and fall in regular pulsations. Sometimes it seemed to him that nothing stirred save the shadows moved by the flickering flame of the wind-blown lamp.

He sat and watched that quiet figure in the corner, only taking his eyes away now and then to look out at the dark land through which they were speeding, to see a cosy village, lit by half a dozen flashing rush-lights flit by like a phantom, or a town that made a patch of angry glare on the edge of the horizon. Useless to think of enjoying Tennyson by the sickly gleam of that wretched lamp! He stretched himself up in his warm rug; he closed his eyes, and tried to sleep. In vain. He was thinking of the face under the blue veil. He was broad awake—hopelessly awake. He could do nothing but sit and contemplate the figure reposing so quietly in the opposite corner. How he longed for Milldale Junction! He looked at his watch. The inexorable dial told him that it was only half an hour since he left Grandchester. His own sensations told him that it was a long night of agony.

Naturally a nervous man, to-night his nerves were getting the mastery over him. "I never took such a miserable journey," he said to himself. "If she would only throw back that veil—if she would only speak to me—if she would only stir, or make some little sign of life! It is like traveling with Death personified. Were she to lift that veil this instant, I should expect to see a grinning skull underneath."

He had been told not to speak to her, but the inclination to disobey that injunction was every moment intensifying. Yet, if she were sleeping as placidly as she seemed to sleep, it would be cruel to disturb her; and he was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He took out his Tennyson, cut the leaves, puzzling out a few lines here and there by the uncertain lamp-light. This helped him to while away a quarter of an hour. He looked at his watch. God be praised! fifteen minutes more and the train was due at Milldale. What bliss to deliver that poor creature into the keeping of her friends—to have done with that muffled figure and that unseen face forever!

The train was fast approaching the junction; seven minutes more alone remained of the hour, and this night mail was famed for its punctuality. Just at the last that feeling of morbid curiosity, which had been tormenting the curate for the greater part of the journey became an irresistible impulse. He changed his seat to that directly opposite his silent companion. Here he could see the form of the delicate features under the blue veil! How cruelly illness had sharpened the outline. The girl's unglazed hand hung listlessly over the morocco-covered arm, which divided her seat from the next. Such a pallid hand, so nerveless in its attitude! Something, he knew not what, prompted Mr. Caulfield to touch those pale fingers. He bent over and laid his hand lightly upon them. Great God, what an icy hand! He had felt the touch of death on many a sad occasion in the path of duty, but this was colder than death itself. A cry of horror burst from his lips. He snatched aside the gauze veil, and saw a face purpled by the awful shadow of death.

"Milldale Junction! Change here for Broughborough, Mudford, Middlebridge, Sloughcombe—" and a string of names that dwindled into silence far away along the platform. George Caulfield sprang out of the railway carriage like a man distraught. He seized upon the nearest guard.

"For God's sake, tell me what to do!" he cried. "There is a lady in that carriage dead or dying. Indeed, I fear she is actually dead. She was placed in my charge by a stranger at Grandchester. She is to be met by friends here. It will be an awful shock to them—near relatives, perhaps. How

am I to find them? How am I to be kept the sad news to them?"

He was pale to the lips, cold drops of sweat were on his brow. All the pent-up excitement of the last hour burst from him now with uncontrollable force. The guard was as calm as a man of iron.

"Fetch the station-master here, will you?" he said to a passing porter. "Sad thing, sir," he said, to the agitated curate; "but you'd better keep yourself quiet. Such misfortunes will happen. We'll get a medical man here presently. I dare say there's one in the train. Perhaps the lady has only fainted. Hadn't you better step inside and sit with her?"

They were standing at the door of the carriage. George Caulfield glanced with a shudder at that muffled figure in that farthest corner. "No," he answered, profoundly agitated, "I could do no good. I fear there is no hope. I fear she is dead."

"No relation of yours, sir, the lady?" asked the guard, scrutinizing the curate rather curiously. "I never saw her till to-night; and then, in hurried accents, Mr. Caulfield related the circumstances of his departure from Grandchester.

"Here comes the station-master," said the guard, without vouchsafing any comment on the curate's story. The station-master was a business-like man, of commanding presence, and Mr. Caulfield turned to him as for protection.

"What am I to do?" he asked, when the guard had briefly stated the case. "Nothing, I should think," answered the station-master, shortly; "but you'd better stay to see the upshot of the business. Where are the lady's friends, I wonder? They ought to have turned up by this time. Johnson, just you go along the platform to inquire for anybody waiting to meet a lady from Grandchester, and send some one else along the line to inquire for a doctor."

The guard departed on his errand; the station-master said, in three minutes the porter came, followed by an elderly man, bearded and spectacled. "Medical gentleman, sir," said the porter.

The doctor got into the carriage and looked at the lady. "Bring me a better light," he asked, and a lamp was brought. A crowd was collecting by this time, travelers who scented some excitement, and thought they could not make a better use of their remaining five minutes than in finding out all about it.

"You'd better send for the police," exclaimed the doctor, reappearing at the door of the carriage. "This is a bad case."

"How do you mean?" inquired the station-master. "I mean that this poor creature has died from the effects of narcotic poison."

"Great Heaven!" cried the curate; "I had a presentiment that there was something wrong."

The doctor and a porter lifted the muffled figure out of the carriage, and conveyed it to the nearest waiting-room. Three minutes more and the train would be moving. A police-constable appeared as if by magic, and planted himself at the curate's side.

The guard came back. "Nobody here to meet the lady," he said. "There must be a mistake somewhere."

"What am I to do?" demanded George Caulfield looking helplessly from the station-master to the doctor. "Keep yourself as quiet as you can, I should say," answered the station-master.

"But, good heavens! I may be suspected of being concerned in this poor creature's death, unless her friends appear to verify my statement. Ah, by-the-by, her brother gave me his card. I can tell you her name at any rate."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stopping and Starting Electric Cars. It takes just as much electric power to start a car as it would animal power, and it requires less current to keep the car moving than to start it, so that a great number of starts and stops means a large consumption of energy. In the American Electrician there appears an article in which the actual figures for these two cases are given. It is shown that the cost of one stop on each trip of a car during a year on a fifteen-car line may amount to \$70, or to \$467 for a 100-car road; so that if these figures are multiplied by two stops at each crossing on a road operating long lines the large cost is evident. Careful handling of the controller will save over \$1,000 a year on a 15-car road and \$7,000 per year on a 100-car road. The difference between a careful motorman who has been well instructed and a careless one may amount to from 3 to 8 per cent of the total energy consumed. It is perfectly safe, according to this authority, to say that 10 per cent of the energy can be saved by more careful handling of the controller, while on most roads at least 15 per cent could be saved without doubt. The maxim of every motorman should be: "Use the brake as little as possible and drift as much as possible." The employment of skilled motormen capable of understanding the mechanism they handle would result in a saving to the trolley companies, even though a higher salary were paid the men, and at the same time add much comfort to the passengers.

Remarkable Clock. In the shop of a St. Petersburg watchmaker a human-faced clock is on view—the only one of its kind. The hands are pivoted on its nose and any messages that may be spoken into its ear are repeated by phonograph through its mouth.

IT IS UNUSUAL. Roman Catholic Priests Organize a Grand Army Post.

A Grand Army post has just been formed in Indiana whose membership, with one exception, is made up of Roman Catholic priests and brothers of the Order of the Holy Cross. This unique addition to the Grand Army is located at Notre Dame, the seat of Notre Dame university. The formation of the post was suggested by the presence in the university of so many instructors who fought in the war or were chaplains. A brother who fought all through the war in the Irish brigade was recently transferred to Notre Dame from an university, and a list of eligibles was a member of the Grand Army and wanted to remain one. The Very Rev. Father Corby, who was chaplain of the Irish brigade, is now superior of the Order of the Holy Cross. He approved the suggestion of a post at the university, and a list of eligibles was made. Enough were found to make a quorum and six over. Accordingly the post was organized under permission regularly granted by State Commander Dodge. Notre Dame has a fine war record. In all, eight priests left there to serve as chaplains, most of whom are now dead. In addition, there were sixty sisters of the Order of the Holy Cross who went out as nurses, under Mother Mary Angela, a cousin of James G. Blaine. Most of the veterans among the brothers joined the organization after the close of the war. (S. I. Olmstead, who now belongs to the order, is also a member. The only layman who has been admitted to this branch of the church militant is Col. William Haynes, who is the dean of the law school. Brother Leader, who was a private in the Fifteenth Regiment of the regular army all through the war, was chiefly instrumental in the post's organization.

No-To-Bacco Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

When a man is beside himself he should not place much dependence on his companion. Wash ink stains in strong brine and then sponge with lemon juice. Remove fruit stains from the hands with weak oxalic acid.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

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Scrofula Cured

"When three months old my boy was troubled with scrofula. There were sore places on his hands and body as large as a man's hand, and sometimes the blood would run. We began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon took effect. When he had taken three bottles he was cured." W. H. GARNER, West Earl, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c. A New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California.

The Chicago Times-Herald of August 27, says that on September 19 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On October 3 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A dose of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry brings immediate relief in all cases of cramping pains of the stomach or bowels. It is nature's specific for summer complaint in all its forms.

Evidences of sun worship are found in the mythology of every land. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has cured hundreds of cases of deafness that were supposed to be incurable. It never fails to cure earache.

A hint to the wise is sufficient, provided the wise are disposed to take it. Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. I. F. C. C. Fall, druggists refund money. In Damascus, drunken men are called victims of "the English disease."

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house. J. O. Albright, Millinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1893. The United States has 365,000 coal miners. W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 38—97

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength. It is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand medicine. By the neglect of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhoea and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited, Dorchester, Mass.

Safe Coasting

is not a certainty on any bicycle, but the nearest to it is coasting on a Columbia. The 5% Nickel Steel Tubing, used only in Columbias, is the strongest material known in bicycle construction.

1897 Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD at \$75 to all alike

There should be no question in your mind what wheel to buy.

1897 Hartfords,	\$50
Hartfords, Pattern 2,	45
Hartfords, Pattern 1,	40

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

Cass City Enterprise.

An independent newspaper. Published every Thursday at the ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, Sugar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Michigan.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; six months, 60c; three months, 35c, strictly in advance.

Advertisements.

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

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

A. A. P. McDOWELL, Proprietor.

OUR MOTTO: PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

Professional Cards.

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

D. R. M. WICKWARE, Physician and Surgeon. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Calls answered promptly, day or night. Office over T. H. Fritz's drug store, 7-22-97.

HOMER C. EDWARDS, M. D. Graduate of U. of M. Office hours: 8 to 10; 3 to 7; 7 to 8. Eyes examined every afternoon and the purest public hygiene maintained when required. 211-97.

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

E. B. LANDON, Special attention given to procuring pensions and increase of pensions. 3-18-97.

MCCLINTON, M. D. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at residence.

A. A. MCKENZIE, Auctioneer. Sales of all kinds of real estate, personal property, and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales solicited from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ENTERPRISE. 8-3-94.

W. J. CAMPBELL, Insurance Agent. Insures farm property against fire and lightning. Also agent for Cuyahoga, Tornado and Windstorm Co. Office at corner Main and West Sts., Cass City, Mich. 6-20.

