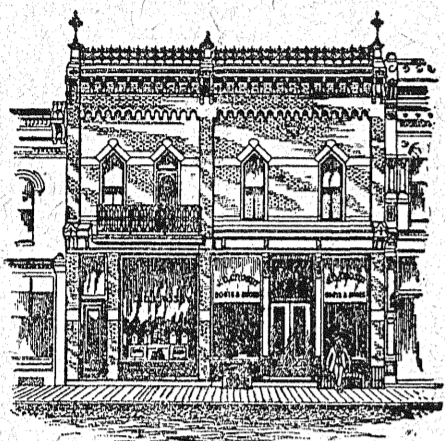


CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXI. NO. 18.

CASS CITY, MICH., DEC. 19, 1901.

BY A. A. P. M'DOWELL



ITS A FACT

That you can find useful as well as beautiful

Christmas Presents At Our Store

Let us suggest a Pair of Ladies' or Gents' Warm or Fancy Slippers, a pair of Rubbers, Necktie, Neckscarf, Plain or Fancy Silk Handkerchief, Caps, Gloves, Mittens, Fancy Shirts, Fancy Vests, Nice Warm Underwear. In fact anything usually carried in a first-class shoe and clothing store.

J. D. Crosby & Son,

Cass City's Shoe and Clothing Men.

Local Happenings

For Christmas presents see Matzen's adv.

Miss Ida Gifford returned from Caro yesterday.

Ernest Reagh assisted at H. L. Hunt's on Saturday.

A. Campbell, Sr., made a trip to Caro on Saturday.

Matzen has cut prices on furs, cloaks and dress goods.

W. R. Olin, of Caro, was in town the first of the week.

Keith Morris, of Gageton, spent Sunday in town.

L. C. Purdy, of Gageton, did business in town yesterday.

A. W. Seed, of Port Huron, is doing business in town this week.

A. Durkee, of Wickware, did business in town on Wednesday.

Rev. A. Torbet will preach at the Brookfield Church on Sunday at three o'clock.

H. B. Fairweather made a shipment of apples this week to Saginaw wholesalers.

S. Champion's babe has been very ill during the week, but is reported much better now.

The Baptist Sunday school entertainment and Christmas tree will take place on Christmas Eve.

Mrs. A. G. Millikin and daughter, Miss Nettie, of Kingston, called on friends here last Thursday.

Walter C. Saigeon has decided to take a course at the Agricultural College and will begin the course with the New Year.

Prof. D. H. Kyes will go to Caro on Saturday to attend a meeting of the executive committee of the County Teachers' Association.

Lost—A brown driving mit, somewhere on Main street, Saturday, Dec. 7th. Finder will please leave same at this office. JAS. DILMAN. 12-19-1

Arthur and Roy Gifford are expected home from Ann Arbor to-morrow evening, to spend the vacation with their parents, Rev. and Mrs. M. W. Gifford.

The Moore Telephone System, more recently known as the Bell, has given subscribers here a month to decide whether they will pay the increased rental or not.

The Elkland Arbor of Gleaners entertained fifteen companions from Caro Arbor on Thursday evening and conferred the first and second degrees on five candidates.

Special services are in progress at the Evangelical Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. L. Brumm. The attendance and interest is good and good results are sure to follow.

James Allen, of Vineyard Arbor, and A. E. Boulton, of Elkland Arbor, are in attendance as delegates at the biennial session of the Supreme Arbor of Gleaners held at Lansing this week.

T. J. Anketell, M. J. Cook and Chas. I. Frost, of the Anketell Lumber Company, have been in town this week for the purpose of taking inventory of the business of their branch at this place.

John D. Allin, who recently sold his farm in Evergreen township and intended leaving this section, has accepted a position with Merchant M. D. Mills, for the balance of the winter at least.

The new Bigelow block will probably be completed this week, the carpenters and painters now being engaged in putting on the finishing touches. It will be one of the very best in the Thumb without question.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the P. O. at Cass City, Mich., for the week ending Dec. 14, 1901. Mr. John Connell, W. G. Gillies. When calling for above please mention advertised. H. S. Wickware, Postmaster.

The ladies of the M. E. Church are conducting a rummage sale in the De Witt building this week and served an oyster supper last evening. A fifteen cent supper will be served to-night and the sale may be continued until Saturday evening.

The Christmas entertainment at the M. E. Church will be held on Christmas night, (25th). In addition to the usual "tree" feature a fire program will be provided. Mrs. Clara T. Purdy, violinist, of Gageton, and Miss Blanche Hawley, reciter, of Caro, will each render selections. Admission 10 cts, for benefit of the Sunday School.

Special and appropriate sermons will be preached in the Baptist church next Lord's Day. Subject for the morning, "The star that never sets;" evening, "The Christmas message and first Evangel." A hearty welcome is extended to all.

Donald MacArthur, who has been in the government employ at the Haskell Institute, at Lawrence, Kansas, for several years, is spending some time at his parental home here, previous to accepting a position at another government institute.

Many patients who came Saturday afternoon could not see Dr. Morrison at his last visit the doctor gives just so much time to each patient whether there is one or twenty waiting for him therefore come early Friday or Saturday, Jan. 3rd and 4th.

Dan Black, of Greenleaf, returned Saturday evening from the season's sailing. He was watchman on the City of Cleveland at the time she struck bottom last summer. Dan spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. E. W. Keating, of this place.

A. A. Crawford, of Brookfield township, who has been teaching school at Uby for \$500 per year, has accepted a government position as teacher in the Philippines, at a salary of \$1,200 per year. Mr. Crawford is a nephew of Mrs. Mary Walters, of this place.

Henry Wettlauffer and D. A. Freeman received their automobiles on Saturday evening and have been learning the modus operandi thereof the past few days. They appear to have mastered the machines and are treating their friends to a spin about town.

J. B. Coates has his opening announcement in this issue. He is located in the Gillies Block, on the north side of Main Street, and has a complete line of shelf and heavy hardware, paints, oils, glass, stoves and ranges. He will make a specialty of plumbing, steam fitting, eavetroughing, etc., and solicits a share of your patronage.

The regular meeting of the local Teachers' Reading Circle will be held at the school house on Saturday, Dec. 21st, at 2:30 p. m. Papers will be read by Miss McArthur, Deford, and Guy Woolman, the teacher at Deford. Mr. Woolman will have charge of the meeting. The lesson for Saturday will be based upon chapters 12, 13 and 14 of Wright's Industrial Evolution.

Mrs. S. W. Weaver, who was in the city last week in the interests of the Michigan Children's Home of St. Joseph, organized a local advisory board on which the following ladies will serve: Mrs. Mary Schwesler, Mrs. E. H. Pinney, Mrs. William McKenzie and Mrs. A. Bond. These ladies solicit your co-operation in the care of homeless children and in any way supporting the work of the Home.

Geo. and Arthur Coleman, Emerson Beale and Barney Middleton were indicted by the grand jury some three months ago for robbing the post offices at Buel and Sanilac. Two weeks ago they were taken to Detroit and appeared before Judge Swan this week. After giving a severe lecture, he released them on suspended sentence, owing to their youth and their promises to behave themselves.

The Oratorical Contest, under the management of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will take place at the Opera House on the evening of Friday, Dec. 27th, and should be well attended. Six of our young people are expected to take part in the contest and are receiving special training. Musical numbers and tableaux will be interspersed to make up an interesting program. Three competent judges will be selected to pass upon the orations. In order to pay the rental of the Opera House a nominal charge of fifteen cents for adults and ten cents for children will be made.

Rev. Dr. Gifford has announced to begin a series of Sunday evening lectures on the Psychological Evidence of Christianity, or the Science of Religion and the Future Life. This course will consist of some eighteen lectures and will aim to show that all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible are built into the framework of the soul itself; hence are older than the Bible. The first of these lectures was given last Sunday evening on "Man Made for Two World," the second part of which will be given next Sabbath evening. All classes are invited to these lectures. They will deal with the subject on a purely scientific plan and cover a new field of investigation.

FAIRWEATHER BROS'. BIG DOUBLE STORE

will be the place to buy your

HOLIDAY GOODS

Nice new line of Handkerchiefs, Neck Scarfs, Collarettes, Boas, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Linens Table Spreads, Curtains, Umbrellas

or anything else usually kept in a first-class dry good store.

A big line of...

LAMPS, CROCKERY and NOTIONS

of all kinds to be closed out. Call on us for your

Candies, Nuts, Oranges, Bananas, Oysters and Fruits of all kinds.

GREEN VEGETABLES—Lettuce, Radishes, Cucumbers and Celery.

Spanish Holly and Holly Wreaths. Leave your order with us to be filled. Prompt delivery.

Phone 19.

DR. JAMES HEDLEY

To Give Second Number of the Lecture Course Monday Evening.

The second number of our Lecture Course will be given at the Opera House next Monday evening, by Dr. Jas. Hedley, of Cleveland, Ohio. He has had nearly twenty years experience on the lecture platform and is invariably greeted by crowded houses when giving return dates. Prof. Johnson, superintendent of schools at McPherson, Kans., says "Very rarely do the people of any city have the opportunity of hearing such a lecturer. Every sentence, every word is eagerly waited for. His lectures make people better and nobler. I have heard many platform princes but for me this modest, unpretentious man is the King of them all." We give below a few quotations regarding his lectures, gathered from various sources:

"His dramatic ability is quite wonderful. His word pictures are rapidly and strongly drawn, and at times are as startling and vivid as those which Gough used to give us."

"His lectures are out of the general run. He tickles you with his fun and astonishes you with his marvelous linguistic feats."

"He is a lecturer with a personality one will never forget. He did every one good."

"He impressed the audience with the fact that he had something to say and knew how to say it."

"Be sure to hear him at the Opera House next Monday evening."

"Bolting" and Dissolving.

If you do not look out, you will get into the habit of swallowing your food per force—cramping or washing it down whether the palate and stomach want it or not. Especially is this the case when you are in a hurry—and most people nowadays generally are.

The consequence is, that food arrives in the stomach one half or one fourth chewed, and almost entirely unmasticated.

For masticating does not wholly consist of chewing, by any means. Hygienists maintain that each mouthful should not only be separated into fragments as nearly as possible by the teeth, but held in the mouth until it is thoroughly mixed with the juices which come to it in tiny jets from the action of the jaws.

"Nonsense!" say many people, at such an assertion; and then go on their way, and have indigestion and dyspepsia and various other diseases, which are anything but nonsense—but prove serious enough to claim their very frequent attention.

But I only have about so long a time to eat, and can't take enough to sustain life, in the way you suggest, says some one.—Well, perhaps you had better save a little more time to eat, and a little less for something else of not so much importance.—Perhaps you are eating too much, anyhow. It may be that a good share of what you are swallowing, goes toward crippling life, instead of maintaining it. You are not an ostrich, and indigestible substances in the stomach are simply dead weight. And if you can get along with a third or a fourth part as much food as you at present devour, and be all the better for it, where's the harm?—and who cannot see that it's a benefit?

"But I enjoy my food and I want all want of it," says some one else. Do you enjoy it thoroughly? Would you extract any great amount of pleasure from a stone being forced down your throat?—And yet that is almost exactly what "bolting" of food means.—December Every where.

Jar of Gold Fish with each can of International Baking Powder at 2 MACKS 2.

H. T. ELLIOTT FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

Prompt and careful attention given to all calls day or night. Large assortment of caskets and funeral supplies always on hand. Mr. McKenzie goes when requested. Lady assistant when desired, and satisfaction guaranteed. Branch offices at Argyle and Gageton. Telephone No. 22-1 ring.

In Need of Necessity

(Charles Churner in Toronto Star)

A man looked at his bin and it was lean, for the coal was low. Then he humped himself, for he knew that winter was at hand. There is nothing that gives zest like necessity.

We curse necessity; 'tis foolish, for necessity is a blessing in disguise, disguised often by the mask of poverty, which is a gaunt, hard mask. But behind this mask is the secret of the Infinite, that something that wags the world along.

We call that something necessity. Because I am poor I rise early and commence the grind while the morning moon is still shining.

Perhaps you do, too. If I were rich I might lie in bed and get warts on the brain.

Perhaps you might, too. If you and I were rich, we might acquire the habit of killing time, and get fatty degeneration of the determination.

Now it is a case of Rise up, O'Reilly, get there or bust.

That splendid muscle, necessity made that; that appetite good, and digestion excellent, necessity gave it to you, that sweet sleep, that sound sleep, that delicious feeling of tumbling into bed, necessity presented you with this; the earnest desire to get there, to please, to hump, the pleasure of pay-day, necessity gives us this.

If you and I were rich we might become purposeless, and lie down in our riches as a pig lies down in his pen. Now we know the rent is coming due and we dig in, and because we dig in we improve, and grow, and expand in knowledge and power.

"Feel that arm," said a blacksmith and it was like iron.

That's the point I'm driving at. I'd sooner be a sound smith than a gouty earl.

Riches are more often a curse than a blessing, and necessity is more often a blessing than a curse.

Riches hamper: Some one has called them the impediments, the baggage of life. We can't travel fast if we carry too much baggage; we can't soar high if we hang onto the ballast, we can't touch the fringe of heaven, we may not reach out for the Infinite, if we have both arms around the bag of gold.

Gold! How it fascinates! We cannot see the beautiful. We cannot notice the good, we may not mark the perfect, if we keep our eyes on its dull, yellow gleam.

So to-night when we eat the supper of necessity, and as we think on life and how sure the end, we may be happy for it is ours, my friend, to be rich in deeds.

Rich in deeds. Deeds are enduring things. Good deeds are divine things.

Deeds and the Pyramids stand dotting the line between eternity and time, remarkable, observable, unbendable, unshakable, imperishable, irrestible, infinite in mystery, defying time, great and grand.

Do deeds. Build your pyramid out of the stones of necessity, which makes the path so strenuous, the journey so hard.

For Sale.

Pair of draft horses good to work, extra good walkers, weight 2800. Price \$110. A. A. McKenzie. 12-5-11

Money to Loan

On farm property in amounts of \$200 to \$2,500 from 2 to 10 years. Will take partial payments. See J. C. LANE for particulars. 8-4

Wanted!

10,000 Bushels of Ear Corn

at the Elevators of

FRUTCHEY, McGEORGE & CO.

LOVEJOY IN TOWN.

The Railroad Promoter Visits Cass City.

Gil R. Lovejoy, of Lennox, one of the promoters of the Detroit, Lenox and Sanilac Center Steam and Electric Railroad, was in town yesterday, for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the town and topography of the country in this section. As previously stated the prospectus of the road has been issued, the proposed line running from Lenox through Emmet, where it crosses the Grand Trunk, to Yale, Speaker, Peck, Sanilac Centre and north to Argyle and Bad Axe, with a branch to Cass City.

Mr. Lovejoy thinks quite favorably of touching Shabbona and of pushing the line through to Bay City, if the necessary encouragement is given. The right of way is nearly all secured as far as Sanilac Centre and the farmers south of that place are very enthusiastic. If our people want the road and are willing to give it their influence and support there is no reason why it may not be in operation ere many moons wane.

The promoters expect to incorporate under the state laws sometime next month and begin pushing the work more actively. Mr. Lovejoy left here yesterday afternoon for Bay City to confer with capitalists there.

Holly at 2 Macks 2.

A Knotty Problem.

The people of this section of the Thumb, which might in this connection be spoken of as "the fire swept section," are confronted with a serious problem, as to how to secure sufficient fuel to ensure comfort. It is a well known fact that the fires of '71 and '81 destroyed the best of the timber and what remained has been rapidly worked up into wood, until now it is exceedingly difficult to get any good wood and what is in the market, of any kind, commands an almost exorbitant price. Many have resorted to soft coal and have equipped their homes with suitable stoves for its use, but now comes another difficulty—we can't get coal fast enough to supply the demand. The dealers have been entirely out for days at a time and when a car arrives it is emptied in a few hours and yet the demand is not met. Quite a number believe there are coal beds in this immediate vicinity. Why not investigate the matter? It might help solve the problem.

Seven second-hand show cases for sale. Inquire of T. H. Fritz. 8-20-11.

GEO. MATZEN
has what you want for Xmas Presents.
a nice
Fur, Handkerchief, Neck Scarf, Neckties, Pocket Books, Parasols, Fascinators, Silk and Flannel Waists, Fancy Gloves and Mittens.
We are headquarters for right goods at low prices.
GEO. MATZEN
Groceries in Connection.

Christmas Presents.
Albums, Toilet Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief boxes, Necktie Boxes, Mirrors, Atomizers, Perfumes, Photo Boxes, Medallions, Games, Calendars, Christmas Booklets, Celluloid Novelities, Bibles, Books in great variety including many of the latest works, and many other articles suitable for Holiday Gifts at lowest prices at
Eggs taken in exchange. **Bond's Drug Store**

LAING & JANES.... Dry Goods
Announce Special Sale of.....
at reduced prices, beginning Oct. 26th, for 3 weeks.
A large supply of : : : : :
Ladies and Gents' Underwear
: : : : : will be sold at low prices.
Blankets, Outings, Sheetings, etc
.....Also SHOES and RUBBERS.....
at prices that sell them.

Crokinole Carron
When Looking for Holiday Gifts
SEE OUR TOILET SETS with Sterling Silver Mountings, the best ever shown in Cass City.
FRITZ'S DRUG STORE.
Books Albums

WONDERFUL BLUE DIAMOND

EXOTIC AMERICANS

Americans are much interested in the recent importation of a wonderful blue diamond and speculation is rife as to the probable purchaser. The largest and most valuable diamond in the world, the Koh-i-Noor, is one of the crown jewels of Great Britain and will be worn by Queen Alexandra at the coronation in June next. Besides its great size, beauty and value, this gem has had a history with which romance has had something to do, and seas of blood have been shed for its possession. It came into the possession of the British crown as a part of the spoils of the conquest of India and it will doubtless remain as one of the English royal jewels as long as the empire shall last, for such jewels are inalienable and can only be wrested from Britain by force of arms, an event that is exceedingly improbable of occurrence.

Where this greatest of diamonds originally came from no one can tell. All that is authentic regarding it is of comparative recent date. It was in 1783 that its existence first came to the notice of England through the visit of a British ambassador to the mogul court of the Rajah Jehanji. Jehanji's grandson, Arungzeb wore the stone in his turban and handed it down to Shah Alum. This monarch and his two successors were murdered and the mogul empire was fast going to pieces.

In 1849 a mutiny of two Sikh regiments gave the English an excuse to interfere, and the Rajah Dhulip-Sing, a mere boy, was induced to sign a treaty, which provided for the annexation of his dominion to the British possessions and for the transfer of the Lahore treasure to the East India Company to reimburse it for the war expenses. There was a proviso that the Koh-i-Noor should be presented to Queen Victoria.

Thus in 1850 the great diamond of India reached England and became one of the crown jewels. It then weighed 186 carats.

Other diamonds have acquired a world-wide celebrity. For many years

mond in the world—the Pitt or Regent diamond.

The list of famous diamonds might be stretched out much longer. There is the Nassak, which was stolen from a temple of Shira, and now shows its eighty-nine-carat beauty in the duke of Westminster's sword hilt.

There is the Hastings diamond, which was part and parcel of the Warren Hastings scandal and inspired many a street ballad. There is the great Austrian yellow, weighing 139 1/2 carats, among the Austrian crown jewels.

There is the Darya-i-Nur, which is the shah of Persia's chief pride. It is the finest jewel in his regalia, weighs 186 carats and is set in a bracelet, with the Taj-e-Mah for companion. The bracelets are valued at £1,000,000.

The Pasha of Egypt, a forty-carat stone, is the finest diamond in the Egyptian treasury. The Green Dresden, in the Green vaults at Dresden, weighs 48 1/2 carats and is Saxony's boast.

The Nizam belonged to the nizam of Hyderabad and weighed 340 carats, but nothing certain is known of it now.

The Pigott diamond, like the Regent and the Hastings stones, was connected with the Anglo-Indian scandals. An English merchant finally sold it to All Pasha, who treasured it mightily. When mortally wounded he ordered his favorite wife killed and the diamond destroyed in his presence. He would leave neither to another man.

The first order was not carried out, but the second was obeyed, and that diamond vanished from history.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

Some Striking Facts and Difficult Problems Presented.

It is a mere truism to say that the welfare of the individual, of society and of the state is best served by marriage, and by early marriage, too. The fact has been established for forty years that the death rate among all married men over twenty years of age

is less than that among unmarried men; and that the death rate among all married women over twenty-five years of age is less than that among unmarried women. The home being the cornerstone of civilized life, society is enriched by the multiplication of homes, and impoverished when they are not in normal proportion to the total population. Only within the past few years has world-wide attention been drawn to the startling fact that the well-being of a mighty nation is menaced by the predominance of celibacy. More than half the men and half the women of France are unmarried. The foreign immigration into France is today greater than the natural increase of its own people. The excess of births over deaths in any year among those many millions amounts to only about one-half of the population of Newark, N. J. The result is that while other nations of Europe are rapidly increasing in population, France is almost stationary. While, a century ago, Frenchmen comprised a fifth of the European population of the world, they now form only a tenth of it. The importance of their country as a world power is not growing. Their international commerce lags far behind that of other leading nations. How empty is the boast of rattled orators that France will some day gloriously avenge Sedan, when she can add only 300,000 conscripts a year to the army, while 500,000 recruits are annually enrolled across the Rhine! We shall speak later of the mistaken motives, the policy ruinous alike to the citizen and the state, that induce many of their children, and half of them to go through life unmarried. France is to-

day an object lesson from which the whole world may derive warning and instruction on the questions of marriage and the family, those greatest of social influences.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Cured a Bad Club Habit.
The visitor from Milwaukee was talking about the disrespect shown to the speakers at a recent big dinner which he attended in this city. "In my club in Milwaukee the same conditions used to prevail," he said, "but now it is different. By the time cigars were around there used to be a number of men who would not refrain from talking and laughing while the answers were made to the toasts. The speakers would be embarrassed and 96 per cent of the men at the table annoyed. But a few weeks ago an attorney began to speak. Then he stopped for a moment. 'Mr. Chairman,' he said, 'I move you that a committee be instructed to take down all the names of those who have persisted in talking and laughing during the speeches tonight, and that charges be preferred against them if they are members of the club. If not members I ask that they be excluded from future dinners.' When the applause subsided the chairman said he thought there would be no further interruption. And there was none."—Philadelphia Times.

Presidential Chair.
The chair which President McKinley occupied at sessions of the cabinet is now the property of Secretary Cortelyou. It has been the custom for the retiring president to present to some friend the chair used by him while presiding over the meetings of the cabinet. President Harrison gave his chair to Executive Clerk Crook, and the latter regards it as one of his most valued possessions. President Cleveland presented his chair to his private secretary, Daniel S. Lamont. There is a law which requires that government property shall not be given away, but that

it was therefore to our mutual interest that we study each other's peculiarities, a course we adopted and followed most conscientiously. Still, through inadvertence, many amusing complications arose.

