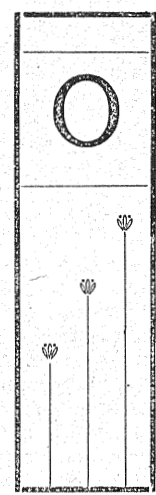


# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIX. NO. 9.

CASS CITY, MICH., FEB. 8, 1900.

BY M'DOWELL & WALTERS.



## Overcoats For All

Long tail, short tail, no tail at all, Heavy weight, light weight, for winter or for fall. With big pockets and pockets that are small. All kinds of Overcoats, fit you when you call.

And the Most Beautiful

Is you can (any) Suit or Overcoat yourself at manufacturers prices. 23 lots consisting of Men's Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes to close at bargain prices.

**J. D. CROSBY,** Cass City's Shoe and Clothing Man.

N. B.—No coupons given after January 31 and none redeemed after Feb. 1st.

## Particular People



Who insist on knowing all about an article before buying it, who demand that price and quality must be just exactly right, who form their opinions of dealers by goods they have sold in the past—Those are the folks we like to do business with. They are

Are Always Satisfied

When they buy their

Confectionery, Oranges, Lemons.

Canned goods of all kinds. Oysters always on hand.

**J. C. Lauderbach.**

## Now is the Time to buy

Winter Goods cheap as spring goods are beginning to arrive and we need the room so we put the knife in deep.

Any Jacket or Cape in our stock at **Half Price.**

A few FURS left that we will close cheap. A lot of UNDERWEAR at HALF PRICE. A lot of 40c., 50c., 60c., DRESS GOODS at 20 and 25c.

Few Prices on Groceries.

1 lb Baking Powder	10c
17 lbs Granulated Sugar	\$1.00
20 lbs best Light Brown Sugar	1.00
1 gallon best Table Syrup	25c
12 bars Soap, Standard, Cube, Empire,	25c
9 " Queen Anne, Jackson, Silver	25c
7 bars Toilet Soap	25c
10 cans Beans, Peas or Corn, (Guaranteed)	25c

Remember our SPECIAL SALE on WINTER GOODS.

**2 = MACKS = 2**

### Local Happenings.

Wood piles are on the move. J. C. Lauderbach has a new adv. House and lot for sale on east Third Street. Ben Usher has been quite ill the past week. J. D. Brooker did business at Caro on Monday. Rev. E. J. Cross has moved to Cash, Sanilac County. Stevenson has a new adv. in this issue. See last page. B. S. Brumley, of East Dayton, was in town on Monday. H. S. Wait, of Shabbona, did business here on Friday. W. D. Striffler, of Argyle, did business here on Monday. Mary E. Helm, of Caro, has been granted an \$8 pension. Miss Mary Fisher is recovering from quite a severe illness. I. A. Fritz made a professional visit to Kingston on Tuesday. Miss Irene Tindale has been quite ill this week with pleurisy. G. W. Porter, of Marlette, smiled on old friends here on Monday. A number from Caro took in the play here last Friday night. Mrs. D. R. Graham sends word from Detroit that her sister is dead. John H. Walmsley has moved to his father's farm, one mile east of town. Miss Laura Klump returned Monday from a visit to Mayville friends. Dr. Wm. Morris, of Gage own, made a professional visit here on Tuesday. Frank Hayes has moved to his recently purchased farm, north of town. A very desirable house and lot on Main Street for sale. McKENZIE & Co. 2 Macks 2 have something in an adv. this week. They always have bargains. Miss Lucy Parker and little sister, Gladys, are visiting friends at Bay City. WANTED—A girl or woman to do house work, three in family, no washing. Good wages, good home for some one. Call or address J. C. EVANS, Oxford, Mich.

—Rev. John Sweet, D. D., of Owosso, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday.

Carpenters are busy on the addition to the Wettlaufer & Ratz pea harvester factory.

Mrs. A. A. P. McDowell is convalescing from a severe attack of la grippe.

S. Champion shipped a fine pair of Black Minorcas to Indianapolis on Tuesday.

Leona, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Bradley, north of town, is very ill.

Misses Gela and Hattie Annin, of Kingston, attended the play here last Friday night.

A daughter of Thos. Flint has been brought home from Leanington, Ont., seriously ill.

Note the great variety of fish carried by H. B. Fairweather, mentioned in his new adv.

Louis I. Wood, of Port Huron, spent Sunday in town with his parents and other friends.

Miss Gertrude Duggan returned Wednesday from her visit at Pontiac and Farmington.

Chas. Pollard, of Proburgers, and D. Leach, of Uby, were here on business last week.

Miss Libbie Randall returned from Clifford on Friday and will remain at home indefinitely.

Chas. Hall left for Detroit Tuesday evening to attend the National Brick Makers' Convention.

A. C. Graham, of Freiburger, will occupy the pulpit at the Baptist Church on Sunday.

Have you renewed your subscription? If not, kindly give the matter your early attention.

S. L. Bennett now occupies the E. J. Cross residence at the corner of Sherman and Third Streets.

S. Champion still hangs out under the bank, but is ready to move any minute if the water says so.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cridland, of Wickware, rejoice over the arrival of a little daughter at their home.

B. Himmelhoch & Co., of Caro, have a large adv. on the fourth page of this issue. Their advs. are always read.

Miss Ula North, of Vassar, was in town last week, representing the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Pastor E. Rushbrook, of the Baptist Church, is assisting Rev. C. D. Eldridge, at Port Huron, in special services.

There has been a case or two of diphtheria reported in town during the week, but we understand they are not serious.

Jas. Lacroix, while drawing ice on Wednesday, fell from a load and received injuries sufficient to lay him up for a while.

Rev. F. Klump went to Detroit to attend a meeting of the Republican Press Association and attend to other business matters.

Wm. Bentley has been wielding the hammer at H. S. Wickware's smithy recently, H. A. Pierce being kept busy in the woodshop.

Rev. C. H. Morgan, Ph. D., was called to Detroit the first of the week to attend a committee meeting of the Orion Camp Ground Association.

Albert Tanner has purchased the house at the rear of N. Bigelow & Son's store and moved it to the lot on Third Street east, recently purchased of T. H. Hunt.

Rev. A. Torbet lectured at Akron and Columbus last week and was well received. The attendance was good considering the severe weather.

The Eastern Michigan Poultry and Pigeon Association will hold its second Annual Show at Caro on Feb. 20 to 28, with Sharp Butterfield, of E. H. Watson, Caro, for catalogue.

Is there any hog cholera about? If so, send 50 cents quick for Digestive book, published by Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia. It will help sick herds and keep well ones well.

Quite a company of young people went from here to Caro on Wednesday evening to attend the entertainment given by the Ladies' Symphony Club, and pronounce it first-class.

Wm. E. Ratz, of the Wettlaufer & Ratz, Manufacturing Co., recently attended a Farmers' Institute at Gladwin, Mich., and reports the prospects good for the sale of their pea harvesters in that section.

Miss Lottie Randall has accepted a position as attendant at the Eastern Michigan Asylum at Pontiac. She left for Detroit on Wednesday to spend a few days with friends before assuming her duties.

There is nothing harder for a young mother than to find herself suddenly so placed that she is unable to come and go freely, as was her wont in the early married days before the baby came, while the father comes and goes as ever, and is not tied down at all. The father must be very patient and sympathetic while the mother adjusts herself to this new life of hers, as a young woman soon will learn to do, for if he is thoughtless here is a planting seeds of failure which will grow to gigantic proportions. He must keep in touch with the mother in these days, let her may walk together later, and all through even to the end.—February Ladies' Home Journal.

**Farm for Sale.**  
40 Acres, five miles west of Cass City, known as the Simons place. Inquire of I. WADLEY.

### PRIZE POEMS.

Injustice to Edward Markham.

Edwin Markham's celebrated poem "The Man with the Hoe," a powerful arraignment of the historical injustice done to the laborer to the degradation of the laboring class, seems to have faded. It is a pathetic, money-to-burn, rantman of New York City, who has had wisdom enough to withhold his name, to offer three prizes of \$200, \$100 and \$50 for the best three poems in reply to Mr. Markham. The successful competitors were John Vance Cheney, of Chicago, who won the first prize; The Incipient, by Hamilton Schuyler, Orange, N. Y., won the second prize; "A Song," by Kate Matheron, won third prize. These poems were published in the New York Sun, and are not without some literary and scholarly merit. Notwithstanding they evidently ignore a notable fact, viz: the possibility of wrong being done the toiler, save that which he does himself through indolence. Mr. Markham, in the writer's estimation, is much nearer the truth, although not touching that particular phase in which indolence becomes inequity; and, perhaps, his poem possesses one other over-thing, in which indolence is slighted, chiefly, or conveyed that indolence, as being against, did forms of tyrannical oppression, whereas, the new form of the poem, as being against, and business world, are the paramount questions of the day. These being of a deep and subtle character, and connected as is this country under an ostensible free government. Hence this eulogium.

The Bards Arraigned.  
Great praise, these poets give to Nature's work; She breeds the varied man; the gift of sex; Producing her own choice of form or mark; All fates are hers; we cannot court or vex Her from our purpose. Cease! Let her alone! A deity, with laws engraved on stone! To make or mar, they say, she bows our necks!

Go forth! Another's brain must carve thy lot, And say, 'tis well, whether 'tis so or not; But, as consigned, contented so abide!

We next, behold the man of finer mold; His brother hands the hoe. To him the dawn Means naught, save Nature's first call and Labor's stride.

Go forth! Another's brain must carve thy lot, And say, 'tis well, whether 'tis so or not; But, as consigned, contented so abide!

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## Annual Clearing Sale

Of Winter Goods January 27 to February 10, 1900. All of our

### Winter Goods

Must go at some price. This is your chance to secure some startling bargains. Spring Goods are on the way and we must have more room. We vouch a few of the low prices:

All Wool Facinators 1.75	Sale Price.....	\$1.00
" " " 1.50	" " " " " " " " " " " "	90c
" " " 1.00	" " " " " " " " " " " "	65c
" " " 50c	" " " " " " " " " " " "	35c
" " " 25c	" " " " " " " " " " " "	19c
All Silk Mufflers 1.00	" " " " " " " " " " " "	50c
" " " 50c	" " " " " " " " " " " "	35c
" " " 25c	" " " " " " " " " " " "	19c
Men's all wool Underwear 1.00	Sale price.....	75c
Men's all wool Underwear 85c	" " " " " " " " " " " "	55c
Men's Wool Mixed Underwear 50c	Sale price.....	35c
Ladies' all wool Underwear 1.00	Sale price.....	75c
Ladies' Wool Mixed Underwear 50c	Sale price.....	35c

Our entire stock of Gloves and Mittens at a sacrifice. Bargains in every department.

**W. A. Fairweather.**

Butter, Eggs and Wood wanted.

## How True

That in the midst of life we are in death. Upon such sad occasions we can serve you by supplying the necessary

## Valentines

## At

## Bond's

## Drug

## Store.

Funeral Goods, Embalming

Funeral Conducting.

In case I am absent, Mrs. A. J. Knapp will be pleased to wait upon you.

**A. A. McKENZIE,**

Cass City.

Beginning Monday, Jan. 22, 1900, we will

## Close Our Store

At

**7:30 Standard time**

Each day excepting Saturdays. But each day before we close we will make some extremely low prices on Shoes. We are closing out a few Samples and you can't afford to miss the opportunity. We are also closing out some heavy Rubbers at last year's prices. We would also call your attention to our Men's heavy

**Overshirts, Sox for Rubbers, Felts and Rubbers, etc.**

After Feb. 1st, 1900, we will give no Atlas Coupons and after March 1st, 1900 we will give no more Scale tickets, but we will continue to sell

## White Star Coffee

At 15c, 25c, 30c and 35c per lb. and they are unequalled at the price. If you have not tried them please do so.

**LAING & JANES.**

## Inventory Sale

For the next sixty days, We have a great many small lots to close out consisting of

**Shoes, Rubbers,**

**Hats and Caps.**

At one half price, as we intend going out of these particular lines. We also have a fresh lot of CANNED GOODS which we are selling at old prices, all Number one stock. Remember we are in it on Teas.

**Wood, Butter and Eggs wanted.**

**Frost & Hebblewhite.**

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDOWELL, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

When a man has advice to give he is seldom stingy with it.

To do what is right at the right time is the heritage of every human being.

The laborer is all right in his place, but the loafer is too lazy to look for a place.

When you have occasion to question a man's veracity, it is usually advisable to use a telephone.

If some people would tell what they know instead of what they believe they wouldn't have so much to say.

The new governor of Mississippi is opposed to lynching. Monotony is finally having its logical effect in that state.

The enterprising newspaper sensationalists who caught Aginaldo the other afternoon have evidently turned him loose again.

It is said that an eel can live without water for eighteen days. Some people may doubt this, but the true Kentuckian fails to see anything remarkable in the statement.

The germ of honorable fame is a part of every boy. Cultivate it and it will surprise folks how quick it will grow. It is the only part of us that can neither be stunted by old age nor dimmed by our death.

The duke of Marlborough has gone to the front with four war horses, four extra steeds to carry luggage, two valets, two footmen and two coachmen, a dog cart and a carriage, plenty of wines and cigars and unlimited choice provisions. That outfit would look truly awe-inspiring pouncing along a South African road in the early dawn with a crowd of whiskered burghers in full cry close behind.