WM. SMITHSON, Drycleaner. Makes a specialty of moving household furniture. Goods handled with care. Drying of all kinds solicited. Cass City, Mich.

A. SPRING, is thoroughly equipped to do all kinds of draying and outfitting a share of patronage. Household goods handled with care. 9-5.

Societies.

F. & A. M. TAYLOR LODGE, No. 212, F. & A. M. Regular communications for 1897: Sept. 4, Oct. 1, Nov. 5, Dec. 9, 12, 16, 19, Aug. 7, 10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 28, 31, 34, 37, 40, 43, 46, 49, 52, 55, 58, 61, 64, 67, 70, 73, 76, 79, 82, 85, 88, 91, 94, 97, 100, 103, 106, 109, 112, 115, 118, 121, 124, 127, 130, 133, 136, 139, 142, 145, 148, 151, 154, 157, 160, 163, 166, 169, 172, 175, 178, 181, 184, 187, 190, 193, 196, 199, 202, 205, 208, 211, 214, 217, 220, 223, 226, 229, 232, 235, 238, 241, 244, 247, 250, 253, 256, 259, 262, 265, 268, 271, 274, 277, 280, 283, 286, 289, 292, 295, 298, 301, 304, 307, 310, 313, 316, 319, 322, 325, 328, 331, 334, 337, 340, 343, 346, 349, 352, 355, 358, 361, 364, 367, 370, 373, 376, 379, 382, 385, 388, 391, 394, 397, 400, 403, 406, 409, 412, 415, 418, 421, 424, 427, 430, 433, 436, 439, 442, 445, 448, 451, 454, 457, 460, 463, 466, 469, 472, 475, 478, 481, 484, 487, 490, 493, 496, 499, 502, 505, 508, 511, 514, 517, 520, 523, 526, 529, 532, 535, 538, 541, 544, 547, 550, 553, 556, 559, 562, 565, 568, 571, 574, 577, 580, 583, 586, 589, 592, 595, 598, 601, 604, 607, 610, 613, 616, 619, 622, 625, 628, 631, 634, 637, 640, 643, 646, 649, 652, 655, 658, 661, 664, 667, 670, 673, 676, 679, 682, 685, 688, 691, 694, 697, 700, 703, 706, 709, 712, 715, 718, 721, 724, 727, 730, 733, 736, 739, 742, 745, 748, 751, 754, 757, 760, 763, 766, 769, 772, 775, 778, 781, 784, 787, 790, 793, 796, 799, 802, 805, 808, 811, 814, 817, 820, 823, 826, 829, 832, 835, 838, 841, 844, 847, 850, 853, 856, 859, 862, 865, 868, 871, 874, 877, 880, 883, 886, 889, 892, 895, 898, 901, 904, 907, 910, 913, 916, 919, 922, 925, 928, 931, 934, 937, 940, 943, 946, 949, 952, 955, 958, 961, 964, 967, 970, 973, 976, 979, 982, 985, 988, 991, 994, 997, 1000.

I. O. F. COURT ELKLAND, No. 826, I. O. F. meets on the second and fourth Mondays of each month in their hall in the Campbell block, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

A. A. MCKENZIE, Rec. Sec. 9-11-97.

I. O. O. F. CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

G. A. STEVENSON, Secretary.

K. O. T. M. CASS CITY TRINT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.

SAM. F. BIGELOW, Record Keeper.

L. O. L. CASS CITY LODGE, No. 214, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30. Stock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

W. A. ANDERSON, Secretary.

Church Directory.

W. A. ANDERSON, Secretary.

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W. A. ANDERSON, Secretary.

W. A. ANDERSON, Secretary.

H. L. PINNEY, Cashier. H. W. SEED, Asst. Cashier.

EXCHANGE BANK

Cass City, Mich.

Loans Money on Real Estate

at most Reasonable Rates.

Pays Interest on Time Deposits.

E. H. PINNEY, Prop.

PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R.

PASSENGERS TIME CARD.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

Table with columns: GOING NORTH, STATIONS, GOING SOUTH. Lists train routes and times between Cass City and other locations like Pontiac, Oxford, and Saginaw.

*Flag stations. Train stop only on signal. Trains No. 5 will run Monday, Wednesday and Friday No. 6, Thursday and Saturday. All other trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS: Pontiac with Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Ry.; Oxford with Bay City Division Michigan Central Ry.; Inlay City with Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry.; Elkhart with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry.; Pigeon with Saginaw Tuscola & Huron Ry.

W. C. SANFORD, Gen. Supt.

Cass City and Caro STAGE & LINE.

J. S. DUNHAM, PROP.

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

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

FARE—One way, \$1.00; round trip \$1.50. Good rigs always in readiness. Commercial men a specialty.

CASS CITY BANK.

Auten, Seelye & Blair, Props. Established 188.

A general banking business transacted.

Money loaned on Real Estate.

Flour! That is our business when at the

Cass City Roller Mills

We make, Sell and Exchange for your Wheat or Cash, three of the best kinds of Flour made.

WHITE LILY,

Winter Wheat, High Toned Blend and Pillsbury's Best Spring Patent.

FEED!

We also Grind and Sell all kinds of feed, And keep on hand, Graham Flour Granulated Meal, Breakfast Food, etc, at lowest Cash Prices.

C. W. HELLER, PROP.

YOUR FORTUNE

Is your health your happiness is your fortune. Keep the Head and Throat clear and healthy and you will have no more of those CUSHMAN'S AGENT'S ENTIRELY IS THE GREATEST relief to mankind in all head troubles.

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HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

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

WILMOT.

John Hart is on the sick list. Wilmot is much in need of a general store.

John Brown raised his new barn Tuesday.

School commenced Monday morning with Mr. Goodrich as teacher.

A little more rain is needed here for the benefit of wheat seeding.

F. B. Howard & Co. notify us that they intend to move their stove mill to some point in Wisconsin in the near future.

Wilmot flouring mills are running nearly full time now, and they are also putting in some new wheat cleaning machinery.

KINGSTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Lang spent Sunday with Caro Friends.

R. Lang is in Detroit in the interest of his millinery store.

Rev. Desjardins started for conference Tuesday morning.

Neil H. Burns transacted business in Saginaw Wednesday.

Miss Minnie Bates is visiting relatives and friends in Canada.

A. G. Purdy and family have moved into the Roy house on River Street, and Mr. Achin, the former tenant, has moved on Park Saigoon's farm.

W. M. Dixon of Windsor, Ont., formerly of Clifford, Mich., has purchased a half interest in the stock of goods of Buffum and the business will be continued under the name of Buffum & Dixon.

WICKWARE.

School opened Monday night with Mabel Eppelert, of Sanilac Centre, for teacher.

Ben Keyser, of Bay City, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents, I. Keyser's.

Miss Edith Bond, of Chicago, is renewing old acquaintances of this place for a few weeks.

Some of our young people attended the show in Argyle last week and reported an enjoyable time.

Wm. Burt left for Carthage, Ohio, Monday where he expects to work in the Asylum. We join in wishing him success.

Mrs. J. Benedict, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. Stone, for the past few months, returned to her home in Marlette on Saturday.

SIABRONA.

Malissa Wait is visiting in Yale.

Mary Atkins returned to Flint Monday morning.

William E. Hanney is working on E. Phetplace's collar at present.

Mrs. Rose and children, of Yale, are visiting at her father's, H. S. Wait's.

The members of the Epworth League are preparing for a literary entertainment the 20th.

The methodists are expecting Editor McDowell of Cass City to preach in the church next Sunday.

John Parrott has commenced work on his new grist mill. Mr. Wilkins is doing the stone work.

The Siabrona base ball team played Lamotte Sept 11th, defeating them for the third time this season.

W. P. English and Dr. Bates, of Kingston, where the guests of Dr. Truesdel Wednesday last.

School in district No. 1 commenced a week ago last Monday. A young man by the name of "Brown" is wielding the Birch this year.

ELMWOOD.

H. Dodge is hunting ducks at the Bay this week.

H. Shea had relatives from Dayton visiting them Sunday.

Born, on Sept. 7, Mrs. Frank Hendrick of a daughter.

The wheat is nearly all sown in this part and looks good for it being so dry.

The dance held in Leach Hall was quite a success socially if not financially.

School meeting passed off quietly last Monday. R. Webster was re-elected.

Owing to some necessary repairs to the school house, school will not begin until Oct. 4. Miss Maud Treadgold has been engaged as teacher for the next year.

Rev. H. McConnell preached his farewell sermon on this charge on Sunday, as the conference is held this week in Port Huron and he does not intend filling a pulpit for the next year but will attend college. All his friends here wish him success in his new undertaking.

GREENSBAR.

Miss Kate Ritter, of Detroit, is home for a few days.

Jas. Whittell, of Bothwell, Ont., is visiting his father.

Peter G. Decker is suffering with an abscess on his hand.

Mrs. Catherine Livingstone is visiting friends in Canada.

Dan Livingstone made a business trip to Buffalo Monday.

Rev. C. D. Eldridge, of Cass City, preached to a large audience Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Livingstone and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Livingstone.

A. K. Roblin's sale will occur Sept. 27th. Mr. Roblin expects to move to Cass City very soon.

Mr. Whittell, who was so seriously injured in a runaway accident last week, is not out of danger.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, of Elkton, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. H. McCall.

Miss Kittie Livingstone left for Detroit Wednesday for a few days' visit. She will return to Pontiac Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McCall, of Fort Worth, Texas, are visiting relatives and friends for a few days. Mr. McCall is auditor for the Rock Island Railroad.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy cathartic, cures constipation forever. 10c. H. C. C. Co. full druggists refund money.

GAGETOWN.

Squire Anyon wears a til hat.

May Brown will be home next week.

Chas. Williamson, of Grant, rides a bike.

Jas. L. Parly and wife dined at Bay Port Sunday.

Grape picking will be commenced last of next week.

Clare Purdy and his aunt, Mrs. H. J. Comstock, Sundayed with friends in Caro.

The ladies made a bee Tuesday to make and fix up clothing for M. S. J. McGinn and her children.

It seems to me that it was the Lady Dees that were surprised Saturday night in place of the Sir Knights. The Knights are hustlers at times.

The ladies of Grace church met at a special meeting held at Mrs. S. A. Johnston's on Wednesday to decide on the date when they will hold their Harvest Home supper.

Mr. Smith, Toohy's blacksmith, was taken quite ill one day last week, and has gone to his home at Inlay City and P. Toohy, Jr., is wielding the hammer at the forge now.

Mr. McGilvery, of Elkton, the professional horse shoer, has perfected arrangements with Toohy Bros., where-by he takes a half interest in the blacksmith business here and P. Toohy, Jr., will work in the shop with him. Mr. McGilvery has been retained at Elkton till after the fair to do shoeing for the races.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, etc. H. C. C. Co. full druggists.

ARGYLE.

A "bouncing" baby at "Boncer's".

Rev. Carmichael of the M. E. church goes to conference this week.

Argyle has a telephone sure and certain; and it has come to stay.

Miss Mable Robb, of Crosswell, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. McLachlan.