One morning I was discovered lying prone on the kitchen floor exhibiting all the symptoms of one drowning. Our dear mother, wise through long experience, disregarded me entirely and sent the servants off scurrying through the neighborhood looking for Jack. The mill race, where we were accustomed to take an occasional plunge was searched, the creek at the foot of the hill was visited, but Jack was not to be found. At length some one thought of the well. In a few moments the dripping body of Jack was drawn forth—very much alive. An error that nearly cost me my life was discovered not a moment too soon. Although I was the sufferer by the catastrophe, the application of the usual remedies to me proved of no avail, but when transferred to the unfeeling Jack, they revived me immediately.

As the years passed and we entered manhood's estate, to the satisfaction of our relatives and friends we exhibited a union of feeling on a vital point—both were fond of the opposite sex. But even through the delicate fabric of our love-dreams ran the zig-zag vein of contrariety. The dramatic instinct of our friends was on the alert for possible developments.

Once on a festive occasion, amid a gay party of young people, I was proffered a cocktail by a most enticing young society bud. I politely refused it, as drinking was against my principles. But a second thought came to me concerning Jack. He was not present, but it occurred to me that

it must be formally condemned and disposed of at auction. No one has ever questioned the right of the president to give away his chair, however. Secretary Cortelyou was very anxious to get the chair which his chief had occupied for so long, and it was accordingly officially condemned, put up for sale, and bought in by the devoted secretary.—Buffalo Commercial.

Architecture in Japan.
European architecture is gradually gaining a foothold in Japan and may sooner or later dominate, just as European styles of dress are soon to dominate in the big cities. In Tokio and other large centers of population all the new business houses are built on European plans. They are found to be more practicable. The residences are still of the Japanese style. Some of the larger and finer residences in the cities are built like American houses, but most stick to the old customs. The government does not own its buildings, but rents them, and these, without exception, are of European design. The Europeans and Americans never stop at the Japanese hotels, because they can not do without chairs. Our hotels have nothing but couches.—Correspondence Washington Post.

Snails a Favorite Dish.
As is well known, certain species of snail form a favorite dish with French gourmets, and the cultivation of these land mollusca is conducted on a large scale in the outlying suburbs of Paris, particularly in the department of Aube, where there are large snail gardens, with plantations of thyme, mint, parsley, and chervil for the animals to feed on. When a Frenchman takes snails wild he leaves them, if prudent, a few days to digest their last meal, for there is a current belief that they may be dangerous if they have recently fed on poisonous plants.

handful of tobacco stems, place them in an old basin, pour boiling water upon them and let them stand for several hours. Then drain off the liquid in a basin or tub deep enough for immersing the tops of your plants in, and dilute it with warm water until it shows only a faint tint of brown. Then take up the plants one at a time, and hold them, tops down, in the water, washing them clean.—Ladies' Home Journal.

He who avoids temptation avoids sin.

The Unearthly Twins.

BY JASPER BARNETT COWDIN.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The only reason that Jack Inskip did not die the moment I was born, or vice versa, is probably this: We were twins, and our extraordinary antipathies were not as yet in good working order.

In the first place—so I have been told—during the hour that Jack was a good baby I was a rascally little demon; whilst I slept peacefully, Jack was wakeful and peevish; if one evinced hunger, the other would refuse nourishment.

All that, of course, might have been given over with little comment; but one morning, while the nurse was plying us our bath, Jack put his chubby fists on the hot stove and I received a terrible burn. I yelled lustily with the pain, much to the nurse's bewilderment, as the red scar appearing on Jack's hand caused him not the slightest inconvenience.

Three weeks later I got even with Jack for his carelessness by falling over the shoulder of the nurse and striking her face downward on the floor. She snatched me up hurriedly and with a terrified face shook me with vigor, but I merely looked at her complacently. Strangely enough, the screams of Jack in the adjoining room were appalling; and it was afterward found that he had a good-sized swelling on his forehead.

These phenomenal characteristics were a puzzle to the attending physician, who called in the most eminent medical experts; but their experiments revealed nothing, and the result was merely a lot of conflicting and antagonized theories.

Many interesting and inexplicable incidents marked our career through boyhood, any one of which would scarcely be entertained seriously as the truth. In time we became celebrated under the facetious sobriquet of "The Unearthly Twins."

One of my great likings was for candy—Jack loved pickles—but whenever I indulged it poor Jack had to suffer, pacing the floor half the night with the toothache; on the other hand, Jack nearly put wings on my innocent shoulders by partaking too freely of green apples while on our vacation at Orchard Ridge.

It was therefore to our mutual interest that we study each other's peculiarities, a course we adopted and followed most conscientiously. Still, through inadvertence, many amusing complications arose.

One morning I was discovered lying prone on the kitchen floor exhibiting all the symptoms of one drowning. Our dear mother, wise through long experience, disregarded me entirely and sent the servants off scurrying through the neighborhood looking for Jack. The mill race, where we were accustomed to take an occasional plunge was searched, the creek at the foot of the hill was visited, but Jack was not to be found. At length some one thought of the well. In a few moments the dripping body of Jack was drawn forth—very much alive. An error that nearly cost me my life was discovered not a moment too soon. Although I was the sufferer by the catastrophe, the application of the usual remedies to me proved of no avail, but when transferred to the unfeeling Jack, they revived me immediately.

As the years passed and we entered manhood's estate, to the satisfaction of our relatives and friends we exhibited a union of feeling on a vital point—both were fond of the opposite sex. But even through the delicate fabric of our love-dreams ran the zig-zag vein of contrariety. The dramatic instinct of our friends was on the alert for possible developments.

Once on a festive occasion, amid a gay party of young people, I was proffered a cocktail by a most enticing young society bud. I politely refused it, as drinking was against my principles. But a second thought came to me concerning Jack. He was not present, but it occurred to me that

it must be formally condemned and disposed of at auction. No one has ever questioned the right of the president to give away his chair, however. Secretary Cortelyou was very anxious to get the chair which his chief had occupied for so long, and it was accordingly officially condemned, put up for sale, and bought in by the devoted secretary.—Buffalo Commercial.

Architecture in Japan.
European architecture is gradually gaining a foothold in Japan and may sooner or later dominate, just as European styles of dress are soon to dominate in the big cities. In Tokio and other large centers of population all the new business houses are built on European plans. They are found to be more practicable. The residences are still of the Japanese style. Some of the larger and finer residences in the cities are built like American houses, but most stick to the old customs. The government does not own its buildings, but rents them, and these, without exception, are of European design. The Europeans and Americans never stop at the Japanese hotels, because they can not do without chairs. Our hotels have nothing but couches.—Correspondence Washington Post.

Snails a Favorite Dish.
As is well known, certain species of snail form a favorite dish with French gourmets, and the cultivation of these land mollusca is conducted on a large scale in the outlying suburbs of Paris, particularly in the department of Aube, where there are large snail gardens, with plantations of thyme, mint, parsley, and chervil for the animals to feed on. When a Frenchman takes snails wild he leaves them, if prudent, a few days to digest their last meal, for there is a current belief that they may be dangerous if they have recently fed on poisonous plants.

handful of tobacco stems, place them in an old basin, pour boiling water upon them and let them stand for several hours. Then drain off the liquid in a basin or tub deep enough for immersing the tops of your plants in, and dilute it with warm water until it shows only a faint tint of brown. Then take up the plants one at a time, and hold them, tops down, in the water, washing them clean.—Ladies' Home Journal.

He who avoids temptation avoids sin.

Jack, true to his antipathy, began paying marked attention to a cross-eyed old maid so homely that even her smile had the horrible benignity of a Japanese god.

I viewed the situation with growing alarm, and racked my brain for a remedy, but the only feasible one that suggested itself meant great self-denial on my part. It was a long and intense battle. Finally, I made a fool of myself and became a laughing stock among my acquaintances by going to my fiancée and asking to be released from my vows, explaining with much diffidence the delicate situation. There was a tender scene at parting, but she took the matter philosophically, and I went home with a calm but sad heart, considering myself a most heroic act of brotherly affection.

I felt positive that Jack would now break the mystic spell of his cross-eyed Nemesis, which he promptly did, but the denouement was most humiliating to me, and not what I had looked for. Seeing that I had jilted the lovely Miss Syong, Jack made violent love to her himself, and was graciously accepted. That I did not, out of pity, marry the red-haired derelict on life's troubled sea, was owing to circumstances over which I had, providentially, complete control.

After Jack's marriage he moved out to Denver, and nothing unusual happened for a time. I began paying compliments to a beautiful girl in my set, and the date of our marriage was finally announced. Jack was urged to come on for the wedding, but he had some impending mining scheme on hand and begged to be excused. He sent us a telegram, received just after the ceremony, congratulating us, and added the startling information that he had just secured a divorce.

The inevitable climax to this sea-saw double existence came one morning early in June. I had gone to the St. Paul building, having business with an architect whose office was located on the sixteenth floor. Eight persons were in the elevator as we ascended. Suddenly, without warning, the cogs supporting the car gave way, and we shot downward with inconceivable rapidity. A crash, and darkness followed; but to this day I have no remembrance of any pain. Four out of the eight people in the car were killed outright, the others, save myself, badly injured. I alone miraculously escaped unhurt.

That afternoon I received a telegram from Denver announcing my brother's sudden death. I boarded the first train for the West in order to take charge of his remains. On reaching my destination I was not startled when the facts of his mysterious demise were made known to me. He had been found on the floor of his office, dead from concussion of the brain.

It was supposed to be the work of an assassin, but no trace of the criminal could be discovered.

I had my own suspicions on that point, however, which I did not care to divulge, as the tragedy had occurred, as nearly as could be ascertained, at the same hour as the accident to the elevator.

The mysterious tie that bound us together in this our mortal life has been snapped asunder, but I still find myself indulging in the wildest speculations as to the future. Jack was a good and true man and has doubtless reached a happier and more perfect sphere of existence. Will the magic tie hold good beyond the grave, and will I, therefore, be doomed to utter hopelessness?

But enough of this. I will go and take another peep at the children, fortunately not twins—and then to bed and restful dreams.

"It." re-marked the brakeman on the train going through Maine, as he poked his head into the car. An old lady beckoned him to her and softly inquired: "Young man, why do you not pronounce the names of the towns so that the passengers may understand them?" "Madam," courteously responded the brakeman, "if I say those names proper I'd be gettin' a thousand a week in grand op'ry."—Baltimore American.

A Milder Terror.
"Wh-what do you want?" gasped the belated pedestrian. "I want yer money an' the rest 'er waly'bies!" hoarsely replied the footpad, still holding the revolver at the luckless head of the other man. "Is that all?" said the belated pedestrian, handing them over with a light heart. "I thought you were one of the Halloween gang."—Chicago Tribune.

The Missouri apple is arriving in St. Louis at the rate of 40,000 barrels a day.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE

HONOR MISS KLUMPKA.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the Chicago astronomer, who has been assisting at the Paris observatory for fifteen years, is rapidly completing arrangements to return to the United States.



MISS DOROTHEA KLUMPKA, (Chicagoan who has made an enviable record in astronomy in Paris.)

States. She will have special charge of astral photography at Stanford university in California. Miss Klumpke has established an enviable scientific record in Paris and has many friends who regret to see her leave.

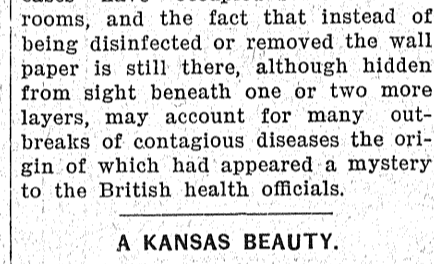
DANGER IN WALL PAPER.

British sanitary inspectors have just made the discovery that in the matter of hygienic regulations they are far behind the United States. Their attention has been forcibly called to this by the widely different conditions under which the poorer classes of England and this country exist.

America for years has enacted laws which compel all painters to remove old wall paper before hanging the new. No such regulation exists on the British Isles, and where the tenant is so poor that his protest carries no weight, the new wall paper is invariably placed over the old.

The greatest danger to be apprehended from this comes from a gas, deleterious to health, which is generated from old and decayed paste and size, dirt and smoke. Possibly patients afflicted with contagious diseases have occupied some of these rooms, and the fact that instead of being disinfected or removed the wall paper is still there, although hidden from sight beneath one or two more layers, may account for many outbreaks of contagious diseases the origin of which had appeared a mystery to the British health officials.

A KANSAS BEAUTY.



Miss Mabel Northrop of Sterling, Kan., has been elected by popular vote as the handsomest woman in the state, and will be selected to represent Kansas in a beauty contest at the St. Louis World's fair.

The contest will be to select the most beautiful women in the Louisiana purchase, and Miss Northrop's friends confidently expect her to receive that great honor.

American Tea First-Class.
The production of several kinds of tea in the United States is now an assured fact, and in addition to this it is encouraging to be able to announce that experts who have examined the tea produced here this year pronounce it equal in flavor and aroma to the best imported teas. The profit in this crop averages from \$30 to \$40 per acre net. During the year Dr. Charles U. Shepard of Summerville, S. C., has been in charge of the government work, conducting it in connection with his large tea gardens at the place mentioned. This year Dr. Shepard produced about 4,500 pounds of high-grade tea, for all of which a ready market was found in the north. During the year Dr. Shepard perfected a machine for the manufacture of green tea, and has generously placed this under the control of the agriculture department of the United States, so that those wishing to use it may do so without paying royalty.

Largest Alaskan Nugget.
The largest nugget ever found in Alaska is the one picked up by Edward Johnson of Ishpeming, Mich., while working on Discovery, Anvil creek, about four miles from Nome, on a claim belonging to the Pioneer Mining Company. It weighs ninety-seven ounces and is valued at \$1,552. Johnson was working on the night gang and found the great nugget early in the morning of Sept. 14 while putting a post under the sluice box. He was alone at the time and could, it is claimed, easily have kept the rich find.

UNABLE TO STAND FOR MONTHS BECAUSE OF SPRAINED ANKLES.

Cured by St. Jacobs Oil. (From the Cardiff Times.)

Among the thousands of voluntary endorsements of the great value of St. Jacobs Oil for sprains, stiffness and soreness, is that of Mrs. G. Thomas, 4 Alexandra Road, Gelli, Ysbrod, near Pontypridd, South Wales, who says:

"It is with great pleasure that I add my willing testimony to the invaluable excellence of your celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, as experienced in my own case. I sprained both my ankles in walking down some steps so severely that I was unable to stand for several months. The pain I suffered was most severe and nothing that I used helped me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when they immediately became better daily, and in a short time I was able to go about, and soon after I was quite cured. I am now determined to advise all persons suffering from pains to use this wonderful remedy, which did so much for me."

Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand, and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to suggest that had she called in any well-known medical man he would have at once prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietor of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by different international exhibitions as the premier pain-killing remedy of the world. The committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men obtainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did not know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

Punjab and Germans Fight.
A sentry belonging to an Indian regiment stationed at Tien-Tsin, China, ran amok and killed two of his comrades. A company of Punjab Infantry was at once ordered out to secure him. In the meantime the sentry had been shot by German troops, who then opened fire on the Punjabs. A free fight ensued, as a result of which three German privates were killed and a German officer mortally wounded, while three of the Indian troops were killed and several were wounded. The German troops have been confined to their barracks until further orders.

English Hotel Is Destroyed.
The Queen's hotel at Southsea, England, was burned Sunday. Forty of the guests escaped in their night clothing only. Two chambermaids were suffocated and several firemen injured. The Queen's hotel was a fashionable resort. Among those rescued from the building were the Rev. Thomas Teignmouth Shore, canon of Worcester and chaplain in ordinary to King Edward, and his wife; Major General Francis William Collis and Colonel and Mrs. Charles E. Stewart, retired, and Colonel and Mrs. Ruxton.

New Cure for Rheumatism.
Hester, Mo., Dec. 16.—An unusual case which has recently come to light here is exciting the keenest interest among medical men. Mrs. Ellenor Guardhouse suffered for over forty years with Sclerotic Rheumatism so severely and so constantly that her case has been regarded as chronic and absolutely incurable. At times the pain was almost unbearable and she could not rest day or night.

Some months ago she was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy recently introduced in this neighborhood. The immediate results were magical and she continued till she had taken eight boxes, and now she declares she has not an ache or pain left. She believes that she is completely and permanently cured and as she has not used the pills for some months and is to-day in the best of health the doctors who were at first skeptical are amazed.

Wish All a Merry Christmas!
And tell them of Garfield Tea, which cures indigestion and liver disorders and insures the return of many Happy Christmas Dinners by removing the cause of dyspepsia and ill-health.

It is reported that a branch of Dowle's Zion will be started in Grand Haven soon.

PURMAN FADELESS DYES are the brightest, fastest and easiest to use. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Dante passed most of his life as an axle from the only city in which he cured to live.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Don't think it's what a man has that makes him contented—it's what he doesn't want.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES.
Russ Bleaching Blue does the best work. All good grocers. 10c. Avoid cheap imitations.

Put a pig in a parlor and his first question will be, "Well, where's your mud?"

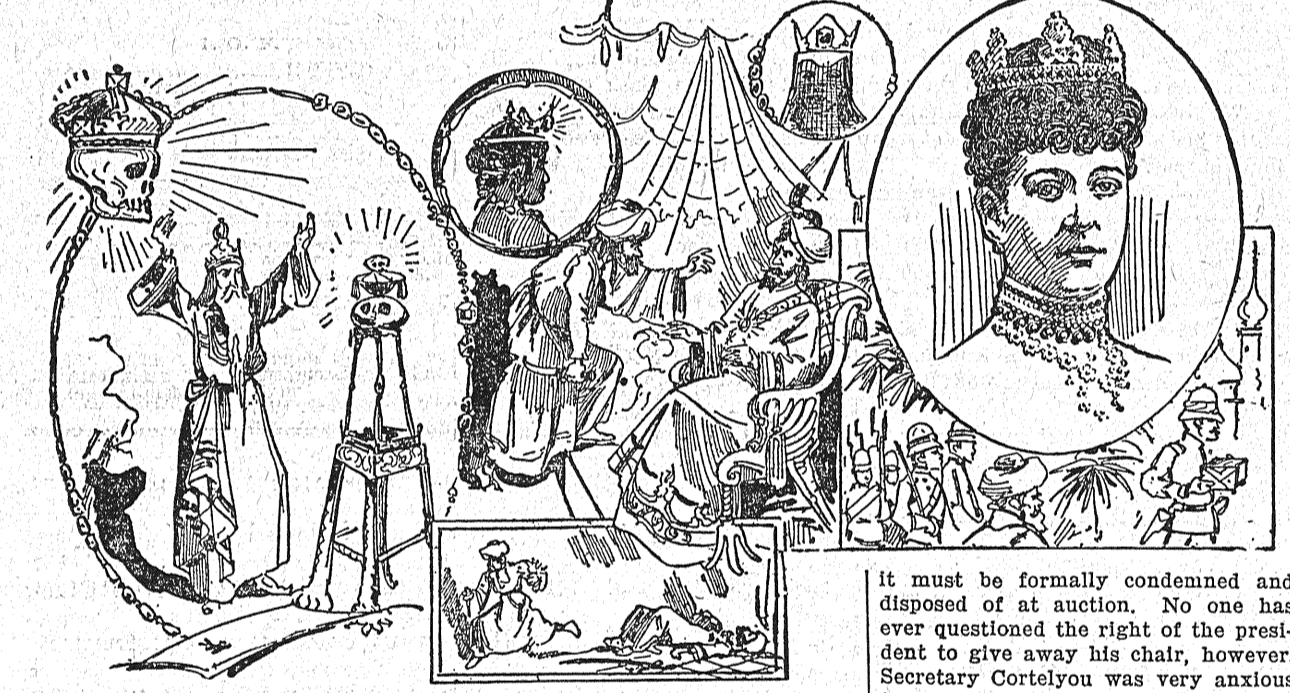
Matt J. Johnson's GOSS is a guaranteed cure for rheumatism. Insist on getting the genuine.

Don't overlook a real friend and hunt up a flash friend instead.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Don't give a Christmas present grudgingly. I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. T. Ross, Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Don't go in debt for Christmas presents. BENJEN. Zook's, the great invigorator, acts at once. Sent for \$11 postage paid. Address Zook Co., 1101 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



the Hope Blue, as a blue diamond in the collection of Henry T. Hope is called, has held a unique place as being by long odds the finest blue diamond in the world. It weighs only 4 1/4 carats, but is of a beautiful sapphire blue, excellent in shape, and absolutely flawless.

Mr. Hope bought it for £18,000, but it is valued today at about £30,000. The origin of the stone has been wrapped in some uncertainty, as it is practically certain that the Hope Blue is one of three fragments into which the famous French Blue was divided after being stolen with the other regalia from the Garden Mueble.

Shah Jehan had owned many of the most famous jewels of the Orient, among them the Great Mogul. The Great Mogul weighed 900 carats in the rough and was a true diamond of fine water, shaped like an egg cut in half.

The Orloff diamond, which ornaments the Russian royal scepter, is larger than the Moon of Mountains, but not so pure, being slightly yellowish. It, too, was an Indian cut stone and weighs 193 carats.

Another famous diamond is the Eugenie. Catherine II. of Russia had this fifty-one-carat jewel in a hairpin. She gave it to Potemkin, who was then her lover. It was in his family until his grandniece sold it to Napoleon II, who gave it to Eugenie. It was the center diamond of the famous necklace which was afterward sold to the galkwar of Baroda.

The French royal jewels have had varied careers and many of the best were lost before Eugenie, the diamond lover, came to power; but France has what is, perhaps, the most perfect dia-

could happen only in a city. New York is a pretty big place after all. Two men from the same country town came to the metropolis six months ago on different trains. Without knowing it they put up at the same apartment house. In fact their rooms adjoined, but it was not until yesterday that these two men knew that they lived in the same house. They had never happened to meet each other in their goings in or comings out. They were in different businesses. "Hello, Jim, what are you

doing here?" said Bill yesterday when he met Jim coming out of the same apartment house. "Why, I live here, Bill. What are you doing here?" "I live here, too, Jim." This would appear an incredible story to some of the Sun's friends who live in country towns and villages.—New York Sun.

Tobacco the Best Insecticide.
Most of the insects common to house plants dislike tobacco as much as he does the cleanly housewife. The best way to use it as an insecticide upon window plants is to secure a good

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"It looks exactly the same—gold links, interspersed with diamonds, and the clasp is the same—three stars. A tall, ugly woman has got it on, her black hair strained off her face."

"The hair strained off her face is enough to make any woman look ugly," remarked Lady Sarah. "Where is she?"

"There, she is standing up now; let us get close to her. Her dress is that beautiful maize color with blonde lace."

Lady Sarah Hope drew near and obtained a sight of the bracelet. The color flew into her face.

"It's mine, Fanny," she whispered. But the lady at that moment, took a gentleman's arm and moved away. Lady Sarah followed her, with the view of obtaining another look. Frances Chenevix went to Mr. Netherleigh and told him. He was hard of belief.

"You cannot be sure at this distance of time, Fanny. And besides more bracelets than one may have been brought to my eyes," returned Frances.

"I am so certain that I feel as if I could swear to the bracelet," eagerly replied Lady Sarah.