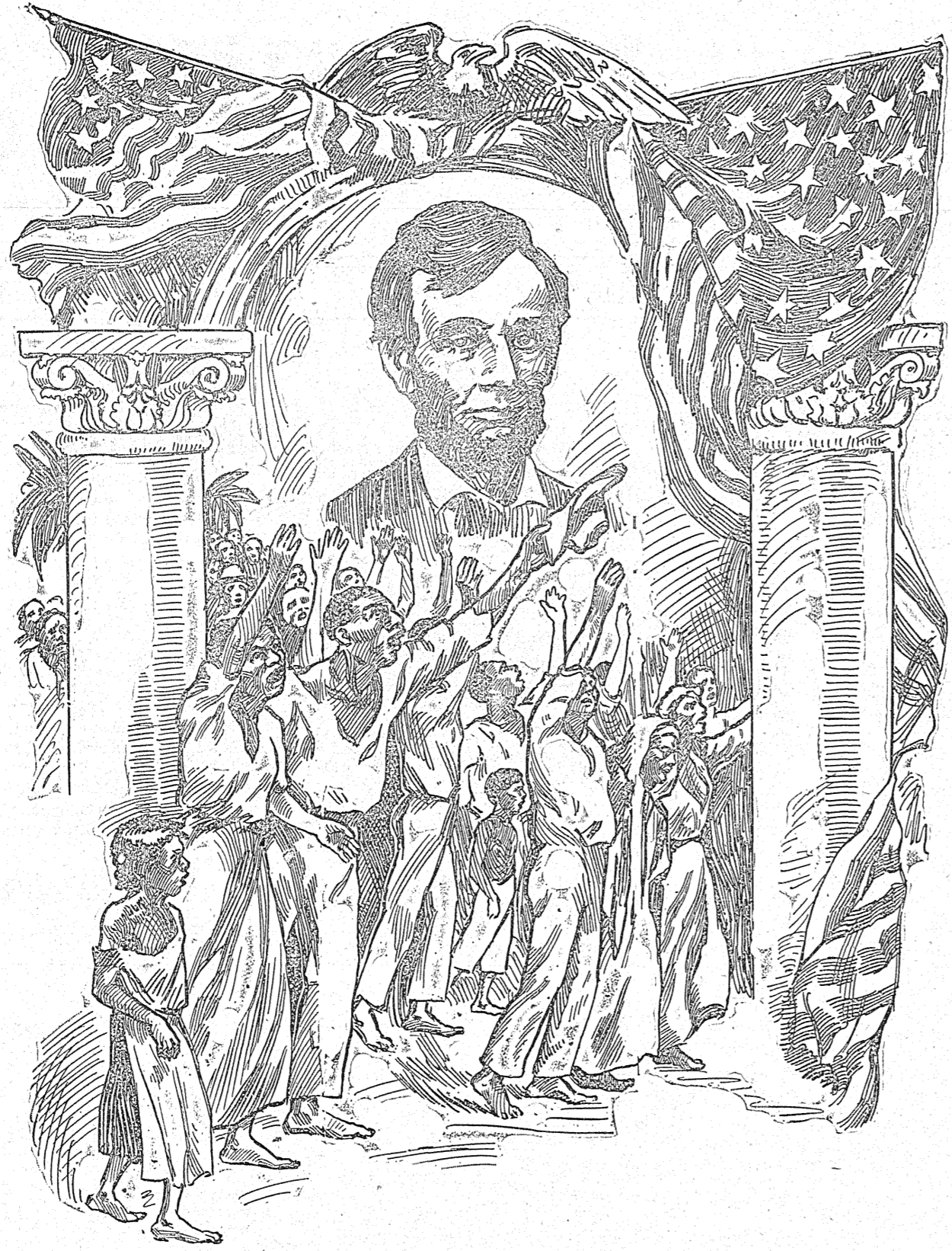
A French writer who grossly insulted Queen Victoria in a scurrilous pamphlet has been sent to jail by a French judge. Small sympathy will be wasted upon the imprisoned scribe, and England as well as other countries will give France due credit for prompt and proper action in the matter. England has not many sympathizers in her present effort at robbery in the Transvaal, but the queen is above any kind of reproach. She has nothing to do with the crime.

Miss Sewell, the English lady who wrote that charming autobiography of a horse entitled "Black Beauty," sold the manuscript to a publisher for twenty pounds. Chiefly through the efforts of the American Humane Society, more than two millions of copies have been put in circulation. Mr. Angell, editor of Our Dumb Animals, who has procured the printing of two hundred and twenty thousand copies, is now directing its translation into various languages. If the horses could but know their benefactor!

Within the last few years a great change has come over the shipping of the great lakes. New steamers of large tonnage and vast carrying capacity have been gradually substituted for the fleet of small vessels that have engaged in lake commerce since 1818, when the first steamboat sailed from Buffalo to Detroit. But the coming years are to witness even greater changes. Saturday a new steamer, the John W. Gates, the largest ever constructed on the lakes, was launched at Lorain, Ohio. This vessel has been built for the American Steamship company, which already owns some of the largest vessels that ply between Buffalo, Chicago and Duluth. It is 500 feet long and is the first that has been completed of four of equal length and tonnage. These large vessels are expected greatly to economize time and expense in transporting the heavy lines of freight.

Mrs. Leland Stanford states that she has now disposed of every vestige of the enormous fortune bequeathed to her by the late Senator Stanford, and has recently signed deeds transferring all his real estate to the trustees of Leland Stanford university. This includes the largest cattle ranches, horse-breeding establishments and vineyards in the world, with various farms, country houses and large tracts of wild land. The deed covered sixty-six pages of typewritten manuscript, and required \$7,000 in formal revenue stamps. Mrs. Stanford had previously transferred to the trustees of the university all her personal estate, embracing stocks and bonds valued at \$15,000,000, and so far as actual ownership of property is concerned, she is now as destitute as on the day on which she was born. She has a contract, however, with the trustees, under which she is to receive for life an annuity of \$25,000, to be used as she pleases, and all her relatives were liberally provided for in Mr. Stanford's will.

A Chicago messenger boy caught three footpads while engaged in the work of holding up a victim, followed them, pointed them out to the police and saw them safely in prison before he went on his way with his message. That boy will have no future use for the nickel novel or the marvelous adventures of the novel's youthful hero. He knows in his own heart that he has all the boy sleuths of fiction discounted and that the reality of such an act as his cannot be duplicated by any of the "thrilling" and "positively great" writers.



## Death of Lincoln

"Now he belongs to the ages." The curtain had just been rung down over the life of the martyred president in that humble little room opposite the theater where the president had, a few hours, before received the bullet of the assassin Booth. E. M. Stanton, secretary of war, gave utterance to the words quoted. How prophetic; how true. Centuries hence the name of Abraham Lincoln will still retain its rightful place in history.

The president had been carried up the high steps, through a narrow hall, and laid, still unconscious, still motionless, on the bed of a poor, little, commonplace room of a commonplace lodging-house, where surgeons and physicians gathered about in a desperate attempt to rescue him from death.

While the surgeons worked the news was spreading to the town. Every man and woman in the theater rushed forth to tell it. Some ran wildly down the streets, exclaiming to those they met, "The president is killed! The president is killed!" One rushed in a ballroom and told it to the dancers; another, bursting into a room where a party of eminent public men were playing cards, cried, "Lincoln is shot!" Another, running into the auditorium of Grover's theater, cried, "President Lincoln has been shot, in his private box, in Ford's theater." Those who heard the cry thought the man insane or drunk, but a moment later they saw the actors in a combat called from the stage, the manager coming forward. His face was pale his voice agonized, as he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I feel it my duty to say to you that the announcement made from the front of the theater just now is true—President Lincoln has been shot." One ran to summon Secretary Stanton. A boy picked up at the door of the house where the president lay was sent to the White house for Robert Lincoln. The news spread by the very force of its own horror, and as it spread it met other news no less terrible. At the same hour that Booth had sent the ball into the president's brain a man had forced his way into the house of Secretary Seward, then lying in bed with a broken arm, and had stabbed both the secretary and his son Frederick so seriously that it was feared they would die. In his entrance and exit he had wounded three other members of the household. Like Booth, he had escaped. Horror bred rumor, and Secretary Stanton, too, was reported wounded, while later it was said that Grant had been killed on his way north. Dread seized the town. "Rumors are so thick," wrote the editor of the National Intelligencer, at 2 o'clock in the morning, "the excitement of this hour is so intense that we rely entirely upon our reporters to advise the public of the details and result of this night of horrors. Evidently conspirators are among us. To what extent

does the conspiracy exist? This is a terrible question. When a spirit so horrible as this is abroad, what man is safe? We can only advise the utmost vigilance and the most prompt measures by the authorities. We can only pray God to shield us, his worthy people, from further calamities like these."

The civil and military authorities prepared for attack from within and without. Martial law was at once established. The long roll was beaten; every exit from the city was guarded; out-going trains were stopped; mounted police and cavalry clattered up and down the street; the forts were ordered on the alert; guns were manned. In the meantime there had gathered in the house on Tenth street, where the president lay, his family physician and intimate friends, as well as many prominent officials. Before they reached him it was known there was no hope, that the wound was fatal. They grouped themselves about the bedside or in the adjoining rooms, trying to comfort the weeping wife, or listening awe-stricken to the steady moaning and labored breathing of the unconscious man, which at times could be heard all over the house. Stanton alone seemed able to act methodically. No man felt the tragedy more than the great war secretary, for no one in the cabinet was by greatness of heart and intellect so well able to comprehend the worth of the dying president, but no man in that distracted night acted with greater energy or calm. Summoning the assistant secretary, C. A. Dana, and a stenographer, he began dictating orders to the authorities on all sides, notifying them of the tragedy, directing them what precautions

perceptible change in the president's condition, and with only slight shifting of the scene around him. The testimony of those who had witnessed the murder began to be taken in an adjoining room. Occasionally the figures at the bedside changed. Mrs. Lincoln came in at intervals, sobbing out her grief, and then was led away. This man went, another took his place. It was not until daylight that there came a perceptible change. Then the breathing grew quieter, the face became more calm. The doctors at Lincoln's side knew that dissolution was near. Their bulletin of 6 o'clock read: "Pulse failing;" that of 6:30, "Still failing;" that of 7, "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," and then at 7:20, in the presence of his son Robert, Secretaries Stanton, Welles and Usher, Atty-Gen. Speed, Senator Sumner, Private Secretary Hay, Dr. Gurley, his pastor and several physicians and friends, Abraham Lincoln died. There was a prayer, and then the solemn voice of Stanton broke the stillness, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Two hours later the body of the president, wrapped in an American flag, was borne from the house in Tenth street, and carried through the hushed streets, where already thousands of flags were at half-mast and the gay bunting and garlands had been replaced by black draperies, and where the men who for days had been cheering in excess of joy and relief now stood with uncovered heads and wet eyes. They carried him to an upper room in the private apartments of the white house, and there he lay until three days later a heart-broken people claimed their right to look for a last time on his face.

### LINCOLN AND THE SENTINEL.

In an article in the Century entitled "Our Fellow Citizen of the White House," Mr. C. C. Biel told the following story of President Lincoln: "There have been no soldiers as guardians under the shadow of the great Ionic columns since war; and even then, on one fierce winter night, the boy in blue who was on guard was not allowed to maintain professional decorum. Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection, for he was on his way to the war department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight dispatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said: 'Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step inside and stand guard there.' 'My orders keep me out here,' the soldier replied. 'Yes,' said the president, in his argumentative tone, 'but the duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in.' 'I have been stationed outside,' the soldier answered, and resumed his beat. 'Hold on there!' said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again; 'it occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I order you to go inside.' 'In 1880 in Dakota, there was one saloon for every ninety-five voters; in Nebraska, for every 113 voters; in Kansas for every 244 voters; in Mon-



DEATH OF LINCOLN—HE NOW BELONGS TO THE AGES. (From the Paintings.)

to take, what persons to arrest. Grant, now returning to Washington, he directed, should be warned to keep close watch on all persons who came close to him in the cars and to see that an engine be sent in front of his train. He sent out, too, an official account of the assassination. Today the best brief account of the night's awful work remains the one which Secretary Stanton dictated within sound of the moaning of the dying president. And so the hours changed without

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### DRUNKENNESS THE SUBJECT DISCUSSED.

"At Last It Bitheth Like a Serpent and Stingeth Like an Adder."—Proverbs Chapter 23:32—Nine Hundred Millions for Drink.

"When God Almighty hurled his condemnation at the Garden of Eden's sin he could do no worse than make Satan wriggle and hiss. 'And the Lord said because thou hast done this thou art cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly thou shalt go and dust thou shalt eat all the days of thy life, and I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.' As David made the waves stagger and fall like a drunkard, King Solomon preaches his temperance sermon in a banquet hall. The Princess and Princesses, Governors, Generals and merchant leaders are gathered together. The talk drifts to the question whether or no it is right to drink fermented grape juice.