Some of the Show Co., drove over from Uby last Sunday to spend the day.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Schuler, last week, a son. Mother and child both doing well.

Miss Christine Striffler, from near Cass City, is stopping at her brother Will's at present.

Dr. McNaughton is making the necessary preparations to having a stone wall put under his store.

Corn promises to be a good crop this year in spite of the cold and late spring. Fruit is not as plentiful as last year.

Miss Grable is in very poor health at present and is under the doctors care. Her many friends hope she may soon regain her usual good health again.

Our school teacher this year is a "Master," instead of "Miss" yet every child and child says "yes ma'am" "allice came," not having become accustomed to the change.

Bean pulling has commenced around here, and every boy who can be spared from home is spending his leisure hours after school at the business of pulling beans.

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.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. H. C. C. Co. full druggists refund money.

A New Through Passenger Route.

For Colorado, Utah and California. The Chicago Times-Herald of August 27th says that on September 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On October 2 the tourist car route over these two lines the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Harry Mercer, Michigan Passenger Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry., 7 Fort St., Detroit, Mich. 9-9-2.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store.

OHIO CENTRAL LINES.

Solid Trains Between Detroit, Toledo and Cincinnati. Only sleeping car line between Detroit and Columbus. Take P. & O. C. for Bowling Green, Findlay, Kenton, Springfield, Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus, Potosi, Bucyrus, Athens, Middleport, Marietta, Pt. Pleasant, Charleston, W. Va. Elegant parlors cars on day trains. Wagner's finest sleepers on night trains. Ask for tickets via Ohio Central Lines. 7-29-10.

Nature makes a strong fight against disease, but there are times when it needs assistance to drive out the enemy. Dr. J. H. McLaughlin's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier supplies the needed help and will soon restore the body to a healthy, vigorous condition. It exercises a stimulating influence over the organs of digestion and assimilation, strengthens the appetite, brightens the eye, and imparts the rosy bloom of health to the cheek. Price 50c and \$1 a bottle. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

S. OSTRANDER

Will Show a Splendid Assortment of

Shoes and Furniture

During Fair Week

Note Prices.

Bedroom Suits from \$11 to \$20

Extension Tables, ball bearing caters 4.00 to 15

A large assortment of Rockers from 60

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 kind you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the 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, 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.

Communication.

The editor will not hold himself responsible for any opinions expressed or statements made in articles published under this head.

My Dear Mr Editor—
I am very much pleased, indeed, to see that on more mature thought, Friend Deford, has grown less impassioned and extravagant in his latest outflow. I think, sir, that he has learned from the few and imperfect objections lodged with your paper that the American people, although they may bear with being humbugged for a season will not tolerate fiction under the name of history. Your above named poet has given us a graphic theme from one of his kind and with poetic license he has dealt with the fancies of a poetic mind as the facts of philosophy. Mr. Editor, poetry and fact are widely different and our anxiety in this discussion is not to deal with mythological fancies but realistic facts. Now, sir, any student of impartial British history can tell on request the humiliation into which Britain and more particularly England was brought by the reign of Chas. II. Even Collier, the historian, which boys of fifteen and sixteen delight to read, declares the period of the reigning monarch to be base, convivial and unprincipled. Between Chas. II, and Lewis XIV of France the country was assailed in unprincipled determination. As Louis aimed at the sovereignty of Europe and the British could be better gained by England's neutrality he made his proposals which were as basely accepted. Chas. married a Roman catholic for money, £500,000 sold Dunkirk to Lewis for a paltry sum, professed to be Lewis' enemy and yet received annually £200,000 from that monarch as a price of his secret mercenary friendship. He advanced his popish plans by throwing the powerful influence of the crown toward setting protestant against protestant and the Episcopal church as your clever dictator has stated persecuted its fellow protestants. But don't forget, sir, that the hypocrisy of a catholic plot lay behind that shameful page. For be it understood that the king who had so far forgotten the moral courage as to become a servant of France lacked the moral courage necessary to manhood when the power which subsidized him directed his influence to the creation of dissension amongst his Protestant subjects. Then James appeared. His first words were that he would protect and cherish the protestant cause. Now as protestantism was directly the opposite of Roman catholicism any advance toward recognition of the papal power as sovereign to the royal power in England would mean a breach of his word. It is notorious that he soon regarded Roman catholics as the fittest person for his officers of state. His aim to control the educational centre Oxford blurs his name with the foulest stains. Magdalen, wealthiest Oxford college, had placed in its vacant headship one, "Farmers catholic of infamous life and not even qualified by statute for the office." Twelve catholics were admitted to fellowship in one day. Massey, a Roman catholic, was given Christ church deanery. One of the Cambridge vice chancellors was dismissed for his protestantism and a catholic placed there. Officers in the army and church were quietly disrobed and catholics put in their vacant places. Bloody Jeffreys, a monster whose name is synonymous with cruelty and unmanliness, did his black and shameful work under appointment and sanction of the king. In William's day, a few might be massacred in one night when the deed was done before the royal hand could stay the murderers, but this barbarous series of inhumanities were perpetrated repeatedly while the nation was frozen into activity with horror and James urged his tyrannical servant to his murderous tasks. Defenceless women, fugitive men, innocents and infants were all huddled into one mass of condemned humanity and either transported to the West Indies or hanged on a neighboring tree. When this fiend returned to his royal abettor he was firmly ordered the ocean bound and James surrendered to him the great seal of the kingdom. He became chief figure in the ecclesiastical court of high commissions an institution which had been abolished because of its papal tendencies in 1604 and revived by James to meet his tyrannical ends. That doughty monarch not satisfied with his sweeping changes enrolled an Irish catholic army officer by catholics and pledged firstly to maintain the Roman church. The fact was that James could not count on the people as readily upon protestant England as he could if the enslavement of Rome had taught them how to forget free thought and free speech. There is no system as favorable to despotism as Romanism. Get the people to quit thinking and you can run them like the horsewhip. The king, therefore, fondly hoped that he could enshroud his subjects in passive obedience to pope and sovereign and then when they had forgotten how to be free he might the more easily wring from the populace the God-given rights as men. It was no mere passing agitation which called William of Orange to England and swept King James across the Southern Channel. It was a profound revolution which sprang from a people who were rudely awakened to the fact that if James' mad policy were continued England must become a disordered territory. Englishmen blushed with shame when they learned that James' double dealing had led him to accept a bribe from France as a price of his neutrality. Deception and distrust were the topics of the hour when in answer to the invitation of the British people Wm. of Orange unfurled his sails at the Hague and swept across the sea to make the ocean bound island the cradle of liberty. Now, sir, when James had fled to London and heard his daughter, Anne, had gone to join his enemy, Danby, at Nottingham, he, forsaken, I again repeat, by his own children, (for King William's wife, Mary, was one of them), hurried his footsteps to France. William immediately began a mild and careful reign. "Let a man be peaceable for conscience sake," were his first words. As we are dealing with brilliant principles to introduce the work of Cromwell at Westford is merely a digression which marks an untrained mind. Whether Cromwell was justified in conquering Ireland by successive battles or by means of the terror of his name was an act of wisdom or foolishness may be open to grave discussion which would beg the question at issue. Stick by one point at a time, my dear Deford,

and don't wander across the fair face of creation to prove nothing. William's policy and practice was that of a man. Noble, plucky, self reliant, he sowed the seeds of kindness in the human heart which meant a death blow to slavery and the judicious dissemination of every good. On the contrary, history proves his opponent, James, to be but an irresponsible parasite whose dictator was the Roman see, plus Lewis of France, whose principles were but the resurrection of buried tyranny and whose practice the realization of the depravity of the royal head. God help us to-day if the reign of William was not an improvement on that of James. We fear, good friend of Deford, your boasted American liberty would be a meagre matter. Next, I have to deal with our friend's "little" effort to inform us that there is no analogy between the Chinese tariff wall from a moral standpoint and the protection which is organized against Roman catholicism. My dear sir, it is the same to me whether the man who robs me of my liberty is a Chinaman or Romanist. You informed us there was no analogy but if you had taken the pains to think you would not only have seen an analogy, but what is stronger, a parallel.

(Concluded next week.)

WEST ELM WOOD.

Elder Mulholland is heartily welcomed back to this charge.

Wm. Graham has been hauling some of his wheat to Cass City the past week.

Len Hackitt has taken the job of cutting ten acres of corn for Wm. Graham.

J. O. Adams returned on Tuesday from a week's visit with relatives at Roscommon.

Let every one turn out and attend the Cass City fair and make it a decided success.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCreedy and little daughter, of Fairgrove, visited relatives in this vicinity last week.

On the evening of the 7th, chicken thieves visited the hen house of Mrs. W. Hawkins and took nearly all of her fowls.

Thomas and George McCreedy left on Tuesday morning to attend the funeral of their sister's little child which took place at Fairgrove.

Cap. Scriber, who has been working for J. D. Sutton, of Almer, for some time, has returned home and his brother Bertie has taken his place.

Mr. and Mrs. E. McCreedy left on Monday morning for Fairgrove to attend the funeral of their little grandchild which took place on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cross are rejoicing over the arrival of a new daughter. She came with her husband, Mark Cross, on Friday, from Munising, U. T. The happy couple intend locating here.

NOKO.

Some of the farmers have finished threshing.

Our merchant Mr. C. J. Beers is expecting to put in a good supply of dry goods soon.

George Flynn has rented his farm to A. Heronamus and removed his family to Decker's Mill where he will obtain steady employment.

Jimmie Cook, who has been under treatment at Port Huron for some weeks, is still remaining in the care of the aurist though parents entertain little or no hope of his hearing being restored.

Mrs. Clark Bixby, who has been afflicted for the past year with a tumor growing upon her neck, consulted a specialist on Monday at Mayville. The latter gave little or no hope of a cure and satisfied with his sweeping changes enrolled an Irish catholic army officer by catholics and pledged firstly to maintain the Roman church. The fact was that James could not count on the people as readily upon protestant England as he could if the enslavement of Rome had taught them how to forget free thought and free speech. There is no system as favorable to despotism as Romanism. Get the people to quit thinking and you can run them like the horsewhip. The king, therefore, fondly hoped that he could enshroud his subjects in passive obedience to pope and sovereign and then when they had forgotten how to be free he might the more easily wring from the populace the God-given rights as men. It was no mere passing agitation which called William of Orange to England and swept King James across the Southern Channel. It was a profound revolution which sprang from a people who were rudely awakened to the fact that if James' mad policy were continued England must become a disordered territory. Englishmen blushed with shame when they learned that James' double dealing had led him to accept a bribe from France as a price of his neutrality. Deception and distrust were the topics of the hour when in answer to the invitation of the British people Wm. of Orange unfurled his sails at the Hague and swept across the sea to make the ocean bound island the cradle of liberty. Now, sir, when James had fled to London and heard his daughter, Anne, had gone to join his enemy, Danby, at Nottingham, he, forsaken, I again repeat, by his own children, (for King William's wife, Mary, was one of them), hurried his footsteps to France. William immediately began a mild and careful reign. "Let a man be peaceable for conscience sake," were his first words. As we are dealing with brilliant principles to introduce the work of Cromwell at Westford is merely a digression which marks an untrained mind. Whether Cromwell was justified in conquering Ireland by successive battles or by means of the terror of his name was an act of wisdom or foolishness may be open to grave discussion which would beg the question at issue. Stick by one point at a time, my dear Deford,

On Monday Sept. 6th as our merchant, C. J. Beers, was returning from Marlette accompanied by his little son and daughter, Fern, age eleven years, and when within one mile of here the latter made an attempt to strike the horses lost her balance and fell under the wagon it being loaded with 2,800 lbs of dry goods and groceries. Her father immediately came to her aid only to find the second wheel of the loaded wagon, after stopping the horses, to be on the child's face. Dr. McConney, of Noko, and Simenton, of Marlette, were immediately called and found the lower jaw broken and several teeth missing and for several days there was but little hope of her living. At the present writing she is able to sit up and eat a little and the physicians have hopes of her recovery.