"Hush, hush, Fanny." "I recollect it perfectly; it struck me the moment I saw it. How singular that I should have been talking to Gerard Hope about it this night!"

Mr. Netherleigh smiled. "Imagination is very deceptive, Frances, and your having spoken to Mr. Hope of it brought it to your thoughts."

"But it could not have been brought to my eyes," returned Frances. "Stuff and nonsense about imagination, Mr. Netherleigh. I am positive it is the bracelet. Her comes Lady Sarah."

"I suppose Frances has been telling you," observed Lady Sarah Hope to her brother-in-law. "I feel convinced it is my own bracelet."

"But—as I have just remarked to Frances—other bracelets than yours may have been made precisely similar," he urged.

"If it is mine the letters 'S. H.' are scratched on the back of the middle star. I did it one day with a pen-knife."

"You never mentioned the fact before, Lady Sarah," hastily responded the merchant.

"No. I was determined to give no clue. I was always afraid of the affair being traced home to Gerard, and it would have been such a disgrace to my husband's name."

"Did you speak to her? Did you ask where she got the bracelet?" interrupted Frances.

"How could I?" retorted Lady Sarah. "I did not know her."

"I will," cried Frances in a resolute tone.

"My dear Frances," remonstrated Mr. Netherleigh.

"I vow I will," persisted Frances, as she moved away.

Lady Sarah kept her word. She found the strange lady in the refreshments, and locating herself by her side, entered upon a few trifling remarks, which were civilly received. Suddenly she dashed at once to her subject.

"What a beautiful bracelet!" "I think it is," was the stranger's reply, holding out her arm for its inspection, without any reservation.

"Where did you buy it?" pursued Frances.

"Garrards are my jewelers."

CHAPTER XIV. This very nearly did for Frances; for it was at Garrards that the Colonel originally purchased it, and it seemed to give a coloring to Mr. Netherleigh's view of more bracelets having been made of the same pattern. But she was too anxious and determined to stand upon ceremony—for Gerard's sake; and he was dearer to her than the world suspected.

"We—one of my family—lost a bracelet exactly like this, some time back. When I saw it on your arm, I thought it was the same; I hoped it was."

The lady froze directly and laid down her arm.

"Are you—pardon me, there are painful interests involved—are you sure you purchased this at Garrards?"

"I have said that Messrs. Garrard are my jewelers," replied the stranger in a repelling voice; and the words sounded evasive to Frances. "More I cannot say; neither am I aware by what law of courtesy you thus question me, or who you may be."

The young lady drew herself up, proudly secure in her rank.

"I am Lady Frances Chenevix," and the other bowed and turned to the refreshment table.

Away went Lady Frances to find the Cadogans, and inquire after the stranger.

It was a Lady Livingstone. The husband had made a mint of money at something, had been knighted, and now they were launching out into high society.

Frances' nose went into the air. O law! a city knight and his wife! that was it, was it? How could Mrs. Cadogan have taken up with them?

The Honorable Mrs. Cadogan did not choose to say beyond the assertion that they were extremely worthy, good, kind people. She could have said that her spendthrift of a husband had contrived to borrow money from Sir Jasper Livingstone, and to prevent being bothered for it, and keep them

in humor, they introduced the Livingstones where they could.

Frances Chenevix went home—that is, to Colonel Hope's—and told her strange tale to Alice Seaton; not only about Gerard being in England, but about the bracelet.

"Alice, it is the bracelet. I am more certain than ever. Garrard's people say they have sold articles of jewelry to Lady Livingstone, but not a diamond bracelet, and, moreover, that they never had one of that precise pattern, but the bracelet Colonel Hope bought."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Alice.

"I know. I shall go to those Livingstones. Gerard shall not stay under this cloud if I can help him out of it. Mr. Netherleigh won't act, and we dare not tell the Colonel; he is so obstinate and wrong-headed, he would be for arresting Gerard, pending the investigation."

"Frances—"

"Now don't you preach, Alice. When I will, I will. I am like my lady mother for that. Lady Sarah says she scratched her initials inside the bracelet, and I shall demand to see it; if these Livingstones refuse, I'll put detectives on the scent. I will, as sure as my name is Frances Chenevix."

"And if the investigation should bring the guilt home to—Gerard?" whispered Alice, in a hollow tone.

"And if it should bring it home to me? You! and if it should bring it home to me?" spoke the exasperated Frances.

"For shame, Alice; it cannot bring it home to Gerard, for he was never guilty."

Alice Seaton sighed; she saw there was no help for it, for Lady Frances was resolute.

"I have a deeper stake in this than you," she said, after a pause of consideration; "let me go to the Livingstones. You must not refuse me; I have an urgent motive for wishing it."

"You, you weak mite of a thing! you would faint before you got half through the interview," uttered Lady Frances, in a tone between jest and vexation.

Alice persisted. She had, indeed, a powerful reason for urging it, and Lady Frances allowed the point, though with much grumbling. The carriage was still at the door, for Lady Frances had desired that it should wait, and Alice had dressed herself and went down to it, without speaking to Lady Sarah. The footman was closing the door upon her, when out flew Frances.

"Alice, I have made up my mind to go with you, for I cannot guard my patience until you are back again. I can sit in the carriage while you go in. Lady Livingstone will be two feet higher from today—that the world should have been amazed with the spectacle of Lady Frances Chenevix waiting humbly at her door."

Frances talked incessantly on the road, but Alice was silent; she was deliberating what she should say, and was nervously herself to the task. Lady Livingstone was at home, and Alice sending in her card, was conducted to her presence, leaving Lady Frances in her carriage.

Lady Frances had thus described her; a woman as thin as a whipping post, with a red nose; and Alice found Lady Livingstone answer to it very well. Sir Jasper, who was also present, was much older than his wife, and short and thick; a good-natured looking man with a bald head.

Alice, refined and sensitive, scarcely knew how she opened her subject, but she was met in a different manner from what she had expected. The knight and his wife were really worthy people, as Mrs. Cadogan had said, only she had a mania for getting into "high life and high-lived company," a thing she would never accomplish. She listened to Alice's tale with courtesy, and at length with interest.

"You will readily conceive the nightmare this has been to me," greeted Alice, for her emotion was patent. "The bracelet was under my charge and it disappeared in this extraordinary way. All the trouble it has been productive of to me, I am not at liberty to tell you, but it has certainly shortened my life."

"You look ill," observed Lady Livingstone, with sympathy.

"I am worse than I look. I am going into the grave rapidly. Others less sensitive, or with stronger bodily health, might have battled successfully with the distress and annoyance; I could not. I shall die in greater peace if this unhappy affair can be cleared. Should it prove to be the same bracelet, we might be able to trace out how it was lost."

CHAPTER XV. Lady Livingstone left the room and returned with a diamond bracelet. She held it out to Miss Seaton, and the color rushed into Alice's poor, wan face at the gleam of the diamonds. She believed she recognized them.

"But, stay," she said, drawing back her hand, as she was about to touch it, "do not give it to me just yet. It is the one we lost, the letters 'S. H.' are scratched irregularly on the back of the middle clasp. Perhaps you will first look if they are there, Lady Livingstone."

Lady Livingstone turned the bracelet, glanced at the spot indicated, and then silently handed it to Sir Jasper. The latter smiled.

"Sure enough, here's something—I can't see it distinctly without my glasses. What is it, Lady Livingstone?"

"The letters 'S. H.' as Miss Seaton describes; I cannot deny it."

"Deny it! No, my lady, what for should I deny it? If we are in the possession of another's bracelet lost by fraud, and if the discovery will set this young lady's mind at ease, I don't think either you or I will be the one to deny it. Examine it for yourself, ma'am," added he, giving it to Alice.

She turned it about, she put it on her arm, her eyes lighted with the eagerness of conviction. "It is certainly the same bracelet," she affirmed.

"It is not beyond the range of possibility that initials may have been scratched on this bracelet without its being the same," observed Lady Livingstone.

"I think it must be the same," mused Sir Jasper. "It looks suspicious."

"Lady Frances Chenevix understood you to say you bought this of Messrs. Garrard," resumed Miss Seaton.

Lady Livingstone felt rather foolish. "What I said was that Messrs. Garrard were my jewelers. The fact is I do not know exactly where this was bought; but I did not consider myself called upon to proclaim that fact to a young lady who was a stranger to me, and in answer to questions I thought verging on impertinence."

"Her anxiety, scarcely less than my own, may have rendered her abrupt," replied Alice, by way of apology for Lady Frances. "Our hope is not to penetrate the mystery of its disappearance. Can you not let me know where you did buy it?"

"I can," interposed Sir Jasper; "there's no disgrace in having bought it where I did. I got it at a pawnbroker's."

Alice's heart beat violently. A pawnbroker's! what dreaded discovery was at hand?

"I was one day at the east end of London walking past, when I saw a topaz and amethyst cross in a pawnbroker's window. I thought it would be a pretty ornament for my wife, and I went in and asked to look at it. In talking about jewelry with the master, he reached out this diamond bracelet, and told me that would be a present worth making. Now, I know my lady's head had been running on a diamond bracelet, and I was tempted to ask what was the lowest figure he would put it at. He said it was the most valuable article of the sort he had had for a long while, the diamonds of the first water, worth £400 of anybody's money, but that being second-hand he could part with it for £250. And I bought it. That's where I got the bracelet, ma'am."

"That was just the money Colonel Hope gave for it new at Garrard's," said Alice. "Two hundred and fifty guineas."

Sir Jasper stared at her; and then broke forth with a comical attempt at rage, for he was one of the best tempered men in the world.

"The old wretch of a Jew! Sold it to me at a second-hand price, as he called it, for the identical sum it cost new! Why, he ought to be prosecuted for usury."

"It was just what I told you, Sir Jasper," groaned the lady, "you will go to these low, second-hand dealers, who always cheat where they can, instead of a regular jeweler; and nine times out of ten you are taken in."

"But your having bought it of this pawnbroker does not bring me any nearer the knowing how he procured it," observed Miss Seaton.

"I shall go to him this very day and ascertain," returned Sir Jasper. "Tradespeople may not sell stolen bracelets with impunity."

Easier said than done. The dealer protested his ignorance and innocence, and declared he had bought it in the regular course of business, at one of the pawnbroker's periodical sales. And the man spoke the truth, and the detectives were again applied to.

(To be continued.)

A FIRE IN ST. PETERSBURG. Trumpeting Ringing and Clatter Unlike Anything in America.

An hour ago the steamship Una had landed me on the quay, and now, having handed in my passport, duly vised and countersigned, to the czar's vicar in the hotel bureau, I stood upon the peculiar odor of St. Petersburg, for every city has its peculiar and distinctive smells, says a writer in the Academy. At the end of the Prospect was the tower whence the watchman watches the day and night for fire. As I edged through the afternoon crowd and dodged the headlong drivers of droshkies I noticed certain black balls run up on the signal tower. In a moment there came the tootle of a trumpet, and the blower, mounted, came galloping around a corner. Then the jangle of a bell, the clatter of hoofs, and a fire engine—or at least part of a fire engine. For the man who sat by the driver and waved the bell over his head heralded other vehicles. One carried a horse pipe, another a barrel which might have contained healing water or refreshing vodka. There were six in all, and upon each were big men with bright brass helmets. They galloped up the Newski Prospect toward a huge column of smoke. Suddenly, amid the trumpeting and the ringing and the clatter, every helmet was lowered, and as the horses dashed along, every man reverently crossed himself. Even the bell-ringer, with his still aloft in his left hand, did homage with his right hand to the ikon on the street corner.

The book of Maybes is very broad.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

MRS. CLEVELAND POPULAR.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is the most popular woman in Princeton. Her charming, unaffected ways captured the hearts of the people. Rarely a day passes that she is not out on the streets walking with her three daughters. She nods to all the townspeople and has a pleasant word for most of them. Her visiting list is one of the largest in Princeton.

Princeton and many names are on it that do not belong in Princeton's exclusive society. Mrs. Cleveland belongs to the charitable societies and takes a personal interest in their work. She visits sick neighbors and takes an active interest in everything that goes on.

She is as charming as when she went to the white house a bride.

She devotes most of her time to her household, her three girls, Ruth, Esther, Marion, and her boy Dick. Dick is now two years old. The girls are cared for by a governess. The quiet life is as much to Mrs. Cleveland's taste as it is to that of her husband. She was first to fall in love with Princeton and suggested it as a future home. She had gone to Princeton with Mr. Cleveland, when he was to speak at the sesquicentennial. She was impressed by the quiet, dignified air of the town and wanted to go there to live. The idea pleased Mr. Cleveland and he bought his present home from Mrs. Slidell. His lectures at Princeton are a feature of the university. His grave illness threatened a long-cherished plan of the Princeton people. They are looking forward to the institution of a big law department, over which he will preside.

HAS CIVIL WAR RELIC.

Oilcloth Stained with the Blood of Col. Ellsworth.

In the possession of John R. Grubbs, 5314 Ogden street, Philadelphia, a veteran of the civil war, is a piece of oilcloth which is highly prized as a memento of the civil war. It is stained with the life-blood of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who commanded the famous zouave regiment.

Colonel Ellsworth's death occurred on the afternoon of May 24, 1861. The Union troops had forced the rebels to abandon Alexandria, Va. Colonel Ellsworth was ordered to proceed to the telegraph office and cut the wires. On his way he discovered a Confederate flag flying from a pole on the roof of the Marshall house, then the largest hotel in Alexandria.

In company with the chaplain and four privates he entered the house and cut down the flag. While the colonel and his party were on the way downstairs, Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, raised a shotgun and discharged both barrels. Colonel Ellsworth fell headforemost to the landing below, and lay dead upon the oilcloth. Private Brownell sent a bullet through Jackson's skull.

William Grubbs was in company C, of the Fourth New Jersey volunteers, known as the Stockton cadets. Several other surviving members of that company, who now live in Philadelphia, remember this incident. Soon after Colonel Ellsworth had been shot the battalion to which he belonged to occupy the hotel. The men cut to pieces the oilcloth upon which Colonel Ellsworth had died. It was then wet with his blood and every man in the company secured a piece, but Mr. Grubbs saved the souvenir. Several times he has been offered a good-sized sum of money for it, but each time he has refused to sell it.

The zouave regiment was formed two years before the war began by Colonel Ellsworth in Chicago.

THE HANDSOMEST CALENDAR of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Hotel Business in the South. In the last twenty years the hotel business in the South has drifted into Northern hands. Reference is had particularly to resort hotels having come under the management of Yankees. Northern tourists demanded the change. If there is one thing that a Southern man can do worse than another it is running a hotel. Today we find a great string of caravansaries all the way from Richmond to Palm Beach, accommodating from 100 to 600 guests, at rates from \$1.50 to \$5 a day, mostly under Northern direction. The food in these houses is not less improved than the management.—New York Press.

Change of Names. It was declared by a British judge that any one could assume whatever name he liked, and the act did not require a royal license. He quoted cases in point, one being that of a man named Bugg, who, being displeased with that appellation, assumed the name of Norfolk Howard—as a result of which, added the court, certain insects came to be called "Norfolk Howards."

REAR ADMIRAL ROBINSON actively. His last day of duty in the service was as inspector of machinery of torpedo boats and destroyers.

Countries Exchange Territory. A small strip of Prussian territory on the Belgian border is likely to be made over entirely to Belgium in exchange for another strip of land, a part of which the Prussian town of Dupen requires for a projected public building. It is expected that the negotiations between the two governments concerned will shortly be concluded to the satisfaction of both and that hereby an end will be put to little inconveniences to which the border inhabitants have hitherto been subjected.

Rev. Marguerite St. Omer Briggs, 35 Mount Calm Street, Detroit, Michigan, Lecturer for the W. C. T. U., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My professional work has for the past twenty years brought me into hundreds of homes of sickness, and I have had plenty of opportunity to witness the sufferings of wives and mothers who from want, ignorance or carelessness, are slowly but surely being dragged to death, principally with female weakness and irregularities of the sex. I believe you will be pleased to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other agency that has come under my notice. Hundreds of women owe their life and health to you to-day, and, therefore, I can conscientiously advise sick women to try it."—MARGUERITE ST. OMER BRIGGS.

"\$600 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE. When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulency, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine. Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

General Health. Gentlemen—I used two bottles of Baxter's Manlyke Bitters and it had a decidedly good effect along the line of general health. I took it for digestive troubles and was much pleased with the result. G. A. Botsford, Onaway, Mich.

JUST THINK OF IT! Every farmer his own landlord, no incumbrances, his bank account increasing, year land value increasing, stock increasing, improved climate, excellent schools and churches, low taxation, which prices for cattle and grain, low railway rates, and every possible comfort. This is the condition of the farmer in Western Canada—Province of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Thousands of Americans are now settled there. Reduced rates on all railways for home-seekers and settlers. New districts are being opened up this year. The new forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. F. Potley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada or J. Grievie, South-West, Mich., M. V. McInnes, 20 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich., or Joseph Young, 515 State St., East, Columbus, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents.

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DENISON JOHN W. DENISON, Successfully Prosecutes Claims. 13 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, 40 yrs in service.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, gives cases of Dropsy quick relief and cures worst cases. FINE, DR. H. H. GREEN'S SOUS, Box E, Adams, Ga.

Thompson's Eye Water. If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water. W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 51.—1901

TALKS ON ADVERTISING.

The best way to advertise is just to advertise. Get at it with a view to having the people know what you most desire to sell, and incidentally letting them know that the specified items do not represent your full stock. Say interesting things about interesting goods and have the goods to talk.

Men talk of the secret of successful advertising, but it is all very plain. The essentials are to offer what people want, at fair prices, and to offer it in a way that will make readers know they want it. The art in writing an advertisement is to speak as the interested and well-informed merchant would speak to a prospective customer.

The mere appearance of a business man's name and address in every issue of a leading newspaper will do work to increase his trade. Every business man, however, is able to give facts about his establishment which will encourage people to deal with him. To state such facts clearly in a newspaper is the principal secret of successful advertising.

The idea that it takes a number of impressions to make the average advertisement effective is not new. Forty years ago an English advertiser said to the publisher of the Cornhill Magazine: "We don't consider that an advertisement seen for the first time by a reader is worth much. The second time it counts for something. The third time the reader's attention is arrested; the fourth time he reads it through and thinks about it; the fifth makes a purchaser of him. It takes time to soak in."

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Waiding, Kimura & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Supply all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The citizens of Marlette want a canning factory, and are trying to secure sufficient capital to install it.

Naturally people want to be WELL for Christmas, for nothing so promotes happiness and good cheer. Therefore, take Garfield Tea now. Its uses are manifold: it cures all derangements of stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels; it cleanses the system and purges the blood, thus removing the cause of rheumatism, gout and many chronic diseases. It is good for young and old and has been held in the highest repute for many years. Physicians recommend it.

William Southward, who opened the first wholesale grocery store in Chicago, is dead at Wichita, Kas., aged 75.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An effort will be made to split old Calhoun county, to wit: a new name will be tacked upon the chunk that contains Battle Creek.

A Christmas Philosopher. He asks three great gifts—Health, Wealth and Happiness. Then give him Garfield Tea; it brings Good Health, promotes Happiness and makes the pursuit of Wealth possible.

Ernest Hooper, a follower of Dr. Alexander Dowie and residing at Cottage Park, Chippewa county, is dead from typhoid fever.

Many good physicians and nurses use Wizard Oil for obstinate rheumatism and neuralgia. It's the right thing to do.

A Nequamee hunter got the three deer allowed him with only two shots.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS use the best. That is why they buy Russ Bleaching Blue. All good grocers, etc.

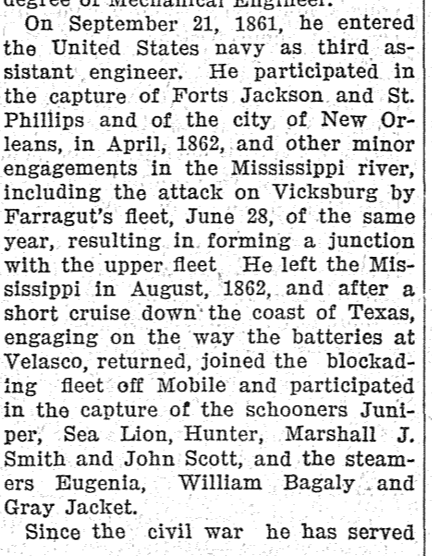
Porto Rico's legislature is to meet Jan. 1.

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SASKATCHEWAN, WESTERN CANADA IS CALLED THE 'GARDEN OF EDEN.'

By a Former Resident of Reed City, Michigan.

In a letter to the Reed City, Michigan, Clarion, Mr. Jas. G. Armstrong, of Melfort, Saskatchewan, says, writing on 27th May, 1901:

"This is a fine country for a poor man, as he can go out on the hay slews and cut all the hay he needs. He turns his cattle out on the prairie, and

Cass City Enterprise.

An independent newspaper published every Thursday by A. A. F. McDOWELL, Main Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co. Mich.

Advertisements.
All changes of advertisements must be sent to this office at least ten days before the date of publication. 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 other matters of a money-making character are charged for at the rate of one dollar for each insertion. Cashes of thanks are twenty-five cents for each insertion.

Special Notice to Our Readers.
The Enterprise in the office at the corner of Chicago and Main streets, 108 and 110 East Monroe street, Chicago, where our readers will be cordially greeted who may care to call upon the Enterprise for a tour of inspection and sight-seeing through its magnificent building, in which can be found every mechanical and scientific improvement of the age in connection with the needs of a great newspaper. It is a rare treat for any one interested in the subject and should be taken advantage of.

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

A. A. F. McDOWELL, Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

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

Drs. Florris, Hays & King.
Physicians and Surgeons. Offices in New Alle Block. Dr. Hays' residence, Segar street, four doors south of New Sheridan. Special attention to eye, ear, nose and throat.

Dr. G. M. Livingston.
Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of the University of Michigan—1888. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office over Cass City Bank. Telephone 27.

Dr. A. N. Treadgold.
Physician and Surgeon. Will faithfully serve those who may employ him. Office at Dr. Truett's former residence, Segar St. Phone No. 39 6-20-01.

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

P. A. SCHENCK, D. D. S.
DENTIST—Graduate of University of Michigan. Office in new Fritz block, 10-31-01.

Jas. M. McKenzie
Painter, paper hanger, etc. Patronage solicited.

Societies.

I. O. F.
COURT EKLAND, No. 826, I. O. F., meets on 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in their hall in the Cass City block, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

WILLIAM MESSNER, C. R.
A. A. F. McDowell, Sec. 9-11-07

I. O. O. F.
CLASS CITY LODGE, No. 298, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

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

Church Directory.
BAPTIST—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on Sunday. Sunday school at 12 m. Young people's meeting Monday evening. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

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

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

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. F. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

H. L. PINNEY, Cashier. C. G. MATZEN, 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.

CASS CITY BANK.

AUTEN & SEELEY, Props. J. F. SEELEY, I. B. AUTEN, Caro, Mich. Cass City, Mich.

Established 1882. A General Banking Business Transacted. Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold.

Drafts issued payable in any Country in the World. Money loaned on Real Estate. Collections a Specialty.