"The King sends for a glass of wine, and then before the horrified eyes of his beholders, in verbal pictures, he draws out of the cup's depth the long, shining coils of a hissing, gleaming-eyed, fatal-tongued destroyer, as he says: 'Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contentions, who hath babblings, who hath wounds without cause, who hath redness of the eyes. They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colors in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at last it bitheth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

"Lesson the first: The intoxicating fang poisons a man's brain. We read with amazement how a boa constrictor can kill and swallow down a calf or kid or deer five times the reptile's natural size. But every country boy has seen the same phenomenon upon a smaller scale. A snake with throat hardly larger than your own thumb can give chase to a frog and then, taking the hind legs of the frog together, by suction slowly swallow his evening meal. Then, if you found the same snake a few hours later, or pick him up by the tail and snap him like a whip, out of the mouth of that snake will jump the frog as well and uninjured as was Jonah after voyaging three days inside the Mediterranean big fish. Not only one, but sometimes two, and three and four, or a whole litter of eaten frogs, can be consumed in this way and come out alive. Some time ago a man was driving near East Liverpool and the carriage wheel cut in twain a black snake as it wriggled across the road, and out of the bleeding end hopped a toad to blink at the sunlight.

"Where does the serpent of intonoxians try to satisfy its omnivorous appetite? We hear the hiss in every legislative hall; we see its eyes shining out of almost every palace window; we sent it alike among the orange blossoms of the marriage altar and the cypress leaves of the graveyard. It seems to be at home everywhere. And the best is none too good for its banquet.

"Robert Burns, Seargent S. Prentiss, Coleridge, Edgar Allan Poe, Lord Byron, William Pitt, Adonis, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pulteney, Carteret, Cicero, Mark Antony, and hosts of the leading men and women of this country, whose names we dare not mention, were all destroyed by the serpent's bite. The mightiest brain in American statesmanship was ruined because the giant of the United States Senate was a drunkard.

"The most awful carnage of the civil war was caused by the incompetency of the commanding General, who was a drunkard. A spark can explode a gunpowder magazine far easier than it burns a green sapling. The finer machinery the quicker it can be destroyed. The dying Charles Lamb made this last helpless wail: 'The waters have gone over me, but out of the depths could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have not set a foot in the perilous flood.'"

"The venomous asp which bit through the fair white skin of Cleopatra was never so poisonous as the stinging adder of my text. Furthermore, a man does not have to be swallowed 265 times every year by this biting serpent to be destroyed. Snakes have the strangest kind of appetites. They sometimes go for days and weeks without food. Every winter they take a long nap and seem to be as dead as a stick. When the reptiles have gorged themselves they lie dormant and seem to be eternally satisfied. After a man has been on a long dissipation he says, 'I am sorry, I want to be good. I will never drink again, I swear, so help me God.' He cries, he weeps, he repents. But after awhile the old serpent of intonoxians feels the thirst cravings and the result is the periodical drunkard can never be trusted. All that a clerk has to do is to mumble once; an engineer's hand on the throttle to tremble once, a coachman on the box to reel once, and you cry, 'Make way, make way, the lepers, your room for the lepers, they drink, they drink!'"

"Statistics give the most astounding figures. There are today engaged in the manufacture and sale of intonoxians one-seventy-fifth of the American race. Over \$900,000,000 is spent annually for a national liquor bill. I have been told over 50,000 people directly or indirectly are giving their time and brain for gambling-houses, places of evil resort, and saloons in the city of Chicago alone.

"In 1880 in Dakota, there was one saloon for every ninety-five voters; in Nebraska, for every 113 voters; in Kansas for every 244 voters; in Mon-

tana, for every twenty-eight voters; in Colorado, for every thirty-seven voters; in Oregon, for every fifty-eight voters; in California, for every thirty-seven voters, and in all of the states east of the Mississippi the average was a saloon for every 108 voters. Today so powerful is the liquor interest that it owns every ballot box, every state and legislative hall, from the national capital down to the smallest commonwealth. No presidential candidate except that of the Prohibition party dares antagonize the great army of saloon-keepers for fear of committing political suicide.

"But, with all these awful facts of how much the serpent of the text can swallow down and not regurgitate, the money expended for intonoxians is the least part of the evil. When a millionaire merchant has an income of \$150,000 a year he cannot possibly drink more than a few thousand dollars at the most. But the chief trouble is with the brain. The liquor fumes unbalance the judgment. The mind is so besotted and beclouded the head of the firm cannot think. He buys goods he never would have bought before. He enters into wildcat speculations. He insults his customers; he loses his temper when he ought to be kind, and is yielding when he ought to be firm.

"The laborer's drunken plight is best expressed in the vivid words of David Swing: 'The saloon is the poor man's bank, and his wife's rags are the certificates of deposit.' Do you wonder the asylums, the hospitals, the delirium tremens, and the insane cry, 'It bitheth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder.'"

"Lesson the second: The intoxicating fang poisons a man's heart. It would not be so sad if every time a drunkard wanted to go to destruction he could go alone; every time a sportsman shot a bird some other mother bird would fly to the helpless nest and feed and warm and care for the orphans; every time a deer was killed by a boa constrictor some sister deer would nurse the fawn until the little one is able to take care of herself; if every time a woman is poisoned by a cobra the dying immortal could lift her baby out of danger and some manly Joseph would care for the boy as the Nazarene carpenter fled with Mary the Virgin, and the infant Christ, when the decree went forth and Herod 'slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men.'"

"But a man's dissipations not only destroy the head of the family, but also the inmates of the home. When a mighty tree falls, the branches, the vines, the blossoms, the orchard's fruit, all tumble with the crash. A man will be a kind husband, a loving father, and faithful son until the poison of drink enters his heart and scatters all his affections, and a friend will become a fiend.

"Come, the 6 o'clock whistles are blowing, stand at the opened doors of the great factories, and see the saddest sight in America. Here are the poor, sickly, consumptive young girls dragging their feet wearily along. Their clothes are in rags; their faces are dirty, their shoes broken. They hold by the hand an old straw hat or swing a garment by some dirty ribbon which would disgrace an ash barrel. In nine cases out of ten the reason those poor creatures have no home, no schooling, no refinements, is because the father cares not what becomes of his daughters as long as his evil cravings are satisfied.

"Some time ago, in New York city, one of these little children carried home so many pails of beer, each time sipping a little himself, that he at last became intoxicated and fell down a cellar, and a couple of days later his dead body was found, half eaten by rats. Go today into any of our great county poor hospitals, and find the poor little babies, red and disfigured, in the last stages of roseola, for the poison of the adder's fang of intonoxians breeds all the diseases in the criminal calendar.

"Study the question of foreign missions. Some church members keep asking: 'Why are foreign missions a failure?' I will answer the true reason. I have been all around the world, and in many of the missionary stations and know whereof I speak. There could be no more consecrated servants of God than the foreign missionaries. But alongside of the English missionaries are the English merchants, soldiers, sailors, and alongside of the American missionary, goes the American sailor, merchant, and sightseer. The minister carries the white man's gospel; the layman the white man's sins. Thousands of people who are good and pure and temperate at home simply let their evil desires run riot in foreign lands. And when we send the merchant ships, with a few Bibles in the cabin and the hulls crowded with intonoxians, is it to be wondered at that we are trying to save the heathen by exporting them?"

"A short time before we arrived in Calcutta, India, a missionary was preaching in the public square, when a Mohammedan priest dragged a drunken sailor out of a neighboring saloon. Then, before the crowd of natives he read these solemn words of the Holy Communion. 'After the same manner he also took the cup. When he had sipped, and after giving thanks he gave to his disciples, saying, 'Drink ye all of this, for this is the cup of the new covenant in my blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. This do ye as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of me.' After the Mohammedan priest had finished that holy passage he pointed the long finger of scorn at the drunken sailor, saying, 'Yonder is the wine which Christ gave. Look at it.'"

"My friends, when the poisonous fang of drink once enters a man's heart

he cares for no one but himself. He would slay his own wife, sell his own child, murder his own flesh and blood, but drink he must and will have. Are we going beyond the text when we say in reference to the human affection, 'It bitheth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?'"

"How are we going to exterminate this poisonous reptile of evil, drink? First by putting our faith in Almighty God. Travelers tell us that fatal fanged serpents are easily influenced by music. When the snake charmers begin to play and sing, the cobra will sway backward and forward. The angry tongue will cease to quiver, the eye to lose its flash, and the long, sinuous body will follow the charmer as a kid cries for the mother sheep. The song of Zion and the Lamb, the angelic chorus sung above the hillsides of Bethlehem, the lullaby of Mary in the Nazarene carpenter's shop, will work the miracle. It is high time the churches are opened for the great temperance meetings, and the pulpits and platforms echo with the pleading for the temperance pledge.

"But, you say, 'some of our ministers do not believe in preaching temperance.' Do you know why? Some of our ministers drink. I come out boldly in this charge. The minister who refuses to speak upon the temperance question is either a coward or else he himself is unwilling to surrender his pet sin. The church which goes forth with the Bible in one hand and a whisky bottle in the other, destroys 100 times more than it saves.

"In the next place we must look to the women to aid us in this great work. Frances E. Willard in some respects is the most honored name of this century. By moral suasion and the power of presenting the temperance cause, you women must realize the great battle in the world's salvation is to be fought at the ballot box. The church today directly or indirectly influences at least 5,000,000 of the 12,000,000 voters. We hold the balance of power. The Christian people must stand together, as the saloon stands shoulder to shoulder. Women must make your husbands better and sons realize they should never vote for any candidate unless he has declared himself in reference to the saloon. "But if I cannot appeal to you on religious grounds, I appeal in a purely worldly sense. Do you know how ninety-five per cent of all the drunk-enness of the country can be instantly stopped? Make me a pledge to always pay for your own drinks, and never treat any one else. Most of this curse comes from the fact that a party of men enter a saloon. First, one friend pays for a round of glasses, then another, then another, and another and another, until at last the whole crowd is intoxicated.

"It is the abominable system of treating which has made our brewers millionaires. 'Oh,' you answer, 'that is a very low motive to which you appeal.' If I cannot appeal to high motives then I appeal to low. If I cannot impress you on account of Christ or the home of your children or business prospects or by the temperance pledge, then I will appeal to you on any ground to make you cease. A few years ago a bride and bridegroom went to live in a log hut upon the side of a western mountain. It was in the middle of winter. A den of serpents had gone to sleep under the fireplace. That night the warm blazing logs roused them from the winter's nap and the poisonous enemies crawled up and into the bed and made the sleep of life the dreamless sleep of death.

"May we in our own homes in the cries of our loved ones on account of our own criminal negligence or sinful examples, never hear the fatal hiss of the destroying monster of my text which at last bitheth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

### GEOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITIONS.

Never so Many as There Were Organized During the Past Year.

Never was there a time when so many and so well-equipped expeditions were abroad in the effort to fill in the blank spaces in the geography of the world, says the Scientific American. Interest is divided pretty equally between the Arctic and Antarctic regions—with a preference for the former. Peary is well on his way to the North Pole. Profiting by his past experience, he is engaged in establishing the necessary line of communications before making his final dash for the objective point. He has an able competitor in Sverdrup, Nansen's old colleague, who has taken the Fram once more into Arctic waters, with the intention of combining Peary's and Nansen's plan of advance in a supreme effort. During the year Abruzzi has set out, and Wellman has returned from Franz Josef Land. The Belgian Antarctic expedition, which sailed from Antwerp over two years ago, has brought home a fine collection of fauna and many valuable data gathered during its deep sea investigations; while the Geographical Society of Berlin has under consideration the despatch of a well-equipped expedition. Mention should be made also of Prof. Hatcher's exploration of Patagonia, which has yielded valuable results, and also of the exploration of the fossil beds of Wyoming, which has proved so successful that another expedition is being planned for this year.

Wanted the Call Repeated. Employer (to collector)—See Mr. Owen. Collector—Oh, yes, Employer—Was he annoyed at your calling upon him? Collector—Not a bit. He asked me to call again.—Ohio State Journal.

The average woman's idea of showing a man that she is neat is to dust off the seat she is going to sit down on with her handkerchief.

# HIS WORD OF HONOR

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I hope, sir, that you are not venturing upon a jest with me, the justice of the peace! How does it happen that you have anything to do with such matters? Who is this Roland, and what does Mr. Harrison say to the affair?"

"Nothing at all, because for the moment he is in a very uncomfortable situation, which prevents any protest. But, as to my authority, allow me to show it to you."

The barrel of a revolver was suddenly presented to the old gentleman, who, with a cry of terror, fled to the recess of the window, leaving both dignity and dinner in the lurch. The clerk, on the contrary, who had listened with mouth wide open, sat as if paralyzed with terror.

"Help! Murder! Robbers!" shouted Mr. Thompson; but terror so stifled him that the cry sounded a piteous whimper.

"Don't scream, sir," said Maxwell, quietly. "We can come to a friendly agreement. As I said, the point in question is merely a wedding. The bridegroom is my friend, Lieutenant William Roland. I have the pleasure of presenting myself to you as Doctor John Maxwell, both of the Union army, which will arrive here in a few hours."

"The whole Union army?" exclaimed Thompson, with a fresh outburst of horror.

"No; not the whole army—there would scarcely be room for it on the plantation—but our regiment. I told you during our drive that the troops were marching in this direction. But we desire, for certain reasons, to have the ceremony performed first. The bride and groom are ready, and I hope you will be, too. I place myself at your disposal as a witness, your clerk will be the second witness, and I suppose you brought the marriage contract with you. We can use it at once."

"Unprecedented! Impossible!" groaned the justice, who now came forward again. His clerk had recovered from his stupor so far as to fly from the range of the revolver. He,

she must be ready to be married at once.

He had at last entered with the utmost zeal into Maxwell's bold plan, which had at first seemed out of the question. It was really the only way to secure his bride and prevent any later intrigues of Edward. He had an inviolate right to claim his wife. Happen what might in Springfield, she belonged to him alone. The brief delay which would be caused by the ceremony was really not so dangerous as it seemed. Captain Wilson could hardly have reached the city, and the escort would not arrive before evening. The doctors were not expected for several hours; and as for the servants, Maxwell's judgment of them proved correct.

## CHAPTER XI.

From the moment they discovered the identity of the two strangers all hostility was at an end. They belonged to the ranks of the "liberators." Besides, they loved their young mistress as much as they feared in Edward the stern master. The last few months, during which he had had the reins of government, had shown the whole household what was to be expected from the new master. Now he had mysteriously vanished. Perhaps he might even be dead. But not a hand stirred to seek or aid him.

Besides, practical John, who never lost sight of any possibility, had taken care to prevent danger from the few white men who were acting as overseers in the fields. He had summoned the whole establishment, and briefly stated that the Union army was marching in that direction; that one regiment would arrive that evening and hold every human being in Springfield to a strict account, if a hair of his head or Lieutenant Roland's was harmed. The composure with which he related this fairy tale made a strong impression, and the rapidity of all these incidents bewildered them. No one ventured to raise an objection when Maxwell ordered the fastest horses to be harnessed and the carriage brought round; but all hastened to obey, while the doctor

"The names are still missing. Please insert them. Mr. William Roland—Miss Florence Harrison! There, now we can begin."

The magistrate had so far recovered that he could commence the ceremony, which was performed very quickly, but in strict legal form. The usual questions were asked and answered, the signatures were affixed, and in less than ten minutes the wedding was over. William, deeply moved, clasped his young wife to his heart.

Maxwell glanced toward the door, where Ralph had appeared during the last moment, but remained standing motionless in order not to interrupt the ceremony. The doctor exchanged a few words with him in a low tone, then turned to the young couple.

"Mrs. Roland, please go to your father. William, you can accompany your wife. There is no fear that your presence will disturb the sick man—don't leave her alone now!"

A significant glance emphasized the words. William understood that the last moments of Mr. Harrison's life were at hand, and putting his arm around his wife he led her to her dying father.

(To be Continued.)

## How a Boer Signs His Name.

From the London Mail: The Boer may be fairly good at handling a rifle, but he is sadly deficient in his ability to handle a pen. When the average Boer has to attach his name to a document an air of importance pervades his dwelling for several hours. The children are constantly chided, the patient "vrouw" has a preoccupied look and the husband himself puffs even more vigorously than usual at his pipe. Eventually a corner of the table is cleared and carefully wiped. The family Bible is placed in position and the sheet of paper requiring the signature placed upon it. An expectant silence falls upon the company. "Stille!" cries the wife. "Stille, kindje, papa gaat sein naam teken." ("Hush, children, father is about to sign his name.") The family stands round open-mouthed, and all eyes gaze expectantly upon the paper. With arms bared for the fray, and with pen carefully poised, the Boer bends to his task. The pen is gripped firmly between his horny fingers. In thick, ungainly scratches, and with slow and painful motion, the pen begins to work, and at the end of it, may be four minutes, the deed is accomplished.

## Half-Way House of Big Birds.

Near St. Charles, Mo., is a great sandbar, called Pelican bend, which projects into the Missouri river, and for some unknown reason it is a favorite stopping place for the numerous flocks of pelicans that migrate north and south every year. It has been noticed that regularly each fall on Sept. 4 they begin to arrive. They remain till cold weather and then pass on south. In the spring they return to the bend, remain a short time, and then proceed north. It may be that in the shallows around this sandbar are quantities of fish of which the awkward birds are fond, for they live almost entirely on fish. A pelican loves nothing better than to wade in shallow water, where schools of minnows and small fish are gathered, and to scoop them up in its great elastic pouch that hangs under its lower bill. These big-billed and short-legged birds are clumsy enough on land, but they have enormous webbed feet, and widespread wings. So in water or air they move rapidly, and they seem never to tire of swimming or flying.

## Earth a Pyramid in Shape.

Since the earth was first formed many theories have been advanced as to its shape and the process of its formation, but no one until our day ever maintained that its form was that of a huge pyramid. Centuries ago Pythagoras and Aristotle declared that it was spherical. Anaximander that it was shaped like a column. Democritus that it was a concave disc and very much resembled a huge porringer. Empedocles and Anaximenes that it was a plane disk, and Zenofanes that it had roots like a tree, which spread in all directions far into the infinite. Now comes J. Greene, an English scientist, and a government official in the Sandwich islands, with the bold announcement that all these ancient theories, as well as the modern ones, are utterly baseless, since, according to him, the earth has the form of a triangular pyramid, or, in other words, of a regular tetrahedron, with the apex at the south pole and the base at the north.

## Obedied the Orders.

New York Evening Sun: The story of the green servant girl who boiled a watermelon is more than rivaled by the story of the experienced girl, who boiled the plum pudding. She was the sort of young person who more than anticipated any directions with the assurance of her knowledge on the subject, so that the woman of the household gave her but one important hint about the Christmas pudding. "Be careful not to let it boil down," she said; "put plenty of water in the kettle, and keep putting more in as it boils out." "Yes'm," was the response. There was no doubt but that she obeyed that injunction to the very letter. She had put in plenty of water and she had added more from time to time. But another little item she had neglected—she had not put the pudding into a bag.

## His Favorite Barber.

Grymes—"Why do you always go to that particular barber?" Ukerdek—"He is bald as an egg." Grymes—"What of that?" Ukerdek—"He cannot advise me to use a hair restorer."

## HAVE ODD RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

Living Openly as Mohammedans, the Sabbateans Do Not Believe the Faith.

From the Pall Mall Gazette: Surely one of the oldest religions in the world is that of the Sabbateans of Salonica, of whom M. Danon has lately made a special study. The sect takes its name from one Sabbatai Cevi, a Smyrniote Hebrew, who flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, and so muddled himself by constant study of the Cabala that he gave himself out for the Messiah. Thanks to some bogus miracles, thousands of Hebrews flocked to his standard and a serious revolt was on the point of breaking out when the pasha of the district captured him and offered him the choice of accepting Islam or being incarcinatedly shot. The story is that he chose the former alternative, and that his followers, disgusted by his apostasy, abandoned their belief in his messiahship, and returned to their former faith. M. Danon's researches, however, show that the sect is not so extinct as has been thought. He had much difficulty in getting the information and it was only the lucky accident of one of the faithful sending his waistcoat to be mended, without remembering that a sort of prayerbook was stitched in his way. As it was, the tailor had just time to show the document to a friend, who took a copy, now in M. Danon's possession. From this it seems that the Deunneh (or converted), as they are called by the Turks, still worship the God of Abraham under his cabalistic name of the Infinite, and acknowledge as their "Lord and King" Sabbatai Cevi, whom they call "the true Messiah and their Redeemer." They are not to take false oaths in the name of God or his Messiah, are not to murder, "even though they hate anyone," to bear false witness nor to covet other people's goods. But they are to keep their faith a profound secret and to live like Mussulmans, keeping the Moslem fasts and observing all their ceremonies without any scruple until the day when they are to "take vengeance for Israel," after which they will become angels. The mixture of gross and lifelong hypocrisy with the practice of real virtues—it is especially said that there are no poor among them, every member of the community being willing to help at any time any of the others—is very typical of these apocalyptic sects. And in this faith more than 1,000 families of Salonica believe.

## AFTER THAT

They Went Around Him Like He Was a Swamp.

New York Tribune: "I heard a capital story last night," said George Cabel of St. Louis at the Hoffman House. "Years ago in a western frontier town a traveler, footsore and weary, arrived one afternoon, and made his way down the one street of the burg. He was suddenly startled by the sounds of shots, and looking up discovered four men shooting at one another. The men were standing at the four corners of an imaginary square, and each shooting at the man supposed to be the center, but he paused to watch the outcome of the fray, when a bullet, going wide of its intended mark, cut by his ear. That roused his wrath, and drawing his pistol he dropped the man in his tracks who had all but dropped him. Another bullet flying wide from its mark, but near to the stranger, caused him to lay out one of the other pair, and the two remaining men sought safety in flight. In that particular town duels had been previously comparatively harmless amusements, owing to the poor marksmanship of the contestants, but the man who could shoot had turned out to be the inhabitant, although they turned out to greet him in a body and grant him the freedom of the city, did so in manifest awe and trepidation. When he told the story afterward he said to wind it up impressively by saying: 'And, boys, in that town after that they went around me as if I had been a swamp.'"

## Danger in the Lily.

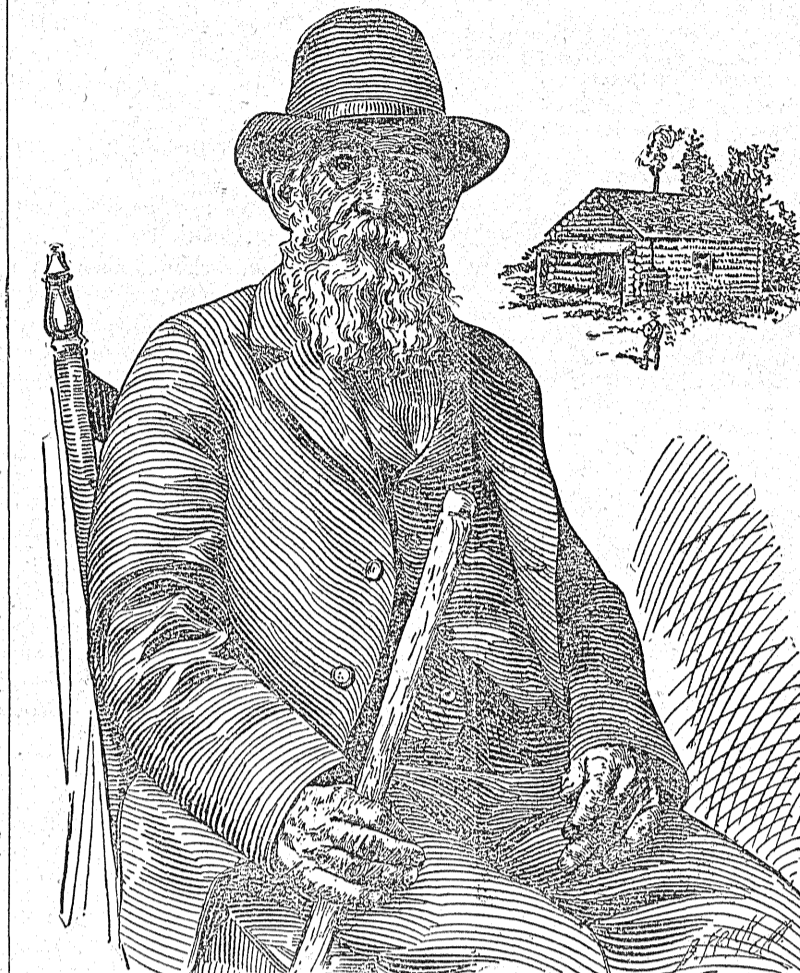
From the New York Times—"If you knew as much about the lily of the valley as I do you would not put that stem in your mouth," politely remarked the forist to one of his customers as he placed a spray of the fragrant graceful blossoms between his teeth. "It's not very elegant, but I confess," responded the customer, a bit testily, "but it's an old one, and I can't readily break myself of it." "Pardon me, but it is not the habit of which I was speaking, but of the flower itself. The lily is a dangerous flower to chew, differing from most of those one buys at the stores, for while this one stem may do you no harm, it is a fact that the lily is poisonous to man and beast alike, and as very few people know it, I always like to let my customers know the fact. Then they can dine on them if they like."

## The National Beverage of England.

There is an enormous increase in the consumption of whiskies imported from Scotland and Ireland into England. If the present rate of increase of the spirit trade is maintained, England will presently have adopted whisky as the national beverage. Beer is losing ground as the people demand something stronger. The discussion of the relative merits of the whiskies has brought out the interesting incident that a short time since a vat containing 700 gallons of Scotch whisky for the consumption of the members of the house of commons was built, and that next recess will see provisions made for an adequate supply of the Irish product.

# THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Mr. Isaac Brock, born in Buncombe Co., North Carolina, March 1, 1788. Says: "I attribute my extreme old age to the use of Peruna."

Born before United States was formed.  
Saw 22 Presidents elected.  
Per-na has protected him from all sudden changes.  
Veteran of four wars.  
Shod a horse when 99 years old.

Always conquered the grippe with Per-na.  
Witness in a land suit at age of 110 years.  
Believes Per-na the greatest remedy of the age for catarrhal diseases.

Isaac Brock, a citizen of McLennan county, Texas, has lived 111 years. He now lives with his son-in-law at Valley Mills, Texas.

In speaking of his good health and extreme old age, Mr. Brock says:

"After a man has lived in the world as long as I have, he ought to have found out a great many things by experience."

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper remedy for ailments that are due directly to the effects of the climate."

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but in reading Dr. Hartman's books I have found out that these affections are the same and that they are properly called catarrh."

"I had several long sieges with the grip. At first I did not know that Peruna was a remedy for this disease. When I heard that la grippe was epidemic catarrh, I tried Peruna for the grippe and found it to be just the thing."

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Per-na, I have found it to be the best, if not the only, reliable remedy for these affections. It has been my standby for many years, and I attribute my good health and extreme old age to this remedy."

Very truly yours,  
Isaac Brock.

For a free book on catarrh, address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.



LEAVING BOTH DIGNITY AND DINNER.

too, took refuge in the window recess, where he vied with his employer in trembling.

"May I request you to let me see the document?" asked Maxwell.

"But it contains the name of Edward Harrison," said the magistrate, desperately.

"We'll erase it and put William Roland in its place."

"But that won't do."

"It must! I most courteously beg you for it."

A movement of the revolver gave this courtesy the necessary emphasis. Mr. Thompson tried to hide behind his clerk, and the latter, with a trembling hand, drew out a paper which he held like a shield toward the oppressor.

"Space for the names has been left," he stammered. "They were to be filled in at Springfield."

"Excellent! Then there is nothing to be erased. Calm yourself, Mr. Thompson. I assure you that I have the highest regard for you, and have told my friend so much about you that he, too, holds you in great esteem. Permit me again to apologize for disturbing you, but there is nothing to prevent your continuing your meal as soon as the ceremony is over. So, if you please—"

The gentlemen did not look as if they were inclined to follow. They left the window with evident reluctance, but they did leave it and, under Maxwell's escort, went to the drawing-room.

Here they found William with Florence, the latter half-bewildered by the rapidity with which events had followed each other. While waiting in terrible anxiety for news, her imagination conjuring up the most terrible possibilities, Roland suddenly stood before her, free and unharmed, and in hurried words told her that

proceeded to exchange the courtesies already mentioned with his esteemed friend, Mr. Thompson.

Florence was sitting on a sofa, with William standing beside her—both in the greatest agitation and excitement—when the gentlemen entered. Doctor Maxwell, however, was calmness itself, when he made the necessary introductions.

"Lieutenant Roland—the bridegroom—you already know the bride, Miss Harrison. William, I have the pleasure of presenting to you the justice of the peace, Mr. Thompson, who, with the utmost readiness to oblige, instantly consented to gratify your wish."

William looked at the magistrate, whose pale face and shaking knees distinctly showed how he had been induced to show this vaunted obligingness. The affair, which afforded his friend a malicious satisfaction, was extremely painful to him.

"Calm yourself, sir," he said, approaching him. "You are perfectly safe. Neither you nor your companion needs fear. I deeply regret that we were forced to put the request in such a form, but the circumstances compelled it. As soon as the wedding is over, you can return to the city."

The old gentleman again breathed freely. He had imagined the lieutenant a far more terrible personage than the doctor, and now he proved to be the more humane of the two. But Mr. Thompson preferred to place himself close to Miss Harrison as quickly as possible. If he stood close by her side, no one could fire at him. Meanwhile, Maxwell had given the marriage contract, which had been handed to him, a brief, yet thorough scrutiny, and now again laid it on the table.

"Everything is correct!" he said.

A Man's Skin.  
In a man's eyes his skin is never as great as that of his wife in finding him out.—Atholion Globe.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Groves' signature on each box.

As soon as thought finds a body it begins trying to move the world.  
Growth in grace is often helped by having the grace to say no.

PRESIDENT KRUEGER AHEAD.  
Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa, Dec. 7, 1899.

Messrs. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.—Gentlemen: Your last shipment and communication received. I am very much pleased with the information which you have so kindly given me.

Please find enclosed bank draft to the amount of \$412 10/100, for which send me twenty-five (25) gross of Swanson's "5-DROPS." Ship same as before in order that there may be no delay, as this medicine will be greatly needed before it reaches us. The last shipment is almost disposed of, as the medical department of our army uses large quantities. This order is entirely for use in the army.

I have been told that our success on the battlefield is due to a certain extent to the use of "5-DROPS" Rheumatic Cure, which has relieved and prevented a great deal of suffering among our men from Rheumatism, Neuralgia and other acute pains caused by exposure. Your "5-DROPS" is as good as a Transvaal soldier!

In one of the battles, a small quantity of "5-DROPS," together with other medicines, was captured by the English, which was a great loss to our men. The Ruinecks won't do it again. I am, respectfully yours,

PETER HAAS.  
"5-DROPS" is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. It is a perfect cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Catarrh, La Grippe, Neuralgia Headache, etc. Large size bottles (300 doses), \$1.00; or three (3) bottles for \$2.50. Sample bottles 25 cents.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Every successful Christian life must be a life of faith.

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. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but 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  
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

GRAIN-O IS THE BEST FOOD FOR CONSUMPTION.

GRAIN-O IS THE BEST FOOD FOR CONSUMPTION.

GRAIN-O IS THE BEST FOOD FOR CONSUMPTION.

WANTED Agents for a washday article the working SHAVING, HAIR & COSMETIC, Color Tablets, etc.

CARTERS INK  
Is made to give satisfaction and it does. Have you used it?

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled. Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable. By DR. CLAS'S LIQUID AND PILL REMEDY. Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures FREE. DR. CLAS, 224 N. 10TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MILLION DOLLAR POTATO  
Most talked of potato on earth! Our Catalog tells so also about Six Weeks' Potato, the largest farm and vegetable product grown in U. S. Potatoes, 60¢ and 50¢ a bushel. Send for this notice and sample for Big Catalog.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

WESTERN CANADA FREE  
MILLIONS of acres of choice agricultural LANDS now opened for settlement in Western Canada. Here is grown the celebrated No. 1 HARD WHEAT, which brings the highest price in the market of the world. Thousands of cattle and fattened for market without being fed grain and without a day's shelter. Send for information and secure a free home in Western Canada. Write the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, or address the undersigned. We will mail you atlases, pamphlets, etc., free of cost. J. Griev, Saultman, Michigan, or M. V. Melnes, No. 2 Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.

LOOK! FREE!  
THIS HIGHLY ARTISTIC BELT, made of the finest leather, our No. 1250 Patent—magnificent Gold-Finished Buckle—Handsomely Jeweled—be adjusted to any waist.

A most stylish and at the same time a fashionable belt. Don't send for any other. Money, just your name and address. We will send you, postpaid, 12 large handsome stamped Dollars, each design a masterpiece creation of art, designed by our own distinguished artist. THEY WILL SELL ON SIGHT! Sell them to your friends at 10¢ each. Send us the \$1.50 and we will promptly send you by return mail one of our newest, most stylish and handsome No. 1250 Belts FREE.

F. A. REED & CO. Jewelry Co., 209 Hudson St., New York City.

Personally Conducted California Excursions

Via the Santa Fe Route. Three times a week from Chicago and Kansas City. Twice a week from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Once a week from St. Louis and Boston. In improved wide-vestibuled Pullman tourist sleeping cars. Better than ever before, at lowest possible rates. Experienced excursion conductors. Also daily service between Chicago and California. Correspondence solicited.

T. A. GRADY, Manager, California Touring Service, The Attention, Topock & Santa Fe Railway, 100 Adams Street, CHICAGO.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 6—1900  
When answering ads. kindly mention this paper

If you, speculate successfully. We can make you in one month more interest on your money than you can buy in a year. We will buy 1,000 bushels of wheat or corn and margin the same 3 cents. Send for our book on speculation. IT IS FREE. All profits payable on demand.

J. K. COMSTOCK & CO. Room 23, Traders' Bldg., Chicago.

DO YOU SPECULATE?

Cass City Enterprise.

An independent newspaper. Published every Thursday by McDOWELL & WALTERS, Seegar St., Cass City, Tuscola Co., Mich.

Advertisements. All changes of advertisements must be sent to this office so late as Wednesday noon of each week, else they can not be inserted in that week's issue. Reasonable rates are charged for display advertisements. Local notices in our paid local columns are five cents per line for first insertion. Notices of funerals, lectures, concerts and all entertainments of a money-making character are 25 cents a line. Resolutions of respect are charged for at the rate of one dollar for each insertion. Cards of thanks are twenty-five cents for each insertion.

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

McDOWELL & WALTERS, Proprietors.

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.

M. M. WICKWARE, M. D. General practicing physician and surgeon. Specialties: Diseases of the throat and lungs. Dry hot air equipment for the successful treatment of rheumatism, joint affections, etc. Calls answered promptly, day or night. Office and residence four doors south of Tennant House.

D. A. HATT, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Special attention paid to diseases peculiar to children. Office and residence over Cass City Bank. 1-11-14.

DR. W. H. RIEMAN, Physician and Surgeon. Opera House Block 2-9-17.

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

N. MCCLINTON, M. D. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher. Office at residence.

JOHN R. FOOTE, M. D. Physician, surgeon and accoucher, Novesta, Mich. Calls answered promptly night or day.

A. A. MCKENZIE, AUCTIONEER, Cass City, Mich. Sales of all kinds promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales solicited from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ENTERPRISE. 8-9-14

Societies.

I. O. F. COURT ELKLAND, No. 826, I. O. F. meets on 1st, 3rd and 5th of each month in their hall in the Campbell block, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

I. O. O. F. CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. MORRISON, N. G. JAS. RAMSEY, Secretary.

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

Church Directory.

BAPTIST—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on Sunday. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday evening. Rev. E. RUSHBROOK, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL—Services begin with Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. A. meeting 6:30 p. m. English services every Sunday evening. All are invited. Rev. F. KLUMPI, Pastor.

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

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Y. P. A. meeting at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30. Rev. A. TOMBER, Pastor.

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

EXCHANGE BANK

Cass City, Mich.

Loans Money on approved notes and real estate. In Partial Payment Terms if desired.

Pays Interest on Time Deposits.

E. H. PINNEY, Prop.

ORDER OF HEARING. State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office in the Village of Caro, on the 23rd day of January, in the year nineteen hundred and sixteen, Present, John C. Lutz, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of William Wright, deceased. An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been delivered into this Court for probate. It is ordered, that the 27th day of February, next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Court, be assigned for the proving of said instrument. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. [L. 2-24] JOHN C. LUTZ, Judge of Probate.

EAST NOVESTA.

George Dowe is having very poor health this winter. Miss Mary Terry, of Kingston, is helping Mrs. G. Agar at present.

Miss Ida Agar visited at R. Brown's on Monday. Ed. Dowe is working in a mill in Kingston at present.

Robert Brown, David McKim and Mrs. James Brown visited friends in South Novesta on Sunday.

Frank McGregory, of Shabbona, was a caller in this vicinity one day last week.

We neglected to state in our last item that Jesso Granger was the owner of a bran new baby boy.

Miss Millie Moshier, of South Novesta, is working for Mrs. Granger at present.

In this week's issue we are called upon to chronicle the sad bereavement of Charles Ashby, who has the sincere sympathy of this community in the loss of a beloved wife, whose death occurred at the family residence, in East Novesta, on Thursday, Jan. 25, at the age of 46 years. Mrs. Ashby whose maiden name was Julia Gibbs was a person who was the possessor of a cheerful and sociable disposition, and was much respected by all her neighbors. She was a member of the F. W. Baptist Church. Her illness was of short duration, and in spite of all kind hearts and loving hands could do, she passed away to her dear Redeemer's breast to live the life of glory. The funeral took place at the Baptist Church on Sunday morning and was largely attended. She was an endowment member of the Macabee lodge and that order attended in a body. The casket where-in reposed the remains was of a beautiful design and was covered with lovely flowers. A very impressive funeral was conducted by Rev. P. Upper, taking for his text, Rev. 6 chapter 8 verse. The deceased leaves an aged mother, a sister, who is the wife of Clark Courkiss, of Deford, and a brother who resides in Evrogreen township, a heart-stricken husband, one son and two daughters to mourn her loss. The following were the sentiments of her heart:

Loving friends weep not for me, I long to be at rest. How happy, happy I shall be, When pillowed on my savior's breast.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grov's signature on every box. 25c.

THE FARMER'S BEST FRIEND is the HORSE. The horse's best friend is Holden's 48-Hour Condition Powder. It is the best on the market and you get 2 pounds for 25 cents.

KILMANAGH. Christ Hanson is on the sick list. Geo. Heberly is back to the doctor's again after a three weeks illness.

Miss Mand Treadgold and Miss Richmond will hold their school entertainment on the 23rd inst. Neither sleighing nor good wheeling. The wind had its frolic and left the snow in the fence corners.

Prof. Wilson, of Sebawing, the skillful violinist, has quite a large class of pupils in this section. The following are the names of a few: Miss Treadgold, C. P. Hey, John Sontag, Ed. Thompson and Newt Haist.

Geo. Bathe, Mendota, Va., says, "Nothing did me so much good as Kodol. Dyspepsia Cure. One dose relieved me, a few bottles cured me." It digests what you eat and always cures dyspepsia.

Is Baby Too Thin?

If so, there must be some trouble with its food. Well babies are plump; only the sick are thin. Are you sure the food is all right? Children can't help but grow; they must grow if their food nourishes them. Perhaps a mistake was made in the past and as a result the digestion is weakened. If that is so, don't give the baby a lot of medicine; just use your every-day common sense and help nature a little, and the way to do it is to add half a teaspoonful of

SCOTT'S EMULSION to the baby's food three or four times a day. The gain will begin the very first day you give it. It seems to correct the digestion and gets the baby started right again. If the baby is nursing but does not thrive, then the mother should take the emulsion. It will have a good effect both upon the mother and child. Twenty-five years proves this fact.

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DEFORD.

"Our trust duties are often found lying upon the lowliest ground, in hidden and unnoticed ways. In daily work, on common days."

Clark Courkiss suffers with a bad cold. Mrs. Lowe Matoon is improving in health.

Sickness in Geo. Martin's family at this date. Prentiss Curtis, of Armada, visits in this locality.

Mrs. Mitchell, of Birmingham, visits her son, Charles Hoffman.

Warren Kelley, of Richmond, visits his brother, Charles Kelley.

Mrs. John McCracken is some better, but is still in very poor health.

Did you notice the cracks in the road, the result of hard freezing?

Music parties are numerous this winter in the country east of here.

Mrs. Hattie Shaw, formerly Hattie Sutton, has returned to her home at Flint.

Pearl, little daughter of Thomas O'Rourke, has a severe attack of La-grippe.

Frank Crittendon has come home from the north woods and is very sick at present.

Mrs. George O'Rourke has returned from Macomb county after a two months visit in that locality.

The father and mother of Samuel Shark will ere long come from Ontario and make their home here at Deford.

George Martin and family have returned from Avoca. Mr. Martin's mother was on a fair way to recovery.

Orrin Stowell, who went to Detroit about two weeks ago, writes home he has found a job. He is working on trial as motorman on an electric car.

The snow that fell Sunday was feathery—piled up and all went somewhere. 'Tis of no value to us here, might as well have kept it at the pole.

Only four of the scribes on the correspondence staff of the ENTERPRISE came to the front last week. This is wrong, brothers and sisters. Let us treat our fellow beings fairly.

Friend of East Novesta, we hearken patiently for the wedding bells, and should our patience wear out we will patch them up with some of the little patches when they come along.

We wished to go away last Sunday but it stormed, and stayed at home, didn't try to stop the snow from falling and now we are just as well satisfied as if things had gone our way.

"The highest purpose of education is not so much to know, to think, or to argue as it is to travel the right road. It is a matter of no consequence for a man to speak correctly, if he does not speak the truth."

The infant child of Joshua and Mary Curtis died on the last day of Jan. The remains were interred in Novesta cemetery. Sympathy is all that we can give to our fellow beings in the hours of such afflictions.

Wm. Patch and Ben Hicks have bought the engine that Clayton Howard used last fall and we learn that they will also buy the separator from Mr. Howard and manipulate the whole outfit next season.

General Frost, a cosmopolite with no continuing city or fixed abiding place, once business manager for Wm. Pratt and about six years ago foreman for a season on Boney Daugherty's ranch, is calling on old friends in this neck of woods.

In the cause, James Cooper vs. John Wilson and Ray M. Chaffield, for trespass, which came before John McCracken on the 1st inst., the defendants plead the general issue and gave notice of title to land, etc., which took the case to the circuit court. Attorney Ballard, of Sanilac Centre, appeared for plaintiff and Attorney Wilson, of Caro, appeared for the defendant.

Thirty years ago the political campaign in this nation commenced about three months before election, but for the past years the leaders on all sides have been taking a little more and a little more time each year and now they take more than a full year. If they continue to grasp soon there will be no national rest. 'Twill be boiling politics from the time of seating one batch until the seating of another.

It is a well known fact that supervisors all over the state assess property below cash value and the rule is to assess farm property at 40 per cent of its cash value, a rule which is strictly adhered to in rural districts. Our factories have their plants assessed at 2 and 3 per cent as the following shows beyond question. (From the Legisla-tive Journal of March 9th, 1899.) D. D. Carriage Co., Flint, Mich., sworn statement of value \$297,833.32; supervisor's valuation \$38,800. Grand Rapids Brewing Co., sworn statement of value \$333,000.32; supervisor's valuation \$50,000. And so on down the list of the big tax payers.

Why, Yes! Pingree is a very bad man for saying anything about such things. If farmers did right they would elect Ping regardless of politics, give him honest legislators so that we might have honor at home and a respectable name abroad.

Facts to Remember

The original and genuine Red Pills are Knill's Red Pills for Wan People at 25c a box, the woman's remedy. Don't pay 50 cents.

You can work when they work, never gripe or make you sick, Knill's White Liver Pills. Bowel regulator. 25c doses 25 cents.

Knill's Blue Kidney Pills cure back-aches, etc. Only 25c boxes. Pleasant, Safe and Sure are Knill's Black Diarrhoea Pills. Cure summer complaints, dysentery and all pains of the stomach and bowels. 25c a box.

Pure, Sweet Stomach and Breathe are made by taking Knill's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will cure indigestion, correct all stomach troubles, destroy all germs for 25c box. Best and Cheapest. Guaranteed by your druggists.

Knill's A. Bond. T. H. Fritz.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They are wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c a box at T. H. Fritz, Cass City

Seek not to steal the other fellow's light. Repair put on steam and make your own.

Do whatever you do with all your might. By taking Rocky Mountain Tea at night.

Obituary.

Died at her home in Novesta, Jan. 31st, Julia Eliza Ashby, beloved wife of Chas. Ashby. The remains were interred in Novesta cemetery Feb. 4th. Services were held at the Free Will Baptist Church, Novesta, Conn. A. A. McFonzie having charge of the funeral. Rev. Peter Upper, of Lamotte, officiated. Deceased was born in Troy, Oakland county, Mich., August 23, 1848, where she spent her girlhood years, till she reached her 21st year, when she was joined in marriage to Charles Ashby at Waterford, Mich., who survives her. Four children were the fruit of the union, three of whom are now alive, with their father deeply mourned her loss. About 24 years ago she came with her companion to the home, where she died and passed through the trials of pioneer life.

When quite a young woman she joined the Close Communion Baptist Church and was baptized. Five years ago when the Free Will Baptist class was organized in Novesta, together with her husband, she became a member and has since been a consistent and active member. She came from the old puritan stock her father and mother had moving from the state of New York to Michigan when a territory. Besides her bereaved husband and sorrowing children she has two sisters and a brother and an aged mother all living in this locality. A true wife, a kind mother, a good neighbor has gone, and all who knew her feel the loss in sorrow.

An Editor's life saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896 I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I contracted that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expell something that I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the best doctor a trial I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. EDWARDS, Publisher of the Evening, Wyan, Ill. For Sale at Bond's Drug Store.

"I had bronchitis for years and no medicine gave permanent relief until I began to take One Minute Cough Cure. I know it is the best cough medicine made," says J. K. Kozitz, Corry, Pa. It quickly cures coughs, colds, croup, asthma, grippe and throat and lung troubles. It is the children's favorite remedy. Cures quickly.

RESCUE. The cold weather keeps people close at home. At present there are more books in circulation at any time in the past year. All one can do is to keep fires and read and as the library is open six days in the week, there is no excuse for lack of material.

John Atkinson is at present on the sick list. Yecrobo was on Pigeon last week and did not know the place. Ten years ago was the date of our former visit and there was only a railroad crossing, swamp and woods. To-day a beautiful farming country surrounds it. The fine thirty-acre tract, the prospects of doing a good business in the future.

Wheat has had a terrible struggle for life so far this winter and unless conditions are reversed in short order, the crop will be a slim one.

Do not let the temperance question go by you. Brother of Deford, until you note the following: In Michigan we have a high license to support high improvements, particularly penitentiaries, of which we have several, Jackson, Ionia, Detroit, Marquette, etc., and there is a good population in all of them. Go to our sister state of Wisconsin with less than one-half of our license money and you find one penitentiary at Waupun and lots of room in it for all who need such a home. The facts are before you, brother. Draw your own conclusions.

A 10-year-old son of William Young, who resides three miles south of Lexington, placed a dramatic cap on the stove at the school house. In the explosion which followed the lad lost part of his right hand.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. In the matter of the estate of Penelope Callard, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance and by virtue of an order granted to the undersigned as administrator of the estate of said Penelope Callard by the Hon. J. C. Leitz, Judge of Probate in and for said County, on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1910, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the premises in the Village of Cass City, in said County of Tuscola, State of Michigan, to-wit: On Friday, the 29th day of February, A. D. 1911, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day all the right, title and interest of said Penelope Callard in and to the following described lands and premises, situated in the Village of Cass City, County of Tuscola, State of Michigan, to-wit: Lot six (6), block sixteen (16), of Seegar's Addition to the Village of Cass City.

W. L. Yancy, Paducah, writes: I had a severe case of Kidney disease and three of the best physicians of southern Kentucky treated me without success. I was induced to try Foley's Kidney Cure. The first bottle gave immediate relief and three bottles cured me permanently. I gladly recommend this wonderful remedy. T. H. Fritz, Cass City, F. A. Francis & Co., Kingston.

Stood Death Off. E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to take Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at T. H. Fritz, Cass City.

What a Prominent Kentuckian Says. W. L. Yancy, Paducah, writes: I had a severe case of Kidney disease and three of the best physicians of southern Kentucky treated me without success. I was induced to try Foley's Kidney Cure. The first bottle gave immediate relief and three bottles cured me permanently. I gladly recommend this wonderful remedy. T. H. Fritz, Cass City, F. A. Francis & Co., Kingston.

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## Stoves are a Comfort

To those who possess good ones. If you haven't that kind we are in a position to supply you with the best

## The United States

Factories afford. We have the following lines and the prices are the lowest when quality is considered.

## Cole's Hot Blast

Soft Coal Stoves which the people who use them pronounce a perfect article. They combine Economy and Comfort to a marked degree.

## Peninsular Brass Burners

For hard Coal—The World's Best. Red Cross Stoves and Ranges for wood and coal. Cole's Air Tight Heaters for wood Schill Steel Ranges for wood or coal. We also make Drums to your order any kind or style. We make our own stovepipe out of heavy smooth Iron.

Call and Look our Stock over.

**N. Bigelow & Son.**

## Good Flour.

Is what you want and that is

Just the kind we make.

## Our White Lily

will please you. Ask your grocer for it.....

We also make.....

High-grade Corn Meal  
Buckwheat, Graham and  
Rye Flour.

**Heller's Best**  
and Economy  
Brands of Winter Wheat Flour.

**C. W. HELLER, Prop.**

## Let the man Reform Before Marriage.

"A girl should never marry a man that she may reform him," writes Margaret Singler, in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "If he is in need of reformation let him prove himself worthy by turning from evil and setting his face steadfastly and perseveringly to good before he asks a girl to surrender herself and her life to him. Nor should a girl be too impatient with father, mother and friends if they counsel delay in deciding a matter which is to influence her whole career and her lover's, when they, with clearer eyes than her own, perceived in him an unsuitability to her."

"I think that I should go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr. W. H. Stapleton, Hermitage, Pa. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried remedies without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale at Bond's Drug Store.

### A Doctors Word.

Dr. J. W. Bates of Corfu, N. Y., writes: "During the past year I have prescribed Dr. J. W. Chase's Nerve and Blood Pills frequently in cases of exhausted nerves and women's weakness, with very gratifying results. I consider them superior to any other preparation for women's troubles." 50 cents, all druggists or Dr. A. W. Chase Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Smoking Stunts the Growth of Boys.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be upon the advisability of smoking for men, there is none as to its pernicious effect upon boys. It affects the action of the heart and reduces the capacity of the lungs. Young men who are being trained for athletics are not permitted to smoke by their trainers because, as they say, "It is bad for the wind." The argument that will appeal most forcibly to your boy is that smoking will stunt his growth. It has been proved that youthful smokers are shorter and weigh less than their comrades who do not smoke. Cigarettes are particularly injurious. Nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is said by chemists to be, next to prussic acid, the most rapidly fatal poison known. The tender tissues of a growing boy cannot absorb even a very small quantity of it without most injurious results. —February Ladies' Home Journal.

### Cured Bronchial Troubles.

Chas. E. Davis, 1074 W. Congress St., Chicago writes: "I have suffered for years with bronchial trouble and have tried many kinds of medicine without relief until I began taking Foley's Honey and Tar, which cured me. It saved me doctor bills this winter." 25c. T. H. Fritz, Cass City, F. A. Francis & Co., Kingston.

### When Doctors Fail

To cure that weak lame back or any trouble of the kidneys, liver or stomach, try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills they are absolutely guaranteed to relieve any case, no matter of how long standing. 25 cents, all druggists or Dr. A. W. Chase Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for samples. They will help you.

## Explosion at Akron.

The boiler of a sawmill at Akron blew up Monday and one man, the engineer, was killed outright, while another man is injured so badly that it is believed he will die. The cause of the explosion is not known, but it is thought that the boiler was too old for service. The mill is completely demolished, but the damage has not yet been estimated. Thomas Emerson, who was killed, is a resident of Caro and he leaves a family in rather straightened circumstances.

More adults die of kidney trouble than any other disease. When the first symptoms of this disease appear, no time should be lost in taking Foley's Kidney Cure, which is guaranteed or money refunded. 50c. T. H. Fritz, Cass City, F. A. Francis & Co., Kingston.

There is no better medicine for the babies than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Its pleasant and prompt and effectual cures make it a favorite with mothers and small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds, preventing pneumonia or other serious consequences. It also cures croup and has been used in tens of thousands of cases without a single failure so far as we have been able to learn. It not only cures croup but when given when the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. In cases of whooping cough it liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, and lessens the severity and frequency of the paroxysms of coughing, thus destroying the disease of all dangerous consequences. For sale at Bond's Drug Store.

### Peter Cooper Met the Spirits.

During Peter Cooper's lifetime he was a frequent visitor at the home of S. J. Pardessus, on Pacific street, Brooklyn.

At one time Mr. Cooper became greatly interested in the spirit manifestations of the Fox sisters and was anxious to investigate their rappings personally, but he did not like to attend one of their public seances, for he feared recognition and consequently a great deal of talk. Finally it was arranged that one of the sisters should spend a night at Mr. Pardessus' house and the doughty Peter be invited to meet her.

Miss Fox came, and the spirits came too. The family retired early, Mr. Cooper occupying a bedroom on the opposite side of the hall from that of the fair ally of the supernatural. He was just settling himself comfortably for "a long winter's nap" when a rapping began on the headboard of his bed which sent shivers to his very marrow. It was only the beginning of a "rat, tat, tat," that kept up at intervals during the night in all parts of the room, and before daylight came Mr. Cooper had listened to enough spirits to last him a lifetime. He never said much about the experience, but he never asked to have it repeated. —New York Mail and Express.

### The Effect of His Face.

An amusing story is told at the expense of Winston Churchill, the author. An old man, seeing the picture of Churchill displayed in the window of a Baltimore bookseller, inquired of a bystander whom it represented.

"Winston Churchill," was the reply.

"Where does he preach?"

Being told that Mr. Churchill was not a preacher, he asked: "Ain't he? What did you say his name is?"

"Winston Churchill. He writes novels."

"Does what?"

"Writes novels."

The man shook his head with a look of pity and declared: "Too bad! Too bad! He has a good face."

### It Hits the Spot.

When suffering from a severe cold and your throat and lungs feel sore, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar, when the soreness will be at once relieved, a warm grateful feeling and healing of the parts affected will be experienced and you will say, "It feels so good IT HITS THE SPOT." Guaranteed, T. H. Fritz, Cass City, F. A. Francis & Co., Kingston.

Never since Christ was born has his doctrine of brotherly love so moved the world as in this day and in these United States. Never has His claim to be the world's Divine Helper been so ignored by nominal Christians as now and here—February Ladies' Home Journal.

### "Something Hot"

D'Orsay was at a dinner at Disraeli's, which was not of a kind to suit the fashionable gourmet and where everything had been cold. At the end of dinner there was brought in some half melted ice in a dish. "Thank heaven!" said D'Orsay. "At last we have got something hot." —Sir Algernon West's Recollections.

### False Doctrine.

School Examiner—What is the meaning of false doctrine?  
Schoolboy—Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to people who are sick.—Boston Christian Register.

### A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die of pneumonia before morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung diseases. For Sale by T. H. Fritz, Cass City.

The driest of all fishes is perhaps the river eel. Yet, according to an analysis by a German chemist, 60 per cent of its substance is water. Salmon comes next, with 61.4 per cent.

Good Friday was called Long Friday by the Saxons.

## You Have The Money

And we have the goods. Lets trade. Why? Because we can give you 100 per cent. on \$1.00, and with our new goods just received with the great

## Bargains in Underwear

and Outings will surely make the trade, if you see our fine line.

Mens and Ladies' 50c Underwear at 39c, these goods fleec lined and all right. 5 and 10c off on our Childrens Underwear. Good values.

5 and 6c Outings.....4c  
7 and 8c Outings.....5c  
10c Outings go at.....8c  
12½c Outings go at.....9c

We have a few pieces that we could sell you at 3c a yd A fine line of Wrapper Goods at 8½c.

Call early and get the best of the best of the bargains. Remember our Groceries are always fresh. Goods delivered in town. Butter and Eggs wanted.

**P. S. RICE**

The one price Store.

## Fish, Fish, Fish

AT

## Fairweather's Grocery.

We have the largest assortment of fish in the town to select from. White fish, Salmon, Trout Mackeral, Fresh Water Herring, Herring by the box, Labrador Herring, Salt Water Herring, Dried Bloaters, Siscoes, Cod Fish, whole or in brick; Halibut.

Pork, Lard, Bacon, Dried Beef, Ham's, Canned Meats. I have just received a nice line of fresh Oranges, Lemons, Celery, Dates, figs and fancy Chocolates, Candies in boxes or bulk. Give me a call.

**H. B.**

**Fairweather.**

# WHAT IS THE SENSE?

Of paying 50 and 75c a pound for condition powders when you can get a two pound package of Holden's 48 Hour Condition Powders for 25 cents and it's GUARANTEED TO BE THE BEST.

## THE FARMER'S BEST FRIEND

Is the HORSE. The Horse's best is Holden's 48-Hour Condition Powder. It is the BEST on the market and you get 2 pounds for 25 cents.

Mr. T. F. Holden, Imlay City, Mich.

I can heartily recommend your 48 hour Condition Powder to all stock owners, as I believe it to be the best blood purifier and general tonic for stock made, I have a horse which became afflicted with a very bad blood or skin disease. It would break out in great blotches every spring and pieces of hide and hair as large as a person's hand would peel off leaving large ugly sores. We tried everything and had a number of veterinaries examine and treat her all to no avail. We could find nothing that would effect it until we tried your 48 hour Condition Powder. The first 25c package cured her, but we have fed her two packages since and she is perfectly well, her hair is as slick and bright as can be and we could not imagine her in any better condition.

MRS. BAKER McNEAL.

## REMEMBER

You are not paying 25c for a 4 oz. or 6 oz. package; but you are getting 2 lbs for the money.

This Powder contains nothing but FIRST CLASS ARTICLES, and it does not contain any Black Antimony, Arsenic, or anything else that is injurious. This is a fine powder for Mares with foal.

**T. F. HOLDEN, Proprietor,**  
Imlay City, Mich.

## HOLDEN'S 48 HOUR CONDITION POWDER WILL CURE.

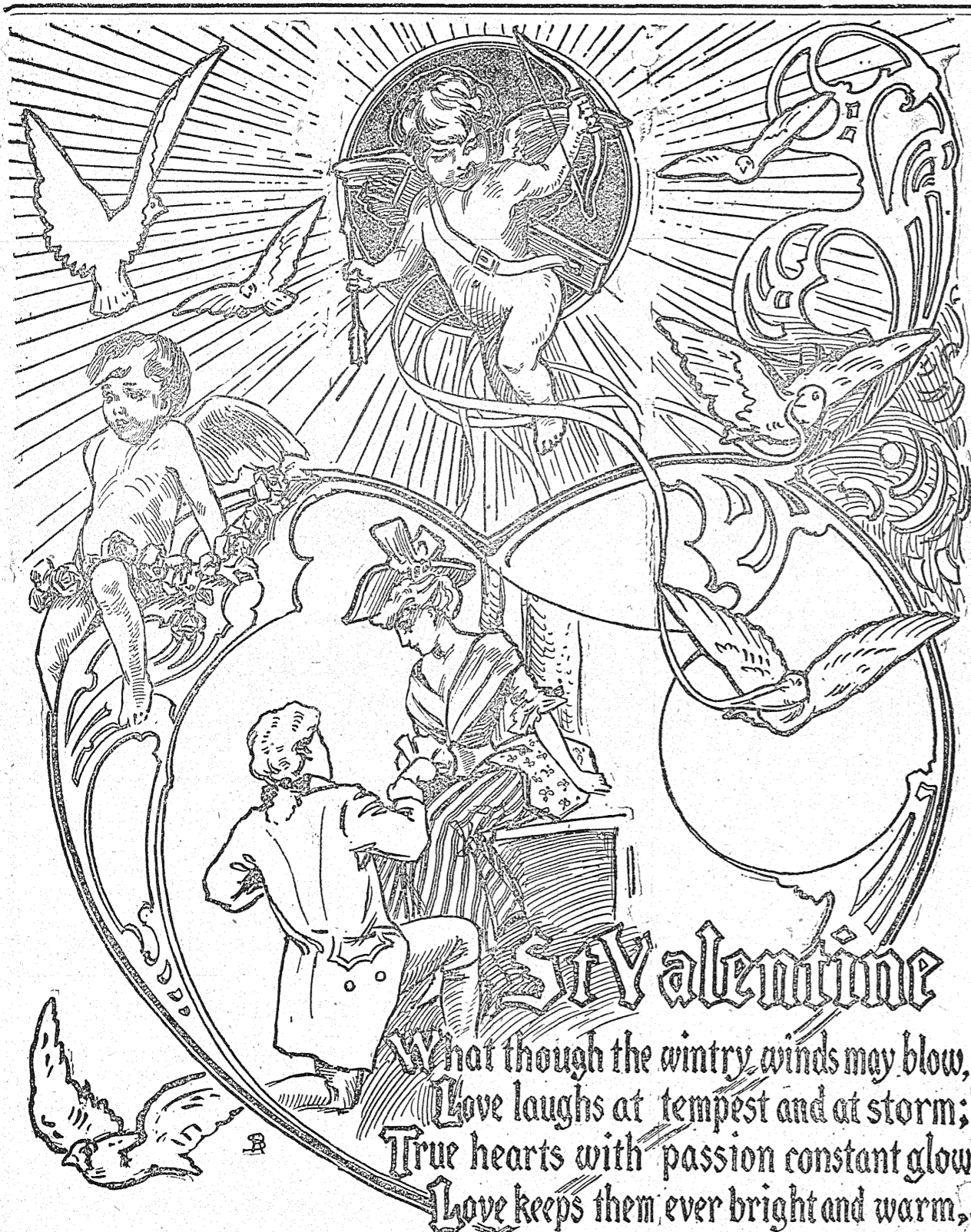
Scratches, Stopped or Swelled Legs, Water Farcy, Inflamed and Swollen Patches on the skin, Humors of the Skin, Rough Coat Epizootic Indigestion, Bots, Kidny or Liver Troubles, Cough, Influenza, Hide Bound, Blood disorders of all kinds, Garety Milk, cows etc., etc.

IS EQUALLY GOOD FOR  
Hogs, Sheep, Cattle and Horses.

**SOLD BY EVERY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST IN MICHIGAN.**

Its Money in your Pocket to Use This Powder. Take this or Nothing then Judge for Yourself.





**Feeding Steers**

Many readers of the Farmers' Review doubtless look on with considerable wonderment while certain feeders are getting sensationally high prices for their steers in the Chicago market, and are at a loss to explain how they manage it. They know that they have a pretty good lot of feeding cattle themselves, and feed them good food for years, and yet they do not get these high prices. But there is a reason for it, and it is not all favoritism, as some are inclined to suppose.

In the first place the top-price steers are all high grades or crosses and young, and of these cattle there is perhaps none so successful as the cross between the Hereford bull and Short-horn cow. The day has gone by when a lot of common scrub cattle, no matter how fat they may be, will command a figure anywhere approaching that paid for the high-grade or cross-bred steer. The buyer knows that the scrub steer will not kill out well—in other words, will not dress out a high per cent of profitable meat as compared with the live weight, whereas the prime steers will dress out 63 per cent and over. To get such results the right kind of cattle must be obtained to start with, and they must be continuously fed from weaning time and never allowed to "go back" a single pound, the result being that at 20 to 24 months they are placed upon the market weighing 1,200 pounds or upward. The money is in such cattle, for they command the highest price and have put on their flesh quickly and at a profit. The old-time 2-year-old weighing 1,500 pounds and over is now "not in it" and should be a back number on every farm. The high-grade or cross-bred calf born with the inherent predisposition to lay on flesh quickly and place it thickest on the most profitable places is not simply allowed to grow up; he is fed up and forced forward. Yet all this is done in a common-sense manner. It would not do to feed him from weaning time upon good, nitrogenous flesh-forming rations, feed him fully during the winter and then turn him out upon grass and have the flies worry the surplus flesh off him. No, the practical feeder of high-priced beasts feeds him grain on grass right along, provides him with shade and shelter and finishes him on full feed in the yards for Christmas markets. Do not think for a moment either that these steers are fed ear corn in the old slovenly, wasteful way. The self-feeder is now universally used, and after the steers learn the taste and "feel" of broken or cut ear corn they go on to a full feed of shelled corn and finally finish up on corn and oil meal or cake. The old scheme of looking for the profit of steer feeding from hogs following the cattle in the yards was based upon the poorest kind of policy. Modern feeders endeavor to have their cattle digest their food perfectly, and find the best profit in feeding their hogs just as well and properly as they do their cattle. Then as to fodder. The fancy steers, just like the scrub steers, has four stomachs, and these stomachs do not feel comfortable unless they are well filled. Concentrated food, even in large quantities, will not cause flesh to be laid on at the rate of two and one-half pounds per day. Good fodder must be given in abundance along with plenty of fresh water and rock salt, and the fodders should be in variety. A surplus amount of dry cornstalks will not do. They must have sound hay and bright oat straw, and early cut, well-cured corn stover, and in all that is done the food must be kept clean and the animal steadily improving. In short, the secret of success in feeding steers to fetch high prices is to abandon the scrub, start out with the bounding calves of good-grade cows topped by a pure-bred beef bull; preserve the "calf flesh" by feeding grain and meats from weaning time; maintain progress in spring by feeding grain upon grass, and finally feeding fully and fattening food in comfortable, well-sheltered yards in winter.

**WESTERN CANADA.**

**Crop Prospects and Climate About Edmonton, N. W. T.—Interesting Letter from Mrs. S. A. Brigham, Late of Mason City.**

The following extracts from an interesting letter to the Mason City (Ia.) Republican, written by Mrs. S. A. Brigham, late of that place, but now of Ross Creek, Alberta, Canada, so nearly describe most of the districts of Western Canada that we take pleasure in presenting same to the attention of our readers:

Ross Creek, Albert, N. W. T., Canada, Aug. 7, 1899.

Editor Mason City Republican—Dear Sir: We are located in the Beaver Hills, 30 miles from Ft. Saskatchewan and 50 miles from Edmonton. To the east of these is an immense tract of bottom lands which furnishes abundance of hay for the settlers. It is dotted with small lakes, the largest of which is called Beaver Lake, 16 miles in length.

The Beaver Hills are covered with small green willows which are easily gotten rid of before breaking up the land. Here and there poplar, birch and tamarack trees abound. Small meadows are numerous. The soil in these hills is much richer than the bottom lands, being a kind of black loam. There is no thought of seed to break, and it is very productive. Wheat, oats and barley do finely and vegetables are the finest that can be grown. Potatoes especially are large and solid, especially producing from 200 to 300 bushels per acre, and best of all never "stay hung" to waste with. Wild fruit, strawberries, gooseberries, saskatoons (or pine berries), raspberries and cranberries, are found in the hills. Small tame fruit does finely, the red and white currants in my garden are as large again as common sized ones.

We have long days during the months of June and July; one can see to read many evenings until 10 o'clock in the twilight. Some nights less than 2 hours of darkness, and the birds are singing at 2 o'clock. Then again, it rains so easily. You look toward the west and see a little cloud coming up, a gentle shower follows, the sun shines forth again, and in a little while you forget it has rained.

Cyclones are unknown here and the thunder and lightning is very light. We had two storms this summer accompanied with wind and hail, but nothing to lodge the grain. The average heat is about 75 degrees. We had three or four days in July at 90. The nights are always cool.

The winter season is one of great activity. All the fencing is gotten out then and logs for the farm buildings. By paying 25 cents you are granted a permit at the land office to cut logs upon vacant lands. The roads are good and smooth for the snow never drifts, not even around the buildings, and this is a great saving of time to the farmer. Hay is hauled from the bottom lands all winter long, and a man can work outside every day as far as the weather is concerned. There are cold snaps when it reaches 40 and 48 below zero, but the lack of wind prevents one realizing it and the mountains 150 miles west of us are a great protection. Our neighbors are mostly Canadian, Scotch, Swede, and we have a nice sprinkling of people from the states. The creeks abound in small fish.

We are now in the midst of hay-making (Aug. 7). Wheat will not be cut until early September, this being a little later season than common, but the crop will be immense. I send you a sample of wheat and barley—its height is almost even with my shoulders, average 50 inches. New comers lacking binders can hire their grain cut for 75 cents per acre. Prairie chickens are here by the thousands.

The water is good. We have a fine well 15 feet deep. In the creeks the water is soft and of a yellowish color.

Now for the drawbacks (we have them), but nothing very serious. The mosquitoes are a simply formidable, especially after a shower. Then again we are surrounded with bachelors; we have no less than 18 single men in this neighborhood, on matrimony bent. When a feminine gender of any age between 14 and 40 visits these hills we pity her, so great is the demand for her company.

In conclusion, if the remainder of our loved ones were here with us, we should better enjoy life on Ross Creek, and unless the unexpected develops, center this will be a pretty fair place to end our days.

MRS. S. A. BRIGHAM.

**Catarrah Cannot Be Cured**

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrah. Send for testimonials, free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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"Nothing in the world stands still. If you are well and strong day by day the blood supplies its tide of vigor. If you are ill, the blood is wrong and carries increasing quantities of diseased germs. You cannot change Nature, but you can aid her by keeping the blood pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this as nothing else can. Be sure to get Hood's, because

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**A HAPPY VALENTINE.**

If I could be a valentine,  
I know what I would do.  
I'd get into an envelope  
And travel straight to you.

And if the postman didn't know  
Your name is Baby Dear  
And where you live, I'd shake his bag  
As soon as he was near.

And then with all my might I'd jump  
And run across the street.  
(I'm sure that he'd jump, too, to find  
A valentine had feet.)

I'd ring the bell and ring the bell  
A minute and a half,  
And when you came and saw 'twas I,  
Oh, my, how we would laugh!

—Anna M. Pratt.



They say she is out of date in this end of the nineteenth century, but that is wrong. She may be more coy, more reticent, more elusive, but she is still with us. On each St. Valentine's day she peeps from her casement window, either literally or figuratively, with just as enticing a glance; her smiles are no less alluring; her sighs create fully as much havoc.

Perhaps she no longer pins bay leaves to her pillow to tempt fate, or makes pretense of drawing her lot from a bundle of names written upon slips of material paper—all that was but form at best. The Sprite of the Valentine knew well who was her fate without such expedients. And she knows it now.

The eyes of common mortals might be blinded, but her bright eyes looked clearly into the future and saw there the chained captive who reveled in his chains. She read some tender verse and smiled at its innocence—she who was all innocence herself, yet gifted with that prescient sense of prophecy, or foreknowledge, against which the clumsy reason of mortal swain was as helpless as the wiles of an infant. She smiled and no mystic rite could be more potent. She gave one glance from beneath the witching fringe of her long lashes, and no other sorcery was needed. The same is true today.

Good St. Valentine was a martyr; they tell us, and some can see no propriety in naming this lovers' day for him; but to my mind the fitness is most striking. How many a tortured heart has gone to its martyrdom at the eventide of this day! Even escaping that, how many a soul has been placed upon the rack by the coquetry of some maiden sweet at this same crucial time! For the Valentine Sprite is true to her sex, in spite of the traditions that hem her in and fix her place as some meek captive awaiting the decree that shall send her rejoicing into whatever arms are stretched out to receive her.

Be not deceived. She has decided upon the arms long before, and they are held forth at her will. She may have spoken no word save of the coyest, but she has willed. Ah, how delighted are they who cast a pitying eye

**upon woman for her lack of the power to choose and to plead!**

Know ye not, my lords of creation, that by far the most frequently ye are the chosen and not the choosers? If she wills you to come you come. If she wills you to speak you speak, and more than that, she has the added power to send you away empty if so her caprice dictates.

This in the common life of every day. What, then, might be expected in the mystic time when love rules all? At least, Valentine Sprite holds royal sway. If she wills your missive flies to her. If she wills she even binds a snowy message to the wings of Mercury and bids him speed with it to her chosen valentine, for who shall say no nay? The Valentine Sprite mistakes not—whom she chooses him she holds.

Heretofore, my brothers, I have warned you, though the warnings were vain, but against this enchantress I cannot bid you steel yourself, for the soft witchery of her innocent smile has sealed my lips, and I know not whether this maiden with the childish grace and the woman's wiles be most a blessing or a snare to you. I can only tell you this—your struggles against her will amount to naught but your own complete captivity, for with each plume you sink deeper the arrow that has pierced you.

This much of the mystery, however, I can reveal to you: Mortal maid is the Valentine Sprite until that fateful morning when the little winged god flies from chamber to chamber and touches sleeping eyes with the feather end of his arrow, then speeds him on his way before the white lids unclosed in wonder and the sweet glances go forth with the wisdom that Cupid alone can give and each one is touched with the power of his arrow point. Mortal maid she is not from that hour until the going down of the sun, and man is utterly helpless against the subtle witchery of this mystic, love-created being who beckons him into Elysium.

And you, O youth, who scoff at the time-honored privilege of sending to some lady fair upon this day of days a plea from your heart, hidden and shrouded within some dainty, perfumed nest of beauty, or who turn with a laugh from the memory picture of your great-grandfather buried deep in the lover's ecstasy and the poet's rapture, as he pens the words which shall be his heart message to his heart's desire, do not too lightly set aside the good old custom; at least,

**put it away with tender reverence, for the spirits of those old rites are not to be flippantly consigned to oblivion.**

On every hand the Valentine Sprite uprises, an avenger for any slight, however small, which is offered to her patron saint.

In the midst of your scoffing you hear a whisper at your heart. You blush and sigh and frown, but you listen, and you feel the pressing of the arrow point.

"Love, love, be wholly mine; Come and be my valentine!"

How did the music of it get into your brain? From that time forth you sigh and serve. But this is vengeance that the Valentine Sprite exacts. In the end you are left walling in the solitude of your twentieth-century solitariness:

"Love, love, be wholly mine; Come and be my valentine!"

But it may not be.

While for you, spirit of manly love, with the reverence of tradition in your heart and the loyal longing in your soul, there is a kinder fate. The Valentine Sprite, with her dower of mystic wisdom, shall not beckon you but to taunt. In the far distance of the future years that bind you to her I hear the echo of a tender strain:

"Love, love, so wholly mine, I am still thy valentine!"



O poor Mr. Postman, you never will know  
What fine things you're carrying there!

What dear little doves, just as white as the snow,  
What roses so blushing and fair,  
What nice little Cupid's, so smiling and fat,  
What sweet little verses, all rhyming so pat.

O poor Mr. Postman, I'm sorry for you!  
'Tis a very hard lot, I must say,  
To carry such lovely things hidden from view,  
Nor get one peep inside them all day;  
And when merry St. Valentine's ended and done,  
To have given them all away, every one!

E. H. THOMAS.

**A NEW KIND.**

'Twas just the nicest valentine  
That came to me to-day;  
A pretty box, and on the top  
A little letter lay,  
Which said:  
'I know a little maid,  
She isn't far to seek;  
No dainty wild rose petal  
Is pinker than her cheek;  
There is no shining hazel nut  
That's browner than her eye,  
Just look within the box, my dear,  
This little maid you'll spy.'  
Of course I was in haste to see  
So fair and sweet a lass,  
I raised the lid, within I found—  
A tiny looking-glass!

—Helen S. Perkins.

**Powdered Milk.**

With considerable regularity the public is informed that a chemist has discovered a new method for reducing milk to a powdered form, that this product will fill a long felt want, that it is a wonderful food product, and that patents are pending in all foreign countries, says Hoard's Dairyman.

The latest is from Denmark, where a Mr. Wimmer is going to revolutionize the milk business by precipitating all the food elements in milk as a solid mass, the water being allowed to drain away, etc. Details of process cannot be given on account of patents pending. This reminds us that the same thing was going to be done down in Elgin, Ill., some six months since; it is being done in New Jersey at the present time and an examination of dairy literature will show that the milk industry has been destroyed in the same way many times in the last twenty years. It is also interesting to note that to unload a process of this kind on the dairy community of this country, it must be discovered the other side of the water, by a German or Danish chemist. This gives it a financial standing not otherwise obtainable and the process is easily disposed of to some credulous dairyman, who gains experience if not profit.

There is no doubt that there is room for a limited use of powdered milk if prices are such that it can come into competition with the raw product. This is a question of price, not of processes. These last are plentiful as peas, and powdered milk can be made regardless of patents. In any case, "make haste slowly."

A New York jurist says that the litig of the valley is poisonous, and its stem should not be placed in the mouth.

**NO MORE GRIPS**

**New Line Now Open to the Public.**

Take the C. C. C. Line to Certain Relief Without a Grip or Grippe—Fare 10c—Get Passage at Any Drug Store.

No more grips—Russian or any other kind.

This is the verdict of the traveling public who have grown tired after years of experience with the grips and gripes of all forms of purgative medicine.

To open the bowels naturally, easily, without disagreeable feelings or results, has been the program before modern science, which has been solved in Cascarets Candy Cathartic.

Cascarets are the ideal laxative, harmless, purely vegetable, mild yet positive. They make the liver lively, prevent constipation, purify the blood, regulate the bowels perfectly.

There is no constipation. We want you to believe this, as it is the truth, backed by an absolute guarantee. If Cascarets do not cure any case of constipation, purchase money will be refunded.

Go buy and try Cascarets to-day. It's what they do, not what we say they do, that proves their merit. All druggists, 10c. Send for the booklet, "What We Say They Do," booklet and free sample. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago; Montreal, Can.; or New York.

This is the CASCARET tablet. Every tablet of the only genuine Cascarets bears the magic letters "C C C." Look at the tablet before you buy, and beware of frauds, imitations and substitutes.

**MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE CUTICURA SOAP exclusively**

for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes, for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated or toilet soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

**COMPLETE EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL TREATMENT FOR EVERY HUMOR \$1.25.** Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. PREPARED BY DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston. "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