"My boy came home from school one day with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding and suffering great pain," says Mr. E. J. Schall, with Meyer Bros. Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo. "I dressed the wound and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely. All pain ceased and in a remarkably short time it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings, and rheumatism, I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I consider it a household necessity." For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

Western Fair and London Excursion—
For the Western Fair the Grand Trunk Railway System will sell excursion tickets from Port Huron to London and return at \$1.95. Tickets on sale Sept. 10 to 17, inclusive. And will also offer the exceedingly low rate of \$1.50 for all trains leaving Port Huron on Sept. 13 and 15. All tickets good for return up to Sept. 20.

W. A. FAIRWEATHER'S

OPENING SALE

OF FALL GOODS

COMMENCES SEPT. 15 AND CLOSES OCT. 2.

Special inducements every day during Fair. Make your headquarters with us and we will save you money enough to pay all your expenses while at the Fair.

Remember Opening Sale Sept. 15 to Oct. 2

Lard, Wood, Butter and Eggs Wanted.

W. A. FAIRWEATHER.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder, or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, get your urine aside for twenty four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention the Cass City Enterprise and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Free.

For all information, maps, pamphlets, circulars, etc., of Manitoba The North West Territories and British Columbia write to D. L. CAVEN-BAD AXE, Mich.

It Saves the Croupy Children.
SEAVIEW, VA.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—KELLMAN & OUBREIN. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

FOR \$1.00



Upon receipt of \$1 we will send you, freight prepaid, one of our new "Vesta" Tubular Lanterns, which we regard as perhaps the best value we have ever been able to offer. The Vesta Tubular combines the "bull-strength" make-up of the Railroad Lantern with the perfect combustion of the tubular construction, and it is simply "GREAT"—so great, indeed, that we issue a special Circular of it.

OUR LITTLE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE IS MAILED FREE. ASK FOR ONE.

R. E. DIETZ CO.,
60 Light St., New York.

ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

"DIETZ" is the "sterling" stamp for Lanterns.

FAIR TIME

is almost here and you will want a nice

NEW DRESS AND A PAIR OF SHOES.

We have got some great bargains in Dress Goods New Styles for the fall, also new trimming of every description to match. We will meet competition on prices according to quality of goods. Summer Underwear, Lawns, Challies, Dimities, Lattice and all Summer Goods

AT COST.

Call and see our display of

Stoves Fair Week.

We have the largest line in the Thumb of Michigan. Heaters from \$2.50 to \$35.00; Cook Stoves \$8.00 to \$40.00. Over 100 stoves in stock now. Produce of all kinds taken and highest market price paid for all.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

When you are at

THE FAIR

Call and inspect my fine line of

CHINAWARE

AND

LAMPS.

Also Choice line of

GROCERIES.

Goods delivered in town.

JAS. TENNANT,

Special Line

AND

Prices

IN

Teachers' Bibles

AND

Miscellaneous

Books.

T. H. FRITZ

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 SHOE

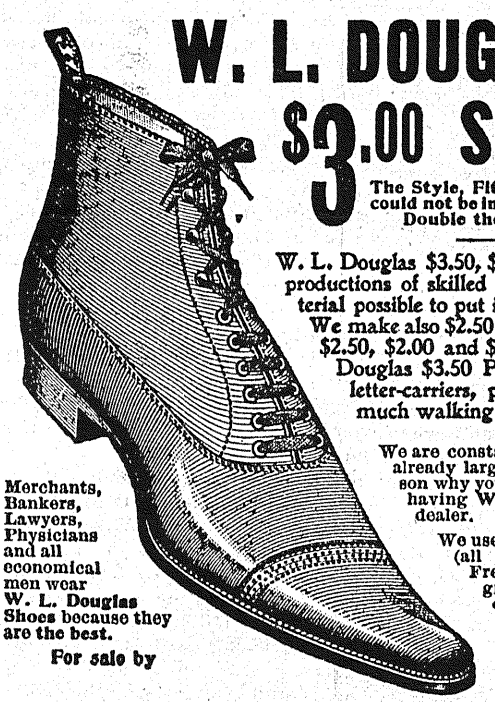
The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also \$2.50 and \$2.25 shoes for men, and \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas \$3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Emame, Vic Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.



J. D. CROSBY, Cass City.

For fine Job Printing,
Try the ENTERPRISE Office

Horse Blankets,

BED BLANKETS,
FULLED CLOTHS,
FLANNELS,
TWEEDS AND
YARNS

of all colors, weights and sizes at

Cass City
Woollen Mill.

WITHIN OUR WALLS.

MERE MENTION OF MICHIGAN MATTERS.

A Drunken Yachting Party at Detroit Ends by Sinking the Yacht and the Drowning of Six Men—A Strangers' Death Causes a Sensation.

Six Men Drowned by Yacht Sinking. Thirteen men and boys from Detroit, while recklessly motoring about, caused the foundering of the sloop yacht Blanche B. in Lake St. Clair, midway between Windmill point and Peche island; causing the death of six of their number, while seven others narrowly escaped watery graves.

Albert J. Voigt, of Detroit, was one of the men who witnessed the accident from the shore, and when he saw the yacht disappear he rushed for a row-boat and he saved three of the men. W. G. Miller, a baker from Grosse Pointe, took another boat, and although it was so leaky that it would hardly hold together, he managed to row out and pick up two more, while the other two swam to shore.

Sensational Death at Bancroft.

A bicycle tramp, who registered at the Phillips house at Bancroft as Harry F. Lawrence, of Rochester, N. Y., and who claimed to be begging his way westward from coast to coast, on a wager, was taken ill and was under the doctor's care a week. He then resumed his trip, but a mile from town he gave out and apparently became insane. In an endeavor to get away, as he thought, from mounted police, who, he imagined, were after him, he blindly crashed through a screen door of a farmhouse, where he was captured and brought back to Bancroft. He then "confessed" that at Rochester, N. Y., he had murdered a Miss Emerson, that he had embezzled \$79 from a Rochester fire insurance company and that the wheel he had been riding he had stolen there. Lawrence then said his name was Leady and told several conflicting stories of his recent doings, and gradually drifted into the mutterings of an "insane" man. He grew weaker and finally died.

A telegram from Rochester, N. Y., says that H. P. Leady was the son of respected parents, that he was of a wild and roving disposition, but that it was not known that he had ever committed any crime such as murder or embezzlement. He was a cigarette fiend.

Nine Black Cats Consecration.

Of all the peculiar organizations which made their temporary headquarters at Detroit during the time the city has been making its reputation as a convention center the most peculiar is the Order of Hoo-Hoos which held its grand consecration in Philadelphia hall, but spread its jubilation over the entire town and surrounding in its own old way. The order is composed of wealthy lumber dealers, principally, and had its birth in a backwoods Arkansas town where several lumbermen met by accident and spent a few days together a few years ago. Its object is merely a social good time and it has grown until it numbers 7,000 members. The emblems of the order is a black cat and the figure "9."

Spiritualists in Trouble at Dowagiac.

Frank Verneley and wife, spiritualists from Milan, Mich., gave a séance at Dowagiac at which the medium, Mrs. Verneley, was placed in the cabinet, her feet resting in a pan of flour, so if she moved around her footsteps could easily be traced. The singing began, and forms appeared between the curtains, some moving quite close to the guests. L. L. Bascombe, who was skeptical, made a bolt and seized one of the "spirits" by its garments. Verneley dashed for Bascombe; and for several minutes pandemonium reigned. Finally the "spirit" escaped. Mr. Bascombe maintains that the "spirit" was Mrs. Verneley, but both the Verneleys deny this, and the town is divided. The Verneleys have been arrested on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Big Detroit Tobacco Co. Goes Under.

The big American Eagle Tobacco Co., of Detroit, has assigned to the Union Trust Co. The entire property of the company, its stock, book accounts and machinery, are turned over to the Union Trust Co., for the benefit of the creditors without reservation. The assets are estimated at \$1,600,000, and the liabilities at \$1,500,000. The heaviest creditor is its president, M. S. Smith. His claim is \$85,500, of which the greater part is for money loaned to the company.

Cora Leidem, aged 3, of Bridgeport township, Saginaw county, was crushed to death by a falling hay rack.

The Michigan Agricultural college board has authorized the letting of a contract for a \$5,000 electric lighting plant.

A good roads celebration will be held at Greenville, Sept. 24. Col. John Atkinson, of Detroit, and W. L. Weber will speak. Rev. D. D. McDonald, pastor of the M. E. church at Mosherville, has become a Presbyterian and accepted a call to Potosky.

An Old Veteran Murdered for Money.

An old soldier, named Ludwig Herman, who lived alone 7 miles north of Ionia, in Orleans township, went to Ionia and drew his pension money, \$24, or three months' pay. He spent it freely, and exhibited bills at several of the Ionia saloons. He was last seen at 11:30 p. m. in an intoxicated condition trying to get into the American hotel. He was not admitted, however, and it is supposed that he started down the D., G. R. & W. tracks for his home at 7 o'clock the next morning Isaac Waite, a neighbor, called at Herman's home, and finding the back door open walked in, but was suddenly stopped by a horrible sight. Herman lay on the floor beside the bed cold in death, dressed only in his undershirt and drawers. He had hung up his clothes and was apparently about to get into bed. His skull was crushed the width of three fingers in the back of the head and just above the neck back of the right ear was a gunshot wound, the hole being the size of the muzzle of the gun. The weapon which inflicted the first wound was an iron bar 18 inches long which Herman used in his workshop in making cane chairs. Herman kept his gun standing at the head of his bed. This the murderer had evidently grabbed and fired one cartridge at so close range that the flesh was burned. The shot went clear through Herman's head and lodged under the skin over his eyes. Whether Herman had more than the pension money is not known. All his papers were searched and strewn about the house. His watch and 13 cents in money were found in his room. Herman was 69 years of age and had separated from his wife, who, with three daughters and one son, live at Zeeland.

State Fair a Big Success.

With an attendance of from 15,000 to 25,000 people every day of the week the '97 effort of the Michigan state fair at Grand Rapids was a big success. Not only was the attendance large but everybody seemed to have money to spend and consequently the financial end of the affair was according to the association's desires. Gov. Pingree and Senator Burrow's who were booked as the big attractions for the "big day" failed to put in an appearance, but there was quite a bit of sport had over the presence of a Mr. Johnson, of Galesburg, who was said to be a splendid double for the governor and who was mistaken for the famous potato executive by many visitors, much to his own amusement.