C. W. MCKENZIE, Cashier.

That Cough Hangs On

You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield; it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce la grippe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you are run down or emaciated you should certainly take this nourishing food medicine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Dayton.

Robert Kelley is visiting relatives in Ontario.

Mrs. J. H. Johnson and children are spending a few weeks with friends in Ontario.

Wm. Gilbert and Miss Octavia Colyer were married at Caro on Tuesday, Dec. 10th.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Wm. Myers on Thursday, Dec. 19th.

Died on Sunday morning, Dec. 15th, after a few weeks illness, Mrs. Albert Allen. Deceased leaves a husband and two children.

Cut prices on cloaks, dress goods and outings at Matzen's, Cass City.

If you would have an appetite like a bear and a relish for your meals take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They correct disorders of the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Price 25 cents. Samples free, at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Satisfied People are the best advertisers for Foley's Honey and Tar and all who use it agree that it is a splendid remedy for coughs, colds or sore lungs. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Rescue. Christmas is near at hand and the little ones full of expectation.

E. Duffield has moved over to Greenleaf and the place looks deserted and forlorn.

Dr. Geo. M. Livingston, of Cass City, has been chosen physician for Beasley Tent, 854, K. O. T. M., to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Wellmeyer, late of Cass City.

Geo. Finkle has added to his farm forty acres more land, having bought what is known as the Hansard forty. By this deal George becomes the owner of one of the best frame barns in the county.

Wm. McAlpine, who had the misfortune to stop a load of shot in his legs, that was intended for a rabbit, is on the mend. The chances are, however, he and the gun won't go on any more Sunday excursions this winter.

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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspepsias have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. O. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. 25¢ bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50¢ size.

Freiburgers.

Jontie Hunt was in Tyre Thursday. Chas. and Thos. Pollard were in Uby Tuesday.

Alex Vice, of Uby, is laboring for A. C. Graham.

Joseph Trudeau did business in Minden on Saturday.

Ben. Rehil transacted business in Cass City Tuesday of last week.

Quite a number from here have gone to Canada to spend the holidays.

Miss Ruth Brown, of Cumber, visited friends in town Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

The box social held in the Maccabee hall by the L. O. T. M. Thursday evening was a decided success.

Cut prices on cloaks, dress goods and outings at Matzen's, Cass City.

The Pride of Heroes. Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for Saratoga, Bruses, Cuts, Wounds, Corns, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for Burns, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25¢ at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Chas. Replogle, Atwater, O., was in a very bad shape. He says: "I suffered a great deal with my kidneys and was requested to try Foley's Kidney Cure. I did so and in four days I was able to go to work again, now I am entirely well." T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Watrousville. Geo. Smith returned from his trip to New York last Friday.

J. J. England has purchased a fine thoroughbred animal of Chas. Lloyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hille, of Canada, are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Hille.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Sheppard entertained a company of young people last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. F. M. Sheppard and Mrs. C. E. Color visited Mrs. Eva Kelley, of Wisner, last Monday and Tuesday.

Leads Truax has returned from Chicago, where he has been in the potato business the past three months.

Cut prices on cloaks, dress goods and outings at Matzen's, Cass City.

A Good Cough Medicine. [From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia.] I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it. —W. C. WOOLNER. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited as was Mr. Woolner. This remedy is sold at T. H. Fritz's, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Full Insured. You are both insured against loss, for the manufacturers agree to refund the purchase price if you do not realize what they claim for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in cases of Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache or Stomach Troubles. Sold at Bond's, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Novesta We have barely enough snow to make sleighing.

Jas. Hackitt is a full fledged agent for nursery material.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Agar visited at Dr. Poote's on Monday.

Mrs. Soles, Sr., is very ill with inflammation of the lungs.

Clover threshing is now in progress throughout this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Warner were presented with a baby girl last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Sangster were presented with a baby girl on Monday.

Mrs. Bertha Dewey, who has been ill for a long time, can barely sit up yet. There are numerous cases of scarlet fever around this vicinity at the present time.

Albert and Minard Mills' sale on Monday was well patronized and very successful.

Cut prices on cloaks, dress goods and outings at Matzen's, Cass City.

Saved at Grave's Brink. "I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newsom, of Beaufort, Ala., "if it had not been for Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of Indigestion, Waterbrash, Stomach and Bowel Dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did me a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles Electric Bitters is a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50¢ at T. H. Fritz's, Drug Store; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

From a Hotel Landlord. Dear Sirs: I had no faith in testimonials or advertised medicines until I took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, my attention being called to it by a letter from some one who had been cured of what he called chronic constipation, and I began taking it for my case. If any one who reads this has Constipation or Stomach Trouble, I earnestly recommend Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. My one experience and complete cure prompts me to promise that you will find it will do all that is claimed for it. Resp.

L. O. GURNEE, Prop. Hotel Paris, Dubuque, Iowa. Sold at Bond's, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

From an Old Soldier. DERRICK, MICH., Feb. 5, 1900. I hereby certify that I have used Dr. C. D. Warner's Compound of Seven Cures and will say that his remedy has no equal in building up the system and giving renewed life and vigor to people advanced in years. JOHN OUGHLIN.

Argyle.

A party at McAllister's last Thursday night.

Russell Yakes, of Deckerville, was in town a few days last week.

Will and Kate Zinnecker, visited at Will Striffler's, last Sunday.

Josephine Herdell, of Shabbona spent Sunday at her home here.

Jennie McPhail, who has been in Chicago the past summer, is home.

Angus McPhail, of Cass City, visited his mother and other friends here last Sunday.

A sleigh load of young people called on John and Mary Sandham last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Peterhans of Caro called on friends here a few days of last week.

Louis Sasquelle, of Detroit, was the guest of D. D. McNaughton and wife last week Wednesday.

Mary Hutchinson, of Cass City, expects to stay with her aunt, Mrs. J. Stevenson, and go to school here.

Cloaks, dress goods and outings at cut prices at Matzen's, Cass City.

Information Wanted. The manufacturers of Banner Salve having always believed that no doctor or medicine can cure in every case, but never having heard where Banner Salve failed to cure ulcers, sores, tetter, eczema or piles, as a matter of curiosity would like to know if there are such cases. If so they will gladly refund the money. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Saved his Life "I wish to say that I owe my life to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure," writes H. C. Christenson, of Hayfield, Minn., "For three years I was troubled with dyspepsia so that I could hold nothing on my stomach. Many times I would be unable to retain a morsel of food. Finally I was confined to my bed. Doctors said I could not live. I read one of your advertisements on Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and thought it fit my case and commenced its use. I began to improve from the first bottle. Now I am cured and recommend it to all. Digests your food. Cures all stomach troubles. Amos Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Deford. Scarlet fever rages. Our blacksmiths both busy. Almost zero weather on Sunday. Meetings closed because of contagion. John Retherford is breaking his cold. Wm. Jay Crittendon is on the sick list.

Old Mrs. Sole, mother of Jesse Sole, is very sick.

Annie Retherford is apparently some better.

'Tis neither wheeling nor sledding on our roads.

Reg and Maud Courtless will return from Oakland county this week.

The visitors from Oceana Co. at Mrs. Francis McCracken's are quarantined.

Scarlet fever hovers round all our burghs, and searches out victims in the country homes besides.

The Wm. Balch sale was a genuine affair. Will go to Port Huron where he will do business or bust.

John Vance is having a large amount of wood cut this winter. Frank and Joe McCracken are doing the job.

Andrew Osborn has closed the bargain—sale of his farm, and will leave us for sure. All wish him good fortune where e'er he may locate.

School dist. No. 6 frl., Kingston, has a new stove and is fitting everything up fine. All that is needed is health for the scholars to make the winter term successful. Miss Irene Sweet is the teacher.

The writer would like to go visiting for about three months now—if some one will extend an invitation. Not much to do and pork worth ten cents per lb., potatoes seventy cents per bushel and buckwheat flour \$2.75 per cwt.

Geo. Martin and family were called to Avoca, St. Clair county, on the 13th, to attend the funeral of a nephew, Ray Balmer, who died at that place very suddenly, where he was visiting in company with his mother, whose home is in Novesta.

Cut prices at Matzen's, Cass City, on cloaks, dress goods and outings.

Of Benefit to You. D. S. Mitchell, Fulford, Md.: "During a long illness I was troubled with bed sores, was advised to try DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and did so with wonderful results. I was perfectly cured. It is the best salve on the market." Same cure for piles, sores, burns. Beware of counterfeiters. Amos Bond's, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Editor Lynch of "Daily Post" Phillipsburg, N. J., has tested the merits of Foley's Honey and Tar with this result: "I have used a great many patent remedies in my family for coughs and colds, and I can honestly say your Honey and Tar is the best thing of the kind I have ever used, and I cannot say too much in praise of it." T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

From an Old Soldier. DERRICK, MICH., Feb. 5, 1900. I hereby certify that I have used Dr. C. D. Warner's Compound of Seven Cures and will say that his remedy has no equal in building up the system and giving renewed life and vigor to people advanced in years. JOHN OUGHLIN.

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Wm. Eidt has purchased the interest of H. Kellerman in the Elkton Roller Mills.

A cold, cough or lagrippe can be "nipped in the bud," with a dose or two of Foley's Honey and Tar. Beware of substitutes. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

S. J. Blackwell will in a few days open a boot and shoe store in the room in the Baldwin building formerly occupied by A. E. Tucker as a jewelry store.—Bad Axe Democrat.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is pleasant to take. It is a pleasant laxative. Sold at Bond's, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

In 1890 the Sobewating Coal Co. abandoned a mine which runs under the town. It was supposed that the property had been properly timbered before the pumps were removed. Yesterday a large section near some of the brick buildings of the business section caved in and now the people are in fear of a general cave-in, as it is not known how far the town is undermined.

A Card We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

T. H. FRITZ, A. BOND.

11-7-01-15-02

The Finest Grown.

BANCROFT HOUSE MOCHA & JAVA COFFEE

VALLEY CITY COFFEE'S SPICE MILLS SAGINAW

Pure, Wholesome, Delicious.

DYSPEPTICIDE The greatest aid to DIGESTION.

Farm for Sale. 206 acres, nine miles from Cass City, 4 miles from railroad depot. 180 acres improved, 130 wooded to clear; 2 large barns, good house, good orchard 3 wells. Inquire of

E. B. Landon,

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The Literary Era PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Foley's Honey and Tar heals lungs and stops the cough.

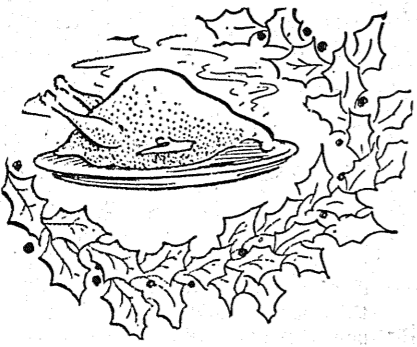
PONTIAC OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R. PASSENGER TIME CARD.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

GOING SOUTH		STATIONS		MIX. PASS.		FRET. NO. 1	
No. 5	No. 3	No. 1	No. 2	No. 1	No. 2	No. 1	No. 2
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Our Holiday Supplement

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



THE BEST HOLIDAY.

There's a Fourth o' July 'th its fireworks
An' crackers, an' rockets that hiss;
It's a glorious day in its noisy old way.
A day that is fine—all but this:
You've got to watch out fer burnt fingers!

That sort of cuts into the fun,
So, though it's a day to be longed fer, I
I know of a dandier one.

Thanks-givin', 'th sparrows an' turkey,
'th pies of about ever' kind;
'th its apples to eat an' its cider so
sweet!

Is a bully old day, to my mind,
But about all there's to it is dinner,
An' when you're filled up that's a bore,
But you get a big dinner at Christmas,
An' my! such a lot of things more!

There's presents of toys that are pretty;
Of books most delightful to read;
Of skates fer to slide, an' bicycles to
ride

Geared up to a wonderful speed,
An' then there are bags full of candy,
An' sugar plums 'long 'th the rest!
So, of all holidays that you long fer an'
praise

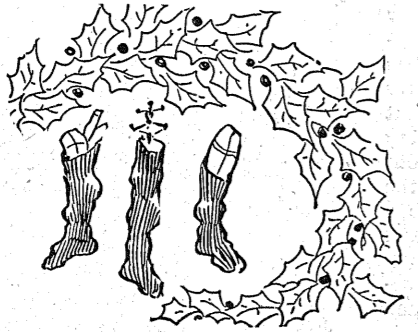
I'm thinkin' that Christmas is best.
—Arthur J. Burdick.

A Soldier Santa Claus.

BY M. QUAD.

Just outside the lines of the Third Army Corps as we went into camp for the winter of 1863-4 was a log farm house inhabited by a woman and three children—the wife and children of a Virginia farmer who had shouldered his musket and marched away with the Confederates two years before. There were other farm houses further away—other farm houses in front of other corps—hundreds of other Confederate war-widows and helpless children on that neutral ground, and we of the blue used to pity them as the nights came down dark and lonely and the north winds made one shiver and chill. We were not warring against women and children, and yet war had laid a heavy hand on them. Their scant crops had been trampled into the earth—their live stock driven off—their fences and barns burned—little left to satisfy their hunger or cover their nakedness. Many a soldier's rations were divided with gaunt-faced women and fish-looking children, and if it was "aiding and comforting" the enemy we were willing to take the chances.

The farm house I have especially referred to was not different from many others, but the woman and children were different. We offered again and again, but they would accept no food at our hands. Now and then the men on picket near the house saw the children searching in the frozen ground for potatoes, or the woman digging roots and wandering afar for stray ears of corn, but when coffee, bacon, sugar and hard-tack were offered them in kindness they turned away their heads. Even if left on the door-step the food was not taken in. We were their enemies. They were hungry and cold and ragged, but they could not conscientiously accept aid at our hands. It was only when Company "B" of the Tenth took its turn on outpost duty near the house that we got a word from woman or child-



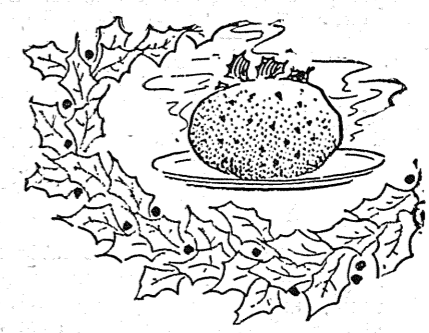
dren. Then it was Corporal O'Toole, big, good-natured and always wearing a smile on his face, who broke down the womanly reserve of the little ten-year-old girl. He found her half a mile from home one day and she was so overcome with the cold that she made no resistance when he picked her up in his arms and carried her to the house. When he kissed the frozen tears from her cheeks and said he had left a kid of her age back in the North who was motherless, the child reached up and put her arms around his neck. The corporal had conquered the child, but not the mother.

"It is kind of you, sir," she said as the soldier entered the house with his burden.

"Never you mind," the corporal would reply when we geyed him a bit over his failure to soften the mother's pride. "Christmas is coming along, and I'll play Santa Claus in a way to melt her heart. Pride or no pride, she can't stand up agin Christmas. I'll fill the stockings of them kids if I'm court-martialed and shot for it next day."

Three days before Christmas we got orders on the front to be unusually vigilant, as it was known that a number of Confederates whose families lived within our lines had been furloughed to pay a brief visit. Our picket was doubled, and every post had three men on it, and it was certain that we turned back quite a number,

dozen of us, and all day long we indulged in the hope that the woman's pride might give way on this one occasion, at least. The day had dragged along until an hour before dusk with everything quiet on our front, when a bushwhacker fired upon and wounded one of our pickets. This brought out a fresh order for vigilance, and a sergeant and his squad beat up the forest and captured two Confederate soldiers who were trying to enter our lines to visit their families. It was known that a third one had escaped, and just after dark Corporal O'Toole was ordered to picket the highway a quarter of a mile from our farm house. When he had reached the spot and posted his men he said:



his package to the floor, cut the string, and the frightened children gasped out exclamations of joy. Then he placed his haversack on the table and was turning away without a word when the woman rose up and said:

"Stop! I know you. You are the corporal. I—I thank you kindly, but—"

"It's Christmas eve, ma'am," interrupted the soldier, "and children are children the world over."

"But this food," she said, "I cannot accept it."

"You must. Confound it, woman—I beg your pardon, ma'am, but don't I know that you haven't had a square meal for weeks past? I'm no enemy to you and the kids."

"But you must take it away."

"But it's Christmas eve, woman—it's the time to forget and forgive, and—"

At that instant the door opened and a stranger entered. No, not a stranger, but the husband and father—the Confederate soldier on a furlough to pass Christmas with his family. The corporal spotted him for what he was in an instant, and before anyone had moved or spoken he turned to the woman and said:

"It's Christmas eve and I present you with your husband and my best wishes!"

He strode to the other door and opened it and passed out to run into the arms of Jones, who had hurried up to say:

"Corporal, I've just tracked one of them Confeds to this house, and he's now inside!"

"Jones!" exclaimed the corporal as he laid his big fist against the other's cold nose, "you're a confounded liar!"

"But I tell you I saw—"

"And you are stone blind! You haven't seen a Johnny for six months, and if you or Williams or Finegan say that you have I'll lam the three of ye within an inch of yer lives! Do you tumble to me or no?"

"Oh, well; if old Santa Claus puts it that way it's not for the likes of me to dispute him," replied Jones.

"That's better—a heap better!" chuckled O'Toole, "and now by the right flank—forward, march!"

And four days later little Susie came out to the corporal and shyly put her hand in his and whispered:

"Pa thanks you, and ma thanks you, and we all thank you, and pa went away last night and ma says it was the best Santa Claus she ever heard of!"

(Copyright, 1901.)

The festival of the twelfth month is not, as the name would indicate, exclusively a Christmas holiday. It was celebrated in much the same fashion as it is now centuries before the Christian era. By the early Romans it was celebrated as the saturnalia, or festival to Saturn, and was marked by the prevalence of merry-making among all classes, rich, poor, old and young.



Hark! The herald angels sing, 'Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled.'

CHARLES WESLEY

"And you must let me gather some wood and supply you with food," he replied.

"No, sir. I can accept nothing from your hands."

"But the children, ma'am."

"They must suffer with me, sir."

The corporal came out to the post and crammed a haversack full of food and returned and begged the woman to accept it, but she was firm. She even chided the children for the hungry look in their eyes. The woman had softened a bit, however, at least towards one of us, and from that day on little Susie was permitted to speak and walk with the corporal, and she did not hide from the rest of us as before. Kindness had converted her.

though our hearts were not in the work. As Corporal O'Toole said one night when he turned out to head the midnight relief:

"It's our duty to obey orders, and we'll be shot if we don't, but this turning back a poor soldier who hasn't had sight of his wife or kids for a couple of years, and who wants nothing now except to pass a Christmas with 'em, is no work for a soldier."

The day before Christmas the corporal made up a haversack of food, brought out a few simple toys and a box of candy he had sent up to Washington for, and he put on a wig and false whiskers and showed himself off as a pretty good Santa Claus. He had the help and encouragement of a

"It's all happened just right. Now I'll rig up and play the Santa Claus act, and you'll see me back here within half an hour. Keep your eyes peeled, and if there's anything suspicious send Jones along to notify me."

With the long, gray hair of his wig tossing in the wind, his venerable whiskers lying on his breast, his fur cap on his head, and a score of bells tinkling as he walked, the corporal passed up the road amidst the whirling snow with his packages on his back. He entered the farm house without knocking. The wife sat huddled over the poor fire, and the children sat on the floor quarreling over a bit of food. Santa Claus swung

Holiday Supplement



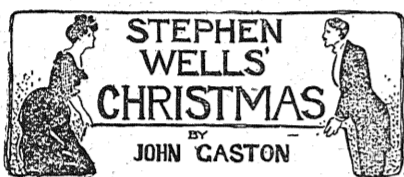
Cass City Enterprise.

CASS CITY, MICH.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1901.

THE NEW YEAR GIRL.

My little lady sits alone
In her boudoir, white and gold.
Waiting to greet the New Year
And bid adieu to the old.
What is beyond the morrow?
(Clank to the bells that ring)
Are there tears or smiles and sunshine?
Oh, what does the New Year bring?



My Lady rose from the table and swept gracefully from the dining room, stately and beautiful, as always. At the door she turned and said:

"Why, certainly, have them down for the holidays if you think they would enjoy it. My time will be so fully occupied, however, that I will not have much of it to devote to them—and our holiday atmosphere is not of the sort they are accustomed to in the country, I fancy." This with a smile denoting well-bred acquiescence but absolutely devoid of warmth.

The man behind her, gray and a trifle bent, with tired eyes, deep wrinkles in his face, inclined his head with a half sigh and replied:

"Thank you, my dear, and I guess you are right. It would be anything but a merry Christmas, I fear, for the girls here. We seem to have lost the spirit of the season. I thought perhaps they might bring a little of the holiday cheer into the house—but you are right, it would only spoil their season."

Insooth it was little of the holiday cheer that the great house had ever known. Long, long years ago, just after they were married and when they had lived in the humbler home in the suburbs Christmas had been a season of holly and mistletoe, of love tokens and surprises, of turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding. Especially after baby came there had been some gorgeous celebrations with Christmas trees and Santa Claus and all the things so dear to the heart of childhood. But when the little one died the shock and sorrow and the disappointment and the heart-sickness were so keen that it was simply impossible to return to the old habits and ways of which the little one had been so essential a part. They had even shrunk from the ordinary manifestations of mutual affection and companionship, which served as a poignant reminder of the loss each felt so deeply in their very different ways.

Something of all these things was in the mind of each that December evening a week before Christmas as they sat in the magnificent drawing room, he half reading his newspaper and she idly turning the pages of a magazine. Presently she rang for a servant and ordered her carriage.

"Are you going out?" he asked, a shade of disappointment in his voice.

"I thought I would go to consult with Mrs. Bogardus regarding the charity ball," she replied. "It is getting near the time and we are on the committee. However, if you have other plans it is not at all important."

"No," he replied, "I have no other plans. I have a trial balance to go over, come to think of it."

But his eyes looked more weary and more sunken as she left the room. As she turned to wave him a good-natured adieu he arose to go to his library and she caught the expression and her eyes contracted with a puzzled look.

It was a stormy night, and as My Lady rode through the rain her carriage collided with a cab recklessly driven in the opposite direction and of the wheels was taken



off and the occupant considerably shaken up. Then she was compelled to seek the shelter of a cottage (the accident occurred in the poorer district of the city) until the coachman could summon another carriage. She apologized with her characteristic grace to the faded little woman who offered her a refuge in response to the driver's appeal and was received with whole-hearted cordiality.

It was a very humble home in which My Lady had found refuge. It was small and scantily furnished and everything was of the cheapest. The carpets, the furniture, the clothing of the people, were all of the cheapest, and the atmosphere was that of the most rigid economy. And yet there was excellent taste displayed, notwithstanding all the cheapness, and everything was neat and tidy and the atmosphere was distinctly that of a home. All these things suggested themselves to her as she seated herself in the modest little parlor. A sturdy boy of three, seated at a table making marks on a sheet of paper, eyed her askance. Encouraged at her smile he volunteered the information that he was writing a letter to Santa Claus.

"I'm tellin' him dat I want a tandy tane and some choo-choo cars," he informed her.

"Do you think he will bring them?" she asked.

"Es I do. Mamma says dat he will

complete canvas hunting suit. "I made this all but the hat," she said. "The gun was the hardest. I saved it all out of my table allowance excepting ten dollars I made by baking for the Woman's Exchange. He doesn't know anything about that, though, and, my, but wouldn't he be mad if he did. He thinks I have enough to do with the housework and the children."

The faded little woman heard a step on the walk and hustled her treasures back into their hiding place. The door flew open and John appeared covered with snow. He merrily kissed the wife and boy and was duly presented to My Lady, at which he subsided in great confusion. There was some little talk about the approaching Christmas and when a few moments later the wife went out to put the boy in bed, John said hastily:

"Would you consider it asking too much of you to look at a present I have got for the little woman. It is out of my line and it cost quite a bit, and I could change it now if it was not all right."

My Lady acquiesced and John rushed out of the room and returned with a cloak of rather good quality—exceedingly good quality in contrast with the things in the house.

"I think it is the most beautiful cloak I ever saw," My Lady responded warmly with moisture in her eyes. Then she added hastily, "for the price.

during the next week and kept much to the seclusion of her room. On Christmas morning when Stephen Wells rose he found a chair standing close to his bed and from one corner hung one of his socks. Investigating in amazement he discovered crowded into it two pair of knit socks and pinned to them was the following note:

"Dear Stephen: "I wanted to give you something that was my own handiwork and that cost me something of time or sacrifice to get. I can do so little that I could think of nothing excepting to knit you some socks 'like grandma used to knit.' So here they are—not much, excepting a love-token from your wife."

The man went to the window and looked out into the vista of sparkling snow for a long time. When he proceeded with his dressing there were tears in his eyes. He went straight to his wife and gathering her in his arms kissed her again and again.

There were several surprises at the Wells home that day. The formal course dinner was supplanted, much to the chef's disgust, with a genuine old-fashioned turkey dinner; the house was resplendent with holly and mistletoe, and in the evening there was the merriest sort of a Christmas tree, loaded with good things. The nieces from the country voted that it was the jolliest Christmas they had ever spent. Down at the cottage whence the in-



YULE TIDE PROBLEMS.

Hunting for a Christmas present
For each blooming friend you know
Is a task that's far from pleasant
When your funds are running low.
It is hard to make selections
That with joy all hearts will thrill
When you've got to make twelve sections
Of a lone ten-dollar bill.

People's wants are so extensive
That they fill you with despair,
They all hope for gifts expensive,
They don't know how ill they'll fare!
If you have a lot of money,
Buying presents is great sport,
But it's anything but funny
When your bank account is short.



Christmas tide has come again and all the little children are thinking about Santa Claus, and some are wondering if he will come to their house this time. There is hardly any reason for any child to believe that he will not come. A good many things change in this world, but on Christmas Eve merry old Santa Claus is always heard of—his hair as white, his nose as red, as ever; his bag of toys just as full; his cry down the chimney of "Any good children here?" just as loud.

Kris Kringle is another name for Santa Claus, and a very good name too; and stockings are not the only things that hold toys. Little German peasant children often set their wooden shoes on the hearth on Christmas eve, pretty sure of a cake and a toy; for children, however poor their parents may be, are made much of in Germany. And in some places in Europe a curious thing happens. The mother, the father, and the rest of the family sit about the fire together on Christmas Eve.

All the room is tidy. The children, half hopeful, half terrified, draw close to mother, father, or grandmothers, as they hear a sound of trumpets or horns outside. Then the mother says: "What can this be?" and opens the door. As she does so, a number of very strange looking figures come in—amongst them one person dressed in white, with wings, and a great basket in his hand, and another in black, with a bunch of rods.

"God bless you all," says the figure in white. "Are there any good children here?"

"Are there any bad children here?" asks the black figure.

"My children are all pretty good," the mother answers.

"I am glad to hear it," says the white visitor. "I have gifts here for good children."

"Stop!" the black figure cries; "they are not good. Hans struck his brother yesterday. Gretchen does not know her catechism, and Petra broke a piece from the Sunday cake as it sat to cool on the window-sill. I will leave rods to whip them all with."

The children begin to cry. The white figure spreads out his hands and says:

"The little ones will be better next year." Then he takes one of the rods from the black visitor and drives him out. The visitors play on the instruments they have brought, and the whole family sing Christmas hymns. The angelic visitor then empties his basket on the table, and leaves there a great number of iced cakes, gilded nuts, gingerbread horses, and wooden toys, and then departs. The mother tells the children to be good all the year, lest the rod should really be left for them on the next Christmas, and all have supper and go to bed.

Christmas day is a happy one for most children all over the Christian world, and I hope that because this is so they will remember that this day is kept because eighteen hundred and eighty-one years ago, Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," was first a babe in his mother's arms—Mary Kyle Dallas in the New York Ledger.



ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

if I don't ask too much. Do you think that is too much?" he demanded.

"No, indeed," she responded warmly, "and I am sure he will bring them."

"We always try to observe Christmas and the holidays," remarked the faded little woman. "Of course we are not able to do much, but we try to catch the spirit of the days, and it seems to brighten us all up so much to forget the worries and struggles for one day now and then—and it is so much to the children. I want to show you what I am going to give John—if you don't mind. I've just got it, and I will burst if I don't show it to someone. John is my husband, you know, and he is very fond of hunting, but he doesn't go very often because he hasn't got a gun and it costs so much to rent one." Whereupon she dodged into a closet and emerged with a bright new double-barreled shot gun.

"And that ain't all," she went on, her eyes glowing with excitement. "See what I've made for him," and she disappeared again and emerged with a

It is well worth the money, I assure you, and your wife will be the happiest woman in the world, I am sure."

A half hour later she entered her husband's library and said: "Stephen, I have been thinking it over and I really would like to have the girls down for the holidays. I have decided to decline all invitations for the Christmas week and I think we can make it pleasant for them—and as you said, they may bring some of the holiday cheer into the house."

"Very well," he responded, looking at her in some surprise, but evidently pleased, "I will write them tonight."

As he rose from his chair he uttered an exclamation: "Confound that rheumatism. I believe it is getting worse. I half believe if I wore home-knit socks like old Grandma Black used to knit for me that it would help. This city-made hosiery never comes up to the mark set by the old-time home-knit socks."

My Lady was a very busy woman

inspiration came there was another jolly Christmas. My Lady had sent all the materials for the most gorgeous dinner that ever was served, from an eighteen pound turkey to plum pudding and loads of candy for the children, besides a wonderful train of automatic cars for the boy who wrote to Santa Claus.

Society wonders why it lost Mrs. Wells and why the Wells gave up their mansion on the avenue and moved to the cosy home-like house in the suburb. The business world wonders why Stephen Wells retired so suddenly from active business just after making plans for widening and extending his operations. A certain little woman who used to look faded but now is quite fresh and rosy wonders what good angel arranged for the breaking down of Mrs. Wells' carriage in front of her door and what there was in the brief stay that gave the visitor such a sustained interest in her affairs and John's. For John now occupies a very important and well-paid position secured through the influence of Stephen Wells. (Copyright 1901.)

Holiday Supplement



GOD BLESS THE MASTER.
God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go;
And all your kin and kinsfolk
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.



Archie wanted one of the pretty sleighs that he had seen in Dunkirk's store the day before Christmas. "But they are a dollar and fifty cents," he said to his mamma, "and I have only 20 five-cent pieces in my bank."

"If I give you ten more five-cent pieces," said his mother, smiling, "how much will you have then?"

"One hundred and fifty cents," cried Archie, laughing aloud. "May I go and buy the sleigh now?"

"Yes," said his mother, "but I want some of those lovely red berries I saw in the wood yesterday. They would look so nice among the evergreens. And besides, grandma and your aunts love them so."

"I'll bring you a lot," said Archie. In a few moments he was running down the road toward Mr. Dunkirk's store.

As he passed a tiny cottage on the way a very small boy pushed open the window and shouted: "Santa Claus is going to bring me a sleigh to-night."

"How do you know, Dick?" asked Archie.

"Ellen told me so," said Dick.

Archie had never seen the little fellow's face look so bright and happy. He knew that Dick lived alone with his sister, who, though only fifteen years old, worked hard all day long in the big silk factory to support herself and her brother. And as Archie walked toward Mr. Dunkirk's store he thought a great deal of Dick's happy face.

As he turned a corner suddenly he ran against a girl standing in the road. It was Dick's sister and she was crying.

"What is the matter?" asked Archie. "Why don't you go home?"

"I—can't bear to see Dick. I promised him a sleigh and I spoiled a lot of silk to-day and have been dismissed from the works without my week's pay."

The tears were in Archie's eyes as he went on his way. When he reached the little cottage on his return he stood still behind a great bush outside of the gate. Little Dick was still peering out. Archie watched the eager face for several moments, then, when the child left the window, he stole softly through the little garden up the rickety steps. Then, fastening the rope of his beautiful new sleigh to the door knob, he gave three loud raps and ran away.

He heard Dick open the door and shout:

"Oh! oh! oh! See what Santa Claus has brought me!"

It was eight o'clock on Christmas Eve and at Archie's house his mother stood at the door looking white and frightened. His father, with a lantern in his hand, stood in the road. Archie had not come home.

"I have been to Mr. Dunkirk's store," said Archie's father. "He left before dark. Now I will search the wood."

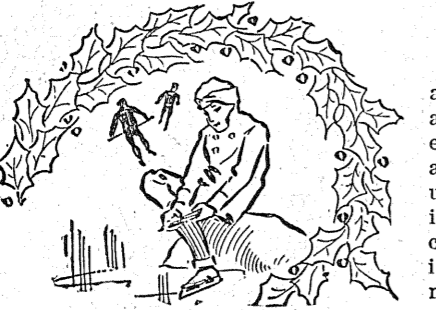
Some one shouted, "Hello! hello! hello!"

"There he is now!" cried Archie's mother. "I am so glad!" and she ran down the road toward the voice.

The first person they met was Ellen, pulling a beautiful new red and green sleigh over the smooth snow and on it was little Dick, and Archie with his arms full of red berries.

"Oh, where have you been?" said his mother, as he ran to meet her.

"I went to the woods for the berries and my coat caught in a branch



and I could not get it away. If it had not been for Ellen I might have been hanging there yet."

"How can I ever thank you!" said Archie's mother, turning to Ellen.

"I saw him go into the wood," replied Ellen, "after he put this beautiful sleigh on our doorstep for Dick. Then, when I heard he was lost, I followed and looked for him. I would have searched all night. I never can do enough for him. He is the dearest, best, little fellow in the world," and, turning, she hurried away.

The next morning when Archie rushed into the room where the Christmas tree stood loaded down with gifts, he found beneath it an express wagon, and on the wagon was a beautiful red and green sleigh, exactly like the one he had given to Dick.

Well, Archie was very happy that day, but he thought often of Ellen and poor little Dick, and when the odor of roasted turkey and mince pies crept through the house he wondered if they would have any Christmas dinner.

He asked his mother about it as she was brushing his hair. She only kissed him for reply, but in the dining-room,

the landscape. Now the fir, no longer despised, is a source of considerable income to hundreds of Maine rural people and to the transportation companies as well, for its graceful proportions and balsamic odor have become known to the dwellers in cities, where it is regarded as the ideal tree whereon to display the lights and gifts of holiday time.

The beginning of the popularity of the fir was in 1892, when a party of sportsmen returning in a Boston steam yacht from Newfoundland called at Sargentville, on Penobscot bay, to enable some of the party to visit mines inland. Here the beauty of the fir attracted the attention of the owner of the yacht, who took 500 young trees to Boston and sold them at good prices in the Christmas market at Faneuil hall. Up to that time pines and spruces had been used as Christmas trees, but since the day of the Boston yachtman's speculation the fir has been the favorite. Now about 1,500,000 trees are annually shipped from Maine.

Men, women and children often work together in gathering the Christ-

mas tree harvest, and in some localities the cutting of the greens is made the occasion of a general merrymaking, as at huskings and other farm festivals. The trees are bundled up, according to size, in lots of six or a dozen, conveyed on hayracks to the railroad station, and there either sold to traveling buyers or shipped direct to Boston or New York. The farmers get about 5 cents each for the smaller trees, 10 to 15 cents for those eight to ten feet tall. In all, Maine people realize about \$150,000 a year from their crop of Christmas greens.

One rule is pretty safe to follow: A present should be something good of its kind; something honest and genuine. Fifty years ago some of our jewelers used to keep a kind of ware which they called "target-excursion plate." An enormous coffee urn or gigantic speaking trumpet would be plaited with fifteen cents' worth of silver. Politicians generously gave such articles to fire companies and other constituents, to be shot for on their annual excursion. An honest boot-jack had been a worthier prize. In all branches of manufacture there are articles of the target-excursion plate variety—splendid objects for a month or two, and loathsome ever after.—Ex.

The years come and the years go. Good resolutions are formed and re-



DOESN'T WANT MUCH.
He doesn't want very much
At Christmas time this year;
Just a few little things
To boyish hearts so dear.
He'll be content with just a few
Of all the hosts of toys
That Christmas morning ought to bring
To all good little boys.

He only wants a rocking horse,
A trumpet and a drum,
A shiny sword and leather belt,
Some candy and some gum,
A train of cars, and engines, too,
That round the playroom roll,
A fireman's hat, a ball and bat,
And a police patrol.

Some Historical Data.

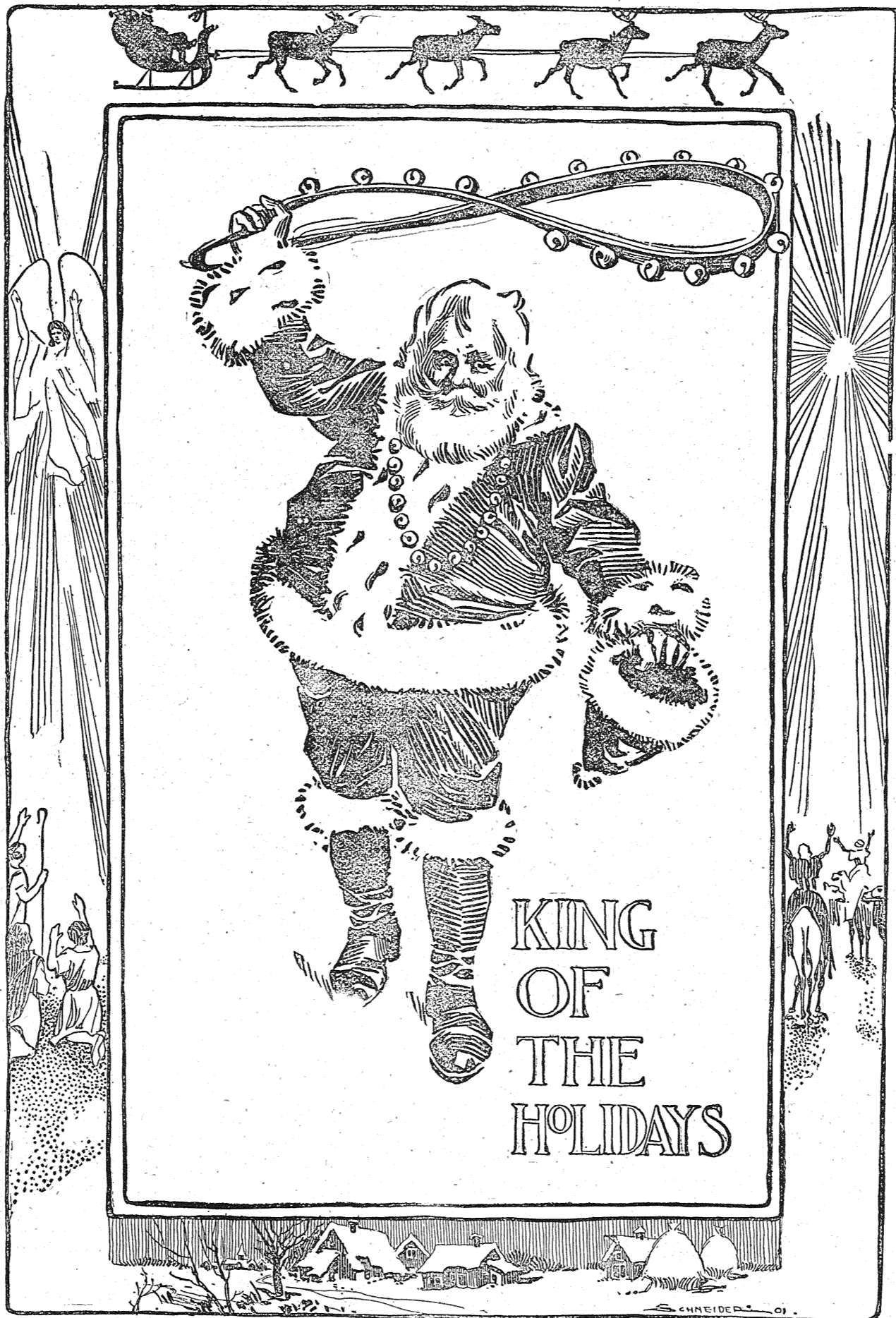
Few events of great import in the world's history have taken place on Christmas day, but the ancient festival has often been immediately preceded or followed by mighty transactions. A. D. 283, while Romans were celebrating the festival, their emperor, Marcus Aurelius Carus, was killed by lightning. Clovis, the first Christian king of France, was crowned at Rheims Dec. 25, 496. Leo V, emperor of Constantinople, was assassinated Dec. 25, 820. On Christmas day, 1066, William the Conqueror was crowned in London. Gilles De Retz, the famous Bluebeard, was executed on Dec. 24, 1440, at Nantes, for his horrible crimes.

The first Christmas celebrated inside a house on the American continent was in 1618. The pilgrim fathers finished their house at Plymouth, having spent a month looking for a place of settlement. The house was not nearly large enough to accommodate all of the nineteen families, but all united in a fervent song to the Babe of Bethlehem. James Stuart, pretender to the British throne, landed at Peterhead, Scotland, on Christmas day, 1715, and established his court there. On Christmas night, 1776, General George Washington made his memorable crossing of the Delaware. Next day was fought the battle of Trenton. A year later the ragged, hungry, half-frozen, but heroic continental army was at Valley Forge. On the same day, in 1780 England declared war against Holland, an event which gave the American patriots much encouragement. In 1787 the day was worthily occupied by delegates to the Philadelphia convention in framing the constitution of the United States. When the next Christmas came around that immortal document had been ratified by eleven of the states.

In 1789 Washington had been elected the first president of the United States, the constitutional congress had been superseded by the first congress under the constitution and the people of the United States were looking forward to the inaugural ceremonies. This was the first genuinely happy Christmas the American people had experienced in many years. The new American republic, however, was not to have many glad Christmas times. In 1798 it was apparent that the Americans were on the verge of hostilities with France, and when the next Christmas came around war was in progress between the two countries.

Dec. 24, 1804, Spain and England were at war. The following Christmas, 1805, France and Russia decided upon peace. Dec. 25, 1807, the people of the United States were agitated by a congressional bill to abolish the slave trade. In 1812 another war was being waged between England and the United States.

Christmas Eve, 1831, the agitation for the abolition of slavery was begun and John C. Calhoun came forward as the champion of state rights. The greatest snow storm in the experience of England began falling Dec. 24, 1836, and continued during Christmas day. The snow in some places reached a depth of forty feet. All travel was blocked. There was no communication, not even between houses, and avalanches buried many people in their dwellings, where they were frozen. Dec. 24, 1844, the Morse telegraph was experimented with between Baltimore and Washington, and Christmas day messages were successfully dispatched back and forth.



where all the family from far and near were assembled around the table heaped with all manner of good things, she said:

"Archie, come here and welcome your guests," and he found himself seated between a pretty, young girl dressed in white and a very small girl in a new suit of clothes. It was Ellen and her brother Dick.

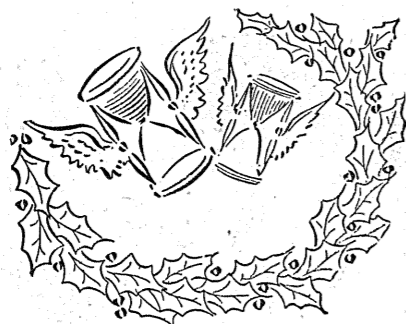
Money in Christmas Trees.
The Christmas tree industry is now at its height in Maine, many car loads and even vessel loads going forward every week to the large cities. Only a few years ago the fir tree was looked upon as a nuisance in Maine, because it grew as rankly as the burdock and crowded out better growths, while being of no value itself except as it might be considered an ornament to

Suitable Presents.
It is not easy to give presents that shall be just right. The charm of a gift lies in its suitability both to giver and receiver—its suitability in kind, quality and value. No rule can

be laid down for the selection of presents, because the ties which bind human beings together are of infinite variety. There are ties of interest, of friendship, of affection, of love, of gratitude; and these differ in strength and character. No one can give infallible advice to another on this matter.

Some of us are old scriveners in the volume of Chronos. Many such have benefited little by their long experience, their last year's page being, perhaps, the darkest of all. But it is never too late to mend.—Exchange.

Holiday Supplement



HOLLY AND IVY.

Holly and Ivy made a great party.
Who should have the mastery
In lands where they go.

Then spake Holly: "I am fierce and jolly,
I will have the mastery
In lands where we go."

Then spake Ivy: "I am loud and proud,
And I will have the mastery
In lands where we go."

Then spake Holly and bent him down on
his knees:
"I pray thee, gentle Ivy,
Essay me no villainy
In lands where we go."



It was New Year's Eve. Kate Vivian, the dressmaker in High Street, was making preparations for the sleigh ride party to be given the next evening by Major Frank Fontaine.

"It isn't as if we were going all by ourselves," remonstrated Kate to her fiancé, who had come to her to protest that afternoon. "The Fetherstones are to be of the party, and Mr. Hyde and Susie Mountbee, and—"

"Kate," said George Grayson, taking her hand tenderly into his, "do not go. Let my wishes weigh with you for this once. Respect my prejudices, if prejudices you choose to call them, and give up this mad expedition." But Kate jerked the plump, pretty little hand out of his.

"I am going," she said, her dark eyes sparkling with rebellious determination. "I have promised Major Fontaine, and I do not intend to break my word."

"Kate," he reasoned, "do you know what all this means?"

"I don't understand you," she said. "It means that our engagement will be broken. It means that you are wearied of me—that you prefer the brilliant companionship of Frank Fontaine to my humble devotion!" She was silent. Once more he offered her his hand.

"Good-bye, Kate," said he, pale but quiet. For a second she hesitated; and as he noticed the trace of that uncertainty in her face, his heart beat high within his breast. But alas! the eyes glittered disdainfully once again—the lovely coral lips compressed themselves into an invisible thread of scarlet. She laid her hand lightly in his. "Good-bye," she said, with formal courtesy. And so they parted.