Michigan Leads in Iron Ore Production.

According to the annual report of the U. S. geological survey Michigan stands at the top of the list of great iron ore producing states. The output of the state for the past year was equal to more than one-third of the entire product of the United States, and exceeded 5,700,000 tons. Of this over 5,000,000 tons were net hematite, the giving the state first position as producer of this character of ore, and the remainder was magnetite.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS.

Fenton has a new bank with \$25,000 capital. J. R. Hall's barn burned at Essexville, and Henry Buck was arrested on suspicion. The village of Disco has pledged \$1,200 for the new Detroit-Romeo electric railroad. Lake Odessa lost the creamery there by fire. The insurance is \$1,000 on a loss of \$3,500. George Carruthers' sawmill at North Newburg was burned by careless fishermen with pipes. Jackson citizens attended a mass meeting and decided to raise funds for the striking miners. The Queen Mining Co. has closed its No. 1 shaft at Negaunee, throwing 200 men out of employment. Muskegon county made such a big success of the fair that there is talk of offering inducements to get the State fair next year. Miss Ammyett Smith, of Beaverton, died under peculiar circumstances, but a coroner's jury found she was the victim of a criminal operation. State Senator Geo. G. Corvill, of Traversa City, was robbed of \$29 by a thief who went through his clothes in his room at a Grand Rapids hotel. Harry Allen, a pickpocket arrested at Ann Arbor, became morose because he couldn't get opium, to the use of which he was addicted, swallowed a probably fatal dose of soap and powdered glass. Floral hall, at the fair grounds at Port Huron, was destroyed by fire, together with the racing horse select, valued at \$3,000, and several hundred dollars' worth of racing paraphernalia. The total loss was \$9,000. It seems likely that the Michigan Naval Reserves will be disappointed in regard to getting the U. S. cruiser Yantle for a training ship. It is now said that the final survey shows that it would be impossible to get her through the St. Lawrence canal. Glen Eddy, a young bucket shop operator was arrested at Pontiac on complaint of his partner, Walter Knox, a retired farmer, who furnished the finances and claims to be short \$350. Eddy says the money was lost in the regular course of business. Much kicking is being done about the proposed governmental Indian school buildings at Mt. Pleasant. It is said the plans call for structures which would be architectural monstrosities and the way they were to be grouped would make them still less desirable. State Game Warden Osborne, of the Soo, says that while there are plenty of good-bearing rocks in the Michipicoten fields, it is not a poor man's mining country, as there is no placer mining, and the gold must be separated from the quartz by the use of expensive machinery.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS PICKED PROMISCUOUSLY.

Nitro-Glycerine Explosion at Cynnet, O. Kills Six People and Does a Great Deal of Damage—A Cyclone Does Deadly Work at Texas.

The Michigan Central warehouse on the dock at Cheboygan was burned with a loss of \$2,000. E. E. Ayer, of Chicago, lost a lot of telegraph poles worth \$3,000, and the Trng Favorite \$100 worth of supplies. Trng started it. F. S. Persing, of Kalamazoo, a detective employed to ferret out the "blind tiger" saloons at South Haven, has been arrested there. Two girls under 16 years of age, charge him with having given them liquor and treating them improperly.

Samples of paper cottages for Klondyke and other miners are being sent out by the Portable Cottage Co., of Grand Rapids. The cottages will be about 10x15, of waterproof paper. They weigh 100 pounds and will be packed in convenient form.

Michael Wilkie left his home at Albion while under the influence of liquor. The next day his horse, was discovered hitched near Spectacle lake and after a search Wilkie's body was found in the water. The coroner's jury said accidental drowning or suicide.

Forest fires are burning fiercely in the northern part of the lower peninsula. Michigan City is almost surrounded by flames, especially on the south and west sides. Ambler, a young farmer, four miles west of Potosky, lost his house, barns and stacks of grain, by forest fire, communicating to the stubble fields. The loss is about \$3,500.

E. J. White, an old soldier of the civil war, has threatened to commence suit against Gallen township, Berrien county, for \$200. He claims he paid \$300 for a substitute and was afterwards drafted. The township paid him back \$100, and now he wants the rest of the \$300. The \$200, with compound interest since 1864, would amount to a considerable sum, and the township will contest.

John Schlicht, of Ypsilanti, a Michigan Central brakeman, engaged in a scuffle with a friend at Ann Arbor during which he struck his head against the corner of a crate. Nothing was thought of it until he fell unconscious on the locomotive soon afterwards. He was taken to the U. of M. hospital where he died. The blow had caused a blood clot on the brain and paralysis and death ensued.

Ex-City Clerk C. P. McKinstry, of Ypsilanti, is to be tried in October on the charge of embezzling \$1,000 city funds. The city attorney had been instructed to sue the bondsmen, but the bonds are now missing. Matters are further complicated by the fact that Mr. McKinstry gave bonds as city clerk and not as clerk of the water board, which reports a considerable sum not accounted for.

The traveling men of the state are bringing pressure to bear on Gov. Pingree to call a special session of the legislature, with the 2-cent railroad fare question among the subjects to be considered. They are very much wrought up over the interchangeable mileage book now issued, claiming it is not what was promised them, and if the special session is held they will be there in force to lobby for a flat 2-cent fare.

The trammers at the Negaunee mine at Negaunee have struck for a raise of 5 cents a day. This prevents the miners from working and the mine closed. The strikers were getting \$1.40 a day while the trammers at the Cambria and Lillie mines get \$1.65, owing to these mines being so much wetter. It is feared that the trammers at the Queen, Cleveland Hills, Lakes Angelina and Lake Superior mines will also demand an advance.

A delegation of prominent lumber limit holders of Michigan waited upon the Ontario government at Toronto to protest against the proposed prohibition of the export of logs. The delegation conferred with the members of the cabinet for nearly an hour, but received little satisfaction. The delegation included ex-Gov. John T. Rich, Thos. Pitts and Albert Paek, of Detroit; Senator Savage, of Grand Rapids; Frank Gilchrist, of Alpena, and others.

Foo Lee is an up-to-date Chinese laundryman at Niles. He recently invented a bicycle, and soon became very proficient. He accompanied the local clubs on country runs and "made 'em all go and run 'em off." He got to be a regular scorcher and recently entered a race. A big crowd was turned out to see the heathen Chinese get beaten, but he won his race handsily. Since then he is getting offers from all over to appear as the star attraction at race meetings. He will accept several offers.

Fire at Osoda, destroyed a block of buildings in the central part of the town. Alex. Bonafant's saloon caught and the flames leaped across the street to C. V. Hick's drug store. The village jail, hose tower, Charles Ernest's bazaar stock, Marks' clothing store, George Smith's cigar store, John Gregory's barber shop, and the old Copper house were destroyed. Most of the merchants removed their goods in time and some of the buildings were unoccupied. Four dwellings also burned. The total loss is about \$40,000.

After visiting several saloons at Wyandotte Frederick Lave started down the Michigan Central railroad for his home at New Jerandotte. He had not got outside of Wyandotte when he sat down, pulled off his shoes and stockings, and with his feet on one rail and his head on the other Lave went to sleep never to awaken in this world. A short time later a freight train came thundering by and after it had passed the mangled body of Lave was found with both the head and feet cut off. He leaves a widow with six children.

Grand Rapids raised \$300 for the striking coal miners. The farm house of Charles Snow burned near Chesaning and his 14-year-old boy came very near being cremated.

20 STRIKERS SHOT DEAD.

Deputy Sheriffs at Latimer, Pa., Shoot Miners Down Like Dogs.

The strike situation reached a terrible crisis on the outskirts of Latimer, Pa., when a band of deputy sheriffs fired into an infuriated mob of miners. The men fell like so many sheep and the excitement since has been so intense that no accurate figures of the dead and wounded can be obtained. Reports run from 15 to 20 odd killed and 40 or more wounded.

The strikers left Hazelton at 3:30 p. m. announcing their intention to go to Latimer to call out the miners there. As soon as this became known, 70 deputies were loaded on a trolley car and went whirling across the mountain to the scene, where they formed into three companies across the road by which the miners were marching to Latimer. Sheriff Martin was in entire command and stood in the front of the line until the strikers approached. They were seen coming across the ridge and Martin went to meet them. The men drew up sullenly and listened in silence until he had read the riot act. This finished, a low muttering arose among the foreigners and there was a slight movement forward. Perceiving this, the sheriff stepped toward them, and in a determined tone forbade their advancing further. Someone struck the sheriff and the next moment he gave a command to the deputies to fire. The guns of the deputies instantly belched forth a terrible volley. The report seemed to shake the very mountains. The strikers were taken entirely by surprise, and as the men toppled and fell over each other, those who remained unhurt stampeded. The men went down before the storm of bullets like tennins and the groans of the dying and wounded filled the air. The excitement that followed was simply indescribable. The deputies seemed to be terror-stricken at the deadly execution of their guns. The people of Latimer rushed pell-mell to the scene and as soon as possible cared for the wounded who had not been carried off by their friends.

Later, a careful count shown that 11 strikers were instantly killed by the deputies, 10 died within a short time from their wounds and five more lingered at the point of death with no hope for recovery. There are nearly 50 others wounded who will recover, but some will be maimed for life. There were 150 strikers in the marching column, not one of whom was armed with more than a penknife, and these peaceable, defenseless men 102 deputies, armed to the teeth, shot down like dogs at a very slight provocation. In fact examination of the dead and wounded strikers reveals the fact that many of them were shot in the back, which shows that the deputies must have poured volley after volley into the ranks of the men when they were fleeing down the road. Yet even in their death the poor fellows accomplished the purpose for which they marched from Hazelton to Latimer, for the 1,500 miners at Latimer have laid down their tools and sworn to do no more work until all the demands of the men at all the mines in the district have been conceded.

Martial Law at Hazelton.

Immediately after the awful tragedy Sheriff Martin called upon Gov. Hastings for troops and before 24 hours had elapsed 2,500 soldiers of the Pennsylvania National Guard were at the scene under command of Gen. Gobin. The general at once issued orders prohibiting marching or assembling of large bodies of men along the roads and practically placed Hazelton and vicinity under martial law. Sheriff Martin had, in the meantime, fled to Wilkesbarre for safety, but returned after the troops had taken charge of affairs and he and his deputies sought refuge within the military lines to avoid arrest upon charges of murder, assault and battery, and threatening to kill, which were preferred by friends of the dead strikers. The strikers decided to preserve absolute quiet until after the burial of their friends and they kept their word. A serious conflict is feared now, however. It is expected that 7,000 miners will now join the strikers and feeling against Sheriff Martin and his deputies grows every hour.

30 KILLED IN A COLLISION.

Trains Come Together—Wreck 4 Cars—Barn—An Awful Scene. The most disastrous railway wreck that has ever happened in Colorado occurred at Newcastle, Colo., on the Rio Grande Junction road which is a joint track operated by the Denver & Rio Grande and the Colorado Midland. A passenger train of the Denver & Rio Grande collided with a Colorado Midland stock train, wrecking both engines and a dozen cars. The wreckage took fire almost immediately and the mail, baggage and express cars, smoker, day coach and a tourist sleeper were burned. A number of the passengers who were not killed outright, but who were pinned in the wreckage and could not be extricated, perished in the flames. There were about 20 passengers. It is estimated that 23 persons were killed and as many more bruised, scalded and burned, of whom over six will die of their injuries. The trains collided on a curve, or bend round a mountain, and there was no opportunity to avoid the wreck or even to slacken their speed.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKINGS.

John Watson, of Colon, was probably fatally injured by a falling scaffold. A London cable says that the enthusiasm over the Franco-Russian alliance will be used as a start for a revision of the French constitution and to bring the president's position nearer to a hereditary monarchy. It is said that this President Faure's great ambition.

THREE ENGINES BLEW UP.

Terrible Collision on the Sante Fe—12 Killed—W. J. Bryan to the Rescue.

A fast mail train going east and the Mexico & California express, westward, collided head-on near Emporia, Kas. The Mexico & California express was pulled by two locomotives, and when the trains struck—going 40 miles an hour—the boilers of all three engines exploded and tore a hole in the ground so deep that the smoking car of the westbound train went in on top of the three engines and two mail cars and balanced there without turning over. The passengers in the smoking car escaped through the windows. The front end of this car was enveloped in stifling smoke and steam from the wreck below, and the rear door was jammed in the wreck of the car behind. The wreck caught fire from the engines and the mail cars in the hole and the smoking car were entirely consumed. In climbing out of the smoking car several men fell through the rifts in the wreck below.

The westbound train carried eight coaches, and its passengers included many excursionists who had been to hear Hon. W. J. Bryan speak at the county fair at Burlingame. Mr. Bryan was also on the train—in a Pullman coach in the rear—and he did splendid work assisting in rescuing imprisoned passengers and in ministering to the injured. There were at least 12 passengers killed outright and it is feared that the total number of deaths is 15 or 18 when the wreckage is cleared up. Twenty or more were injured, two of whom will die.

MINERS' STRIKE SETTLED.

Interstate Convention Accepts 65-Cent Rate Proposed by Operators.

A four days' session of the interstate convention of soft coal miners, held at Columbus, O., agreed to accept the proposition of the operators of the Pittsburgh district. Thus the great miners' strike which was declared on July 4 was practically brought to an end, so far, at least, as western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia are concerned. The delegates from Illinois, who had 250 votes, were unanimously against a settlement. Indiana and West Virginia voted solidly to accept the operators' proposition. The resolution adopted is as follows: "Resolved, That we, the miners of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in convention assembled, do hereby agree to accept the proposition recommended by our national executive committee, viz., 65 cents in Pittsburgh district, all places in above named states where a relative price can be obtained to resume work and contribute liberally to the miners who do not receive the advance, where the fight must be continued to the bitter finish."

JAPAN WILL ARBITRATE.

Willing to Submit Her Differences With Hawaii to the King of Belgium.

The Japanese government has accepted the proposal to arbitrate its differences with Hawaii. In the formal acceptance Japan says: "The imperial government are firmly convinced that their complaints in this matter are well founded and that their demands are just and reasonable. Nevertheless, in a spirit of conciliation and in the hope that their action may contribute to the good relations of the two countries they have resolved to accept, subject to certain necessary limitations, and qualifications, the proposal of the government of Hawaii. . . . The imperial government propose that the two governments shall, when the proper time arrives, unite in requesting that His Majesty, the king of the Belgians, may be pleased to accept the position of sole arbitrator."

THE MARKETS.

Wheat, Corn, Oats.

New York—Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Hogs.

Best grades... 10 75 @ 85 3 30 5 00 4 55

Chicago—Best grades... 5 00 @ 75 2 25 3 50 4 20

Detroit—Best grades... 4 25 @ 50 3 75 5 00 4 25

Buffalo—Best grades... 4 50 @ 75 3 25 5 50 4 35

Cincinnati—Best grades... 4 50 @ 75 3 75 5 50 4 40

Cleveland—Best grades... 4 25 @ 50 3 50 5 00 4 35

Pittsburg—Best grades... 4 85 @ 15 4 10 5 50 4 45

Lowest grades... 2 75 @ 75 2 10 3 00 4 25

GRAIN, ETC.

Wheat, No 2 red, No 2 mix, No 2 white.

New York \$1 04 @ 10 1/2 20 1/2 20 1/2 25 @ 25

Chicago 92 @ 10 31 @ 21 22 @ 22

Detroit 92 @ 10 31 @ 21 22 @ 22

Toledo 92 @ 10 31 @ 21 22 @ 22

Cincinnati 92 @ 10 31 @ 21 22 @ 22

Cleveland 92 @ 10 31 @ 21 22 @ 22

Pittsburg 92 @ 10 31 @ 21 22 @ 22

Buffalo 92 @ 10 31 @ 21 22 @ 22

*Detroit—Hay, No. 1 Timothy, \$8.50 a ton. New Potatoes, 40c per lb. Live Poultry, spring chickens, 75c per lb. fowls, ducks, turkeys, 80c. Eggs, strictly fresh, 15c per doz. Butter, dairy, 14 1/2 c a lb; creamery 18c.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

There is no halting in the advance. Business grows better in all ways, a steady increase in production, in working force and in the power of people to purchase is the feature which overshadows all others. The farmers are helped by higher prices for wheat, and while western receipts do not show that they have marketed a tenth of their crops assurance of a handsome profit to come prepares them to buy liberally hereafter. Because of this and the increase of banks at work, the present operation of the country have started to replenish stocks, which is the great force in the present operation in manufactures and trade, though distribution by retail trade has greatly increased. Wheat rose almost as the past week, not in a flurry, but in answer to the daily increasing foreign demand. Atlantic exports double those of the same week in '95.

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

A WOMAN CURED OF DISEASE OF 14 YEARS' STANDING.

She Writes to the Proprietor of the Remedy Used and Tells of Her Regained Health and Good Joy.

From the Breeze, Bellaire, Mich.

DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE COMPANY, Schenectady, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—I feel that I should write you of the benefit I have received from your Pink Pills for Pale People. I have been a great sufferer, and for nearly twenty years cannot truly say I have seen a well day until after I used Pink Pills. It was an invalid for fourteen years, seven of which I was almost helpless, and had to be carried when moved from place to place. I was troubled with serious stomach troubles, and was constantly growing worse. My feet became paralyzed, then my ankles and afterwards my knees became paralyzed. We became convinced that our only hope was in the use of a powerful medicine, and my husband had procured some Pink Pills, and as they were helping him greatly I tried them, and can truly say of them that they are an extraordinary medicine. I have experienced relief beyond my fondest hope almost. My paralysis is a thing of the past, and though I am a woman of sixty-three years, I now do all my household work, and am enjoying good health. Thanks to Dr. Williams and his medicine. (Signed) MARGARET ROSE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF ATRIM, ss.

Margaret Rose, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing statement by her is true.

C. E. DENSMORE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 60 cents a box or boxes for \$2.50. They are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"Possession is nine points of the law," and profession is nine points in the average Christian experience.

STOP IT NOW!

Stop It Quickly, Just the Same as Did Mr. Charles H. Hoffman, of 132 Ten Eyck Street, Jackson.

If you have a pain in your back, stop it! A lame back, stop it! An aching back, stop it! Do you want to know how? Let us tell you! In the first place, never try to rid yourself of pain without knowing the cause. If pain or ache exists there is a reason for it. Strike down the cause and get after it. Strike cause a stiff blow with the right weapon, and all aches, pain and ache, will flee like chaff before the wind. To get right down to it, back-ache is indicative of kidney disorders, a very bad ailment. It is not a warning, but a direct order to get after it. Warnings and take up the weapon, strike before disease is reinforced with allies that can not be routed by hand of man, such as Bright's disease. Let us introduce to you this weapon! Let us prove its superiority to all others! Here is a blow-it struck!

Mr. Charles H. Hoffman is a fireman on the M. C. R. R., and resides at 132 Ten Eyck Street, Jackson, Mich. He says: "I have suffered for long time from a kidney and bladder disorder which has at times rendered me incapable of work; have been at the hospital for my complaint and discharged from there as cured, but the old complaint has invariably come back again. I have since used Doan's Kidney Pills, and I began taking them, with most gratifying results. Urinary complaints which bothered me greatly are very much improved, and the pain I suffered in my back has entirely left me, my general health is much improved. I would not like to be without Doan's Kidney Pills, I think others should know what a valuable remedy it is."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and agents for the U. S. name the name, Doan's, and take no other.

The is much tenderness in this seemingly cruel world—but the butcher rarely finds it.

Shake Out Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, 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-Ease 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.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in 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.

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is not finished; or nobly, which is done in pride.

"For three years I suffered from Salt Rheum. It covered my hands to such an extent that I could not wash them. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—Abbie Young, Popes Mills, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

Vain people would be much happier if they had the courage to come right down to real life.

To clean a sewing machine of oil and dirt, go over it with a rag wet with kerosene.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c IF C.C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

Belgian workmen turn their rears to cross against each other.

The Green Glassblowers' union has \$52,000 in its treasury.

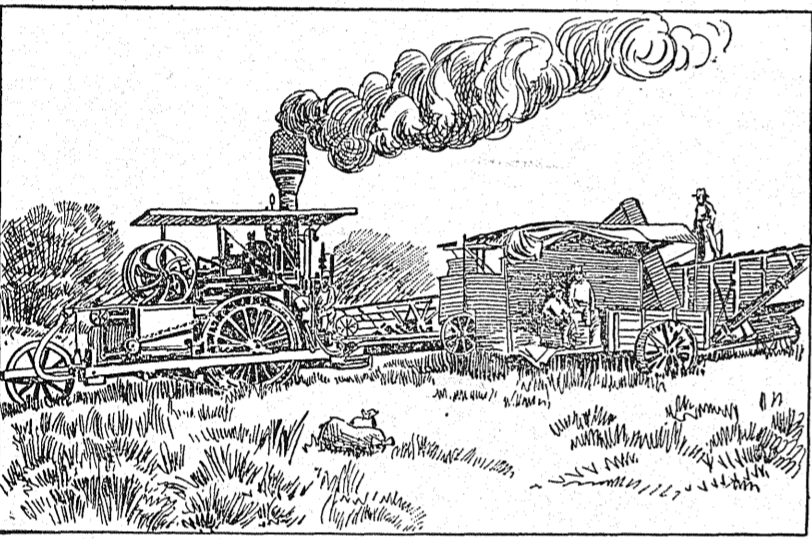


It is estimated that the wheat crop of the United States for the present year will be almost 500,000,000 bushels, and that 200,000,000 bushels of this will be demanded by Europe and Asia to supply the loss caused by crop shortages on those continents. One New York bank shipped west over a million dollars the other day to be used in moving wheat, and similar shipments will probably occur from day to day throughout the season.

It is a generally accepted fact that a good wheat crop and good times go together, but few persons even of those most directly affected understand just how it is that the two facts are related or what an enormous power for good is in the great flood of yellow grain that is sweeping eastward over the country. A few figures will tell the story more eloquently than any words can.

An ordinary freight car will hold 1,000 bushels of wheat. It will require 500,000 cars to move the present crop; coupled together in a single train they would reach from New York almost to San Francisco. A fleet of 1,500 ordinary grain carrying vessels will be hardly enough to transport to Europe the part of the crop that will be exported. If the Erie canal gets only its usual share of the grain carrying business 10,000 canal boats will be filled with wheat, enough to make a tow half as long as the canal itself.

If we put the figures in the form of dollars and cents the array is even more striking. Half a billion bushels of wheat at sixty cents per bushel—



BIGGEST REAPER AND THRESHER IN THE WORLD.

the average price that the farmer is receiving—means \$300,000,000. Three hundred millions to be expended in lifting mortgages, paying labor, buying food and clothing and agricultural implements is itself a powerful spur to prosperity. But this is not all. To convey the grain from the fields to the Atlantic seaboard costs about twenty cents per bushel. On the portion of the crop which must be moved half across the continent this will mean tens of millions of dollars for the railways and elevators, lake vessels and canal boats, for the commission man and the laborer. Europe must pay well for all she takes, and that means \$150,000,000 or more coming across the Atlantic to pay for American wheat. And not to carry the enumeration to wearisome length, it will suffice merely to refer to the share of this golden harvest which will be reaped by the miller, the manufacturer of machinery and others more or less affected.

This rich bounty, so great and so widespread, is not won without a vast expenditure of human effort. The way in which this flood of yellow grain is moved, controlled and directed is highly interesting as an object lesson in modern industrial development. It is interesting, too, to note that if the present crop is the largest of recent years the facilities for handling it are also the most perfect. This year, 1897, has seen the largest harvesting machine, the biggest grain carrying boats and the most gigantic elevator ever built.

Out in Redlands, Cal., they have been cutting grain this season with a harvester that is truly a mammoth of its kind. It has a cutting bar over fifty feet in width, cuts the grain, thrashes it, ties it up in sacks and turns out hundreds of these sacks per

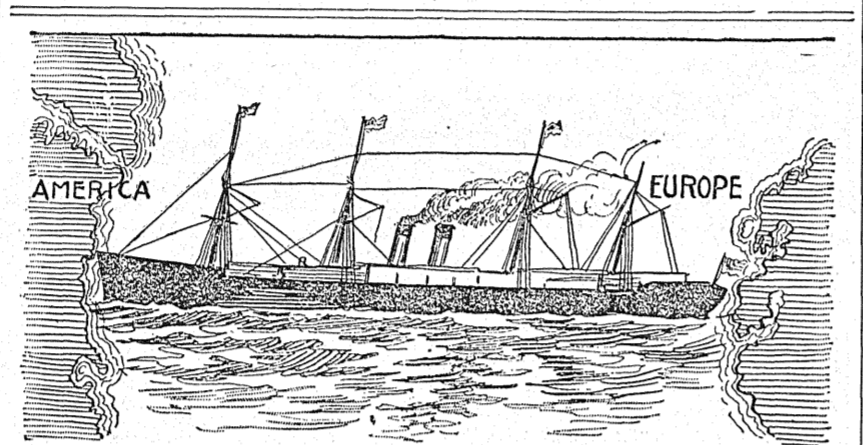
hour. In going a mile this machine reaps nearly ten acres, and does more work than our grandsire, with his cradle scythe and flail, could in a whole season.

This is the starting point of the wheat on its journey marketward. The sacks that are thrown out by the great harvesters are gathered up in wagons and driven off to the nearest railway station, where they are dumped into grain cars or small storage warehouses. A grain car is an ordinary box car fitted with an inside partition and an extra door of planking that can be let down, making the car perfectly tight. The cars from the various branch lines are hurried off as soon as loaded to one of the great transfer stations, of which Kansas City and Duluth are perhaps the largest. There it is turned over to the big trunk lines or lake vessels for the next stage of the journey.

The extraordinary demand for wheat in the eastern markets has led to an unusual state of affairs in Kansas City and other western shipping points during the past few weeks. The grain has been required for shipment as fast as it came in, so that it has not been allowed to lie in the elevators at all. It has been found, however, that the easiest way to transfer it is to run it through the elevators. Accordingly the cars from local points are run in on one side of the elevator, and cars, or in Duluth the boats, for the east on the other. One leg of the telescopic chute with its endless belt of cups is let down on the receiving side, and the grain is hoisted up to the lofty roof of

est grain ports in the world. Two new elevators, which are now in process of completion there, are the largest in the world, and embody some new and interesting arrangements for the handling and storage of grain. The larger of these is the Great Northern elevator, which will have a capacity when completed of 3,000,000 bushels. The other will be known as the electric elevator and is being built for a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels, with the probability of enlargement to 2,000,000.

The unique feature of these new elevators is that in them the old-fashioned wooden bins have been abandoned. Their place has been taken by a series of gigantic cylindrical steel tanks. In the Great Northern elevator there will be three rows of these, with ten tanks in each row, each with a capacity of 100,000 bushels. The steel bins will be eighty-four feet high, and will be so arranged that they can be hermetically sealed in order to protect the grain from moisture. Between the rows of lofty steel bins will be smaller storage bins into which the grain will first be moved from the

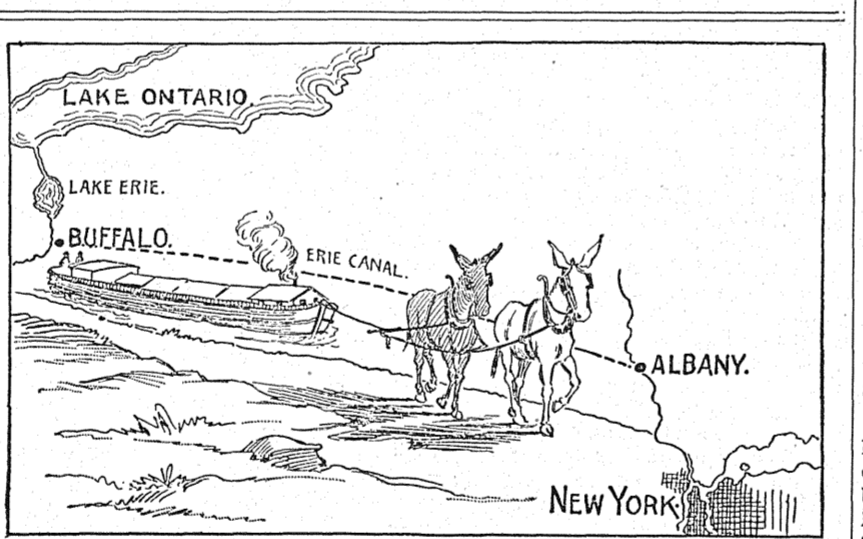


ON THE ATLANTIC.

vessels and afterward elevated to the larger bins by the usual cup method. The method of discharging the grain is equally interesting. The huge steel cylinders are raised above the floor and rest on square steel columns. Their lower ends are bowl-shaped with a valve at the lowest point so that by simply moving a lever the grain will run out and can be conveyed by steel tubes to cars or boats without the use of hoisting machinery. Every bit of machinery in the new elevators will be run by electricity from Niagara Falls, and 1,000 horse-power dynamos are now being built for the purpose. The silent ease and resistless power with which these tons upon tons of grain are to be moved by Niagara's mighty arms, when compared with the old cumbersome methods of lifting and shoveling, afford a striking testimonial to the wonders of modern industrial development.

From Buffalo the wheat travels eastward again by canal and rail. The railway rate between Buffalo and New York is five cents per bushel, and is held steadily at that price by the joint traffic association. For several years there has been a fierce rivalry between the canal and the railways, and in 1895 when the project of devoting \$9,000,000 to the improvement of the canal was before the voters of New York the traffic association put down the price of transportation two and a half cents per bushel in order to show the uselessness of the "state ditch," as it is irreverently called. In that year the canal carried only 14,000,000 bushels, while the railways

transported 72,000,000 bushels to New York. The canal men hope that with the improvements now being made on their highway and the possibility of bringing grain all the way down the lakes in steel canal boats they may regain some of their former prestige. At the seaboard the grain is weighed, inspected and graded, and takes its final transfer to the ocean vessels. In New York harbor this transfer does not take place directly,



ON THE ERIE CANAL.

Ocean-going ships can be easily cleaned on the bottom by a new machine, which is run by power from the ship and has a shaft set in a socket to hold it and fitted with a series of wire rings which scrape the hull as the shaft is revolved.

A new coat and hat holder which will prevent the garments from slipping off the pegs has a pair of clamping jaws, which are opened by a lever on the floor, to be pressed by the foot, and pull a rod or chain which operates the jaws.

To prevent the explosion of kitchen boilers and water heaters a U-shaped glass tube is filled with mercury and attached to the top of the boiler, the steam blowing the mercury into a cup and escaping when the pressure becomes too high.

Piano players will appreciate a new music leaf turner which can be attached to the music-holder and has a number of spring arms which are placed between the leaves and fastened on the right side, to be released by a pedal under the foot.

A man weighing two hundred pounds would weigh nearly three tons on the sun, and his own weight would probably flatten and kill him, the force of gravity being twenty-eight times greater at the sun's surface than on the earth.

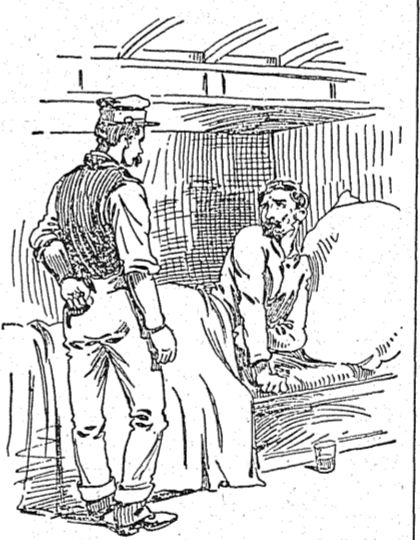
A RACE FOR LOVE.

HAVE had some queer experiences in my day, but the queerest of the lot was connected with the maiden voyage of the Mount Vernon, a steamship from Liverpool to Melbourne, where on she made a record on the cape route which took a lot of beating. Of course, the Vernon was a fine ship, like all the rest of that line, but she was never meant to be a flyer, so that the owners and the builders and some other folks were a good deal surprised at the run she made. As a matter of fact, the Vernon ran a race that time, and I prize was a woman. There is a song, or something of the sort, which says: "What fools these mortals be." That is a petrified fact.

Jim Fairbairn was the skipper of the Mount Vernon and I was chief engineer. We were chums—but our chumminess wasn't a patch on the friendship between Jim and Tom Orchardson. I often wondered how two such opposite characters could get along together. Orchardson had immense confidence in himself, and was a bit of a boaster, in my opinion; he prided himself on being a practical man. Fairbairn was a good deal of a dreamer, and he wrote poetry sometimes. Somehow, they nearly always managed to sail in the same ship, but about two years before the race I am coming to Orchardson had got a chance of a skipper's berth in the Earl line, and he jumped at the chance. He got on well, and was appointed to the command of a brand new steamer, the Earl Lennox, just at the same time Fairbairn got the Mount Vernon. Both vessels were loaded at Liverpool for Melbourne, but the Earls all—the Mounts, I mean—usually go by the cape.

Well, the blue peter was flying when Jim Fairbairn worked off his grievance on me, and a powerful funk he was in. It seems that he and Orchardson had fallen head over ears in love with the same girl, a Miss Mary Henderson, who lived in Govan, a great place for ship-building, as most folks know. Now, our two jolly skippers had skipped off to Scotland and interviewed the girl, and she, being unable to make up her mind as to which she preferred, had thrown out the hint that they should settle the matter by a race to Melbourne. Just picture to yourself the audacity of the proposal! A chit of a girl calmly suggests that two big steamships, 4,000-tonners, should be driven like Old Harry to the Antipodes for her sweet sake! Shows you what women are, and it shows you what men in love are when I tell you that both skippers took up the challenge as readily as a healthy boy takes to mischief.

I smelled a rat when Fairbairn reeled off this yarn. I pointed out to him that on the outward run you might gain as many as four days by taking the canal route, so the result of the race was a foregone conclusion. He assured me,



SHE'S WORTH ANY RISK I COULD RUN MYSELF.

however, that the girl had not thought of that, and in any case there would be no time allowance. If we were at Melbourne even two days after the "Earl Lennox" we should be held to have won, I argued with the man. I pointed out to him—that he knew already—that the Mount Vernon was never meant to be an ocean greyhound, and that it would just be courting a bad break down to rush her engines on the first trip. It was no good. He begged and prayed me to stand by him, and I was on the point of giving him a grudging half-promise to do so when Orchardson himself made me just wild to be at him. Orchardson came aboard to bid Fairbairn "au revoir," and he was so dead sure of his own victory that he invited me to the wedding. As I have said, I didn't like him much, and made up my mind to put a spoke in his wheel if at all possible. Next day both steamers started with the same tide.

Nothing particular happened for over three weeks. The Vernon had settled down into a beautiful swing, the weather was good, and I was confident we should get there in good time. All this time I saw comparatively little of Fairbairn, because I was too much taken up with my engines. I noticed, however, that he was a deal moodier than usual. About the twenty-fifth day out the fine spell of weather-ended, and, of course, the strain on the engines became something worth shivering at. I didn't like it, but it seemed to me that we would just have to be content with a draw—if even that could be got. My mates, I know, thought the skipper and I a pair of blessed madmen on account of the race. I went and put the case to Fairbairn; I said the engines would go to pieces if we didn't ease the strain a bit, and I

asked if the woman was worth the risk. He asked me who on earth cared what happened to the engines or the ship, either; he was going to be in Melbourne or a hotter place before the 10th of the month, he was. I sheered off.

Next day the skipper was laid up—doctor said he was feverish and terribly excited about something or other, and dosed him with cooling powders and things. This was the twenty-seventh day out. On the twenty-ninth day out—that is to say, the 8th of the month—I was sent to the captain's room.

"Bob," says he, "I've been thinking. You asked me, 'Was the woman worth the risk?' She's worth any risk I could run myself—she's worth more than a risk; she's worth a sacrifice. I know she loves Tom better than me, and I was mad to try to steal her from him. Slow down whenever you like. I'm not in it now, I'm—"

He fainted thereabout, and I left him in charge of the doctor. I must confess I felt like swearing at the idea of such an end to all our worries, but I didn't slow down. We couldn't have gone any slower in the face of the gale in our teeth.

It was midnight of the twenty-ninth day out when we passed the Heads inward, and it was fully thirty-six hours later that the Earl Lennox did ditto. Taking our time allowance into account, as we were quite entitled to, we had won the race by three and a half days.

By this time Fairbairn was quite off his chump with some sort of brain fever, and he had a three weeks' spell in hospital. He pulled around all right, however, and was aboard bossing things long before we were ready to start home. All this time he kept quiet about Miss Henderson, and I hated to mention the race at all; but the afternoon before we quitted Melbourne I got enlightened. I was dining along with the two captains and Orchardson had just drunk my health and said a great many nice things about how I had worked my engines up to the knocker, when Jim proposed another toast—to the "memory of Mary"—it was—

"She is not dead," he said, winking to me quite cheerfully; "she is not dead, but she has gone before. As old Solomon has remarked, the battle is not to the strong, neither is the race always to the swift—at least, the prize is not. Three days after we left port our late beloved was quietly married to a little draper chap who could drink the lot of us blind. Here's to him!"

I said I was a tee-tee-totally somethinged. It was all I could say.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cholera Infantum.

No one supposed that cholera infantum is wilfully caused by mothers or persons who have infants in charge; yet in some places a large proportion of all children born die of that disease. That it results from causes which are preventable are shown by several facts:

(1) Among the higher classes of people the mortality is very much less than among the less intelligent and less provident.

(2) Infants who are nourished only by mother's milk are almost wholly exempt from cholera infantum.

(3) The disease is undoubtedly caused by changes in the infant's food or drink, due to bacteria, fungi, or some sort of micro-organisms.

Diarrhoea.—What is true of cholera infantum is, in great part, true of diarrhoea. The great cause of infant mortality is largely due to ignorance and carelessness on the part of those who have the care of children. It ought to be known to every person who has the care of a child during the hottest day of July and August that a good light, clean, dry, warm flannel over the entire abdomen is a very important article for every child who is in danger of any bowel trouble. The rapid evaporation of perspiration, and the consequent serious coldness of the abdomen, can be prevented by the flannel.

Mrs. Rorer's Pop-Overs.

Beat two eggs, without separating, until thoroughly mixed; add one cup of milk. Put one cup of flour into another bowl; beat until smooth. Strain through an ordinary gray strainer. Put at once into greased hot gem-pans, and bake in a moderately quick oven for forty-five minutes. If these are properly made and properly baked they should swell six times their original bulk, and may be used for breakfast or luncheon, or served with a liquid pudding sauce as a dessert. Whole wheat flour, if sifted three times, may be substituted for white flour. Iron gem-pans insure better results than those made of lighter metals.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

Hands Off.

The teaching of science in elementary schools is liable to be attended by misunderstandings and complaints. An exchange reports that a teacher in a New York town received the following indignant note from the father of one of her pupils: "My boy tells me that when I think beer der overcoat vom my stummack gets too thick. Please be so kind and don't interfere in my family affairs."

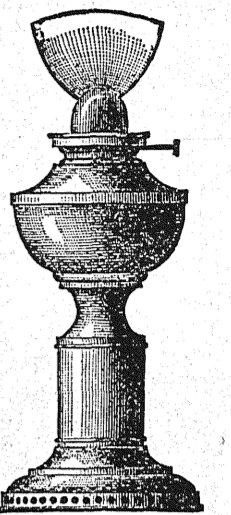
An Aztec Horse.

A curiosity recently seen at the Salt Lake stock yards was an "Aztec" horse thirty-six inches high and weighing 290 pounds. It was caught in Arizona.

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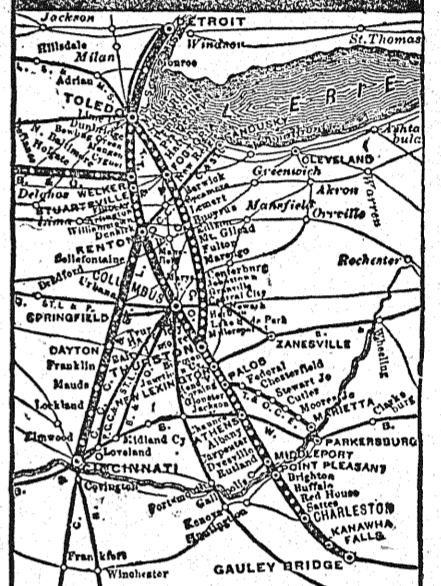
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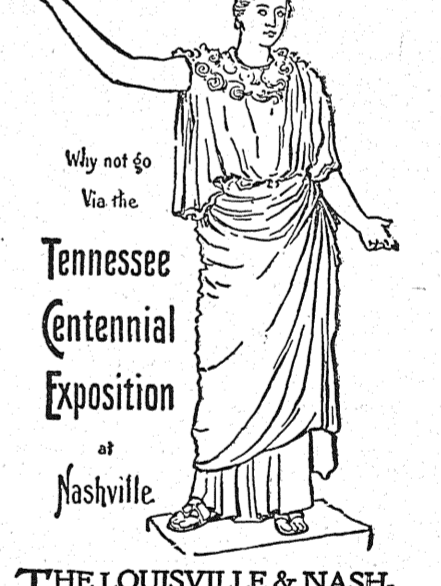
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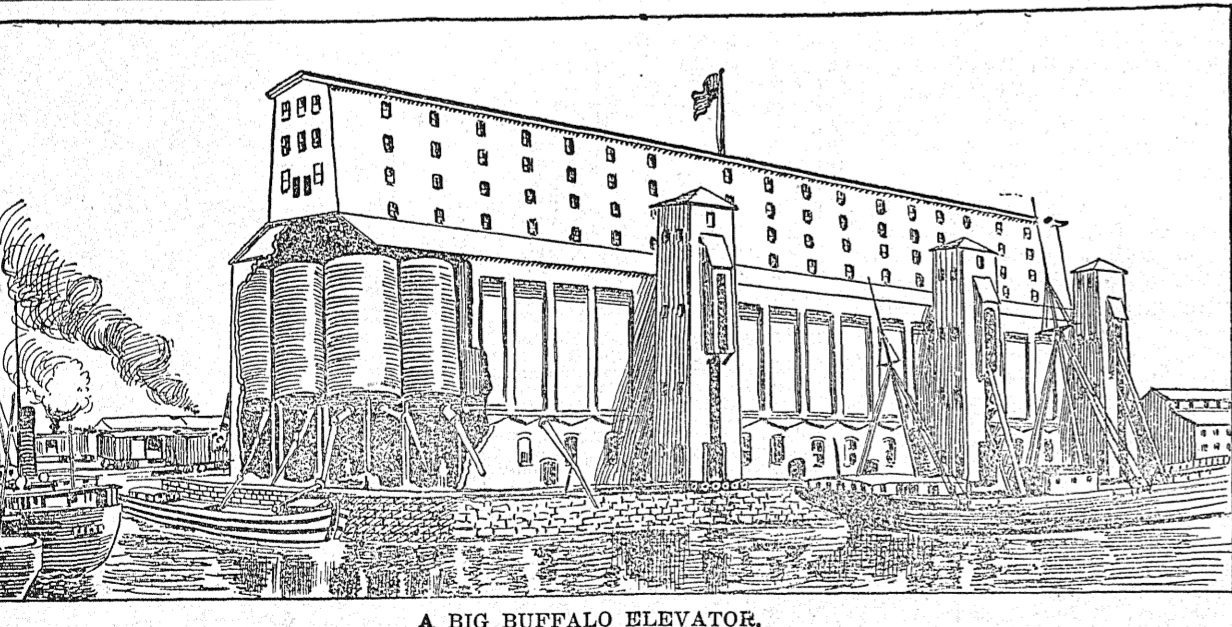


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