George Grayson went back, feeling as if he had left a dead corpse behind him. He had loved little Kate Vivian so well, so truly. He had toiled so perseveringly and incessantly to make a home for her; he had lived his life so to speak, entirely with reference to her—and now she had thrown him away as carelessly as if he had been a withered bouquet or a worn glove. "Are all women like that, I wonder?" he said to himself. "Do all love dreams end like mine?"

While little Kate on her part, was flushed and jubilant with a sort of fevered elation, half frightened to think that she had really broken with George Grayson, half angry that he had had the will and resolution to fling off the chains of her bondage. And even while she was selecting her prettiest dress to go on the sleighing expedition, and sewing new ribbons upon her silky Gainsborough hat, she flung the needle down and burst into a hot, sparkling shower of tears.

"Let him go!" she said. "Major Fontaine is richer—handsomer—more stylish. And I am almost sure that Major Fontaine loves me."

Next day she put on the black velvet dress which had taken so many months of her earnings at the dressmaker's atelier to pay for, and set forth upon the sleighing party.

It was an ideal New Year's afternoon; the meadows crusted over with frozen pearl; the woods all "ajangle" with icicles; the sun rising high in the blue cold heavens, and every little roadside stream sealed in shining

plates of ice. Katie Vivian had never been on the boulevard before. It was all new to her, the hosts of gliding sleighs, the four-in-hands, the crowds assembled along the sidewalks to watch the gay throng; and a thrill of innocent, girlish pride arose in her heart as she leaned back in the luxurious little cutter with its red velvet lining, its glossy black fox robe, its chimes of silver ringing bells, and the arching neck and dilated nostrils of the superb jet black horse which drew them. Major Fontaine, in his sealskin coat and cap, his long, drooping mustache, and the diamonds that sparkled in his linen—Kate thought, as she glanced timidly up at him from under the brim of her Gainsborough hat, what a brilliant life it would be to glide along like this at his side! And presently they left the crowds and the hotels and the swarming sleighs behind, and dashed onward, through lonely woods, alongside the ghostly glitter of frozen cascades, athwart dark glens where the orange sunset lay in bars of gold, for miles and miles of gliding swiftness. Until, all of a sudden, there was a creaking, splintering sound—a mad forward plunge of the jet-black steed—and Katie was flung into a snow drift by the side of the road! It was nothing

a cheerful little sitting room, red-curtained, and carpeted with a staring design of roses and tulips, where there was a wood fire burning on the hearth and a shaded lamp on the table. And here she sat rather listlessly, waiting for the rest of the party, when the loud, laughing voices of the young men, adjoining from the piazza into the barroom, struck discordantly on her ears. "A regular little beauty," said one. "I congratulate you, Fontaine," said another. "When is it to come off?" said a third. "Of course, it's a foregone conclusion," remarked yet another. "Don't make fools of yourselves," said Fontaine, sharply. "What's the matter?" cried a loud voice. "Are we mistaken? Isn't it Miss Blanche Boisseau, after all?" "Certainly it isn't!" retorted Fontaine, brusquely. "And I'll trouble you to make a little less free with that lady's name in a place like this. It's only little Kate Vivian, the dressmaker. She's good form and the best of company, and I brought her up here just for the fun of the thing. But as for being engaged to her—that's nonsense. And now leave off talking stuff, and help me with the cutter, will you?"

"Only little Kate Vivian, the dressmaker!" The hot blood rose to her

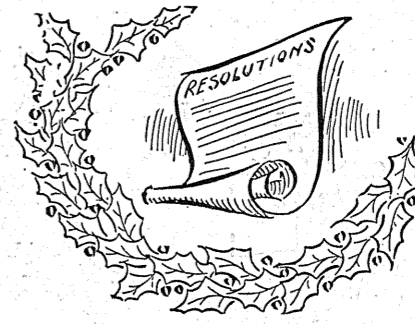
the New Year service, when a little hand fell softly on his arm, and a tremulous voice whispered the one word:

"George!"

"Katie!" he cried, his heart giving an upward bound. "My Katie!"

"Yes, your Katie, George—yours forever!" she answered, hiding her flushed face against his sleeve. "And oh! I have been so silly. But I believe I never shall be again, if only you will forgive me!"

The subject was never again alluded to, and Katie Vivian was married to honest George Grayson in the spring. "He has a heart of gold!" she said. "And I would rather be his wife than to sit upon a throne."



JOY TO THE WORLD.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every tongue with sacred mirth
His loud applauses sing.

Hark, hark, what news, what joyful news,
To all the nations round;
To-day rejoice, a King is born,
Who is with glory crown'd.

Behold! He comes, the tidings spread,
A Savior full of grace;
He comes, in mercy, to restore,
A sinful, fallen race.



DOLLY'S NEW YEAR PARTY

"Can't I, please, come to your New Year party?" pleaded Jack Mason of his sister Dolly, who sat, with her mother, industriously writing out invitations for a party on New Year's afternoon.

"Yes, Dolly dear, why not invite your brother and a few of his young friends, the brothers of the little girls who are to be of your party?"

"Because, mamma," said Dolly emphatically, "boys are horrid! And they spoil all the fun. And, besides, they eat up everything before we have had time to get seated at the table. We do not want any boys at our New Year party."

"Just as you please, my dear. But I think you make a mistake."

Jack said nothing, but a mischievous look came into his face.

On the afternoon of the party there assembled in Mrs. Mason's parlor twelve as pretty little girls as you ever saw; and for an hour there were games and such high revelry.

By and by a march was played upon the piano, and then Dolly, at the head of the grand procession, marched, with another little girl at her side, gravely through the parlors, around the hall and then down-stairs to the feast in the dining-room.

Dolly glanced at the dishes and gave a cry.

"Oh, mamma!" said Dolly. "Where is all the cake?"

And Bridget, coming in at that moment, threw up her hands in astonishment, exclaiming:

"Where's all the ice cream and the oranges? And look at them sticks and stones on the plates!"

"It's those horrid boys!" said Dolly. It was a saddened little company that crept upstairs again after Mrs. Mason had consoled them as well as she could with sugar-cakes and bread and butter. And as the games progressed, there were tears of mortification wiped off many a little girl's cheek.

Mrs. Mason, going out the back door called the boys and had a long talk with them.

"Now, boys," said she, "there is only one thing you can do to be forgiven."

"What is it?" asked the boys, for they felt ashamed.

"Do as I say, and all will be well!"

"Young ladies," said Mrs. Mason, appearing in the parlor later, "you are requested by the young gentlemen to come down into the dining room. They have something nice to give you."

"Now speak your little speech, Jack," said Mrs. Mason, "and then the young ladies will understand."

"Young ladies," said Jack, "we wish to ask you to join us at our New Year feast. We heard— (here Jack stopped to cough a little) "that you were disappointed in yours, and within an hour we have prepared this supper. George froze the cream. Ralph stirred the cake. Willie went to the store for fruit, and as for me, I set the table, and the other boys ran errands. I hope, young ladies, you will like the feast."

"I think, mamma," said Dolly that night, "that boys are very pleasant and nice when they want to be. I am really glad that they came to our party. Next year we'll invite them."



serious, after the first shock and terror were over, and Major Fontaine lifted off his frightened little heroine tenderly out of the snow.

"It was only a fallen bough across the road," he explained. "I didn't see it in the twilight, but Sultan shied at it, and the cutter is broken. And now you will have to walk with me a few steps up the road—fortunately there is a hotel near by—and wait until the rest of the party come up, and we can patch the cutter together. Pray do not allow yourself to be annoyed. The moon will be up in half an hour and we shall have a delightful return trip." And so Katie brushed away her tears and smiled once more as she accepted the support of his arm up the hillside.

Several young men were lounging on the steps of the hotel as they came up, to all of whom Major Fontaine appeared to be well known, and Katie was led by the bustling landlady into

cheeks like a boiling tide at the accents of cool contempt in which the words were spoken.

"He despises me," she said to herself. "He has only brought me here to amuse his idle fancy, and all the while I—foolish I—have been imagining that he loved me. Oh! what is his frothy fancy to the deep, noble, enduring love of George Grayson? Oh! what a fool, what an idiot I have been!"

And during all the long homeward ride Katie Vivian scarcely spoke to Major Fontaine.

"She isn't as good fun as I thought," said the discomfited cavalier to himself. "I'll be hanged if I ask her out again! And, besides, Blanche might hear of it, and there would be the deuce and all to pay."

George Grayson was standing sadly by the church door that evening, waiting for his mother to come out from

the village surrounded by mountains and dense forests, has been known to the world as the workshop of the good saint of childhood. Here it is that most of the finest playthings of the Christmas season are produced—dolls, soldiers, houses, animals and all sorts of gaudily colored trinkets.

Some one has said that there cannot be found in literature a single Christmas sermon which meets the occasion. Of course there cannot. The occasion is the new birth of the world. Unless the preacher is competent to say how far the world has grown since its new birth—unless he can comprehend and declare the infinite greatness of the kingdom of God which the Savior of men promises in the world, and unless the same preacher can describe the world as it was, "the people who sat in darkness," he cannot preach the sermon which shall meet "the occasion."—Edward Everett Hale.



A nice line of
HOLIDAY GOODS
arrived this week—
Water Sets, Cups and Saucers, Mugs of all kinds, Dolls, Doll Heads,

A Merry Christmas to you all!

in fact everything imaginable to please the children.

PERFUMES OF ALL KINDS

Just arrived this week a nice line of
Dress Goods, Prints, Outings, All-wool Blankets Underwear, Mittens, Gloves, etc.

Our **GROCERY LINE** The highest market price paid for is fresh and up-to-date.
Butter and Eggs.

J. W. CAMPBELL.

Comfort
is what most of us are looking for and we can supply you with good big slices at a very little cost. Call and look over our fine line of

STOVES
and you will see some fine goods at reasonable figures.

N. Bigelow & Son.

White Lily Flour

Full good value, a flour that furnishes stimulating food, which is a pleasure to the palate and is wholesome and beneficial.

ASK YOUR DEALER
for it and take no other. Manufactured at

Cass City Roller Mills,
C. W. Heller.

CUT PRICES IN OUR DRY GOODS DEPT.

Duck worth 10c now	5c
\$1.00 Wrappers for	60c and 70c
1.00 Undershirts for	60c and 75c
6, 7, and 8c Prints for	4c and 5c
Plaid Dress Goods from	5c to 25c
Fascinators, large, for	25c
Duck Coats	90c to \$1.90
Handkerchiefs for	2c and 3c
All Flann-lettes for	12 1/2c
All Dress Goods 20 per cent off.	
Rugs	\$1.50 to \$2.00
Fine Blankets for	45c, 75c and \$1.00
Ladies' Cloaks, full and three-quarter lengths	\$7.50 to \$15.00
Best value in town.	
Full line of Ladies' Mitts.	
Men's Fur Coats	\$14, 17 and \$25

HARDWARE DEPT. Large stock of Glazed Windows, Pumps, Pipes and Washing Machines.

STOVE DEPT. Special sale on Steel Ranges and Gas Cook Stoves Nov 22 to Dec. 10. Largest stock in the county to sell at from.

WOOD FOR SALE.

J. L. Hitchcock & Sons,
Opera House Block.

Karr's Corners.

Tom Sheridan, of Fairgrove, visited P O'Brien's last week.

Maggie Tanner is the guest of Gertrude Burton, of Gagetown.

Jno. Anyon, of Gagetown, was a caller at Wm Ritchie's Monday.

Geo Karr had the misfortune to have a stick of wood strike him in the eye in such a manner as to render him unconscious. He is better at this writing.

While riding to school on Thursday morning Roland, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Muma, was thrown from a wagon and quite seriously injured, the wheel of the buggy passing over his leg.

Cut prices on cloaks, dress goods and outings at Matzen's, Cass City.

Don't do it.

Do not take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin unless you have Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache or some form of Stomach Trouble such as Dyspepsia, Biliousness or Heartburn, for these are what it is guaranteed to cure. Sold at Bond's, Cass City; F. A. Francis; Kingston.

J. W. Bryan, of Lowder, Ill., writes: "My little boy was very low with pneumonia. Unknown to the doctor we gave him Foley's Honey and Tar. The result was magical and puzzled the doctor, as it immediately stopped the racking cough and he quickly recovered." T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Canboro.

Mrs. Lewis Jarvis was an Elkton caller last Wednesday.

Chris Pedersen was a business caller in Elkton Saturday.

Remember our Christmas tree on Christmas eve. All come.

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. H. Rockwood last Thursday.

Mrs. Abeal and daughter, Hazel, were callers in Cass City Saturday.

Miss Lizzie Bullentine was a pleasant caller in Elkton Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo Myers transacted business in Bad Axe Saturday.

Wm. Parker and Curtis Lambkin were Cass City callers Thursday and purchased a fine coal stove of N. Bigelow & Son for the Canboro school. That's the place to go to get a coal stove for the winter.

Cut prices on cloaks, dress goods and outings at Matzen's, Cass City.

Foils a Deadly Attack.

"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cure constipation, sick headache, 25c at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Caro.

A new milliner in town.

Little Lottie Bugbee is on the sick list.

Mrs. F. Curbrison is suffering with quinsy.

Mrs. Geo. Gibson has returned from Sanilac county.

School will close Friday for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Ira Randall is clerking at the New York store.

Mrs. Will Craig, of Almer, was in town on the 14th.

Giles Whitlock, of Almer, was in town on the 12th.

Miss Jennie Osterle is visiting friends in Elinton.

Miss Vina Kenyon, of Almer, was a caller here Saturday.

Robt. McCreedy, of Elmwood, did business here Tuesday.

W. H. Montague, of Almer, did business here on Thursday.

John Wells and family are moving into their new residence.

Wm. Fitzgerald, of Columbia, did business here on the 16th.

Mrs. Ernie Medical, of Elmwood, was a Caro visitor on the 12th.

Farmers have gone to hauling beets.


CELEPY KING
NATURE'S CURE

A Girl's Experience.

My daughter's nerves were terribly out of order. She was thin and weak; the least noise started her, and she was wakened at night. Before she had taken one package of Celepy King the change in her was so great that she could hardly be taken for the same girl. She is rapidly growing well and strong, her complexion is perfect, and she sleeps well every night.—Mrs. Lucy McNitt, Brush Valley, Pa.

Celepy King cures Constipation, Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

Miraculous CURES
—BY THE—
DETROIT CLINIC



The Eminent Specialist who performs such marvelous cures that patients from the east and west visit the Clinic, will make the following regular monthly visits.

John Gordon's Tavern
on Fri. and Sat.
Jan. 3 and 4, '02.

"Eyes tested and glasses fitted by the latest scientific methods free."

CONSULTATION FREE!
and Strictly Private in Every Case.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Never buy a plant in bloom.

Never water plants in flower from above.

In planting out an orchard do not plant more than can be manured and cared for well.

A yard or lawn always looks barren without some choice ornamental trees and shrubs. On this account every lawn should contain a few choice specimens of these ornamental trees.

Scale insects on plants, such as the oleanders, the fragrant olive, roses, etc., are among the most difficult pests to overcome. A mixture of white hellebore powder with dissolved soap rubbed in is a good remedy.

Keeping all young trees carefully staked leads to the formation of clean, straight stems. These in their turn are conducive to the growth of large, healthy, fruitful heads. One stout stake should be placed by each tree when it is planted.

Crocus must be planted in October to insure spring blooms. It makes a fine appearance if thickly planted upon a lawn. Make a cut with a spade three or four inches deep in the sod, tuck in a couple of bulbs and press the sod back into place with the foot.

Habits of Seals.

The habits of seals are very interesting. The very young seal is helpless in the water until he is taught by his mother to swim. She takes him into the water daily on her fin and dumps him in, and when he gets tired of floundering about places him on her fin again and returns to her camp. When the young seals are well grown, they suddenly disappear with their mothers and the bull seals. No one knows where they go, and their return is equally as sudden as their departure. The bulls are the first to put in an appearance at the camping ground. When they arrive, they commence at once to prepare a camp for their mates, which they stake off, and for which they fight until they die. In the meantime the female seals remain quite a distance from land, floating lazily on the water and seemingly having a good time.

Bound to Sound Their "H."

The English middle classes have had so much fun poked at them for dropping the letter "h" and for carrying it forward and placing it where it should not be, possibly thus to obey the laws of compensation, that they have become sensitive on the subject, and many aspirate "h" with double force when the letter should be aspirated. Instead of saying "before him," as Americans do, with a light aspiration, they will say "before him," taking a full and deep breath when they utter the second word, shooting it out as if it came from a popgun. Dropping the "h" is not new for ordinary English folk. It is a new trick to aspirate it with double the force required.—New York Commercial Advertiser

Oyster Shells.

One thousand bushels of shucked oysters leave about 1,100 bushels of shells, which accumulate in great heaps about the shucking houses. The oyster shells landed on the shores of Maryland during the last ninety years have been reckoned at 12,000,000 tons—a quantity twice sufficient to overload and sink every sailing vessel, steam vessel, barge and canalboat in America.

A Good Thing.

German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. E. Boschee, a celebrated German Physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in medicine. It quickly cures Coughs, Colds and all Lung troubles of the severest nature, removing, as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in a strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test of years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its rapidly increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Boschee's German Syrup was introduced in the United States in 1858, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will relieve any ordinary cough. Price 75 cts. Get Green's Prize Almanac. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Watch for
Bargains
in...
Millinery
Until...
After the Holidays.

Street Hats at cost and trimmed hats at greatly reduced prices. Give us a call.
Yours for business,
Mrs. M. L. MOORE.

Farm for Sale

120 acres 4 1/2 miles from Cass City; in Novesta township. 75 acres improved; good house and barn; 200 young fruit trees; splendid poultry house and corn crib.

A. A. Livingston.

Fine Line of
BUGGIES
now on hand. Don't fail to see them before buying. Also

FEED CUTTERS, ROOT CUTTERS AND HORSE POWERS.....

Striffler & McDermott

Central Meat Market
Fresh and Salt Meats of all kinds.
CASH FOR HIDES.
John Schwaderer.
Old Sheridan Stand.

DON'T BE FOOLED!
The market is being flooded with worthless imitations of **ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA**...

To protect the public we call special attention to our trade mark, printed on every package, demand the genuine. For Sale by all Druggists.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.

MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 235 F St., Washington, D. C.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

Another bank teller has overdrawn his account a matter of \$100,000.

The man who would wreck a child's faith in Santa Claus would wreck a bank.

When your firmness pleases, it is resolution. When it doesn't it is just bull-headed obstinacy.

A powerful effort is under way to make the golden rod our national flower. What's the matter with celery?

A Chicago preacher says Sunday schools are of no value, but they are pretty well crowded just now, all the same.

King Edward's coronation rites will last four hours, during which time he will be compelled to abstain absolutely from smoking.

Football is more profitable than prize fighting, if not more elevating. Yale, despite her defeats, has cleared \$70,000 this season.

Cheating at cards is legally held to be larceny in the State of Washington. In some of the other far western states it is merely suicide.

A smokeless stove for soft coal has been invented. Now give us a coalless stove for hard prices and our happiness will be complete.

Andrew Carnegie seems to be having trouble in establishing his title as laird of Skibo, but nobody will contest his right as universal librarian.

The old method of killing yourself by going over or through a fence and dragging your gun after you, still prevails in some parts of the country.

The educational test for immigrants unfortunately will not meet the case of the anarchists, many of whom are educated too much for their own good.

By a decree of fashionable Paris, neckwear must henceforth be conservative. However, a pronounced red is considered to be conservative in Paris.

If all the crown diamonds in the country shall be worn at the coming coronation of King Edward the common people will have to wear smoked glasses.

It has again been demonstrated that two such substantial bodies as steam locomotives cannot safely pass through the same section of space at the same time.

As to the woman of 50 who has sued for damages on account of breach of promise of marriage, there is no occasion for mirth. It is a serious matter to a woman of that age.

Encouraged by the success which attended the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers, another Baltimore company has been incorporated to extract whisky from watermelons.

An anarchist orator in Chicago has just said that he bows down to the assassin of presidents and ranks him as a superior. Congress will shortly provide a place for these promoters of murder.

"It's a hard job," says a Yeakum (Tex.) editor, "for a fellow to grind out poetry, collect subscriptions, run the job press and manage a paper, all at the same time." So it is, brother. Quit grinding out the poetry.

We earth people are not awake; we are asleep. We are dreaming now; we are just God's dreams. Wait till we awake, and then watch our smoke sweep up and smother Mars and a few million of the other peopled planets!

A New Yorker has promised a job to Johan Beck, the man who crossed the ocean in a box in the hold of the Hamburg-American steamer Palatia in the hope of finding work here. Beck had been in the box about fifteen days when he was discovered and was nearly dead from cold, hunger and terror. A man who has the nerve and the endurance to survive such an ordeal should certainly be taken care of.

Edward John Eyre, who died recently in London unknown to current fame, was the largest figure in British politics thirty-five years ago. John Stuart Mill leading one side and Thomas Carlyle the other, a fierce and prolonged national contest was fought over the question whether Eyre, as governor of Jamaica, had not suppressed a negro insurrection in that island with needless and shameful cruelties. Eyre was formally exonerated, but retired at once and forever from public life.

It is not given to everyone to enjoy music. Like Goldsmith's schoolboys with their "counterfeited glee," the music critic must run across many people with counterfeited ecstasy. At the same time, even the bitterest scoffer against music and musicians must rub his eyes when he reads that a young fiddler just come to America will receive \$100,000 for 100 concerts. A thousand dollars a concert! Well, we suppose he is worth the price, for, as a rule, managers are not Carnegies. A genius is cheap at any price.

MICHIGAN NEWS SERVED UP.

A Sad Story of The Great Wabash Wreck.

LOSS OF LIFE ON THE LAKES.

The Session of the State Grange—Monroe's Troughs to be Prosecuted—Matters of Interest From all Sections Briefly Noted.

A Sad Story.
Two Italians, Sim Ommerman, of St. Louis, and Daniel Buyar, of Kansas City, Mo., have been consulting with the prosecuting attorney of Adrian, Jennie Ommerman, it appeared, a sister of one of the Italians, in company with her betrothed, had set out from New York city for Kansas, going on the ill-fated Wabash train No. 13 from Detroit. Since then nothing has been heard from them, and beyond a doubt they were among the human beings buried to death. The story of their lives as lovers is a beautiful one. When Michael Supero met Miss Ommerman their love was instant, but reason prevailed, and an agreement was made in which they concluded not to marry until enough money had been saved between them to make a suitable provision for their future. This was nearly two years ago, and at the time of their starting out the sum they had agreed on had been saved from their small earnings. Mr. Buyar has asked permission of the authorities to have the graves opened and an investigation made, and in all probability this will be allowed. If it is done it will also afford an opportunity for experts to examine the bones and judge of the exact number of the dead there buried, as reports vary to a considerable degree.

State Grange Reports.
The State Grange sessions in Lansing were largely attended and the discussion full of interest. The report of the executive committee was long, strong, and interesting. It declared that the grange will champion no class legislation, no class political party, but will boldly sustain the rights of every citizen to the untrammeled use of the ballot, for the protection of the home and dearest rights of every citizen. The report stated that complaint is still heard from farmers all over the state of unequal taxation, no system yet devised seeming to fairly distribute the onerous burden. The opinion was, however, expressed that the principal trouble lies in the enforcement of the law. "Farmers must use the power which organization gives to enforce such legislation and such execution of the laws we have as to prevent the dishonest from shirking." The report of the legislative committee simply reviewed the work before the legislature which resulted in the enactment of pure food and anti-oleomargarine laws, securing increased appropriations for farmers' institutes and a permanent income for the agricultural college.

Season's Life Record.
The loss of life on the great lakes and connecting waters for this year numbers 183, of which 84 were due to weather causes and 99 from other causes. The greatest loss of life in any one month of the year was in September, when 42 per cent of the total death on all the lakes from all causes. Of this number 30 of the misfortunes occurred on Lake Superior, and of the 30, 26 were due to weather. July stood second with 33, from all causes, and May had 19 on the lakes, of which the number claimed 14. Contrary to the records of former years, Superior had the greatest death list of the year, and Erie, which generally has the largest list was this year at the bottom. Superior had 37 deaths from weather causes; Huron, 22; Michigan, 11; Ontario, 7; Erie, 5, and St. Clair and rivers, 2.

A Serious Charge.
Mrs. Thomas Reid, a widow and a member of the Memorial M. E. church, of which Rev. F. D. Ling is pastor, says that one evening last week after services the pastor followed her to her home and made proposals to her and then attempted to carry out his purpose by force. She laid the matter before Presiding Elder on Baldwin and later applied to the prosecutor for a warrant for the pastor's arrest. It will not be issued pending an investigation. Rev. Ling vigorously asserts his innocence and demands an investigation.

Season's Money Loss.
The underwriters regard the season just under as one with about the average number of losses. Most of the companies have come out ahead, although it is estimated that about \$1,250,000 has been paid out. There were 37 serious fires, and fire insurance may be advanced next year. A total of 202 boats went aground, 145 went ashore and 107 were injured in collision. Sixty-eight boats were waterlogged and 146 were disabled. Twelve boats foundered.

Beet Sugar Industry.
At the annual meeting of the American Association of Beet Sugar Manufacturers in Washington representatives were present from the states of California, Utah, Wisconsin, New York and Ohio. The condition of the beet sugar industry was discussed by many of the members and statements were presented showing that the capital invested at this time amounts to over \$30,000,000.

The village of North Adams has decided that it would be too expensive to erect and maintain an electric light plant.

The mains are being laid at Stockbridge for the gas lights which have been promised to be ready for use by Jan. 1.

Capitalists are exploring for oil in the Saginaw valley, where the state geologist reports it exists under the coal mines.

Clarke Moulthrop, a pioneer lumber manufacturer of Bay City, died Wednesday. He erected a saw mill in Bay City in 1850.

MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Smallpox has closed the schools of Birch Run.

Graham Pope, of Houghton, will give \$5,000 for a free public hospital.

Cars over the new Toledo, Adrian and Jackson electric line are now running into Adrian.

The longest drain in Michigan is to be dug in Eaton county along Thornapple river next spring.

Beets that have tested 21 per cent of sugar have been raised by farmers in the vicinity of St. Louis.

James Tate was killed at Muskegon Sunday by the bursting of a fly wheel at the Central Paper Co.'s plant.

Carl Snudbeck, Swedish sociologist, will visit the upper peninsula to study conditions among his countrymen.

Wm. Wheeler, of Saginaw, aged 45, is charged with attempted criminal assault on his 12-year-old daughter.

The farmer's clubs in session in Lansing resolved "That we do not favor the calling of a special session."

Flint is happy over the fact that in the past five years more new buildings have been erected there than in any other 10 years before.

The wheels in the new sulphite mill of the Marinette & Menominee Paper Company have started. The new mill is said to have cost \$100,000.

Isaac Osterout, of Potterville, has left for parts unknown, leaving numerous accounts unpaid. His stock of machinery has been attached for debts.

Wm. Olson, a Finnish laborer in the Aragon mine, near Iron Mountain, was horribly mangled by the premature explosion of a blast. He cannot live.

A log house built in Batavia, Branch county, in 1849, and later moved to the Coldwater fair ground where it served as a museum, was burned last week.

There is a fight on between the city of Detroit and the gas company over rates. The council has passed an ordinance making the rate 70c instead of \$1 per thousand feet.

Sufficient funds have been raised by the friends of Howard Burchfield, who is now serving time at Inonia for killing Howard Green, to assure an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Beginning with January 1 Eugene Holt will put in 100,000 feet of log, which amounts to 16 or 17 cars every day until spring for the Bay Shore Lumber Co. of Menominee.

Edward Harvey, alderman, from Iron Mountain, assaulted and knocked down three times Postmaster Brockington, Saturday, because the latter impounded one of the alderman's cars.

Assassins who have been out among the farmers the past week report having secured acreage for sugar beets enough to warrant building of a beet sugar factory in East Tawas.

John McCloy, conductor of the freight car of the Wyandotte electric line, was killed by the collision of his car with a Detroit Southern engine at the Monguagon crossing Thursday evening.

Merritt township of Bay county has commenced suit against the townships of Gilford and Denmark for \$10,000 damages on account of the refuse water, which they say is not drained properly.

Major H. H. Lamb, a former resident of Lapeer county, who has been serving as a surgeon in the Philippines, has had his contract with the government annulled and is on his way to his home in Owosso.

Many farmers along the Harbor Beach division of the Pere Marquette fear they will have to feed their sugar beets to their stock, as they are unable to secure cars to ship them to the factory.

On February 1 a rural free delivery service with five routes will be established from Mt. Pleasant, and the postoffices at Caldwell, Boyden, Winn, Broomfield, Comer and Alembic will be discontinued.

A number of deer belonging to a Lapeer party of hunters, are being held in quarantine at Flood Wood in the northern peninsula because the agent at that place was taken sick with the smallpox.

For the first time in a number of years the fall rains did not fully replenish the water supply in Sanilac county and hundreds of farmers are compelled to haul water long distances for their stock.

Game Warden W. A. McGovern dropped into Howard City and took Landford M. Austin, of Coburn's Exchange, before Justice Whitney for serving venison to his guests. Austin was fined \$10 and costs.

Cosia Hillcock, 12 years old, of Jeddido, left home the other day and can be found in her uncle, Thomas Hillcock, in the county five miles from Jeddido. It is thought she is hiding in Detroit.

Business men of St. Clair have taken the preliminary steps for the organization of a stock company for the erection of a ship yard for the construction and repair of wooden vessels. It will be located on Pine river.

A Niles policeman named Ulery has published in a local paper a challenge to P. W. Cook, editor of another paper, to fight a duel to the death, the weapons to be revolvers of 38 calibre, and the distance 10 paces. "S'death! Bet!"

NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS.

The Verdict in the Schley Case Not Unanimous.

MRS. BONINE WAS ACQUITTED.

The Awful Death Rate in the Concentration Camps for Boers—Schley to Bring a Libel Suit—Various Matters of Interest.

The Schley Verdict.
The findings of the Schley court of inquiry were handed to the secretary of the navy Friday. Two reports were submitted, the majority opinion drawn up by Dewey and by Beaman and Ramsey, holding Schley at fault on 11 points, and the minority report presented by Admiral Dewey, sustaining Schley in nearly every particular, and emphatically asserting that to him was due all the credit of the victory.

The court's recommendations, that the whole case be now considered closed. When the conclusions of Admiral Dewey were read to him Admiral Schley showed his pleasure, and it was evident from his manner that he regarded the statement from Admiral Dewey as vindication of his cause. He declined to make any statement concerning the court's findings, and excusing himself from the little company which had gathered about him went to his apartments, where Mrs. Schley had been anxiously awaiting the court's decision. Schley will shortly institute a libel suit against the publishing firm of Appleton & Co., of New York, for giving currency and circulation to Maclay's naval history containing the charges of cowardice made by Maclay against the admiral. Papers in the suit have already been reported and will probably be filed within a week.

Awful Death Rate.
The delay in publication of the October and November returns from the Boer concentration camps, which were issued Friday, was apparently due to the government's desire to accompany the announcement of the pitifully high death rate with some kind of official explanation. The blue book shows 3,156 deaths of whites in October, of which number 2,633 were children, and 523 were light-colored children. This makes the total number of deaths for the last six months 13,941, or a death rate approximating 253 per year per thousand. Among the colored persons there were 1,308 deaths in six months. The number of white children who died was 4,004.

Fagan Was Beheaded.
Native scouts from Bengang, province of Nueva Beija, have killed the American negro, David Fagan, a deserter from the Twenty-fifth (colored) infantry, who for more than two years has been leading Filipinos against the American troops. The native scouts decapitated their prisoner. The man's head, however, was recognized as that of Fagan. They also seized his commission, the insurgent army. Fagan had on one of his fingers the class ring of Lieut. Frederick W. Alstaetter, of the engineers, who was captured by Filipinos, supposedly under the command of Fagan himself, October 28, 1900.

Mrs. Bonine Acquitted.
The jury in the case of Mrs. Lola Ida Henry Bonine, charged with the murder of James Seymour Ayres, Jr., in the Kenmore hotel, in Washington, on the night of May 13, returned a verdict of not guilty, and the defendant was set at liberty. Such a conclusion of the trial was generally expected, the popular impression in the capital city being that from the evidence submitted the prosecution had failed to prove its case against Mrs. Bonine. The jury was out less than five hours.

A Wild Time.
Cadiz, Spain, was the scene of almost a revolution Wednesday night. Riotous mobs, led by striking bakers, armed with knives and bludgeons, pillaged stores, attacked peaceable people in the streets, injured a number of persons, threw the whole town into a state of panic, and made the night hideous with shouts of "long live the social revolution" and "down with the bourgeois." The police were powerless to quell the disturbance.

The Mintage of the Year.
The director of the mint reports that the coinage during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901, amounted to 176,999,781. Of this, \$90,065,715 was in gold, \$24,282,000 was in silver, \$7,000,000 was in fractional silver, and \$2,009,568 was in minor coin. There also were coined at the Philadelphia mint 225,000 gold pieces of the value of \$340,014 for the government of Costa Rica.

To End Strikes.
The industrial arbitration bill has passed the New South Wales parliament. This bill will not only compel reference of all disputes between employers and employees to a competent court with power to enforce its orders and award, but makes a strike or a lockout, before or pending such reference, a misdemeanor punishable by a fine or imprisonment.

An English Storm.
The storm which swept over England Thursday caused a telegraphic breakdown throughout the United Kingdom unequalled since 1881. Even Friday the north was practically cut off from the south, and many of the provincial towns snowbound so that the courts closed owing to the litigants residing in the country being unable to reach the towns.

Spreading Smallpox.
The state board of health has been notified that a man ill with an advanced case of smallpox, traveled on a passenger train in the western part of the state Tuesday. He had been employed in a lumber camp near Watersmeet.

CONGRESS.

Senator McMillan has introduced a bill for an appropriation to build a lighthouse for Point Pelee, Lake Erie.

Rep. Samuel W. Smith has introduced bills for postoffice buildings at Flint and Pontiac, each to cost \$50,000.

The sensation in the senate is the "washing of dirty linen" by Senators Tillman and McLaughlin, of South Carolina. Tillman proposes that both resign and McLaughlin seems willing.

The Frye-Hanna ship subsidy bill has been completed this week. As reconstructed American ships engaged in foreign trade shall receive 1 cent for every 100 miles sailed, no foreign-built ships shall be admitted to American registry, and no vessel shall receive subsidy that is not capable of being used for purposes of national defense in war time.

Mr. Hoar (Mass.) presented in the senate a joint resolution authorizing the president to enter into negotiations with civilized nations for the purpose of confining persons attempting the lives of chief magistrates.

In the house Tuesday Mr. Grow (Pa.) made a speech upon prospective legislation for the Philippine islands. He contended that the constitution granted congress the power to govern the islands.

A resolution providing for a holiday and adjournment from Dec. 10 to Jan. 6 was adopted.

At 1:55 p. m. the house adjourned until Friday.

The McLaurin-Tillman episode in the senate Monday was warmer than the press dispatches showed, amounting to a challenge to Tillman to meet McLaurin on "the field of honor."

Representative Robinson, of Indiana, introduced in the house two measures designed to secure the extradition of ex-Gov. Taylor, of Kentucky, from Indiana, where he is said to be sojourning, to Kentucky, where he is wanted in connection with the Gobel tragedy. One of the measures is for an investigation whether the governor of any state is refusing to recognize extradition papers from governor of another state. The measure provides that in case a governor refuses to recognize extradition papers they may be executed by a United States marshal.

Unionism in Porto Rico.
Iglesias, president of the Federation of Workmen of Porto Rico, has been sentenced to three years, four months and eight days' imprisonment for being the founder of an alleged illegal association and conspiracy, in August of 1900, to raise the price of labor in Porto Rico. The local federation of the workmen of Porto Rico, which is now part of the American Federation of Labor, under the presidency of Samuel Gompers, has been ordered dissolved, as it has been adjudged illegal because of this conspiracy. The case has been appealed to the Supreme Court of Porto Rico, where it will probably be heard in a month. Pending this appeal Iglesias is at liberty.

A Mysterious Brutality.
Mrs. Ada Gilbert Dennis, a fashionable Washington dressmaker, was found in an almost dying condition in her room at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning under circumstances that promise a rival the Bonine murder case. Her skull was fractured, jawbone broken and left ear almost severed from the head. Her left arm bore bruises indicative of a struggle and her clothing and bedding were saturated with blood. She was removed to the Garfield hospital and a large force of detectives put on the case. The name of her assailant is unknown.

She Gave Thirty Millions.
Deeds of gift just executed by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, conveying property valued at from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, do not affect her control of that institution during her life time.

The total of her endowment is said to be three times greater than was ever before given by one individual to educational purposes in the history of the world.

Surprised the Boers.
Lord Kitchener, in a dispatch from Standerton, Transvaal county, dated December 10, announces that Gen. Bruce Hamilton, after a night march, surprised and captured practically the whole of the Boer Bethel command at Trichard's Fontein, early that morning. Seven Boers were killed and 131 were made prisoners.

Hundreds of shoe operatives at Northampton, England, rioted Thursday against the use of the new shoe-lasting machines. They threw mud and stones at the proprietors of the factories. They will strike if the machines are put into use.

Fred McLain, a young man working for A. A. Baxter on the Welsh farm near Camden, disappeared about three weeks ago and cannot be found. His wife says he took all his clothing and traded his watch for a horse, so that suicide or foul play is not suspected.

A Bogota, Colombia, correspondent cables as follows: A sentinel at Tequendama Falls in the latter part of October declined to honor the passport of United States Minister Chas. Burdette Hart and fired one shot at the diplomat. The minister was not injured. The government has severely punished the sentinel and is seeking that the minister is fully protected.

The reading of the royal proclamation announcing the date of the coronation of King Edward was done in London Thursday in front of the Royal Exchange. The government has severely punished the sentinel and is seeking that the minister is fully protected.

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A Great Bank.

The establishment of a great American banking institution in the far east is about to be realized through the cordial co-operation of the government at Washington, so far as such assistance can be given under existing laws and under legislation that is being urged upon the present congress. The Guaranty Trust Co., of New York, has been selected by President Roosevelt's cabinet to undertake the desired responsibilities at Shanghai, Hong Kong, and eventually at Manila or other eastern ports, and already officials of that corporation have been sent out to survey the field and to make preliminary arrangements for beginning business about the first of the year, when they will be called upon to receive the first installment of the indemnity at Shanghai.

Carnegie's Gift.
It transpires that the gift of \$10,000,000 which Andrew Carnegie tendered to President Roosevelt for the founding of a great institution for higher education was not an offer of \$10,000,000 in cash, but the par value of that amount in bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. The offer of these bonds is being passing to the administration owing to the complications which might arise if the government accepted them, and the president is now in correspondence with Mr. Carnegie, with a view of having him convert the bonds into cash. Pending the result of the president's efforts, Mr. Carnegie's offer is being withheld from congress.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.
DETROIT OPERA—Lulu Glaser in Dolly Varden.—Evenings at 8. Wednesday Mat. at 2. LYCEUM THEATRE—A Trip to Buffalo.—Sat. Mat. 2:30. Evngs. 8:15, 10:30, 12:15. WHITE STAR GRAND—"The White Slave"—Mat. 10:15 and 2:30. Evenings, 10:30, 12:15.

THE MARKETS.
DETROIT—Cattle—Good steers, average 1,150 to 1,350 pounds, \$3 25@50; good butcher steers, 1,050 to 1,200 pounds, \$4 00@5; light to good, \$3 75@4; light, \$3 50@4; light thin heifers, \$2 50@3; mixed butchers and calves, \$2 50@4; common thin butchers, \$1 50@2 75. Bulls—Good shippers, \$3 50@4; light to good butchers, \$3 00@3 50; calves, \$2 50@3; mixed lots, \$3 00@4 50; fair to good mixed and butcher sheep, \$2 25@3 20; culled and common, \$1 50@2 50; a few extra choice Christmas lambs, \$6 00@50, contracted. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$5 75@6 75; culled, \$4 50@5 50; pigs and light Yorkers, \$5 25@5 75; stags, 1-1 off; roughs, \$5 15@5 25.

Chicago—Cattle—Good to prime, \$6 00@7 50; poor to medium, \$3 75@5 90; stockers and feeders, \$3 25@4 50; calves, \$4 00@5; heifers, \$1 00@5; cows, \$1 64@1 75; 600 lbs. calves, \$2 25@2 50; Texas-fed steers, \$4 00@4 50; mixed and butchers, \$3 00@3 50; good to choice heavy, \$5 20@6 50; rough heavy, \$5 00@5 50; light to medium, \$4 00@4 50; mixed and heavy, \$3 50@4 50; Sheep—Good to choice heavy, \$3 50@4 50; fair to choice mixed, \$3 00@3 50; 600 lbs. and under, \$2 00@2 50; native lambs, \$2 50@3 50; western lambs, \$2 75@3 00.

Buffalo—Cattle—Veals strong, \$4 00@7 50. Hogs—Medium, \$5 15@6 25; best heavy, \$5 00@6 40; pigs, \$5 25@5 75; culled, \$4 50@5 50; mixed and butchers, \$3 50@4 50; stags, \$4 60. Sheep and lambs—Top native lambs, \$5 00@5 20; mostly, \$4 00@4 50; fair to good, \$3 50@4 00; common, \$3 00@3 50. Sheep—Top mixed, \$3 50@3 75; wethers, \$3 50@3 75; 2-yearlings, \$3 50@4; culled to fair, \$2 00@2 50.

Cincinnati—Cattle—Choice, \$5 00@6 50; prime, \$4 50@5 50; good, \$4 00@5 00; common, \$3 50@4 50; butchers and steers, good to choice, \$4 50@5 15; fair to medium, \$3 50@4 50; mixed and butchers, \$3 50@4 50; common to fair, \$3 00@3 75; cows, good to choice, \$4 00@4 50; fair to medium, \$3 50@4 50; mixed and butchers, \$3 00@3 50; stags, \$4 60. Sheep—Best wethers, \$5 to 10 lbs., \$4 00@4 50; 7 1/2 to 10 lbs., \$3 50@4; culled and common, \$1 62; yearlings, \$2 50@3 50; lambs, \$2 75.

Pittsburg—Cattle—Choice, \$5 00@6 50; prime, \$4 50@5 50; good, \$4 00@5 00; common, \$3 50@4 50; butchers and steers, good to choice, \$4 50@5 15; fair to medium, \$3 50@4 50; mixed and butchers, \$3 50@4 50; common to fair, \$3 00@3 75; cows, good to choice, \$4 00@4 50; fair to medium, \$3 50@4 50; mixed and butchers, \$3 00@3 50; stags, \$4 60. Sheep—Best wethers, \$5 to 10 lbs., \$4 00@4 50; 7 1/2 to 10 lbs., \$3 50@4; culled and common, \$1 62; yearlings, \$2 50@3 50; lambs, \$2 75.

Other Things.
The Detroit markets show these prices: Honey—No. 1 white, 15@16c; light amber, 12@13c; dark amber, 10@11c; extracted, 6@6 1/2c per lb.
Onions—Michigan, \$1 15@1 25 per bu; Spanish, \$1 30 per bu.
Cheese—Choice state, October, 11 1/2@12c per lb.
Potatoes—New Michigan, 12@14c per bu; f. o. b. Detroit, 10@12c out of store.
Poultry—Live hens, 60c old roosters, 5c; young ducks, 80c; young turkeys, 85c; springs, 7c; geese, 80c@85c per lb. Dressed fowl, 50c; chickens, 40c; turkeys, 100c; 10 lbs. live, 80c; turkeys, 100c@105c lb.

Hides—No. 1 green, 7c; No. 2 green, 6c; No. 1 cured, 9c; No. 2 cured, 8c; No. 1 calf cured, 10c; No. 2 calf cured, 9c; No. 1 kip cured, 9c; No. 2 kip cured, 8c; horse hides, 3c; sheep pelts, as to wool, 40c@50c.

Apples—Pancy, \$1 65 per bbl.; choice, \$2 00@2 25 per bbl.; common, \$1 50@2 per bbl. Bananas—Good, 17@18c; packing stock, 11@12c; common, 12@14c.

Butter—Creameries, 17@18c; strats, 22c; fancy selected dairy, 17@18c; packing stock, 11@12c; common, 12@14c.

Senator Frye has introduced his new ship subsidy bill.

It is said at Vienna that the man named Halju, who was arrested at Sofia, Dec. 7, and alleged to be the assassin of former Premier Stambouloff, had a hand in the kidnaping of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary.

Objections are being made in Germany to France furnishing the whole of the projected Russian loan of \$200,000,000, and it is said financiers in the United States will shortly be sounded as to the possibility of placing \$100,000,000 of the loan in that country.

AS



PHANTOMS OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

In the rush of the merry morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wint'ry phantoms are waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a stifled rushing
Just without upon the stair,
See two white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good will?
What sweet spell these elves are weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing;
Is it palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view;
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of their innocent surprises,
Waiting, watching, listening always,
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
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His Revenge

A Christmas Story

It was Christmas Eve that year when John Maxwell went away to make his mark in this world. Alice Tower was just eighteen. They had been lovers for a few years and were now engaged. Something that she had said to him about the quality of the present he brought to her on Christmas Eve piqued him. "Two years from now," he said, "I will come back to claim you. Then I will be a rich man." These had been John Maxwell's last words; and there had been a fire in his eye, and certain lines of determination about his mouth which assured that he would make them good. But the two years had passed and six months more and Alice had heard no word.

Sitting under the old apple tree one warm May afternoon, she idly wondered whether his silence gave her pain or pleasure. When John had bid her good-by the thought of his return had been the sustaining power in the moment of his departure. Though she had shed bitter tears over the story of his many failures; though she had received with gladness the knowledge of his first successes; though she had once waited with impatience for letters that did not come, she now felt it to be almost a relief—nay, quite—for two years is a long time, and Alice felt that in two years she had grown old not only in years but in experience. Did it not make the difference between eighteen and twenty? Surely, when one had left their teens behind them it was time to learn wisdom.

All Alice would not whisper to her own thoughts; that there had been another teacher; that not so easy would have been the lesson of forgetfulness in his stead. It was all a bewildering maze in the little head under the masses of rich brown hair, with just a glint of red among them as the sun gave them its farewell kiss.

But a brighter red stole into the rounded cheek as a well-known step drew nearer, and a shadow for which the apple trees were not responsible was thrown beside her.

"Good evening, Miss Alice," said a cheery voice. "I thought that I should find you here. The evening is too lovely for indoor life."

"Yes," she answered, "it is very lovely."

"As it should be," he added, in lower, more impressive tones, "to grace your presence. Alice," he continued throwing himself on the ground beside her, "shall I tell you why I am so glad to find you here? Because it seems the most fitting place to tell you something else, which, though you must already know, it is fit that I should put into words. They are poor words, darling. I am not versed in eloquence; and even were I, here eloquence might stammer. But they are words old as the world itself. 'I love you'; I have but one hope in life, and that is that you will share it. And that is what I can offer you, dear. Perhaps I should say wait, before I take you from your comfortable home. But yet, why should I? If you love me, you will stand bravely by my side, and we will share whatever storms life may have in store for us, as we share its sunshine. Alice, what is your answer? Will you be my wife?"

Ah, it had come at last. Once the girl had tried to check the torrent of his words. He had not caught the little, detaining hand in his own strong palm and held it tightly. The small head had drooped lower. A short, gasping sob was in her throat, letting no word find its way there. What was she to do? Two years ago she had given another promise; two years of toil and homesickness had been endured for her sake; but for six months she had heard nothing. Perhaps John had forgotten her—as she had almost added, "as she had forgotten him." But of John, Dent Dexter knew nothing, and Dent Dexter she loved. So it was, that when, half wondering at her long silence he again repeated his question, she simply raised to him the sweet, fair face, and content with what he read there, he stooped and pressed his first kiss upon the young red lips.

Curiously enough, their wedding day was set for Christmas Day, the third anniversary of John Maxwell's leave-taking. Dent wanted the event fixed for a nearer date. Alice was persistent. Perhaps she had a special

reason for fixing the time so far ahead. Poor John Maxwell! Maybe she thought of him.

In all these weeks she had told him nothing of John. Somehow she could not gather courage to frame the words. And John had forgotten her. He would never know. It was better that he should not. Love is ever jealous, and he might upbraid her, or think even while he had won her that she might prove inconstant to him as to her first lover. Some day when she was his wife, his very own, she would whisper the story into his ear, and then they would bury poor John together.

Somebody has said it was bad luck for a bride to don her wedding dress before the wedding day. It was all nonsense, Alice thought, as later, she stood before her mirror and saw reflected there her own form clad in its white silken robes.

Poor John! She wished she had not thought of him, as she stood in her wedding dress. The air was very heavy tonight. It was this which oppressed her so.

"Come in," she called to the knock at her door.

The little maid entered.

"Oh, Miss Alice! Law, Miss, how beautiful you do look! The gentleman is downstairs and wants to see you immediate, Miss."

The gentleman! Of course she meant Dent. She had a great mind to run down just as she was, to hear if he would echo the little maid's verdict, and say that he, too, thought her beautiful. The impulse of vanity was not to be resisted, and gathering up her silken skirts she ran lightly down the stairs. The room was in shadow, the large, old-fashioned lamp on the table burning dimly; but sitting in a corner on the sofa she saw a man's form, a man who rose impetuously to his feet as she entered.

With a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, and a bright spot of scarlet in her cheeks, she tripped across the floor and turned the lamp so that its light streamed full upon her, then looked up into Dent's face to see the look of love and admiration gathering there—looked to find it not Dent, but some one who, for a moment, seemed a stranger—some one whose face was bronzed and bearded, but with a strange pallor gathering on it as he looked in vain for the words of love and recognition which did not come—looked from her own paling face, from the dying spots of scarlet in her cheeks, to the silken train which swept the floor in its purity, and the orange flowers she had fastened in her breast. Yes, she knew him now. It was John, come home to claim her for his very own. His voice was very hoarse when he spoke.

"I came for my bride," he said. "Is she here? Is this dress for me?"

"Have pity," she wailed, in answer. "Two years were such a long while. For six months I had not heard. I thought you were dead, or had forgotten me—"

"Men do not forget," he answered. "We leave that to the women who undo us. Six months! And it seemed to you a long time to wait. Child, do you know what I have endured for the reward of this moment? What was hunger, toil, privation, homesickness to me? I almost welcomed them, for ever behind them all was the thought that all were for you, for the day which was slowly, slowly creeping on, when I might stand before you and say: 'Alice, I have proved my love with a price. You may accept it, darling, without fear. It has been purified through fire.' And when, six months ago, my crowning success came, I started in search of you; but the long hardships had done their work. For months I was at Death's door, unable to write, or to let others write. Then, when I grew stronger, I said: 'I will wait until I can go to her. You were sheltered, cared for, happy—aye, I was so mad as to think praying for me—I even thanked God that your prayers had restored my life and reason. I am as the man who toiled all his life in search of a glittering diamond, and when at length he picked it up triumphant, he discovered it to be a piece of shining glass.'"

"John, John! Forgive me," she pleaded, clinging with both hands to his arm, her face upturned in its pale beauty to his. I loved you then. Believe me, I loved you then."

Through the open window stole her words, paralyzing the form of an unheeding listener, who had at that moment appeared upon the scene. What did it mean?

He heard not the man's answering words—"Forgive you? Never!"—but saw only his last, mad, passionate embrace as he snatched her unresisting in his arms and covered her face with kisses which seemed half hatred and half love, then released her and went out into the night.

The next day a little note was put into John Maxwell's hand, and, as he tore it open, the strong man trembled like a child. He had grown calmer since the night previous, though all the joy and lightness had died out of his life.

"You have had your revenge," she wrote. "The man I was to marry saw you take me in your arms, and heard me say that I had loved you. Perhaps I deserved my punishment, but it is very bitter. You left me two years. If you had loved me you would not have done so. I was a child, and I forgot you and learned to love another. I no longer ask you to forgive me, since you have wreaked upon me your revenge."

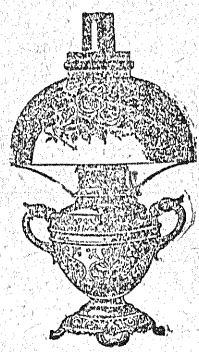
His own life stretched bare and blank and desolate before him. For a moment he felt a wild joy that so hers might prove. The next, after a brief struggle, his manhood conquered. His revenge should be something nobler than a girl's wrecked life—something which, after long and lonely years, he might recall without a blush of shame.

Dent Dexter was alone in the cottage he had prepared for his bride, sitting with bowed head, when John Maxwell sought him out. The interview between them was very brief; but for an instant, as they parted, their hands met in a long, silent clasp. One man had given happiness—one had renounced it. So the wedding day was not postponed, but Alice's fingers trembled as she again fastened her wedding dress, and tears dimmed her eyes as she bent to fasten the orange blossoms in her breast on Christmas Eve.

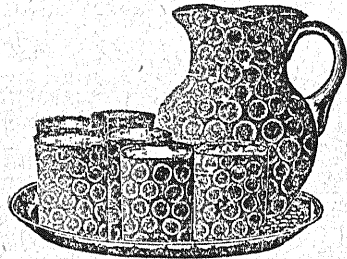
She knew that Dent had taken her back to his heart and home, that somehow all had been explained to him; but quite how it all happened she never knew until, a year later, her husband bent over her where she lay with her baby boy sleeping on her breast, and told her all the story, ending with a proud glance at the child.

"He gave us our happiness, darling. We will name our boy after the man who wreak

Christmas China Lamps ..and Fancy Glassware..



At Hunt's China Store



We are showing the finest line of
**CHINA SALADS, WATER JUGS, CUPS AND SAUCERS,
CAKE PLATES, SUGAR and CREAMERS, BREAD and BUTTER PLATES
BERRY SETS, NUT BOWLS, CRACKER JARS and SPOON TRAYS**
Ever shown in Cass City

A Few of the Articles we Carry that would be Suitable for Christmas Gifts;

Dinner Chamber Sets
Water Sets
Turkey Sets
Lamps
Salad Dishes
Nuts Bowls
Fancy Vases
Photo Racks
Albums
Collar and Cuff Boxes
Neck Tie Boxes
Handkerchief Boxes
Medallions
Ink Wells
Cigar Holders

Cake Plates
Toilet Cases
Cracker Jars
Spoon Trays
Cups and Saucers
Four Piece Sets
Sugar and Creamers
Berry Sets
Wine Sets, Beer Steins
Smoking Sets
China Cuspidors
Bread and Milk Sets
Fruit Plates
Jardinieres
Umbrella Racks
Fancy Tea Pots

Rocking Horses
Express Wagons
Checkers, Dominos
Parcheesi, Crokinole
Combination Board
Drums
Dolls
Blocks
Books
Banks
Trunks
Go Carts, Doll Cabs
Rocking Chairs
Wash Sets, Toy Tea Sets
And other toys to numerous to mention.

Leave us your GROCERY ORDERS to be filled and delivered.
Your wants supplied at right prices.

Candies, Nuts, Figs, Dates, Olives, Raisins, Currants, Oranges, Lemons, Peels

and a complete line of FRESH CANNED GOODS.

BUTTER AND EGGS SAME AS CASH.

PHONE 8

A. L. HUNT

Prompt Delivery

What the Stage Horse Might say of the Automobile.

I see it coursing up and down,
A brand new article; a daisy
Some would call it. While through the town
To see it people just are crazy,
And Freeman has his hand upon it,
And every horse is in a daisy.
The good old days; the pride of horse;
The wind, the surefoot and the champing.
With highways good or bad or worse
When stages did such quaint tramping,
Must we surrender all this glory,
And this thing be the talk and story?
Perhaps 'tis a curious world;
But long the horse has held his own,
Tho' every power combined has whirled
Its strength in competition shown
Against the services he has rendered,
And no apology is tendered.
Nor does the horse care much to bow
Obscure while he kicks his heels;
At any time he'd rather plough
If aught else cares to run the wheels,
For many an overdrive and lashing
He's had thro' mire and heading splashing.
The coltish fellows look askance,
And sport and shy and fear to pass it;
But they should quit their foolish dance
And give it half the road—it has it.
Yes, give it all—its on probation;
It saves the horse—a need salvation.
Tho' man should do the most he can
In substitutes anent the creature,
Yet, he must work out Nature's plan
And feel the strain of our nature.
He loves the horse, and we our master,
Whatever else goes far or faster.
No envy! No! We're here to stay
Whatever power may be;
There's room for all to work or play;
The useful no good horse despises.
The automobile, let it scurry,
Since mankind seem in such a hurry.
JAMES MACARTHUR.

A BUDDING HUMORIST.

Merry Memories of a First Meeting With Artemus Ward.
On going into the Cleveland Plain Dealer editorial rooms one morning I saw a new man, who was introduced to me as Mr. Browne.
He was young, cheerful in manner, tall and slender, not quite up to date in style of dress, yet by no means shabby. His hair was flaxen and very straight; his nose, the prominent feature of his face, was Romanesque—quite violently so—and with a leaning to the left. His eyes were blue gray, with a twinkle in them; his mouth seemed so given to a merry laugh, so much in motion, that it was difficult to describe.
It seemed as though bubbling in him was a lot of happiness which he made no effort to conceal or hold back. When we were introduced, he was sitting at his table writing. He gave his leg a smart slap, arose, shook hands with me and said he was glad to meet me. I believed him, for he looked glad all the time. You could not look at him but he would laugh. He laughed as he sat at his table writing. When he had written a thing which pleased him, he would slap his leg and laugh.
I noticed that George Hoyt and James Brokenshire at their tables were pleased with his merriment and indulged in broad smiles. As I bade him and the others good morning he said, "Come again, me liege." I thanked him, said I would and went my way, thinking what a funny fellow he was.
Within a month thereafter appeared in the columns of the Plain Dealer a funny letter signed "Artemus Ward." The writer said he was in the show business, had a trained kangaroo, "a most amosin' little cuss," "some 'snack" and a collection of wax figures, which he called a "great moral show." As he was coming to Cleveland to exhibit, he made a proposition to the proprietor that they "scratch each other's backs"—the publisher to write up the show vigorously and the showman to have the handbills printed at his office and give him free tickets for all his family. So I found my young friend of the gurgle and hay colored hair to be an embryo humorist just bursting into bloom. Artemus, as from that time he was best known, soon had a city full of friends, myself an family among them.—James F. Ryder in Century Magazine.

A Circular Rainbow.

A member of a party who made an ascent of Finsterrehorn some years ago thus described a novel sight which delighted the tired climbers: The day we mounted the Finsterrehorn we were treated to the rare sight of a circular rainbow, the phenomenon lasting nearly half an hour and forming a complete circle. There were heavy clouds lying some 4,000 feet below on the Aar glacier, and it was on these that the beautiful, brilliantly colored ring lay. A second circle was also visible. We were near the summit of the peak when the first of the party observed it, and from that point the face of the mountain on the Grimsel side is almost perpendicular, giving us a splendid view.

An Evangelist's Story.

"I suffered for years with a bronchial or lung trouble and tried various remedies but did not obtain permanent relief until I commenced using One Minute Cough Cure," writes Rev. James Kirkman, evangelist of Belle River, Ill. "I have no hesitation in recommending it to all sufferers from maladies of this kind. 'One Minute Cough Cure' affords immediate relief for coughs, colds and all kinds of throat and lung troubles. For cramp it is unequalled. Absolutely safe. Very pleasant to take, never fails and is really a favorite with the children. They like it. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Card of Thanks.

We hereby wish to express our gratitude to the kind friends and neighbors who gave us such practical aid during the illness and at the death of our little daughter, Goldie.
MR. AND MRS. F. O. WESTERBY.

No Mask
of eggs or glue is used in roasting

LION COFFEE

It is all coffee—pure coffee—strong and of delicious flavor. Some coffees are varnished with a cheap coating of eggs, glue or other equally noxious substances.

The sealed package insures uniform quality and freshness.

BUY USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

One always appreciates something they can wear.

Handkerchiefs
in linen and silk in large variety.
2c. and up to \$1.00.

GLOVES
in fur, kid, mocha and the popular Golf in all shades.

NECKWEAR
is always acceptable and we have hundreds of beauties to select from
25c and 50c.

Nobby Clothing, Fur Overcoats, Cardigan Jackets, Pontiac Wool Coats
Ladies' and Gents' Shoes and Slippers
In the latest styles.

The newest Novelties in Broaches, Pins and Pocket-books.

In Umbrellas
we show the finest line in the city for ladies or gentlemen with handles of choice design and prices from 50c to \$5.00.

Mufflers
In silk and wool, plaids and plain. The nobby WAYS sweater-neck.

Waist Patterns
and sample waists in the newest colorings and designs.

Pillow Covers
in Damask and stamped patterns, also silks, gold, cords and pillows.

An elegant line of **FUR** just received.

2 MACKS 2

WM. BENTLEY

At the old McKim stand is prepared to do your

BLACKSMITHING AND GENERAL REPAIR WORK...

Horseshoeing is made a special feature and every effort will be made to satisfy

DUNHAM'S LIVERY

Is always ready to serve you with

First-Class Rigs

of all kinds.
Patronage Solicited.

Kingston.

Mrs. A. R. Harper left for Jackson on Monday.
J. B. Beverley is somewhat under the weather.
Miss Lucy Meidlein spent Sunday at her brother Will's.
Miss Alice Wilson, of Cass City, is visiting friends in town.
A. G. Purdy is suffering from a severe attack of the quinsy.
Mrs. Arthur Beal, of Pontiac, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Alward.
Mrs. A. G. Purdy and son, Dell, of Oxford, are visiting friends here.
The salt and coal famine still continues and wood is almost as scarce.
Mrs. Pemberton Purdy left Tuesday to visit her old home in Ontario.
Mrs. J. B. Hartsell spent Sunday with friends at Cass City and vicinity.

F. Early, of Pontiac, is the guest of his brother, L. Early, of this place.
Christmas entertainments will be given in both churches on Christmas Eve.
Wm. Taylor has purchased A. G. Purdy's team, harness and wagon for \$200.
An excellent temperance program will be given in the M. E. Church tonight.
Dr. Geo. Bates is on sick list but is doing his best to attend to his patients' needs.
Mrs. VanDell, of Chicago, arrived here on Tuesday to visit her mother, Mrs. Fowler.
Will J. Karr will occupy the rooms in the second story of the W. R. Hamilton building.
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith will leave on Monday to spend the holiday with Detroit friends.
Mrs. G. E. Hopps and Mrs. M. A. Smith made a trip to Caro on Thursday of last week.
Mrs. A. G. Millikin and daughter, Miss Nettie, visited Cass City friends on Thursday of last week.
Our Roller Mills are making a big run on buckwheat flour and turning out a first-class article too.
Dixon & Swales extend holiday greetings to their patrons in their advertising space in this issue.
Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Vorhes have gone to Wilmot to spend the balance of the winter, previous to leaving for Oakland County.
Kingston Arbor, A. O. O. G., will give an oyster supper and public installation of officers on Jan. 10th, at their hall. Everybody come.
Geo. Elliott was given a very pleasant surprise on Wednesday evening of last week by a company of his friends, previous to his departure for Pontiac.
The M. E. Sunday school have decided to purchase a new stove for the church, to be placed in the southeast corner, so that two stoves will be used hereafter for heating purposes.
An entertainment was given at Burn's Opera House on Tuesday evening, under A. O. O. G. auspices, but the performers were not very well received and left next morning without settling their board bill.
The Epworth League held its regular business meeting at the parsonage on Tuesday and elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Grant Allen; first vice president, L. A. Maynard; second vice president, Miss Myrtle Jeffery; third vice-presi-

dent, Miss Lizzie Rossman; fourth vice-president, Mrs. Milton Moyer; secretary, George Kennedy; treasurer, Harvey Randall.
After a brief illness, Goldie, the seventeen months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Westerby, departed this life at an early hour on Saturday morning. The funeral services were conducted at the M. E. Church on Monday morning, by Rev. W. O. McAllister, and the remains taken to Elkland Cemetery, Cass City, for interment. While the parents feel keenly their loss, they realize that the little one is better off.
On Saturday, Dec. 11th, a merry party of guests gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weaver to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their wedding day. The weather was so inclement not all the friends could be present but those who braved the storm were amply repaid. Our host and hostess, always fine caterers, quite surpassed themselves and we shall keep the most excellent dinner in long remembrance. The following is a list of the presents which were fine:—Mr. and Mrs. Ira Roberts, silver sugar bowl and cream pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wendt, silver cake basket and spoon holder; Mr. and Mrs. John Sutphen, silver butter knife and sugar shell; James Fox, of Rochester, large willow rocking chair; Miss Hattie Weaver, one dozen silver knives and forks; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lockwood, silver butter knife, sugar shell and pair of vases; Miss Nora Weaver, silver salt and pepper shaker. The afternoon passed swiftly with music and social enjoyment. We wish especially to mention the fine music rendered on the organ by Miss [Smith, of Marlette. All too soon the evening shadows warned us it was time to take our departure. Our best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Weaver that they may see very many happy anniversaries of their wedding day.

TESTIMONIAL

To the Editor:
Dear Sir:—For several years I have been troubled with deafness, roaring in my head and all the symptoms of Chronic Catarrh. I believed that my case was incurable, but upon the urgent request of a friend I consulted Dr. Morrison of the Detroit Clinic. After a careful examination he said he could cure me in two months. I commenced treatment and in two months I was cured; could hear as well as ever; no more pain or roaring in the head. I was afraid it would return but I have had a severe cold since I was cured and there has been no return of the trouble so I know I am cured. I want all your readers to know of my wonderful cure.
FRANK BOND.
Cass City, Oct. 10, 1901.

Cass City Markets.

Wheat No. 1 white.....	77
Wheat No. 2 red.....	72
Oats.....	45
Rye.....	42
Beans, Hand picked.....	1 55
Peas.....	40 50
Clover Seed.....	4 00
Hay loose.....	3 00
Hay pressed per ton.....	7 00
Eggs per doz.....	6 25
Hops, dressed per cwt.....	6 00
Beef, dressed.....	6 00
Sheep, live weight per 100.....	3 00
Lamb.....	3 15
Chickens.....	4 50
Turkey.....	5 00
Ducks and geese.....	5 00
Hides.....	60 to 65
Potatoes per bush.....	60 to 65

MARKETS AT HOLLER MILLS.

White Lily.....	1 10
Heller's Best.....	1 00
Flour.....	1 00
Graham Flour.....	1 10
Bolted Meal.....	1 10
Meal.....	1 10
Flour.....	1 10
Flour.....	1 10
Flour.....	1 10
Salt, per barrel.....	60

BANNER SALVE

the most healing ointment in the world.

3-CENT COLUMN.

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

FOR SALE OR RENT—One 120 acre farm and one 40 acre farm.
FOR SALE—One mare and colt; two cows with calves. Inquire of GEO. L. HITCHCOCK.
FOR SALE—New house and lot. Terms reasonable. Inquire of E. H. PINNEY.
FOR SALE—2 good bedsteads also 2 sets of 12-5-2.
MRS. E. K. WICKWARE.

Timber for sale—100 acres of timber for sale (one acre or more) in Novesta township. Inquire of A. McKim 12-19-34.

WOOD FOR SALE. STRIFFLER & McDERMOTT.
11-31-

Your Opportunity Is at Hand....

READ EVERY WORD OF THIS ADV. AND THEN ACT.

The Weekly Inter Ocean

will distribute, absolutely free, among its subscribers, old and new, just before Christmas,

\$30,000.00 IN PRESENTS

Gifts include 5 pianos, 10 organs, 10 sewing machines, 5 Apollo self piano players, 5 cooking ranges, 4 Dockack heaters, 10 graphophones complete, over 100 fine musical instruments, seal coat, bicycle, furs, fine millinery, clothing, beautiful oil paintings, 10 gold watches, portraits, razors, cutlery, cameras, and hundreds of other high class presents.

Send a postal card for complete list of gifts and all conditions governing the Great Distribution. Remember the cost is absolutely nothing to old and new subscribers of THE WEEKLY INTER OCEAN.

Opportunity knock once on every door.

THIS PAPER and The Weekly Inter Ocean one year for \$1.47. Each subscriber is entitled to FOUR estimates in this contest free. Remit direct to A. A. P. McDOWELL, Cass City, Mich.

High Class Mill Work

and where to get it--at the

CASS CITY PLANING MILL

Full line of building material at prices that are sure to please you. Any person contemplating repairs on buildings would SAVE MONEY by getting our prices.

Special Prices on Barn Stock

to be delivered this coming winter. Estimates given or plans drafted. Only tell us what you want and we will do the rest. Our estimate man is at your service and ready to figure with you.

FANCY STEEL CEILING

for churches, schools, parlors, etc. School seats, desks, and other supplies.

Landon, Eno & Keating.

Magazines and Dailies

for sale at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE

