

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXII. NO. 7.

CASS CITY, MICH., OCTOBER 2, 1902.

BY A. A. P. M'DOWELL

THINK OF IT!



The Small Sum of \$7.50

will buy an elegant set like the picture. All kinds of Dishes at low prices. Full line Groceries.

Harry Hunt

THE BUILDING OF A MAN.

Was the Subject of the Lecture Given in the M. E. Church Last Friday Evening.

PROF. W. N. FERRIS, OF BIG RAPIDS, The Lecturer Handled the Subject in a Very Able Manner.

Rather a small house assembled to hear Prof. W. N. Ferris, of Big Rapids, lecture in the M. E. Church last Friday evening. The lecturer has appeared here before on two or three occasions and always had a very good audience, but this is a very busy time of year and one or two other causes aided in keeping down the attendance. Nevertheless, the address was excellent and those who were present were greatly profited. The subject chosen was "The Building of a man, or the Problem of Life." He did not come to present any all-around solution of that problem, but merely to present fragments of thought gleaned in many years experience as a schoolmaster. A few years ago he stood at the end of what is now the Port Huron tunnel. Not a shovel-ful of dirt had been moved but the tunnel existed in the mind of the engineer, he had put it on paper, and in consequence it is now one of the greatest engineering feats of the age. The wise builder has a plan, whether he builds a watch or a locomotive, and the ideas of that plan are carried out. In the building of a man there is an entirely different set of conditions. We have a plan but man does not work out that plan—it is inherited, and that plan we cannot change materially. Man cannot revolutionize himself, and yet for ages he has disregarded this fact. A parent expects the teacher to accomplish with his child just what he does with another child. We demand the same thing in our colleges but we never get what we expect. An acorn always produces an oak—not a beech; the seed of basswood, a basswood. Why not act the part of wisdom and recognize that we have an inheritance. If we are a basswood let us build the very best there is to be built from a basswood. People feel sometimes that there is something like fate in this. We may multiply churches and schools but until we recognize this fact we will never accomplish much. A boy should have the privilege of choosing his own grandparents. Before we shall revolutionize man we must give as much attention to the rearing of a child as we do to a race horse. Is it worth while giving the law of heredity as much consideration as the rearing of Berkshires and Shorthorns? If young men and women would stop and think of heredity it might take a little of the sensuality out of their courtship. "Let us again repeat," said the speaker, "multiply your churches, schools and colleges, and depend solely upon them, and we shall never reach the ideal." Great stress was laid upon the importance of finding out the plan. There is little hope for a man of forty years who has not yet discovered the Divine plan for his life. There are many magnificent men and women going to waste because of this. Boys and girls are not always to blame. Parents are at fault. Several instances from life were quoted to bear out the statement. If you cannot wake a boy up in the regular routine of school, let him do what he wants to do and learn him to do it magnificently. The majority of men and women are asleep and it is important that they be awakened. They have not used the smallest fraction of the powers of which they are possessed. The chief object of the school is to awaken the boy and girl. It doesn't matter much what kind of a teacher you have when once a boy becomes awakened. There is no hope of building splendid men and women out of boys and girls until they are awakened. Self-reliance is necessary. Every boy has some, but don't confound timidity with lack of self-reliance. Football was spoken of as a means to develop self-reliance, but the game as played at present is not human, and the speaker wished he might eliminate certain things from the game. Physical courage was also considered necessary but it should always be accompanied by intelligence. There is a kind of courage born of ignorance. Have dogged persistence. No matter what you aim at, hang on and die in the pursuit of it and you will die happy. He admired the young lady, who, after reading a long time, said she was "going out doors to see if she could think a thought for herself."

It matters a great deal whether your boys are on time or not. If you can't amount to anything where you are transplant yourselves. If we build men we will have to do it in our daily work. No man has a right to avoid work. Take work away and many of us would soon be in the insane asylum. When man's work is made to contain his chief joy, the coming of the millennium will be greatly hastened. We have no business to teach school, run a farm, or do anything else, if we cannot get joy out of it. An article in the September number of Everybody's Magazine was referred to as giving a true life picture. (On sale at this office.) The millionaire libraries which are being placed all over the country were spoken of as being monuments to the shiftlessness of the citizens of those towns and cities. The speaker is a firm believer in recreation and gave a number of interesting ideas along that line, but time and space are at a premium this week and we are unable to give our readers any further report. We trust if Prof. Ferris comes this way again that he will be greeted by a much larger audience.

A Pioneer Gone.

Moses C. Gregory, of Pigeon, died on the 20th inst., at seventy-two years of age. He was born at Bangor, Maine, his father being a seaman and shipowner. Moses took to lumbering and in 1851 entered the employ of John C. Worth, of Cleveland, who sent him out in search of pine. In 1853 he landed at Stockmen's Point, now Point aux Barques, and followed the Indian trail to Pigeon River, now Caseville. There he found Reuben Dodge and Chas. R. Smith, those three being the original settlers of the village. The first saw mill at Caseville was built in 1855 and Gregory furnished logs therefor. In '57 he entered the employ of Francis Crawford and remained with him twenty years. He was hotel-keeper for many years and postmaster under Harrison. He leaves a widow and seven children. Several of his daughters are well known to our readers, one of them, Mrs. Henry Stewart, having resided here for many years, and her sisters were frequent guests.

Decision Upheld.

Pl. Huron Times. The supreme court on Tuesday approved the decision of Judge Law in the case of Wm. Hyde vs. the president and council of the village of Emmet. The plaintiff sought to compel the village council to approve his bond in order that he might take out a liquor license to do business in Emmet. The council refused to approve for the reason that one of the sureties on the bond, Daniel Breen, was not a resident of the village, and that therefore the bond was insufficient.

Judge Law decided that as the council acted in a judicial capacity and in good faith, their discretion could not be inquired into. He therefore sustained the action of the board in refusing to approve the bond. The matter was taken to the supreme court for review and the supreme court upholds the decision of Judge Law.

Wyman Convicted.

Prof. Thomas Wyman, the alleged clairvoyant and notorious swindler, who robbed an old lady in Sanilac county of several hundred dollars, has been on trial in the circuit court at Sanilac Centre and was found guilty. Judge Beach sentenced him to five years imprisonment at Ionia prison.

Wyman held forth in Port Huron for some time, told fortunes and secured sums of money from various citizens. Chief of Police Petit and Detective Clark were witnesses against him.

Wyman did not go on the stand himself, but his wife was a witness. She admitted that her husband's name was Weaver. It was shown that Wyman has served two terms in prison.

Bull (Run) Rush.

Robert Vance, who lives near DeFord, had a very narrow escape, on Sunday morning, from serious injury. He was engaged in salting his cattle when his bull made a rush at him quite unexpectedly. Fortunately the bull had been deborned and had a ring in his nose. Mr. Vance was knocked down, but with presence of mind, he seized the ring in the animal's nose and by sheer strength managed to keep the animal back to some extent until he could reach the fence. He was injured some about the back and trampled some. Dr. Footo, of Novesta, was called but found nothing which he considered at all serious.

IN FULL BLAST.

The Cass City Fair Now On and Promises to Be a Great Success.

LARGE CROWDS IN ATTENDANCE.

Every Department Well Filled and the Special Attractions Are First-Class.

Tuesday was announced as the first day of the Fair, but the day opened cloudy and threatening and at an early hour rain began falling and continued for the greater part of the day, prevented much work in the way of getting exhibits on the ground or in place. However, Wednesday morning promised better things and the hustling done beat all former records. Floral and Vegetable Halls filled up at an amazing rate and the display therein compares very favorably indeed with that of former years. The stock exhibits are certainly better than ever as more interest is being taken in improving the grade and more blooded stock is being brought in. Vegetables are large and good quality and that department is well filled. The same can be said of ripe fruits, especially apples, pears and peaches. Canned fruits are not as plentiful as usual. Seeds, grains and roots are rather lacking, which is to be regretted as it gives visitors a wrong impression of the productivity of our soil. Ladies' work both in needlework and painting, is all right, and the display of flowers and plants is good for the season. A number of displays made by business men in Floral Hall and in the implement department add greatly to the interest. The races had to be cancelled yesterday, but the track was sufficiently dry to allow working yesterday afternoon and the program will be full to-day. The special attractions are proving entirely satisfactory and the trains from both north and south this morning brought good crowds, which are being added to largely by those who drive in and the people are being well taken care of. We go to press too early to give a detailed report, suffice it to say that all promises well, notwithstanding the dark outlook at the opening.

School Notes.

Several more pupils expect to enter the high room after the fair.

Ira Gale, Belle Ross and Myrtle Orr visited the High Room within the last two weeks.

You can afford to lose your place because you insist on what is right. You will not be long without work.—Prof. P. H. Hanne, Harvard University.

The visitors in the Kindergarten room during September were: Mrs. H. T. Elliott, Mrs. N. McLaren, Mrs. M. Duncanson, Mrs. G. Hitchcock, Mrs. E. McKim, Mrs. D. Graham and Mrs. D. Landon.

The report cards were placed in the hands of the pupils this week. Some thought they should have been marked higher. The reason for marking pupils close is that the standard of scholarship may be raised rather than lowered.

Six copies of the book "Common Sense in Education and Teaching" by Paul A. Barnett, of London, have arrived at Mr. Bond's drug store. They will be used by our teachers at their regular meetings, the first one of which will be held Oct. 10th.

There is a criticism of the schools that expresses their weaknesses and seems to gloat over the exposure. There is another criticism that notes weaknesses, but honorably shares the responsibility and seeks to repair them. How depressing the former, how exhilarating the latter.—Dr. F. A. Hall, Sec. Mass. State Board of Education.

The names of the pupils of the high room who were neither tardy nor absent for the month which ended Sept. 26th, are as follows: Adah Caldwell, Mildred Croop, George Cole, Will Duffield, Daniel Duncanson, Herbert W. Ehlers, Ethel Ford, Ethel Gallagher, Corneila A. Heydlauff, Lydia Klump, Clara V. Lenzer, Bessie Pardo, Vida Patterson, Mabel Robison, Chrystal Read, Alice Striffler, Geo. H. Stephenson, Effie Wallace, Minta Wallace, Tena Wettlaufer, Bertha Zinnecker.

Apples Wanted.

I am in the market for all kinds of winter apples delivered at Cass City or packed in orchard. Highest market prices. A. A. McKENZIE. 10-2

Another Robbery.

One of the boldest robberies ever committed in Mayville, occurred some time during Sunday night, when someone entered the home of Dr. Wm. Cox, on Third Street, and stole the doctor's watch and about five dollars in money. The loss was not discovered until morning when the doctor got up and looked for his clothes only to find them missing. They were found out in the yard where the thief had left them, after taking the watch and money from the pockets of the vest and trousers.—Monitor.

Changed Hands.

A. H. Muck, who formerly conducted a blacksmith business here for many years, but has latterly been engaged in farming and heavy teaming, has this week purchased the dray and draying business of Scott Brotherton. Mr. Brotherton has been in the draying business here for a great number of years, and is well and favorably known by everyone. He contemplates a trip to the Northwest soon, with a probability of locating there.

OUR

Millinery Opening

Was a Grand Success

and to those who have not yet purchased, we would be pleased to have call and look over our stock.

Mrs. A. Parker

New and Second-Hand

SCHOOL BOOKS

Tablets, Pencils, Composition Books in fact, everything necessary for school use, at prices that are right. Old books taken in exchange at

BOND'S DRUG STORE.

EVERYTHING IN SEASON!

We are in a position to furnish you anything you wish in the Stove Line.

Steel Ranges from \$38 to \$53.

Heating Stoves from \$3 to \$48.

Call and see our Oil Cloth Patterns.....

J. B. COOTES

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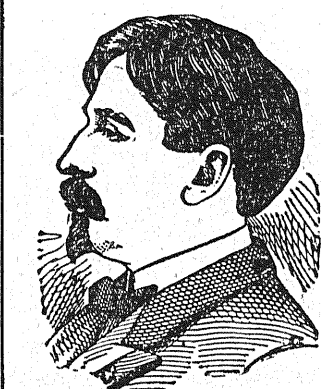
School Books, Tablets, Pencils, and all kinds of School Supplies

is now ready.....

FRITZ'S DRUG STORE.

RESCUED FROM BLINDNESS BY DR. ONEAL

E. H. Reynolds, of Chicago, Restored to Sight by Dr. Oren Oneal, without the Knife, by THE ONEAL DISSOLVENT METHOD. Similar Cases in This Vicinity.



A delightful picture is painted in the glowing tribute paid Dr. Oren Oneal, Chicago's gifted oculist, by Mr. E. H. Reynolds, 222 1/2 W. Chicago, who was cured of cataracts without the knife. It is another evidence of the wonderful efficacy of the Oneal Dissolvent Treatment. The strongest recommendation Dr. Oneal's Dissolvent Method can have is the fact that it positively never injures the eye.

Mr. Reynolds Saved From Blindness.

Mr. Reynolds had suffered for a number of years with cataracts of both eyes. For nearly two years he had been unable to see out of his left eye. He says: "I wish everyone who is afflicted with eye trouble might know of the marvelous cure Dr. Oneal has effected for me. He has restored me to sight after years of mental torture in the belief that there was no hope for me, but that I must live out my days in total blindness. Cataracts had been forming for years. I visited oculist after oculist with no result other than the information that I MUST WAIT TO GO BLIND, and then the eyes could be operated on. Dr. Oneal, when I finally heard of him and had him examine my eyes, didn't say anything like that. HE TOLD ME HE COULD CURE ME. That was five months ago. I have been under his care since, and to-day I can see as well as I ever did. It is wonderful. Dr. Oneal may send any one to me and I will be delighted to tell them how he saved my eyes."

Many thousands of similar cases are indebted to The Oneal Dissolvent Method. Dr. Oneal is proud that he has never injured an eye, nor has he failed in a cure when any sight remained and his treatment was given a fair trial.

This is no more wonderful than the case of Andrew Tillman of Milwaukee, the history of whose cure is still fresh in the minds of Milwaukee people. Here is a letter written by Mr. Tillman, which verifies the statements made by Dr. Oneal: "Clarence Tillman, publisher of the Labor Exchange advertiser of Chicago, and president of the Illinois Producers' Association, says: 'Dr. Oneal straightened the eyes of my nephew, Andrew Tillman of Milwaukee, in two minutes, without the use of knife, chloroform or bandage.'

CROSS-EYES STRAIGHTENED—A new method—without the knife or pair. Over 5,000 cases successfully treated. Dr. Oneal will be glad to advise anyone who will call or write, free of charge, and he will also send his new valuable book on Eye Diseases, and many testimonials free. Address

OREN ONEAL, M. D. Suite 145, 52 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.

We Can Supply Your Wants

in all lines of

Building Material at Bottom Prices.

Our stock is complete and well selected. Not made up from odds and ends of different manufacturers. Our special attention is given to

High Grade Mill Work

which cannot be excelled.

This is why our stock of Mouldings and Interior Finish is taking the lead. We have had years of experience in the Building Trade. Our estimate man is at your service. Come in and tell us what is on your mind. We spare no pains to please you. Remember this is the Old Reliable Cass City Planing Mill and Lumber Yard.

Landon, Eno & Keating, Contractors and Builders.



H. T. ELLIOTT, Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Thoroughly First-Class Equipment.

FULL LINE OF FUNERAL SUPPLIES ALWAYS ON HAND.



Agent for all kinds of cut flowers and funeral designs and furnished on short notice. Personal attention given to floral displays.

Night calls promptly attended. LADY ASSISTANT.

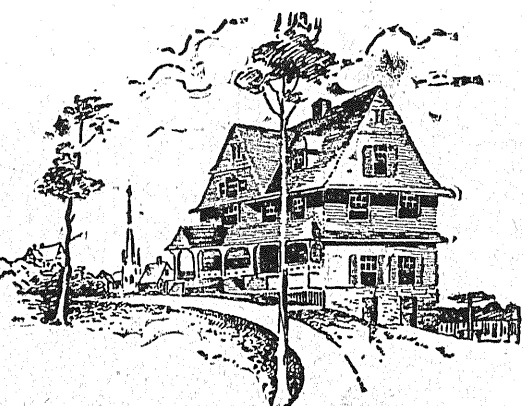
Furniture too Galore!

New line of Bedroom Suits just from the factory, Sideboards, Chiffoniers, Dining room Tables and Chairs that can't be gotten any place for the money. New line of Iron Beds from \$2.75 and up, Cane Seat Oak Rockers \$1.00. Special prices on Mattresses and Springs. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

Special Attention given to Telephone and Mail Orders. Free Phone No. 22-1 ring.

HOUSE BILLS

That is just where we shine—on house and barn bills. We can give you a closer set of figures on that house or barn you're going to put up, than anybody around here. More than that, we can give you a



Nicer, Dryer Grade of Lumber

to boot. No matter for what purpose you need Lumber or Building Material, you will be serving your best interests by seeing us before buying. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

CASS CITY LUMBER & COAL CO.

.....LIMITED.....

The Haytian navy now consists entirely of submarine vessels.

In the opinion of the mosquito a perfume concert is decidedly punk.

Whisky has gone up again, but the campaign cigar is being sold at the same old price.

The Dalmatian coach dog has gone out of style. It is not swift enough for the horseless coach.

In America King Alfonso would be charged with no more serious offense than just being a boy.

Did the Grand Duke Boris drink from the Chicago girl's slipper or take a bath in it?—Galveston News.

An Indianapolis wedding took place in the dark. There have been others, counting other kinds of darkness.

King Edward has been visiting Mr. Carnegie. It is not stated where his majesty wants to establish the library.

Many a summer resort young man would willingly exchange his bathing suit and tennis shoes for a fall overcoat.

Everything is coming to light nowadays. A correspondent has just found out and explained "Why the Dead Sea Is Dead."

The girl who forfeits \$4,000 if she marries merely needs to take care that she marries a man who is worth more than that.

The decision of the French government that the whole northern part of Martinique shall be vacated is late but sensible.

Having failed to persuade Chamberlain to cough up the Boer generals may as well abandon all attempts on Uncle Russell Sage.

Several thousand Russians are electing for a trip to Siberia, for they have petitioned the czar for representative government.

Ping-pong has been put under the ban of the law in Ohio, but checkers will continue to go unchecked in the grand old Buckeye state.

Murat Halstead, who is nearly seventy years of age, wants to enter politics. It seems that a man never gets too old to go wrong.

The public executioner of Paris is said to be one of the most enthusiastic of automobilists. Evidently he is not averse to doing business overtime.

The Colombian revolutionists have won a battle. We have not heard what the Colombian revolutionists are fighting for, but it's probably for practice.

Judging from his rasping views on the management of the coal trust, it is a safe guess that Uncle Russell Sage hasn't got his winter's supply of coal in yet.

A photograph taken on the royal yacht shows the Shah of Persia sitting beside Queen Alexandra, but the Prince of Wales is watching him.

The news that a coal trust is being organized in England sends an extra shiver down the spine of the man who has a big, yawning furnace in the cellar of his home.

The Boston young man whose best girl has promised to marry him when the coal strike ends is sending expensive appealing telegrams every day to Mr. Morgan.

The Missouri river is the prince of practical jokers. It is engaged in cutting a new channel around St. Joseph, Mo., by which course it will leave a new \$500,000 bridge high and dry.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney still writes something every day at the age of 78, but, as she says herself, being a grandmother is her chief occupation. And it is even better paid than authorship.

Emperor William's talk about visiting the United States proves that he is desirous of seeing some of Milwaukee's beautiful women mentioned so enthusiastically by his brother, Prince Henry.

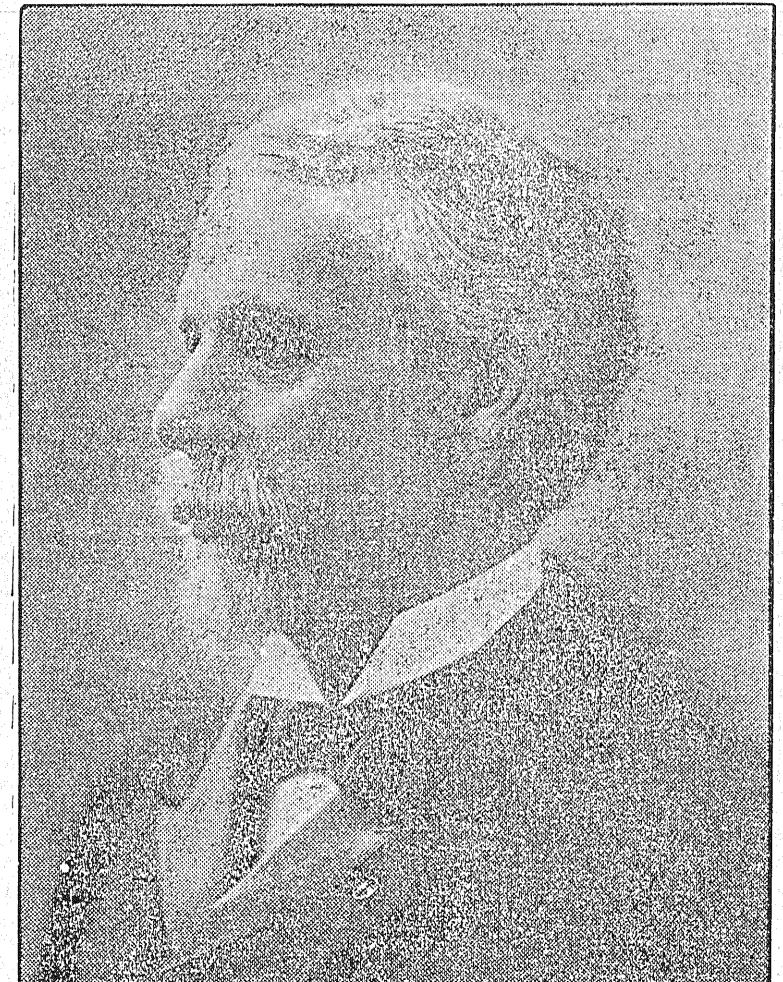
The Princess Di San Faustino, formerly of New York, who beat her maid so severely in Rome the other day that they had to take her to the hospital, must come from some of our good old fighting stock.

Mascagni's announcement that he has composed a hymn to America suggests that his inspiration may have had its origin in a desire to increase his box office receipts.

You are right, Rev. John Boyd, all men are not equal. At present Jeffries is about the best. But Jim Corbett has shown some old-time form lately.

Would it not be a good plan to leave those disorderly islands down in the Caribbean sea until they learn to conduct themselves properly?

IT'S SENATOR ALGER NOW



The campaign for United States senator to succeed the late James McMillan came to an end Saturday by the appointment of General Russell A. Alger to serve until the legislature meets in January.

Under existing conditions, I have decided to withdraw my candidacy for the vacancy in the United States senate from this state.

Saturday night a dispatch from Saginaw stated that the friends of Hon. E. W. Hancock had decided to make no further active efforts in his behalf regarding the United States senatorship.

Neighbors of Fred Stielhoff, who shot and killed George Smith in Leoni, Friday evening, give him a bad name.

A postmortem was performed on the body of Charles B. Rabson, who was found in the river nearly three miles from Saginaw where he plunged into the river, and his stomach was found to be in a normal condition.

A considerable increase in the appropriation of the next legislature for the support of the state institutions may be looked for on account of the advance in the prices of fuel and other living expenses.

The refusal of Rev. Fr. Sperlain, of the Rockland parish, Ontonagon county, to obey the mandate of the bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Frederick Eis, of Marquette, promises to be aired in the courts, as the priest refuses to give up his parish to his successor.

The executive committee of the local Y. M. C. A. has been notified by the state committee that the invitation to entertain the delegates to the next annual conference is accepted.

Milk dealers of Grand Rapids, beginning October 1, will advance the price of milk to six cents per quart.

A Serious Charge.

Frank Labene, aged 55, is in Monroe jail, charged with attempted criminal assault on Mary Masson, aged 10 years.

The child had come from her home at Brest with her 13-year-old brother to meet their parents, who had gone to Toledo for the day.

Labene was arrested a block from the railway station, and denied wrongdoing of any kind.

There is an air of mystery surrounding Mrs. Ernest Scholtz, of Tawas City, who was found on the floor of her home with her throat cut and a razor beside her.

Enrollment of students at the Michigan College of Mines this year will be larger than in previous years.

The old settlers of Meosota county will hold their annual picnic at Big Rapids on Oct. 7.

Edgar Lewis, of Grand Rapids, has been appointed to a \$900 clerkship in the war department.

Enrollment of students at the Michigan College of Mines this year will be larger than in previous years.

The Bay City school census shows 9,319 young people of school age, as against 8,842 last year, a net increase of 477.

Joseph Cenkoviak, Croatian miner at Phoenix mine, Calumet, was killed instantly by a premature discharge of a blast.

Daniel Calahan, a well known farmer and son of Mr. Calahan, of Mr. Morris township, has been arrested, charged with forging his father's name to a note for \$225.

Mrs. Jane A. Church, one of Michigan's pioneer newspaper women, died at her home at Owosso, aged 80 years, after she had been gradually failing for months.

Upon his return to Port Huron from Detroit Fred H. Davis found his mother dead in her rocking chair.

Thomas, of Milland, fell 40 feet while working on the Valley Sugar Co. building at Saginaw, breaking his wrist and wrenching both knees.

Henry Kahn, arrested in Bay City for counterfeiting drug labels, has been identified in Niagara Falls, N. Y., as Herman Herwitz, arrested June 2, 1898, for smuggling phenacetine.

Three little boys were found drunk Sunday morning on the steps of the Fremont school in Bay City.

A new organization of Lusing meat dealers will seek to prevent the midnight trips of deliverymen on Saturday, and bring about the discontinuance of the custom of giving trading stamps.

The general of George Smith, murdered Friday night in Leoni township, by Fred Stielhoff, took place at the home of Smith's mother.

John Seit, the Ann Arbor young man whose uncontrollable desire for liquor led him into burglarizing two saloons and stealing therefrom four quarts of booze in two days, has had a bad case of "snakes" at the jail.

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Walter Apsey, living five miles east of Elmira, lost his life by drowning on Porcupine lake near his home Friday evening.

Saginaw valley coal mine operators are complaining of the scarcity of cars. The Somers mine at St. Charles was forced to shut down half a day Saturday owing to the inability of the railroads to furnish a sufficient number.

Copies of a speech delivered by Gov. Taft at a reception given him on his return to the Philippines sent out from Washington by the bureau of insular affairs, promise that the tariff on Philippine products will ultimately be reduced so as to give practically free trade between the United States and the islands.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

Deep in the mysteries of the Mystic Order of the Sacred Twelve—an organization strong in Chicago, but of which few Chicagoans know—is thought to lie the only information concerning the sudden disappearance on June 10, of pretty Rose C. Mahon.

On that date the girl, who is 19 years old, disappeared from the home of her aunt, Mrs. Matilda Smaller, 304 North Willow avenue, Austin, Minn.

After three months of futile search for them the members of their family appealed to the police for assistance in locating them.

When she joined the order she took an oath, among other things swearing: "I shall ever hold sacred the secret language and all knowledge imparted to me, and I hereby pledge myself never, upon any circumstances, to divulge, make known or transfer to another in any manner whatsoever such language and knowledge as afloat."

Friends of the girl, who have recently learned that she was a member of the organization, are now asking an explanation from officers of the order as to her disappearance.

A committee of citizens headed by the publishers of a Boston newspaper, on Saturday sought relief in the courts from the present coal shortage and high prices by asking for a receiver for the coal companies and coal carrying roads.

The Golden Eagle hotel, Washington, D. C., was dynamited Thursday morning at 4:30 o'clock by Frank McKie, one of the guests, who subsequently committed suicide.

Between 20 and 30 guests were thrown from their beds by the explosion, but only the proprietor, Louis Brandt and his wife, were injured, the latter seriously.

The roof of the building was blown off and the falling wreckage crashed through to the basement, leaving the structure as if wrecked by a tornado.

McKie had boarded at the hotel four years and had been treated as one of the family.

The combination of the great packing houses of the country, which has been under consideration and in process of actual formation for the last six months, has been abandoned.

There are 17,000 Americans in Europe who are unable to return on account of the annual homeward rush of the summer tourists.

The employees of the four mills at Minneapolis have accepted the company's proposition for an eight-hour day, and will accept the new schedule of wages offered.

The agricultural pavilion in Stockton, Cal., all its contents and three residence blocks were burned with a loss of \$500,000.

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Dr. Lung called at the White House Saturday night and remained with the president for half an hour.

The president's condition is progressing satisfactorily. The president's physicians dressed the wound in his leg Saturday morning. The inflammation is receding slowly, but it may be a day or two yet before the physicians can state definitely that granulation has set in without involving the bone.

Another operation was performed Sunday on President Roosevelt's left leg. Instead of using a needle as before, the surgeons, with a knife, made an incision into the small cavity, exposing the bone, which was found to be slightly infected.

Eight men, each with charred faces, burned bodies and terribly scorched heads, were taken to the McKeesport, Pa., hospital as the result of an explosion at Furnace B, of the Carnegie blast furnace plant, Duquesne, Saturday evening.

Brig. Gen. Funston, in his annual report of the department of Colorado, declares the recent anticaine legislation of congress has lowered the discipline of the army, ruined scores of good soldiers and enriched saloonkeepers, gamblers and dissolute women.

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A SYRIAN MAID.

The Law Drives Her Insane and to Suicide.

Joseph Abadeley left Syria some years ago to make a home in the United States. Before he left he promised to be a true lover to Alexandra Joseph, and send for her to come to this country and marry him.

On Aug. 19 the pair tried to cross the border at Detroit, but were promptly stopped by the customs officials. Since then she has been languishing in the Wayne county jail. Her lover came and made all the attempts that his limited means would warrant, to secure her freedom, then he returned to Iowa to work and secure more.

On Thursday a brother arrived to rescue his sister. On the same day she was taken from the jail by the U. S. customs officers and started for New York to be deported. Alexandra could not speak a word of English, and her mind had become unbalanced.

Another operation was performed Sunday on President Roosevelt's left leg. Instead of using a needle as before, the surgeons, with a knife, made an incision into the small cavity, exposing the bone, which was found to be slightly infected.

Eight men, each with charred faces, burned bodies and terribly scorched heads, were taken to the McKeesport, Pa., hospital as the result of an explosion at Furnace B, of the Carnegie blast furnace plant, Duquesne, Saturday evening.

Brig. Gen. Funston, in his annual report of the department of Colorado, declares the recent anticaine legislation of congress has lowered the discipline of the army, ruined scores of good soldiers and enriched saloonkeepers, gamblers and dissolute women.

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Maubikeek, the Lion-Tamer.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS,
Author of "Jack Robbins of America," "In the
China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of
Hawaii," "On a False
Charge," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

"Number 101!"
"What is it?"
"You are to be put into a road gang this morning, and go out to work on the public boulevard."

I was known as Number 101. My keeper imparted the above delightful information to me on the ninth day of my imprisonment.

I say delightful because I mean it, and do not use the word in an ironical sense. The news was indeed delightful and gratifying. It was what I had waited for. It was the beginning of my labor for the state, and my hopes rose, for now, surely, I would find an opportunity to strike for my liberty.

The officer in command lost no time, but put us at once to work. Most of the prisoners had evidently been there before, for they seemed to know just what to do, as if they were resuming work that had but recently been laid down.

After dinner, I, in company with the same ill-smelling ruffian who was my marching partner, was sent some distance away to bring back a supply of cement in a wagon drawn by a small horse, a rugged, stout little animal, that did not seem to feel fatigue.

As we left the main force behind, my heart began to beat violently and my brain to work quickly, for now, I thought, the only opportunity I would get had come.

We traveled perhaps three miles. Then we came to a sort of storehouse or shed, where we stopped. The guard led the key to the shed, and, handing it to me, he ordered me to open the door.

I did as I was told. Nothing could exceed my humility and meekness at that moment.

The stuff used for these roads proved to be a kind of asphalt brought from the coast farther north, and stored in the shed until needed. It was now dry, and lay in piles of broken lumps and blocks.

The guard stood looking on while my companion and I proceeded to carry the stuff to the wagon and load up for our return trip. I had resolved that this return trip would never be made at least by me.

Suddenly an overwhelming influence seized me, and I struck the blow that I had been dreaming of ever since my incarceration.

I had not the least cause to feel murderously inclined toward the guard, but it was my liberty against his life, and the balance fell my way. I had reached his side with a heavy piece of the asphalt in my hands. Without giving him time to raise his rifle, I lifted the lump and sent it crashing against his skull.

With a groan he fell into a heap on the floor.

I sprang to the horse and began rapidly to loosen him from the wagon. But now an enemy arose upon whom I had not counted. My fellow prisoner, either from a mistaken sense of duty or from a desire to win favor and perhaps pardon for himself, sought to prevent my departure. He sprang upon me, and we had a hand-to-hand tussle, in which it seemed at times as if I was going to get the worst of it. Backward and forward we swayed, now with his hand at my throat, now with my fist thrust square against his jaw, writhing, twisting, biting and kicking, until I finally got a good grip on his throat and nearly strangled him.

Seizing him with a mighty effort, I hurled him against the body of the guard, and with a last pull at the straps, freed the horse from his encumbrance.

Leaping upon his back, I banged his sides with my heels, and away he went to the northward, carrying me toward freedom.

But the Sardinian prisoner was not yet beaten. I heard the crack of the guard's rifle behind me, and felt a stinging sensation in the back. I was shot.

I felt the warm blood oozing down my back, and began to feel weak and dizzy. Even though I had not been hit in a vital spot, I knew that the loss of blood would finish me unless I was able soon to stay it. But to halt now would be death anyhow, and I kept on. The rifle was fired again, but this time the distance was too great for the Sardinian's aim, and I was not touched.

On, on we went, my little horse and I, past woods and past farms, until I saw the road across the valley, which I had seen from my prison window, and which had seemed to lead to places of refuge in the mountains.

Suddenly my horse stumbled and fell. My weakness was now so great that my hands refused to cling; my legs were as those of a man paralyzed. I rolled from the animal's back and fell with a thud by the roadside. Relieved of his burden, the horse recovered his footing and plunged forward out of sight.

I was stunned by the fall. I became conscious of a burning sensation in my throat, then an excruciating pain in my head, then another in my back; my arms and legs tingled as if filled with needles. I felt something pressed to my lips, and again the burning in my throat. My mind grew calmer. I opened my eyes. Vision had returned to me.

Pending over me was a monk. "You are wounded, son," he said, in a voice that was soft and almost womanly.

"Yes, father," I replied, my own voice coming only in a whisper. "I have been shot."

The monk's face was very pale—unnaturally white, I thought. He looked at me through his goggles a moment before answering.

"You are wounded in the back, son," he said. "Is it the work of an assassin?"

"I will tell you the truth, father," I said, wearily. "I am a prisoner of the state. The brother of the pretetto was murdered. I was accused of the murder, and though I knew nothing about it, I was convicted. I was at work on the public road to-day and escaped. A fellow prisoner fired at me with the guard's rifle and wounded me. They will be after me soon."

"Alas, son! This is a bad business."

The monk, as he said this, glanced nervously around, as if apprehensive of detection in thus succoring a prisoner of state who had escaped.

He put his hands under me and lifted me gently from the ground. I seemed to be but a child in his arms. Holding me across the back of his mule, he easily mounted, and, speaking to the animal, we were soon moving up the mountain side.

We did not travel far in this way—perhaps a quarter of a mile. Then we had come to a thick portion of the forest, and we were in a rugged mountain region. The monk had been peering from side to side, as if in search of something, and suddenly halted his mule before a tall, white-barked tree that stood near the edge of the road.

"I thought I knew the place," he murmured to himself. "That is certainly the tree."

Sliding from the saddle to the ground, the monk took me in his arms and carried me into the forest. He spoke to his mule and the animal followed him.

He carried me carefully over rocks and fallen trees and through seemingly impassable places. He seemed to know fully every foot of the uneven ground, and to be looking for some particular spot.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last. "It is here. The soldiers of the pretetto will have to work to find you here."

"And you will not betray me, father?" I asked.

"Nay, I know full well the ease with which the pretetto imprisons falsely. You are safe here. And you will be fed."

"I thank you, father," I said, in gratitude.

We had entered a grotto. The air inside was cool and sweet. I could hear the murmur and ripple of a spring and mountain stream near by. I felt a sense of rest and security, and my trust in the monk was firm.

Soon delicious set in.

I was now at the circus and gazing with wonder and admiration at Nita Bartolotti, the trapeze queen, and at Maubikeek, the lion tamer, in their respective acts.

Then the visit to Ralph Graycourt's rooms and the discovery of the photograph as was vivid in my mind as on the day it actually occurred. And so on, I lived over and over again the stirring scenes of the past days in New York, and the departure of Maubikeek and myself on the steamer.

And then the accident; Maubikeek rushing into my room and carrying me out of the room; and there standing on top of a wave, still in the glare of the light from heaven, stood Maubikeek, and above him, in red letters, seemingly of fire floating in the air, I saw the words, "If you are saved and I am not, save Nita from Malgini!"

I was vaguely conscious of a lapse of time as I lived over these scenes. I seemed to feel that some one was near me. But I knew nothing real. There was nothing of actual life about me.

Again I fancied I heard the rippling of a stream.

Again I thought that marble walls surrounded me. At first it seemed that I was in a tomb, but gradually consciousness came to me and I awoke. The bed of furs was my couch; the grotto walls were above me. An odor of something came to me. A noise faintly. I turned my head.

A fire was burning in the little stove. By it, a cigarette in his mouth, holding something over the coals, sat Mutterelli. He rose and looked at me.

"All right, signor," he said, in the calm voice of a man who knew what he was doing and had been doing it a long time. "It will be ready in a minute. A bit of toast and a sip of wine will do you good. Keep still. You are all right, signor."

"Mutterelli!" I whispered.

"Signor! You know me!" he cried. "Jesus be praised! You have long been near death, but now you will be restored to life. Ah, signor! How's that?"

As he said this he put a wooden board before me, upon which was a glass of wine and a bit of white breast of chicken and a slice of toast. Nothing that I had ever eaten in Delmonico's tasted half so good as that dainty morsel in that hour of my return to earth.

Then I closed my eyes and a delicious sense of rest stole over me, and I fell asleep.

I slept long and sweetly, and awoke much refreshed. Feeling strong, I raised myself on my elbow and looked about. Squatting on a low stool near the opening of the grotto was Mutterelli, smoking the inevitable cigarette, calmly paring some potatoes.

The expression on his face being one

of utter content and placid happiness. "Mutterelli!" I said in a whisper, which was all the voice I could raise.

Mutterelli laid down his knife and came toward me.

"You called, signor," he said.

"Where is the monk?" I asked.

Mutterelli put his finger to his lips. "You are not to talk, signor," he said. "Be patient, and when you are stronger we will speak of it. You have been very ill, signor."

"How long have I been in the grotto, Mutterelli?" I asked.

"Sixteen days, signor."

I sank back on my fur couch, overcome by a sense of weakness and utter helplessness. Sixteen days! And it seemed as though it was but an hour since the monk had carried me into the grotto, and had set about dressing my wound. And the change from the monk to Mutterelli was so strange, so unexpected. Yet Mutterelli was calm, and seemed perfectly at home in this strange place.

When he had replied to my last question he offered me a glass of wine, which I drank. Then he turned and walked out of the grotto. I remembered that he had done this when I first saw and recognized him, and realized that this was his method of enforcing silence. So alone I lay, and in my weakness wondered what chain of circumstances had led Mutterelli to the grotto.

In about an hour Mutterelli returned.

He slowly rolled a cigarette in his fingers and lighted it, drew a stool near my bed and sat down.

"How do you feel, signor?" he asked.

"I feel much better," I replied.

Mutterelli was evidently going to talk, so I waited patiently for him to begin.

"You have been very sick, signor," he said finally. "It is now sixteen days since you came here."

"Yes," I replied; "so you told me before. But how many days is it since you came here?"

"Sixteen, signor," he replied calmly.

"You followed me?"

"Yes, signor. I was told where to find you."

"Then my hiding place is known?" I said.

"Yes, signor. Your hiding place is known to me and to the monk who brought you here. That is all."

"And you saw the monk? You must have seen him, for he only could tell you where to find me."

"Yes, signor, I saw the monk. He is a good monk, signor. I alone in Sardinia have his confidence. The monk and I belong to the same secret society, signor, though I am but a poor member. See, signor?"

"What is his name, Mutterelli?"

"He is Brother Michael, signor, of the Order of Jesuits. He is high in favor with the general of the order, signor, and travels much, doing missionary work."

The exertion of talking had been severe and I felt that I must stop.

"You are weary, signor," said Mutterelli. "You have talked too much. You must rest. I will leave you."

He sauntered toward the entrance to the grotto, and I saw him pause long enough to twist the end of another cigarette and light it. Then he disappeared through the marble arch.

I lay back on my furs, wondering. There was, in my mind, a vague yet rapidly growing conviction that Mutterelli and the monk were one and the same. The timely meeting between the monk and Mutterelli; the implicit confidence which the monk reposed in Mutterelli, who, I knew, and a price—all these things, as I thought them over, convinced me that Mutterelli was Brother Michael and Brother Michael was Mutterelli. So far he had done well. But how else I ever to get away from Sardinia, and how was I going to continue my efforts to restore Nita Bartolotti to the sphere in life to which I knew she belonged?

(To be continued.)

Parisian Trees.
Paris is said to lead the world in the culture of city trees. The success of the French capital is due not so much to an admirable soil climate as to a well-organized system of caring for the trees.

In large nurseries young trees are grown and prepared for the Parisian streets. The culture of the soil is elaborate. From the very beginning the trees are pruned and staked to compel a straight growth. By frequent transplanting the roots become so hardened that they are enabled to withstand injury due to transportation. When a tree is sufficiently large, it is set out in the streets with the same care that is lavished upon it in the nursery. Often the cost of planting a single tree is \$50. Whenever a storm destroys the city trees the nursery can be immediately drawn upon for another supply.

Thoughtful.
Young Wife—"There is a gentleman in the library, dear, who wants to see you."

Young Husband—"Do you know who it is?"

Young Wife—"You must forgive me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and—ah, oh, if I were to lose you, my darling!"

Bursts into tears.

Young Husband—"There, there, dear! Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you mustn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellett?"

Young Wife—"No, it is not a doctor; it's a—a life insurance agent."

Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS

I never hear any one remark about conventions and crowds, and sleeping on cots, but I think of my experience several years ago in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras.

It is not reassuring after riding through six or seven states to discover at the unseemly hour of 11 at night that even the colored cook's room in every hotel in the city is filled with more previous folks, who snore on unconscious of the fact that you are strongly suspending a night in the park would superinduce a bad attack of hay fever.

Having cheerfully tried several mansions de rest, my wife and I were reminded that a few friends had preceded us to the Royal Inn, and as we had not met them in the "vicinity of the park" we decided they must have hypnotized the clerk of that hospitable hotel.

Being in the vicinity of Gen. Lee's statue on what is known as the "Circle," we decided to take a car for the Royal. The Circle is the loop about which all street cars turn excepting a few "straight liners." It is about two blocks in circumference and should have been named "The Stranger's Mouse Trap."

Having navigated, like Columbus, the spheroid, we found we were getting plenty of exercise—and some experience. The Hotel Royal, however, was like Sheraton, forty miles away, so far as we were able to ascertain.

"Whah, suddenly; suddenly, sah; go round the square and take the white car going north," submitted a darkey with great viscosity of the salaam-vertibrae.

Having dragged our weary limbs over the same territory again, to be "turned down" by the conductor, who was kind enough to tell us that he didn't go within twelve blocks of the Royal, my wife vouchsafed a slight reference to the town as being "queer."

By the time we had spent fifteen minutes racing around that monumental relic of Southern generalship, stopping every street car that dared to whiz our way, I was reminded by the lady whose company I am tied to that my supplemental language in regard to the town being a "trifle queer" was entirely equal to the emergency, and possibly might be shaded a little to make a respectable impression.

I said I had studied geometry, but I hoped to be kicked to death with a bumble bee's javelin if I could tell on which side of the Circle the square of that hypotenuse was.

She said she also doubted my ability, which I was about to resent, when a gentleman of the South steered us out of that maelstrom of "rounds" to a street car which took us to the Hotel Royal, a mammoth structure, filled with old-fashioned elegance and plenty to eat.

A bunch of ladies and gentlemen were at the desk as we entered, and each, sadly, two by two, luggage in hand, led the hotel as we waited.

"My wife began to look at me nervously."

"I have turned away one hundred and fifty guests since 6 o'clock," the clerk said, ruefully, meanwhile assuring in Southern manner of regret at having to turn guests out into the parks and the "Circle" as so late an hour.

"Can't you possibly make room for my lady?" implored one gentleman.

"My dear sir, it is entirely impossible. There is not a room in the house unoccupied. Many will be compelled to stay up all night."

The man turned away and I said austere and in the most abject voice at my command:

"I trust your honored presence has the felicity to be feeling entirely up to the limit," to which he replied his agree and fever would not aid me in getting a room that night, as he had given out his own bed long ago to a man who had melted him with a "pipe-tale" of weariness.

Then I told him I had crossed six states to see the Mardi Gras and that my wife was subject to Asiatic convulsions and nightmare every time the "old boss" had to sleep in a "park," whereat he refused to build me an addition or admit us to the eccretorio sanctuary of the sky parlor.

I insisted that inasmuch as I was liable to enter into a grand carnival catapasm comedy and song if driven into the street at such a time, he should not allow the unskillful name of Southern hospitality to be made the subject of light cackination on the public highway. He again refused me.

"I am," said I, "an editor, but I don't suppose even editors can get into your heaven," by which I referred to that portion of the hotel just prior to the shingles.

At this a bright idea seemed to make connections in the region of his meningeal arteries, and without a word he showed us to room 381 and bid us a fond good night. I learned the next morning after breakfast that he gave me another editor's room and sent word to the gentleman to stay out with the boys, for "he had made different arrangements."

How true it is that half of the world know not how the other half lives. Recently, while wandering through the woods, I came upon a poor farm. There, left by a heartless mother, whose husband lies in the grave, lives a little darkey boy by the name of Jimmie Parker.

The artists who have sought the slum and the levee for characters from which to paint a picture have all missed Jimmie, but he is there, and with him his dog, waiting to turn the fickle goddess of Fortune to the lucky and talented artist who can paint "a soul on canvas."

Jimmie has been a favorite at the farm ever since he was left there a year ago and told it was home—there with the maniacs and the unfortunate. The "boss" liked him and the "boss" wife took a fancy to him. All the folks not "daffy" out there followed suit.

When the mother deserted the children Jimmie had to go somewhere, "and they brought me out here," he added, his big, brown eyes rolling in his darkey face.

"Are they good to you here?" "Yes, sir."

"Do you have all you can eat?"

"Yes, sir. I go to school when there is school, but there ain't none now," with a bad twist to his grammar.

"Where did you get your dog, Jimmie?" I asked, as a cur crossed between a burr bush and a wire fence paw one paw upon Jimmie's knee and licked the lad's face, as he lay upon the clover.

"Boss gave him to me. Follered the boss home. Nobody wanted him, so they gave him to me. His name is Truby," clasping his arms about the animal, which looked into his face with great love beaming from dog eyes.

Jimmie slapped the canine carelessly on the back with a magazine he had picked from the grass at my feet. With a sorrowful look the animal slunk from the boy, his head down and his tail between his legs.

"Come, Truby," cried Jimmie, in great concern and evident regret, "I did not mean to hurt you," throwing both dusky arms about the animal's neck and burying his face in his shaggy coat.

"I have been so good to him," said the negro lad, "that the least little thing makes him feel bad."

Thus they played together a half mile from the farm in the woods, this ebony skinned lad and his homely dog, each the best friend on earth of the other.

The boy has soulful brown eyes and a bright countenance, which if truly portrayed will make the painter famous. He gazes in the yellow, affectionate eyes of the dog, and who shall say that they do not understand each other—this small-statured negro of a few years left with no home but the poor farm, and this scraggly dog that one day, of his own volition, followed the "boss" to the place where Jimmy lives.

About the time of year the country lad, straggling home along the country road from the little red school-house on the hill, daubs the mustard-like pollen from the ragweed onto his knickerbockers, the discussion of who has raised the largest ear of corn begins to agitate the countryside. Momentous question! Twins may come and twins may go to the bridal altar, Si Wilkinson's colt may win the race at the cattle show, Mirandy Jones may have a bran, span, new, city, tailor-made suit—but the biggest ear of corn looms up like a blonde lady at an Ethiopian ball. Proud is the man who raised it—and happy is the editor who gets it! It is weighed, written about, "hefted" and dented. The cynosure of all eyes, it calls for comparisons of former years and lands top-to-heap, "bigger'n enny of 'em, by gosh!"

One by one the big ears find their way into the country editor's office, together with mammoth potatoes, great pumpkins, ripe watermelons, freak squashes, until the editor's sanctum sanctorum has the appearance of the floral building at an agricultural show in Hickory Hollers.

And, by cracky, some of those ears of corn "be mighty big." When a whole triumvirate of counties sets out to raise the biggest ear of corn, the monstrosities are something awe-inspiring. But, alas, even the big ears of corn lose their interest for the changeable populace. Then it is they find their way to the editor's chickens, the editor's ducks, his pigs or turkeys. Or, mayhap, the scribe's mooly cow has a feast that makes her mouth froth.

Did you ever see a mooly cow masticate one of those prize ears of field-corn? We have, out in Iowa when we published a country newspaper. She jerks it greedily from your hand, rolls her big brown eyes sadly, snarps a rough, attenuated tongue about it and instantly the ear begins to disappear away like a four-foot nutmeg grater eating sassafras root. The digestive fluid effervesces in the mouth of the bovine and she turns her nose high in the air, to assist the law of gravity. Suddenly with a great gulp, the ear is down. The greatest bit of corn in all Polka Dot county has gone the Milky Whey—and the cow bats her eyes for more prize ears.

The largest ear reported thus far this fall weighed two and one-quarter tons, and there is talk of making a cob-pipe of the interior for "The Old Man of the Mountain."

GREAT YEAR FOR FINDS.

Recent Discovery of Coins in Wales Reveals Other Treasures.

The recent discovery in North Wales of several valuable silver urns, gold rings, armlets and spoons, dating from about the year 1600, recalls to mind, says an English writer, some interesting facts concerning the recovery of treasure trove.

The year 1882 appears to have been the most prolific in these unexpected finds. In January of that year, while repairs were being carried out in a house at Broughton, the workmen unearthed a large leather bag containing 30 crowns and several shillings of the reign of Charles II., James II. and Queen Anne.

In the following month a discovery of great antiquarian interest was made at Yvafre, Sweden, when a number of antique silver bowls were brought to light. They proved to be excellent examples of 12th and 13th century work, and were covered with quaint inscriptions.

Some months later a clay vessel full of Roman coins was found near Yovvil, Somersetshire, and, at about the same time, 250 coins of Queen Anne's reign were found at Watford.

The greatest discovery of the 19th century took place in December of the same year in an old house in the Rue Vieille de Temple, Paris. Upon its demolition a copper jar was found in one of the walls. It contained 7,382 gold coins, worth nearly \$30,000, as bullion, but to the collector their value was untold, for they belonged, numismatically, to the rarest reigns of France.

In other parts of the house were found 1010 coins of Jean le Bon, 6199 of Charles V and over 500 pieces of other mints, the latter being alone valued at \$150,000.

BUNDLES IN THE CAPITAL.

You May Take Them Into the Treasury Building, but Not Out of It. Among all the departments in Washington the most strict is the treasury. A citizen may carry anything he likes into the treasury building, but when he undertakes to carry anything bulky out of the building he is apt to get into trouble if he does not explain with readiness.

A visitor to Washington the other day carried a fairly large package into the building. Nobody said a word to him about it when he was going in, but when he started out with the package he was held up, made to open it, and to explain all about himself and his business.

The good sense of the rule is apparent. At the capitol it is against the rules to carry any sort of a bundle into the building. The fear is that somebody will carry in a bomb. The rule was never enforced until the senate took up the Sherman repeal bill. At that time the public mind became so influenced against the delay in the senate that violence was feared, and the rule was put into active operation and continued for some years.

Then it dropped out of sight until the Spanish war excitement came on, when it was again enforced, and it is still enforced rather strongly, although during the last session of congress a few cameras were allowed in the building—New York Mail and Express.

MIXED THE ORGANS UP.

Two Blind Musicians and Their Little Mistake.

Visitors to Blackpool recently were much puzzled by an old woman who was playing a barrel organ.

"At one end of the instrument she had pasted this notice: 'Help the blind.' Beneath this appeared a second appeal—I am the father of seven motherless children."

The old woman wore a pair of blue spectacles, behind which her eyes were completely hidden.

A few streets farther on the mystery of the inscription was cleared up, for there sat an old man turning music out of another organ, as dilapidated as the one whose faint strains could almost be heard from up the street.

He, too, wore glasses, and his organ bore this legend: "Help the blind." And under it, "I am the mother of seven fatherless children."

A man stepped up to him and said: "Look here, my friend, next time you go out you had better get the right label on your organ."

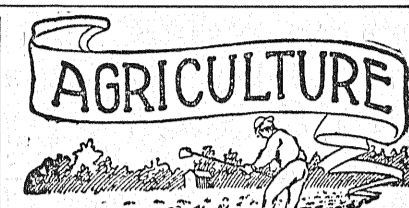
The grinder must have guessed what the error was, for, pushing the glasses back from his eyes, he peered quickly up and down the street, as if looking for a policeman. Seeing none, he leaned over and read the sign.

"That's the old woman, all over," he muttered, replacing the glasses and turning his instruments to leave; "she's mixed them blooming organs up again."—Stray Stories.

The Cost of Living.

It seems to cost a great deal to live nowadays. Most persons notice it, especially persons who are hard put to it to find the money to pay their bills. The statisticians report that commodities in general use cost, on an average, about 10 per cent more than they did last year.

The rise in the price of meat contributes a good deal to this advance, though breadstuffs have been high, too. Articles of luxury, like good clothes and country houses, have grown dearer in proportion than most articles of necessity, because the huge influx of money that the country has sustained has made a brisk market for luxuries. Rents are higher, houses cost more, servants get higher wages, board is higher at summer hotels, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.



Preparing Land for Grass.

It is little short of marvellous to see the pathetic attempts made to obtain meadows and pastures on soils that are quite devoid of available plant food. As examples, witness the gullied hillsides, rocky slopes and mountain plateaus, to whose barren bosoms moisture and humus are unknown. Remembering how very small the seeds of grass and clover are and what a little mite of plant food is locked up in each seed and for how short a space of time it can supply the needs of the plant, it does not seem strange that numerous failures occur when you consider that these tiny little plants are seeded on land in such bad physical condition that the lumps of soil appear in comparison as the towering mountains to the mole hill. Think of seeding land in such an abominable physical condition and you can understand one reason why the grass fails to make a stand. Thus one principal reason why we are not more successful in the culture of these crops is due to the bad physical condition of the soil, to the fact that it does not

Cass City Enterprise.

An independent newspaper. Published every Thursday by A. A. P. McDowell, Main Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Mich.

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

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

A. A. P. McDowell, Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

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

Dr. J. H. Hays Physician and Surgeon. Offices in new Alle Block. Residence, Seeger street, four doors south of New Sheridan. Phone 15.

Dr. G. M. Livingston. Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of the University of Michigan—1898. 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 in the second story of the City Block. Phone No. 33.

A. W. Truesdell, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, Shabbona, Mich. Special attention to surgery. 6-12-02.

DENTISTRY.

I. FRITZ, DENTIST. Office over Fritz's drug store. Assisted by P. L. Fritz, D. D. S., graduate of University of Michigan.

P. A. SCHENCK, D. D. S. DENTIST—graduate of University of Michigan. Offices in new Fritz block, Cass City, Mich. 12-31-01.

Societies.

I. O. F. COURT ELKLAND, No. 529, I. O. F., meets on 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in their hall in the Campbell block, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited. WILLIAM MESSNER, C. R. A. A. P. McDowell Rec. Sec. 9-11-01.

I. O. O. F. CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited. A. A. P. McDowell, N. G. D. LIVINGSTON, Secretary.

K. O. T. M. CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. P. S. RICE, Commander. A. A. P. McDowell, Record Keeper.

Church Directory.

BAPTIST—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:40 p. m. on Sunday. Sunday school at 12 m. Young people's meeting Monday evening. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Rev. H. WEAVER, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL—Services begin with Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:40 p. m. Y. P. 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 7:40 p. m. Sunday. Class meetings follow morning service. 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. W. W. GIFFORD, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:40 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. A. TOMBER, Pastor.

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. Sells drafts payable in any part of the world.

E. H. PINNEY, PROP.

Cass City Stage Line Runs daily between Cass City and Caro, leaving Cass City at 6:00 a. m. Returning, leaves Caro at 1:30 p. m. Ample passenger service and general delivery of all kinds. Leave all orders at Caro House. 6-25 E. HOBART, Proprietor

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Dr. W. C. Brown's signature is on each box. 25c.

A bad break occurred last week in the Ox-bow dam in course of construction near Caro, which will cause a great delay.

Foley's Honey and Tar is peculiarly adapted for chronic throat troubles and will positively cure bronchitis, hoarseness and all bronchial diseases. Refuse substitutes. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

"The 'Light Cure' at Copenhagen" is the subject of an interesting illustrated article in the October Review of Reviews, by Julius Moritzen. In this paper the discoveries and work of Dr. Niels R. Finzen in the treatment of skin diseases (by natural and artificial light) are described. It is the story of one of the marvels of the age in the domain of medical science.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

One Minute Cough Cure For Coughs, Colds and Grip. **DYSPEPTICIDE** The greatest aid to DIGESTION.

8 CENTS

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is cheap for such valuable material. Some pay more, some less, some get nothing for their money. You get your money's worth when you buy Scott's Emulsion.

We will send you a little free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, 409 Pearl Street, New York, 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

East Novesta.

Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, Sandy Irwin, a nineteen-year-old young man, died with typhoid fever after over two years of suffering. He was born in Novesta township in 1883, the son of Mrs. A. Irwin. He leaves a mother, five sisters and four brothers to mourn his loss. The family has the sympathy of the entire community. He was buried on Wednesday morning.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Avoid serious results of kidney or bladder disorder by taking Foley's Kidney Cure. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Josh Westhafer, of Loogootee, Ind., is a poor man, but he says he would not be without Chamberlain's Pain Balm if it cost five dollars a bottle, for it saved him from being a cripple. No external application is equal to this liniment for stiff and swollen joints, contracted muscles, stiff neck, sprains and rheumatic and muscular pains. It has also cured numerous cases of partial paralysis. It is for sale at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Holbrook

Geo. Mann is still quite sick. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt's baby is sick this week.

Charles Kivel had an auction sale last Monday. Charles Hill took a load of apples to Cass City Tuesday.

The rain the first of the week made the folks look sick. Frank Hill has traded his wheel to A. Hill for his pony.

Howard Kelley took in the excursion to Detroit Saturday. John Henderson's mother and brother, from Canada, are visiting him this week.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. John Henderson Thursday. All are cordially invited.

A Boy's Wild Ride for Life. With family around expecting him to die, and a son riding for life, 18 miles to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, W. H. Brown, of Leesville, Ind., endured death's agonies from asthma, but this wonderful medicine gave instant relief and soon cured him. He writes: "I now sleep soundly every night." Like marvelous cures of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and Grip prove its matchless merit for all throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis' Drug Store, Kingston.

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Wilmot.

Earl Clemons is now convalescent. Miss Lily Ford is corking for M. Moulton.

Floyd Pierce is still quite ill with typhoid fever. A number of our people will go to the fair at Cass City.

Our new minister, Rev. G. F. Smith, was with us last Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. Rayworth Wednesday for dinner.

Mr. Nelson, who has been clerking for I. Berman, made many friends here who regret seeing him go.

Mrs. Geo. Allen came home from Saginaw sick last Thursday evening and has been quite ill since but is some better now.

Lettie Allen underwent an operation last Saturday at the Medical Hospital at Saginaw. A portion of bone was removed from her ankle. She is doing as well as can be expected.

Fortune Favors a Texan. "Having distressing pains in head, back and stomach, and being without appetite, I began to use Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes W. P. Whitehead, of Kennedale, Tex., "and soon felt like a new man." Infallible in stomach and liver troubles. Only 25c at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Lingering Summer Colds Don't let a cold run at this season. Summer colds are the hardest kind to cure and if neglected may linger along for months. A long siege like this will pull down the strongest constitution. One Minute Cough Cure will break up the attack at once. Safe, sure, acts at once. Cures coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. The children like it. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Novesta

Mrs. Wm. Patch has been suffering from a felon. The brick work of Elmer Bruce's house is completed.

Mrs. Warren Churchhill is on the sick list. Warren Churchhill is working in Caro.

Len Patch has left the employ of Jas. Rule. He hasn't decided yet what he will do.

Robt. Agar and S. Gowan have gone to North Branch to dispose of some ironing tables.

Dr. Foote, wife and daughter have returned from a visit to Huron county, Ontario, where they were visiting the Dr.'s old home.

Robt. Vance was pretty badly shaken up by a bull last Sunday. While salting his cattle, the bull took him unaware and knocked him down. Providentially he was able to get a hold of the ring in the nose and held him off until succor came.

Beware of the Knife No profession has advanced more rapidly of late than surgery, but it should not be used except where absolutely necessary. In cases of piles for example, it is seldom needed. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures quickly and permanently. Unequaled for cuts, bruises, wounds, skin diseases. Accept no counterfeits. "I was so troubled with bleeding piles that I lost much blood and strength," says J. O. Phillips, Paris, Ill. "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me in a short time." Soothes and heals. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Monotonous Tones. If voices were cultivated toward expression in speaking as well as in singing, the variety of tone would be very agreeable to the listener. Many people find the monotonous tone used in everyday conversation very irritating and would hail with delight any method which would tend toward breaking this tiresome sameness. Even beauty of tone does not save this monotony from condemnation. It is like striking one key of a musical instrument over and over again. The teaching of elocution should be of aid in this direction or the practice of reading aloud, striving to give proper expression to each sentence.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Department Store Reparte. "What are these things?" asked the customer. "Blackboard erasers," said the shop-girl. "I don't want anything that will erase a blackboard. I want a chalk mark eraser." "That's what I meant. These are chalk mark erasers. Anything else?" "Yes. I want some lead pencils." "We haven't any lead pencils. We have some wooden cylinders with graphite on the inside of them. Will they do as well?"—Chicago Tribune.

Shaking Hands. At a duel the combatants discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered and proposed that the duelists should shake hands. "To this the other second objected as unnecessary," said he, "have been shaking this half hour."

The Return Trip. Passenger on steamer en route to Europe—the steamer appears to be empty. Don't emigrants ever return to the old country? Captain—Oh, yes; but they always go back in the first cabin.—Chicago News.

A small damsel of twelve who disliked pluck herself and expect others to feel the hurt.—National Magazine.

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

The Letter That Was Stolen and the Rascal Who Stole It. Benajah G. Jayne during most of the civil war was the personal assistant of Edwin M. Stanton, the famous war secretary. One day Lincoln sent for Jayne to come to the White House. "My boy," said he, "there is a letter I would like to have you look at."

Jayne picked up the letter and found it was from General Dix. It conveyed the information that several Federal prisoners had escaped from Libby prison with the aid of Abbie Green, a woman famous during the war. The letter also said that, as the fact of Abbie's assistance was well known, she had been obliged to flee from Richmond and even then was on her way to Washington on the flag of truce boat.

"Now, my boy," said the president, "I don't know what I should say to any rascal who would steal that letter and have a bill passed through congress to grant \$10,000 to the relief of Abbie Green." Mr. Jayne "stole the letter," and the next day both branches of congress passed the bill to grant \$10,000 to Abbie Green. The following morning "Honest Abe" sent for Jayne again.

"I told you I didn't know what I should say," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "to the rascal who would steal that letter and have congress act on it. Now, I've made up my mind what to say. You go down to No. — street, get Abbie Green, take her down to Chase at the treasury, and don't you let her go until she gets that money."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Swallowing Salt Water. One of the most beneficial features of a sea bath is the salt water inadvertently swallowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness when all drug preparations have failed. It is peculiarly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion, disordered stomach and insomnia and has been known to produce excellent results in many cases of dyspepsia.

Clean sea water is full of tonic and sedative properties. It won't hurt anybody. Indeed two or three big swallows of it would be of positive benefit to nine bathers out of ten. It is not, of course, a palatable or tempting dose to take, but neither is quinine or calomel. You seldom if ever see an old sailor who is bilious or dyspeptic or a victim to insomnia, and why? For the reason that an ocean of good medicine spreads all about his sky, and he does himself copiously with it whenever his physical mechanism becomes the least bit deranged.—Washington Star.

Cruelty to Lobsters. It is singular how the cruel practice of boiling lobsters alive continues. Our forefathers—and indeed our parents—let calves bleed slowly to death, on the theory that in no other way could white meat be secured, and later on calves were bled one day and killed the next. Now, every one knows that a calf can be killed in a humane manner and the veal made just as good, and, generally speaking, animals killed for food have been put out of the way in a much more humane manner than formerly. But lobsters are still tortured out of existence, the only difference being that, while formerly they were exclusively boiled to death, now some are boiled and some are broiled. Which process causes the most agony no one can say.—Exchange.

Used for Pneumonia. Dr. J. C. Bishop, of Agew, Mich., says, "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case." Refuse substitutes. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

"What a father can do for His Son" is the title of one of the most instructive articles which has ever appeared in a magazine. Prof. Harry Thurston Peck discusses this subject in the October Cosmopolitan in a way to be entertaining to fathers, mothers and sons. The essay will have a wide range of readers.

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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 NORTH
FRI. P. M. A. M. STATIONS
No. 5, N. 3, N. 1
A. M., 2:30 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 11:00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH
NIX. Pass. Freq. No. 2, No. 4, No. 6
A. M., P. M.
8:00 6:15 8:15 PONTIAC 8:05 10:40 4:00
9:15 5:20 8:25 Detroit 7:45 10:22 3:32
9:30 5:35 8:35 Cole 7:37 10:15 3:20
10:10 6:00 8:55 Oxford 7:10 10:05 3:50
11:05 6:40 9:35 Shoup 6:55 9:50 4:32
11:25 6:10 9:12 Detroit 6:46 9:43 4:55
11:55 6:30 9:32 Dryden 6:30 9:32 5:55
12:30 6:45 9:44 Lansing 6:15 9:15 6:35
12:58 7:00 9:55 Lum 5:40 9:07 11:55
1:13 7:09 10:03 Kings Mills 5:29 8:50 11:40
1:57 7:24 10:16 North Branch 5:14 8:45 11:20
2:50 7:38 10:30 Clifford 4:56 8:30 11:29
3:25 7:54 10:50 Kingston 4:39 8:10 10:55
3:48 8:04 11:00 Cass City 4:24 8:05 10:45
4:14 8:12 11:07 Detroit* 4:14 7:59 10:15
4:48 8:20 11:15 Detroit* 4:00 7:52 9:55
5:15 8:28 11:23 Detroit* 3:45 7:45 9:45
5:45 8:41 11:40 Gagetown 3:40 7:32 9:35
6:05 8:52 11:55 Owenton* 3:30 7:20 9:25
6:15 9:00 12:05 Detroit* 3:20 7:10 9:15
6:35 9:10 12:15 Pigeon 3:05 7:00 9:00
6:40 9:12 12:18 Irtine* 3:00 6:58 8:50
7:00 9:30 12:30 Cassville 2:45 6:45 8:35
P. M. P. M. A. M. Lv. P. M. A. M. A. M.

All trains daily except Sunday.
*Flag stations. Trains stop only on signal.
Connections—Pontiac with the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Ry.; Oxford with Bay City division Mich. Central Ry.; Imby City with Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry.; Clifford with Flint & Perry Marquette Ry.; Pigeon with Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron Ry. W. C. SANFORD, Gen. Supt.

RAND-MENALLY OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE 25 CENTS 166 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO.

Caro.

Our cider mill is at full blast. John Thompson has sold his house and lot.

Little Francis Hamilton is on the sick list. Miss Phenie Hamilton has the scarlet fever.

They have commenced hauling beets to the factory. West Wilson, of Almer, did business here on the 29th.

Chas. Bills, of Almer, did business here on the 28th. Mrs. S. F. Dean, of Elmwood, was in town on the 24th.

M. A. Smith called on friends in Almer on Monday. Quite a few from here attended the Vassar fair this week.

Pas Kenyon is recovering from a light paralytic stroke. Mrs. Mary Grob, of Almer, called on relatives here Monday.

Chas. Cross spent part of last week with his family at Colwood. A. Piget has purchased Mrs. Singleton's house and lot on Gamble St.

Wm. Peats has moved his family into the rooms over W. C. Jank's shop. Judging from appearances the Hotel Montague is doing a rushing business.

Geo. Lajoie and wife entertained friends from Columbia the first of the week. Miss Jessie Smith is visiting at the home of her uncle, E. S. White, at Elmwood.

J. W. VanTine's horse was seriously sick last week, but is better now, and at work again.

Silas Brunly has moved his house back from the street and expects to build an addition.

Andrew Richards is in Vassar this week with his Clydesdale. It is a fine horse and Andrew is justly proud of him.

Robt. Hutchinson has traded the Exchange Hotel to H. Tricky, of Columbia, for what is known as the Jules Guild's place.

Take Care of the Stomach The man or woman whose digestion is perfect and whose stomach performs its every function is never sick. Kodol cleanses, purifies and sweetens the stomach and cures positively and permanently all stomach troubles, indigestion and dyspepsia. It is the wonderful reconstructive tonic that is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by conveying to the body all of the nourishment in the food they eat. Rev. J. H. Holladay, Holladay, Miss., writes: "Kodol has cured me. I consider it the best remedy I ever used for dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was given up by physicians. Kodol saved my life." Take it after meals. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Elizabeth Neiman, aged three years, whose parents live near Harbor Beach, while playing with her sister one day last week, fell from a bridge into a ditch, striking on a large stone, and before help could arrive life was extinct.

Used for Pneumonia. Dr. J. C. Bishop, of Agew, Mich., says, "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case." Refuse substitutes. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

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FRI. P. M. A. M. STATIONS
No. 5, N. 3, N. 1
A. M., 2:30 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 11:00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH
NIX. Pass. Freq. No. 2, No. 4, No. 6
A. M., P. M.
8:00 6:15 8:15 PONTIAC 8:05 10:40 4:00
9:15 5:20 8:25 Detroit 7:45 10:22 3:32
9:30 5:35 8:35 Cole 7:37 10:15 3:20
10:10 6:00 8:55 Oxford 7:10 10:05 3:50
11:05 6:40 9:35 Shoup 6:55 9:50 4:32
11:25 6:10 9:12 Detroit 6:46 9:43 4:55
11:55 6:30 9:32 Dryden 6:30 9:32 5:55
12:30 6:45 9:44 Lansing 6:15 9:15 6:35
12:58 7:00 9:55 Lum 5:40 9:07 11:55
1:13 7:09 10:03 Kings Mills 5:29 8:50 11:40
1:57 7:24 10:16 North Branch 5:14 8:45 11:20
2:50 7:38 10:30 Clifford 4:56 8:30 11:29
3:25 7:54 10:50 Kingston 4:39 8:10 10:55
3:48 8:04 11:00 Cass City 4:24 8:05 10:45
4:14 8:12 11:07 Detroit* 4:14 7:59 10:15
4:48 8:20 11:15 Detroit* 4:00 7:52 9:55
5:15 8:28 11:23 Detroit* 3:45 7:45 9:45
5:45 8:41 11:40 Gagetown 3:40 7:32 9:35
6:05 8:52 11:55 Owenton* 3:30 7:20 9:25
6:15 9:00 12:05 Detroit* 3:20 7:10 9:15
6:35 9:10 12:15 Pigeon 3:05 7:00 9:00
6:40 9:12 12:18 Irtine* 3:00 6:58 8:50
7:00 9:30 12:30 Cassville 2:45 6:45 8:35
P. M. P. M. A. M. Lv. P. M. A. M. A. M.

All trains daily except Sunday.
*Flag stations. Trains stop only on signal.
Connections—Pontiac with the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Ry.; Oxford with Bay City division Mich. Central Ry.; Imby City with Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry.; Clifford with Flint & Perry Marquette Ry.; Pigeon with Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron Ry. W. C. SANFORD, Gen. Supt.

RAND-MENALLY OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE 25 CENTS 166 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Good Drops
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of **DR. J. C. SIMON**
Purified Senna -
Rhubarb Sella -
Aloe Leaf -
Pipermint -
Dill Caribonate Soda -
Wheat Flour -
Castor Oil -
Mint Green Flavor.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* NEW YORK.
35 DOWNEY ST. N. Y. CITY.
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SPLENDID COLORS
MOORE'S PURE HOUSE COLORS are offered as the perfect solution to the ever-present paint problem. They offer a wide range of desirable shades, have the greatest covering capacity and the highest degree of permanency. These paints are for both indoor and outdoor use, and are the result of many years' experience and experiment. They are the product of an up-to-date, finely equipped plant, and can be depended upon to produce just the effects desired and to hold their color and last indefinitely. Tell your dealer what you want to paint and how you want to paint it, and he will give you ideas for color combinations and hints and suggestions which will be very helpful to you. Manufactured by BENJAMIN MOORE &

The Chilly Evenings of Fall

Will make a want for one of our

Air Tight Heaters

Just the thing to make the room comfortable with a little light fuel. While they last—

\$2.50 = \$3.75 = \$4.50

Second-Hand Cast Heaters at "Prices To-Move-'Em."

N. Bigelow & Sons

We are not the only dealers in

Buggies, Carriages, Etc.,

in Cass City, but we are the largest, and what we do carry is warranted First-class.

For the Next 30 Days

we are going to make

Special Prices on all our Buggies

as we must have room before the fair.

Striffler & McDermott.

Snowy, Feathery Bread

is made from

White Lily Flour

and it has the staying qualities" also. Use no other.

FEED GRINDING

with great dispatch than ever, because of improved machinery just put in.

J. W. Heller & Son,
Cass City Roller Mills

For Sale **\$2,000** Worth of....
Majestic Steel Ranges

and Garland Heating Stoves

We have the best combination soft coal, hard coal and wood heaters on the market.

Prices \$12.50 to \$18.00.

FOR SALE:

50 Pairs Ladies' \$2.00 Shoes \$1.50 20 Pairs Men's \$3.00 Shoes \$2.50
Six Single-barrel Shot Guns, price 7.00 to 15.00
Twelve Double-barrel Shot Guns, price 10.00 to 20.00
Twelve only Men's Hunting Coats, price 7.50 to 4.00
Twelve only Ball Bearing Wringers, regular price 4.00 now 3.50
Washing Machine 3.50 to 8.00

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' Underwear, Gents' Underwear, Ladies' Wrappers, Skirts, Cloaks, Coats, all at the right price.

J. L. Hitchcock & Sons,

Opera House Block.

RESULTS IN EARLY WINTER.

A Breeder Who Hasn't Found a Valuable Secret—Prepotency.

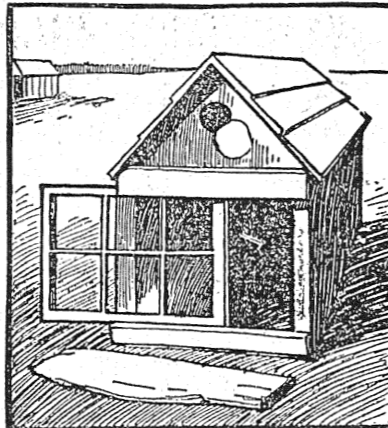
I have not been successful in getting early winter eggs. During November, and December I average only two or three eggs per month per hen. I try to give just as good care then as at any time of year, although it is not always possible to have a full supply of green food. My method of feeding is the customary one—a mash of bran and middlings with fish scraps or animal meal in the morning, mixed with hot water in cold weather. For a month past wheat has made a large part of the grain ration simply because it is cheap. I have got no better results than from feeding cracked corn. Whole corn is now being fed at night. Have good tight houses, yet I have not found the secret of a large supply of eggs in the early winter. I am inclined to think that to a certain extent, the fowl is governed by its original nature to lay little at this period while molting or finishing feather growth. Something might be accomplished in the way of getting more eggs at this season by proper selection of breeding fowls.

In breeding I do not make it a point to mate birds not near akin. I intend to select the best birds, regardless of relationship. I do not think it desirable to regularly procure fresh blood. It is desirable, however, to get fresh blood if the animal secured is better than the best one has in his own flock. It would be better if the "new blood" could come from the same strain as the one on to which it is to be bred.

Does any one know of any thoroughly successful breeder who has established a high reputation for his stock who regularly introduces "new blood" into his flock? Of far more importance than the introduction of "new blood" would it be to discover in one's flock an animal of superior merit that possesses the power of transmitting its good qualities and then hold on to that bird as long as it is capable of breeding. Look at the pedigrees of the phenomenal trotting horses as one after another they "break the record." Nearly every one of these great trotters has in it some of the blood of the old race horse Messenger, transmitted through his great-grandson, Hambletonian. There are few more remarkable examples of prepotency on record. In poultry breeding we need to breed more from individuals and less from flocks. The trap nest and a careful following up of the hatches from eggs of different individuals will help us. I prefer a system of somewhat close breeding when the stock bred from possesses extra good qualities, because by this method, combined, of course, with careful selection, we can intensify the good qualities of our stock. My most serious mistake was in breeding from some badly colored females one year when I was a very young beginner, thereby putting me back a couple of years or so in the continuous improvement of my stock. One of the best moves I know is that of keeping an accurate account in connection with my poultry keeping, so that when I get time at temporary bad returns I can see that, on the whole, I am coming out right, and when I am doing well I can try to do better.—W. H. Bishop in Farm Poultry.

Up to Date Coop.

Coops like the one shown in the illustration we used for growing stock on the poultry farm of T. W. C. Almy,



A CONVENIENT COOP.

Tiverton Four Corners, R. I. Mr. Almy likes this style of coop and is gradually replacing his old ones with them. The photograph was taken by a representative of Farm Poultry.

Brother to the Orich.

A Minnesota paper tells of a giant Buff Cochon rooster owned by a Mr. Plumason of Luverne, Minn., which has been trained to trot in harness, pulling a tiny cart, in which rides the baby son of its owner.

Golden Duke is the name of this strangest of fowls, and it is a prize winner in its class, as well as a freak. The big bird was broken to harness by the boys of the Plumason household and now seems to enjoy its work. It wears a little harness and is guided by reins, which it carries in its bill. It is the master of several gals and at the word of command, given by the small child who is driving it, will walk, run, trot or come to a standstill. At home in the country the big rooster often pulls the cart and its occupant for half a mile or more without stopping.

Where the Fault Lies. Many a dollar is invested every year by men who wish to make poultry breeding a business. Some enter the market poultry line and others the line of the fancy, and the question is often asked, Why do not more of them make it a success? Is it the fault of the men or the business? That the business is not at fault is evident from the fact that so many men have been successful at it; so that the answer must be that the fault lies with the men.—Poultry Herald.

Cumber

S. Pratt began pressing hay last Monday.

George Russel went to Port Huron last week.

Miss Nellie Bradshaw is visiting in Cass City last Saturday.

A. Ewing made a business trip to Port Huron last Saturday.

Quite a number from this place expect to attend the Cass City fair this week.

Mrs. Ewing is seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. M. Bradshaw.

The funeral services of Miss Bertha Pettinger were held in the church here last Sunday, Rev. Birch officiating.

Miss Elta Russel and sister, Mrs. Alwood, from near Cass City, visited at Mrs. T. M. Bradshaw's on Sunday.

Tom Whitfield, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity, went to Caro last Saturday and to his home in Traverse City on Monday.

We regret very much to lose from our midst Rev. and Mrs. Birch. Both have won many friends while here, who wish them success in their new home.

For a bad taste in the mouth take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Doctors Could not help her. "I had kidney trouble for years," writes Mrs. Raymond Conner of Shelton, Wash., "and the doctors could not help me. I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and the very first dose gave me relief and I am now cured. I cannot say too much for Foley's Kidney Cure." T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Cedar Run

A. J. Spittler came home from Caro last week.

Apple buyers are thick in this part at present.

J. Spittler is putting up a small barn on his farm.

Bert Hendrick has his house nearly ready to occupy.

W. A. Lockwood's spent last week in and near Bay City.

Frank Allard has moved on his father's farm, near Caro.

Dr. J. M. Dodge attended the State Fair part of last week.

F. J. Hendrick and family spent part of last week at Rose Island.

T. W. Wood, of Sebawaing, spent last Sunday with relatives here.

J. Hartly put up a new barn lately, a much needed improvement.

W. W. Hargrave is entertaining relatives from Hamilton, Ont., this week.

Mrs. L. H. Huffman has a brother from Millington visiting her this week.

The new minister failed to put in an appearance at this charge last Sunday.

The people are anxiously watching and waiting for fair weather for "The Fair."

D. M. Smith and wife are visiting at Oxford and other points south, this week.

D. E. Turner got his share of prizes at Caro, capturing five firsts and five seconds on ten head of cattle exhibited.

Mrs. R. Webster is in Saginaw called there by the sudden death of her brother. She was accompanied by her son, Will.

A Parson's Noble Act.

"I want all the world to know," writes Rev. C. J. Badlong, of Ashaway, R. I., "that a thoroughly good and reliable medicine I found in Electric Bitters. They cured me of jaundice and liver troubles that had caused me great suffering for many years. For a genuine, all around cure they excel anything I ever saw." Electric Bitters are the surprise of all for their wonderful work in Liver, Kidney and Stomach troubles. Don't fail to try them. Only 50 cts. Satisfaction is guaranteed by T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Henry Trickey, of Ellington, has purchased the Exchange Hotel at Caro, and has leased it to D. H. McLellan for three years. He will also build a \$3,000 ten cent barn.

A Certain Cure for Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford County, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when Editor Ward, of the Laceyville Messenger, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dyspepsia. I bought a bottle of this same remedy and this time one dose cured me." Sold at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Huron County Democrats have nominated the following ticket: Representative, John J. Campbell, Pigeon; sheriff, Fred Stenton, Colfax; clerk, Geo. Arthur, Elkton; register, John S. Deady, Bad Axe; commissioner, Wm. T. Bope and John F. Murphy; coroner, Dr. McCune, Casewille; and Dr. Campbell, Sebawaing; treas., August Abram; prosecutor, Geo. W. Clark; surveyor, Paul Praschan.

Another electric railway proposition has been submitted to the Business Men's Association of Sebawaing by the terms of which it is proposed to build a line from that place to Harbor Beach via Bad Axe. The Business Men's Association endorses the plans and appointed a committee, to take up the work of securing the right of way.—Caro Courier.

Water Cure for Chronic Constipation.

Take two cups of hot water half an hour before each meal and just before going to bed, also a drink of water, hot or cold, about two hours after each meal. Take lots of out door exercise—walk, ride, drive. Make a regular habit of this and in many cases chronic constipation may be cured without the use of any medicine. When a purgative is required take something mild and gentle like Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

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Freiburgers.

F. Pollard was in Tyre Thursday.

Eph. Hunt was in Uby Saturday.

A. C. Graham did business in Tyre Saturday.

Geo. Bowick, of Tyre, did business in town Saturday.

John Periso transacted business in Uby Thursday last.

F. W. Rehl transacted business in Cass City Saturday.

Edward Hunt made a business trip to Coleman last week.

A number from here attended the State Fair at Pontiac.

Ed. Styles transacted business in Argyle Wednesday of last week.

Chas. Pollard and son, Earl, transacted business in Tyre Saturday.

Chas. Freiburger, of Three Oaks, Mich., is visiting friends in town.

There was a hoedown at John Donnellon's Friday evening. All report a good time.

Mrs. Dan Karl is quite sick with typhoid fever. Her many friends await her recovery.

Enos Peter, of West Branch, visited relatives and friends in town a few days last week.

Kenneth Hunt left Tuesday for Oscoda, U. P., after a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends here.

Elder Thomas Pollard and wife celebrated their golden wedding on the 22nd of Sept. it being the 50th anniversary of their marriage. A number of their immediate relatives and friends were present. Those who were present from a distance were: Mrs. Wm. Pollard, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Pollard and daughter, Lydia; Mrs. Minnie Shearing, of Dutton, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jamieson and little daughter, of Hamilton, Ont.; Miss Ida Pollard, of Calumet, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. James Jamieson, of Ludington, Mich.; Kenneth Hunt, of Oscoda, Mich.; Wm. McLean, Argyle; Mrs. Nancy Brown, Mrs. Thos. Brown and family, of Cumber; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Madill and daughter, Lottie, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phelps, of Uby. Those who were present in this vicinity were, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Graham, Mrs. Alex. McRae, E. Hunt and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pollard. The old couple were the recipients of many useful and costly presents and with their guests thoroughly enjoyed the mirth and gladness of the occasion. At 1 p. m. all set down to a bonny repast. The afternoon was spent with pleasant conversation, music and singing. The old couple were among the first settlers of this section and are still happy and cheery. Their immediate friends wish the old couple many happy returns of the occasion and that they will live to celebrate their 100th anniversary.

Feet Swollen to Immense Size.

"I had kidney trouble so bad," says J. Cox, of Valley View, Ky., "that I could not work, my feet were swollen to immense size and I was confined to my bed and physicians were unable to give me any relief. My doctor finally prescribed Foley's Kidney Cure which made a well man of me." T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Lapeer county has a prohibition ticket in the field.

All diseases start in the bowels. Keep them open or you will be sick. CASCARETS act like nature. Keep liver and bowels active without a sickening griping feeling. Six million people take and recommend CASCARETS. Try a 10c box. All druggists. 11-21-'01

Butterick, of Watrousville, was sentenced at the circuit court, to 90 days in the House of Correction. A new trial has been applied for in the Adams murder case.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes the diseased kidneys sound so they will eliminate the poisons from the blood. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

At the democrat county convention held in Sanilac Centre last week, the following ticket was placed in nomination: Sheriff, John Wilson, Washington; clerk, Anton Juhl, Elmer; treasurer, Michael Homer, Moore; prosecuting attorney, Fred E. Burton, Marlette; register of deeds, Penner Hurkett, Sanilac; representative, Mathew W. Kerr, Sanilac.

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LUMBER FOR SALE

We have a quantity of Dry Lumber, consisting of

Maple Flooring, Ash Flooring and Ceiling and a lot of

Good Cull Lumber which we will sell cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

RYAN BROS.

Gagetown, Mich.

BANNER SALVE,
the most healing salve in the world.

The fact that housekeepers are willing to pay more for Cersota than for other flour is proof that they consider it worth more, but we want you to decide for yourself. Try it in your next baking.

For Sale By

G. A. Stevenson

SYMONS BROS. & Co., Distributor

NOT CONTROLLED BY A TRUST!

I desire to inform the public that I am manufacturer's agent for the

Superior Automatic School Desk

and all kinds of School and Church Furniture and Supplies.

The only school supply company on the American continent neither directly nor indirectly controlled by the TRUST. Do not purchase before getting my prices. Address

J. W. Schlegelmilch,

Port Austin, Mich.

IT'S THAT LAME HORSE

or that sore-footed horse we want to get at. We'll not let go of your foot until we find out what the trouble is. And if it's caused by improper shoeing—like nine out of ten are—we'll do our best to bring it out all right.

Our business is shoeing horses, and general blacksmithing and wood work.

WM. BENTLEY

McKim Stand.

TALES OF GREAT AMERICANS

Hawthorne's Solitary Boyhood.
Hawthorne, one of our most gifted American writers, was always noted for his spirit of seclusion, of desire for retirement, of love of getting off by himself for his work and living. He was genial and companionable in company, but he lived his life apart and in solitude.

When Hawthorne was a little boy he was one day playing bat and ball. A misdirected blow injured his foot and so affected it that its strength pined and so far fell away that the other foot outgrew it. The boy had to take to crutches and interview many physicians. At last time and good treatment cured him.



Reciting to Worcester.
Put during all his long lameness he was cut off from school and sports. Now what would a boy do who had unwittingly fallen into such misfortunes? There was one good thing that remained. He could have plenty of good books and spend his hours

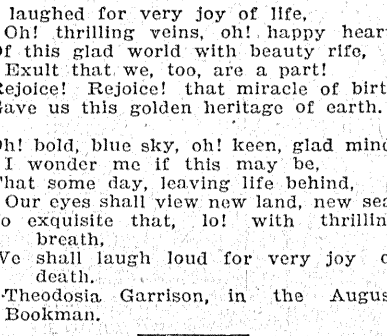
The Bird That Laughs.
That animals frolic and romp, and delight in activity for its own sake, is a matter of universal observation; the staid watchdog, the dignified cat, the matronly cow, have all had their pairs of light-headed gambols. That they possess—some of them—a sense of humor unburdened by philosophical subtleties, and play practical jokes with a relish, is less generally noted, but not a whit less indubitable. Among the birds, the family of warblers seem to be blessed with a particularly keen enjoyment of sport, and of all the warblers, none can compare for a moment with that prince of comedy and master mimic, the chat. Surely the chat is the bird that laughs; not with a brassy ha-ha, like the parrot, but with genuine bursts of laughter, rollicking, triumphant and a trifle wicked. He catches your ear, fires your fancy, tempts you, bewilders you, baits you forward to a trembling tussock in the midst of a wet, wet swamp, and there breaks out into a gleeful peal of notes in your very ear, while from first to last you spy not so much as a feather of his sleek green back and audacious pumpkin-yellow breast. Ah, tell me that the chat does not enjoy that moment of your discomfiture! Tell me that he does not slyly around to the inaccessible, leaf-screened thicket with a chuckle of superiority, seeing what helpless gullible creatures those big wingless animals are.—August Era.

A Morning.
The glad, mad wind went singing by,
The white clouds drove athwart the blue,
Bold beauty of the morning sky
And all the world was sun and dew,
And sweet, cold air with sudden glints of gold
Like spilled stars glowing in the cedar's hold.

I laughed for very joy of life,
Oh! thrilling veins, oh! happy heart,
Of this glad world with beauty rife,
Exult that we, too, are a part!
Rejoice! Rejoice! that miracle of birth
Gives us this golden heritage of earth.

Oh! hold, blue sky, oh! keen, glad mind,
I wonder me if this may be,
That some day, leaving life behind,
Our eyes shall view new land, new sea,
So exquisite that, lo! with thrilling breath,
We shall laugh loud for very joy of death.
Theodosia Garrison, in the August Bookman.

A Home-Made Humming Top.
A humming top like the one here illustrated may be easily made from a modern baking powder box and a



piece of soft pine wood. Make the hole in the bottom of the box square to fit the shoulder on the spindle, and fasten the latter in and the lid of the box on with glue. The square hole cut in the side of the box will make the sound while the top is spinning.

Monkey Killed by Pony.
Jacko, a monkey belonging to Robert Hubbard of Long Branch, who had a long record as a fighter, met his death last week in a battle with a pony, known as Butts, which was his stable mate. The monkey had vanquished every brute he had tackled before, but this time he was reckless. With great fortitude the pony sub-

mitted to the antics of the little tease, until finally the fun reached fever heat and to put a quietus to the monkey's works, Butts raised his hind feet and let drive at Jacko. The aim was bad, but a second attempt went straight to the mark, and the deceitful little monkey went flying to the extreme length of his chain. His monkey talk, indicative of pain, attracted Mr. Hubbard's attention. The little fellow had been seriously injured and in the morning he was found dead, but before passing away he had crawled to the side of Butts, who inflicted the fatal blow, and who seemed sorry for his act.—Newark News.

Speed of a Mole.
Pigeons fly at the rate of 55 miles an hour, according to experiments recently undertaken. Swallows reach a speed of 92 miles an hour, and rooks at the rate of only 25 miles. A three-mile race was got up for a wager between a dozen bees and a dozen pigeons; the first bee finished a quarter of a minute before the first pigeon, and the bees won all round, although they were handicapped by having been rolled in flour for the purpose of identification. Although a mole is not a creature that flies, it is curious to note that it can vie with a racehorse in the speed with which it figuratively speaking flies through its burrow. A mole's burrow was carefully traced, and some little sticks arranged so that they pierced the burrow and projected above the ground. A mole was then set at the mouth and frightened by being struck; it raced through the burrow, and its progress was marked by the movement of the sticks as it swept them aside in its run.

How Some Boys Get Along.
Fully 40 per cent of the students of Columbia University earn a portion of the money to take them through the university, while 5 per cent earn enough to pay all their expenses. From Yale university come figures fully as encouraging to the poor boy.

W. P. Kelly is a Detroit boy who has some suggestions to make regarding making money. He is 16 years old and is employed in the office of the United States Scenic Railway Construction company, doing all the stenographic work for the firm. He thinks the surest road to making money for a boy is through the learning of shorthand and the use of the typewriter. "At the same time," says he, "it improves the mind and is a stepping-stone to something better. I aspire to be an expert reporter, but a large amount of work lies before one who would mount to that high place."

Good Taste Demands That He Should Not Show Himself Conscious That He Is Being Studied.
ished, i. e., until he has reached his 25th year, no young Frenchman can become a husband without furnishing to the civil functionary, who alone can marry him, the written act of consent of his father and mother. In case of dispute, the father's consent is sufficient; but not so the mother's, whose sole consent is good, however, when she is a widow. When both parents are deceased, the man must have the consent of his grandfather or grandmother in the same way, lacking whom the duty of consenting falls upon the family council composed of his nearest relatives.

It is a subtle law. Three times, at intervals of a month, a whole machinery of stamped paper and its legal service must be set in motion. This gives parents four months more time. If they choose to dodge the service, as the widow of a millionaire distiller did for eighteen months on board her yacht not long ago, the balked young folks have nothing to do but patiently pursue their rights through "the swamp of procedure," as they say in the Salle des Pas Perdus—"the Hall of Lost Footsteps" of the Palace of Justice.

When a young Frenchman, therefore, sees a girl well suited to him, he does not go to her and say: "I love you."

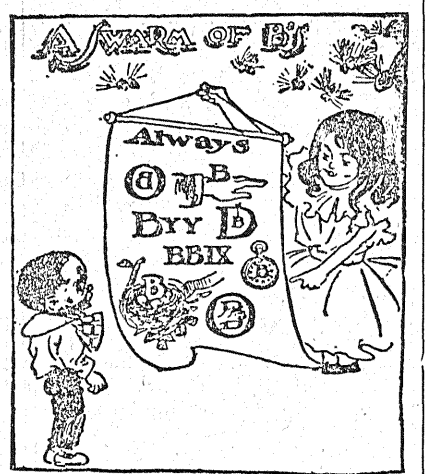
(a) It would be dishonorable.
(b) It would make her faint; and
(c) He would not get the chance to try it.

Instead, he goes and tells his mother.

His mother tells his father.

His father goes to see his brother, or his business partner, or a friend.

Then both of them, wearing their



His Father Takes a Bath, then Goes to See a Friend of the Girl's Family.
The girl's father or her other legal guardian should give him an immediate response. At this interview questions of fortune and the like are discussed in more detail; and notes of them are made to form the basis of the marriage contract.

Immediately he has been accepted, the young Frenchman must get into his dress suit and call on his future mother-in-law. He ought to thank her warmly, but without exaggeration. Then he may ask to see the girl.

Art Relics to Order.
In Rome and Naples there are factories in which "ancient" art relics are made to order. Statuettes of Aphrodite in bronze are manufactured there by the gross, and recently several worthless objects were palmed off on unsuspecting tourists as being priceless relics which were unearthed in Macedonia. One factory even succeeded in selling an unusually curious relic to the museum at Athens. Unfortunately for the unscrupulous manufacturers, when the experts examined it they at once discovered that it was bogus, and notified the Italian authorities.

Method of Inducing Sleep.
Dr. Steiner observed in Java a method employed to induce sleep. It consists in compressing the carotid arteries. The operator sits on the ground behind the patient, whose neck he seizes with both hands. The index and middle fingers are then pushed forward into the carotids, which are compressed toward the spine. The method is absolutely harmless, anaesthesia is rapidly obtained, and the patient wakes promptly, with no symptoms of nausea or malaise.

The Opera Comique Has Been Used Long for This Purpose.
best frock coats, call on some friend of the family of the girl in question. The proposed match is talked over and a rendezvous is made to hear this friend's report on how the family of the girl receive the proposition.

It is at some dance or dinner or reception that the young folks are at last confronted with each other. Failing such facilities the Opera Comique has been immemorially for this purpose by Parisian families of the middle classes. Like most European playhouses, all its parquet circle and its galleries are cut up into little boxes. Each of them has been

Blocks Cupid's Plans

French Law Places All Power in the Hands of the Parents.

WHEN a Frenchman proposes for the girl he thinks he might love, the first question is: "Are there things against him?"

It is understood that sowing wild oats never makes part of the category, except in the case of a possible disturbance at the church door.

To furnish one's certificate of birth seems a most innocent requirement of French marriages; yet young men on the eve of wedding have shot themselves in dread of a discovery its scrutiny must lead to. "Acknowledged child" burns upon its surface—the French law will never let bygones be bygones. Then, as the birth certificate gives a direct clue to the father's secret dossier, the errors of two generations are at the disposal of those who can show a right to know them.

The girl's parents have such a right. The young man cannot, dare not, refuse investigation. In the social and administrative arms of the French government, the details of one's errors are writ out with such minuteness that in a recent cause celebre a witness of importance was confronted with proofs that when he was 18 he pawned his college books; that he dodged a cab fare when he was 23; that he owed money for his morning coffee at the age of 25, and that at 26 he gambled in a triplet (purely gambling club).

Now you must know that the French father's inquisitiveness grows out of a duty to his daughter absolutely unknown to the fathers—and the daughters—of America. In France the average marriageable girl says to her father:

"I have always been obedient; I have effaced myself; I am entitled to a husband. Find one for me!"

These extraordinary details of French marriage law ought to be known to the girls of other countries when young Frenchmen court them.

(a) Up to the age of 25 years firm-

the scene of many a "decisive meeting."

The mother has her daughter sitting by her in the box which she has taken. Between the first and second acts the young man is brought to meet by the common friend, ostensibly to pay an offhand visit and inquire about their health. They stay five minutes, speaking of the play, the weather, and the Parisian season, and then retire.

When they have gone the mother ought to make some tentative remark to the girl on the young man's looks, position, fortune, manners and so on, endeavoring to fathom the impression he has made.

It is admitted that mothers ought not to instruct their daughters previously for this encounter. For it



The Young Folks Are at Last Confronted with East Other.
the girl has been catechised beforehand she will be so filled with apprehension as to risk losing grace and naturalness. So she may not have sufficient self-possession to observe if the young man be pleasing to her or the contrary.

She ought not to know the object of his coming to the box, because, if she fails to please, it is distressing to be told so. She would be humiliated and lose confidence the next time.

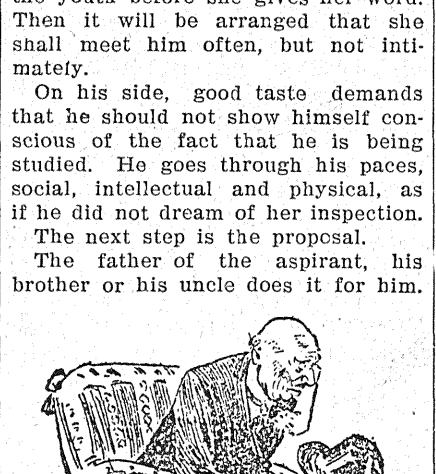
The common friends meet again, in their frock coats, to let each other know what the effects have been. If, as happens very rarely, the girl has failed to please on close inspection, nothing will be said. The two friends simply talk about the weather. But if it is the youth who has been found lacking, the truth is declared, and his friend breaks it to him later. Sometimes, and there are those who declare it should be always practiced, a girl favorably enough impressed demands nevertheless to see more of the youth before she gives her word. Then it will be arranged that she shall meet him often, but not intimately.

On his side, good taste demands that he should not show himself conscious of the fact that he is being studied. He goes through his paces, social, intellectual and physical, as if he did not dream of her inspection.

The next step is the proposal.

The father of the aspirant, his brother or his uncle does it for him.

European Horse Studs.
The suggestion by a war correspondent that the British government should undertake the formation of horse-breeding studs for the supply of horses for military purposes is by no means as novel as, at first sight, it may appear, says a writer in the Australasian. Most of the great European nations have for some time past adopted this mode of obtaining horses for military purposes, and of the East India Company had a number of horse-breeding establishments, all of which have been abolished. Nowhere has the subject of breeding horses for military requirements attracted more attention than on the continent of Europe. Some idea of the magnitude of the operations of the continental nations in the way of horse-breeding may be gained from the fact that thirteen years ago there were twenty-two depots for stallions in France, and the annual government expenditure connected with horse-breeding amounted to £269,720. Austria spent £200,000, and Hungary £116,500 per annum in the encouragement of horse-breeding, while the royal establishments of Prussia had an annual budget of about £30,000. Since that time the expenditure is said to have been increased. When arms of precision came into general use, it was thought that the days of cavalry were numbered, that they would be almost unknown in warfare in the future. So far from that being the case, horses appear to be destined to play a more important part in war than ever before. The difficulty that would be experienced in finding suitable remounts if the open market were to be depended on led to the establishment of large breeding studs by the European governments, and to the encouragement of horse-breeding by the farmers. Most of the best sires that come into the market in England are purchased by foreign governments. These horses, if not used in the government studs, are sold to large horse-breeder at a price considerably below that paid in England. A condition is attached to these sales, namely, that the horse shall be at the service of the public for a certain number of years at a low fee, which must be passed by government officers as fit



Preparing the Sale Catalogue.
A. G. Woodbury of Danville, Illinois, at a recent meeting of Illinois swine breeders, said:

"Always print the sex of the animal after the catalogue number. Be particular with the registry numbers and names. The many records are a source of confusion, especially to beginners. I hope to see the day when this removable worry of the sale ring is removed. One name and one number for one animal, and it never to be repeated, will simplify matters. A good rule for foot-notes is to say all the hog descriptors, but no more. Don't lie about the hog. It takes too long to prove it. Sometimes you absolutely can't prove it."

Word the guarantee so clearly that it will mean the same thing to everybody. Announcements are better if short. Also more apt to be read. If you have fresh, interesting items, put them in. It is well enough to repeat old, valuable news, for the constant coming on of new buyers who will gladly "soak" it up. The use of a few first-class electrotypes, if placed in the hands of a first-class printer, will ornament a catalogue and add to the value of a first-class animal.

Some of the "cuts" accepted and used by breeders are so far from nature, that I would not want them to buy for me, if their judgment of the real hog is no better. Rather a few good pictures than many poor ones.

Try to have uniformity in your catalogue arrangement. Select a form of pedigree, then carry all out on that plan. Don't be careless or jerky. Make each pedigree complete. Don't leave much to be told in the sale ring. Try to get all in the foot note. Much time is lost in sales in explaining why something was left out of the catalogue. You are not expected to tell all of the hog's little defects. If he has serious ones, it is safer to put them in the foot note. If a swirl is there, say so.

Discontent Prompts Death.
Peru, Ind., dispatch: Isaac Friend, aged 65, hanged himself in a barn six miles south of Peru because he thought that relatives were not treating him right.

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

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There is no dispute managed without a passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute without a passion.—SHERLOCK.

PUNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to light and washing.

As a rule, the more a man has to say about women the more he doesn't really know about them.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

As soon as a man gets right with God he can't bear the thought of being wrong with anybody else.

Don't forget to have Mrs. Austin's Pancakes for breakfast. Your grocer can supply you.

Northern March of the Cow Pea.
The cow pea is marching north. Only a few years ago it was supposed to find its northern limit at the Ohio river. Then it was found that the vines would grow 200 miles north of that, but that they would not form and ripen seed. A few men here and there claimed that they had ripened peas as far north as Wisconsin, but no one believed them. Last year, however, was an eye-opener in this respect. Hundreds of men living in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin ripened cow peas. The writer saw on the grounds at the Madison station ripe cow peas in midsummer, six weeks before frost. The first peas that ripened were picked off and kept by themselves to be planted this year. By this means Professor Moore hoped to get a variety that would ripen still earlier. How far north the cow pea may yet be grown we cannot guess. It depends largely on how the time of maturing the plant and its fruit can be shortened. Up to the present time the cow pea has presented great opportunity for subdivision and multiplication of varieties having almost an endless number of characteristics. From this tendency to vary and sport there is much to be hoped. The forage plant that was a few years ago considered the renovator of the South may yet become the greater renovator of the North also.

The production of new varieties is likely to be very fruitful of results. The production of new varieties of the apple has made it possible to grow that fruit throughout all the temperate zones of the world, though at first it was confined to the colder parts of the temperate zone. The cow pea has already begun to extend its borders north and south, but in each case the varieties that are in the van differ. It is not at all probable that any one variety will be produced that will prove to be best in all places. In fact the northern march of the cow pea must depend in some way on the soil. What its demands are in that regard we have yet to find out. When ten thousand men in Wisconsin and other northern states have begun to grow it we shall know more about its soil requirements. While it succeeded excellently last year on the soil in the vicinity of Madison, Wisconsin, the writer noticed that it was a most complete failure on the lands at the experimental station of Indiana. The climatic conditions in both localities had been about the same. The soil made the difference. In both cases the peas had been planted on high lands. Perhaps there are varieties that would have been successful on the lands at Purdue, and there may have been varieties that would have failed at Madison.

We would like to see a large what success has been obtained in planting cow peas this year at these two stations. The climatic conditions of those of last year in both of the states named.—Farmers' Review.

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Cattle Ticks and Texas Fever.
Press Bulletin 87 of the Oklahoma station says: There are a few people who doubt the "tick theory" of Texas fever. For the benefit of the few it may be said that there is no disease of either man or animals more thoroughly worked out or better understood than Texas fever of cattle. The Bureau of Animal Industry began working on this question in 1889, and the results of a great many experiments proved that the tick carried the disease to susceptible animals. Since this time every experiment station, where the question was of any importance, has done work along similar lines and always with the same results—that the tick is the means of transmitting the disease.

No one ever saw an outbreak of Texas fever without the presence of ticks. The old theories in regard to Texas fever have been completely disproven. The idea that southern cattle with sore feet or that saliva from these cattle was the means of spreading the disease has been entirely disproven. At one time some claimed that bacteria were the cause of the disease, but all of these theories have been disproven by experimenting with the tick. The fever can be given to susceptible cattle by placing young ticks on them or the disease can be transmitted by inoculating cattle with blood from a southern animal. After cattle have been inflicted with the disease the infection remains in the blood for an indefinite length of time, probably during the life of the animal.

While the tick is the carrier of the disease the fever is caused by a small organism that is introduced into the animal by the tick. This small organism, which is the actual cause of the disease processes in the animal, lives in and destroys the blood corpuscles. This action on the blood is the cause of the extreme weakness of the sick animal as well as the noticeable changes seen in the post mortem examination of Texas fever cases. The disease affects the blood more than any other part of the body.

Recently some ticks that had been secured from cattle that had the fever were brought to the veterinary laboratory. These ticks were placed in the laboratory and began laying eggs in two days and in twenty days after the first eggs were laid young ticks were hatching out. These young ticks hatched in the laboratory are capable of giving Texas fever to cattle that are not accustomed to ticks. Such an experiment has been made so often that there is no question as to what the results will be.

Church in Spanish Style.
Form of Architecture Popular in Pensacola as in Early Days.
It is noticeable that the vestry of Christ Church parish, Pensacola, Fla., has taken the Spanish architectural form, for a new church building for the parish. This is most appropriate. Pensacola was in all its early history a Spanish colony. Its streets and public places are known by Spanish names; many of the people have Spanish blood in their veins; there is still the Spanish atmosphere there, as in St. Augustine, although modern Pensacola is truly American. Visitors to that city expect to see something recalling the ancient history of the place; but such is the force of innovation that, with the passage of time, all relics are likely to be obliterated, and no distinction be traceable between a town in Spanish Florida and a town in Oklahoma, says the Mobile (Ala.) Register. To counteract this tendency—at least in part—the new church building is to be a return to ancient forms. It will resemble a Spanish mission church in general style, with here and there the graceful ornamentation that is seen in the Seville cathedral. This much we deduce from seeing the picture of the new church. We assume that the design was selected with the object above stated.

A Catch in the Back.
Grand View, Iowa, Sept. 29th.—Mrs. Lydia Parker of this place says: "I was troubled with backache all the time for years. When I would stoop over a catch would take me in the back and I could not straighten up for some time."

"I tried everything I could think of but got no relief till I sent and got Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I used one box and part of another before the trouble all left me, but now I am well and strong and I have not been troubled with my back for some months."

"I believe my cure is a permanent one and I am very grateful indeed, to Dodd's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me."

"I would most heartily recommend them to anyone suffering with lame back, for I believe they will cure any case of this kind."

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An Episode

General Gore looked at the chocolate-drinking family at the next table and frowned.

"Fiest!" he added to the snort, while Helena shivered and frowned very perceptibly.

"Mein Herr," said the head of the chocolate-drinking family, rising, a jagged scar on his cheek whitening as the blood rushed into his face, "my name is von Schleritz."

"Blast the fellow," returned the general to his daughter, "what the dickens do I want with his name?"

Helena clasped her hands tightly under the table.

"Papa—please!"

Von Schleritz: "You me insulted have."

General Gore rose. "Oh, go away," he said, starting off himself with some inconsistency.

"Nitts, Herr General have not paid," put in the waiter, anxiously.

"What the devil do you want?"

Helena rose.

"You haven't paid, Papa," she said, her hands still clasped, "and—every one is listening. Please don't swear so."

The general paid for his tea, and marched off, his stick under his arm, while Helena, following humbly, dared not look up at the aghast and indignant von Schleritz. As they reached the steps leading down into the grounds, the hand burst into into the "Marsellaise"—it was July 14—and she caught one word gasped into the evening air by the German, "Potstans und donnerwetter!"

That was the beginning, or rather, not quite. The real beginning had been the evening of the Gores' arrival at Kreuznach, when, sitting on the Kur-haus terrace, eating their supper, the Schleritzs had filed up the steps to the rhythm of the waltz from the "Fledermaus."

First came the father, tall, broad, with badly-cut clothes and well-held shoulders. Then—(Helena learned their names on the successive evenings that preceded the scandal)—Poldi, aged about ten, with bare legs and baggy knickerbockers; Lili, whose left eye was bandaged, and whose skirt was too short for a person with such very fat legs; and lastly Anne-Mariechen, aged three. They were shabby, not over tidy, and their manners were very bad, but Helena liked them. She had all her life been liking people whose manners hurt her, so the poor girl was used to it. Her father's rudeness, obstinacy and conceit were unfortunately very patent to her, and yet she loved him; while her dead mother's sister—her only woman relative in the world—was subject to attacks of inebriety that necessitated her frequent retirement to some sanatorium in Putney.

So the unpleasant manner of imbibing their chocolate, common to the Schleritzs—qualified by the general as "slobbering"—had not prevented Helena's watching the three children with much interest. They were happy children with big, laughing mouths, and pleasant voices, and their devotion to each other and to their father delighted the lonely woman watching them with kindly, near-sighted eyes.

Now as she followed her father past the music pavilion, conscious of the ridiculous in his carriage, and the amusement in the twenty pairs of eyes following them from the terrace, Helena's face burned.

"Nasty beasts, Germans. I shall be glad to get back to a country where people know how to eat without making an exhibition of themselves."

"But, Papa—it was a pity the poor man understood you."

"Not at all, not at all! On the contrary, it may have taught him a lesson." The general squared his shoulders triumphantly and looked at his daughter.

"You are very weak-minded, Helena. You always were surprisingly like your poor mother." Helena took off her spectacles and rubbed them on her handkerchief.

When they reached the villa where the general had a very good room, and Helena a very bad one, he remembered that he had left his book on a bench in the covered promenade.

"You might just run and fetch it, I am tired."

Helena was tired, too, but she turned without a word and went back. The Kus-garten was crowded, the band played; the katalpa tree blazed in the sun, perspiring waiters rushed about laden with food and drinks. Little Miss Gore made her way along to the promenade, her head bent. She hoped no one would recognize her.

"I wonder why English women never have any hips."

"The daughter of the red-faced old major."

"Himmel, she's in a hurry. Her treasure must be waiting for her." If she had heard, these were remarks made about her as she passed, but she did not hear.

To her terror the book was gone, and she sat down for a moment to think of some way to persuading her father that she was not to blame for its loss.

A short-sleeved servant maid passed with an empty glass. She was going to the Elizabeth spring for a dose of sulphur water. A very fat Jewess with a very tight skirt passed, leading a dog. The orchestra was playing one of Sousa's two-steps.

Helena sighed. She must go back and be scolded. And just then some one stopped in front of her, and, looking up, she saw von Schleritz.

"Oh, dear me!"

The children stood there, too, and

the poor girl felt as if she were surrounded by a powerful enemy.

"Fraulein—von Schleritz, at your service. Pardon me, but—speak German?"

"No—no. Oh, no!"

Schleritz sighed. "But the address of Herr Father. That you will give me?"

She looked up and saw that his blue eyes were very stern.

"The address? Why do you want the address?"

"Fraulein—your father insulted me. He must beg my pardon."

Helena gave a faint gasp. "Oh, Papa never begs any one's pardon."

"When he must fight me."

"Then Helena screamed Poldi came forward and put his hand on her knee.

"Don't scold her, Papachen," he said in German.

Helena understood this, and suddenly laughed, which caused her spectacles to slip down her nose. Her eyes were pretty.

"In England one does not fight," she said, patting the boy's thin hand.

"Thank God we are not in England!"

"And—my father is old."

Schleritz looked at her.

"Children—go and sit down on that bench," he said suddenly.

Then when the three had obeyed, and sat, pendulous as to legs and wide open as to eyes, mouths and ears, he took a seat by Helena and folded his arms.

"Fraulein," he began in very broken English, "why did you father call—them—pigs?"

Helena blushed.

"It was—the chocolate."

"The chocolate? What has chocolate to do with it?"

"Oh!"

"What is it? Oh! I beg your pardon. My English is not much. The chocolate, you say?"

Helena clasped her hands tight.

"Yes. You see, they drink it—differently. It—rolls down the outside of the cups, and—down their chins."

"I see," said Schleritz, reflectively.

"Their mother is dead," he added.

"I am so sorry. I—I have so liked watching you. I mean watching them. They are such nice children!"

"Thank you. They are good children. They liked you, too, Fraulein. They always would come early to get that table near you."

"Oh!" cried Helena, flushing again.

"Yes. It was—not kind of your father to call them pigs."

"No. It was not kind."

The children, catching her eyes, smiled broadly here.

"My father is a strange man," she added suddenly.

"He scolds you."

Schleritz's eyes were not stern now.

"Yes, he scolds me, sometimes." Then, remembering the scolding awaiting her at that moment, she jumped up.

"I must go."

Schleritz rose and bowed low in a way that made her feel very conspicuous.

"Fraulein. I—I will not insist on having your father's address. I understand."

Helena held out her hand, and then crossing to the three children, kissed them in quick succession, rushing off afterwards before they could even say good-bye.

"That is a very nice lady, children," Schleritz said.

"She has pretty eyes, Papachen," agreed Poldi.

"And—next time we have chocolate, dears, you must be careful not to let it run down the outside of the cup."

The general was in a rage when Helena reached the villa, and after a quarter of an hour she crept up to her hot little room to cry. She could eat no supper, she said, and would go to bed. But she went to the window instead, and sat there in the dusk. Opposite her, in the next villa, the lights were shining.

Helena wondered, as she watched a nurse in a white Alsatian cap rocking a baby, whether Poldi and Lili and Anne-Mariechen were going to bed, too. She wondered whether the father helped them undress. He had such big hands, she was sure he would be clumsy. She wondered whether the scar on his cheek came from a duel.

In fact she wondered a great deal about him, so much so that when, on hearing high up in the next villa the strains of a flute, she looked up and saw him sitting in a window, playing. She was very little surprised. But he was surprised, when he looked down. The villas opened on different streets, and he had never seen her enter.

What followed was simply a serenade. A flute is not bad in the dusk, and Schleritz played rather well. Helena, of course, knew that he was playing for her, and, of course, she did not stir until the general called to her to come and sew a button on his coat.

"Vile supper. That idiot wasn't there, however. I dare say I frightened him," he observed as she worked, straining her ears for the sound of the flute.

The next day Lili appeared with a bunch of roses for Miss Gore, and Miss Gore, luckily alone, took the child on her lap and kissed her, and told her a story—in German! That evening at the Kus-haus von Schleritz bowed with much ceremony, and the general condescended to touch his straw hat with one finger. On Friday the general's stick fell from the chair where he had laid it and Schleritz picked it up. Saturday the general and Schleritz smoked together.

"Not so bad for a foreigner, though his English is execrable," the general told his daughter.

"But we know no German at all," she ventured.

"We don't pretend to," was the triumphant retort.

Helena bought a new hat at the

French shop opposite the Hotel d'Angleterre. It was a brown straw with a bunch of forget-me-nots under the brim, and a satin bow on the crown.

The general looked at her critically. "Not a bad hat, but ten years too young for you," he said. "Don't forget that you're thirty-two, my dear."

Schleritz said nothing, but his eyes shone as he watched her, and Anne-Marie was loud in admiration.

Tuesday Schleritz appeared in new clothes, dark green, but better cut than the others. Lili had a new frock, too.

And in the meantime the band played three times a day, the sun shone, fat Jewesses and thin Christians—things seem to be arranged in this way at Kreuznach—walked up and down, all quite as usual.

Then, one day Helena was reading in the promenade, and Schleritz came up to her. He was pale, and held a telegram in his hand.

"Fraulein, I must say good-bye. My brother is ill."

"Oh!" said Helena.

"The train starts in half an hour. Fraulein—I love you. May I come back?"

"Oh yes, oh yes! You must come back."

Schleritz took her hand and kissed it, regardless of the passers-by.

"Thank you. And—Poldi, and Lili, and Anne-Mariechen?"

Helena rose. "Oh, there is Papa! They—the children—must come back, too."

"Do not tell your father until I am here," Schleritz went on. "He will scold you."

"Oh!" cried Helena, suddenly, with a toss of her head. "Let him scold. I don't care a—hang!"—The House-keeper.

Some Desirable Vines

From Farmers' Review: Among our new vines there is nothing quite equal to Clematis paniculata grandiflora. It has many meritorious qualities. It grows rapidly. It has beautiful foliage and would be well worth growing for this alone. It blooms profusely, and its white flowers are extremely beautiful, as seen against the background of its rich, glossy, dark green leaves. It deserves special attention because of its late blooming habit. It is in its full glory after nearly every other vine is in the "sere and yellow leaf." For use about verandas and for covering high walls, there is nothing better. It is most effective when trained on coarse-netted wire netting. Fines C. Jackmani and the other hybrid varieties of this family are none of them so really beautiful as this. It is simply an ideal vine in all respects. So far it has withstood the disease which seems to prevail to an alarming extent among the ordinary Clematisses, and it is to be hoped that it may continue to do so. Being so similar to the harder types of the class to which it belongs, it may have more vitality than the large-flowered section.

The Climbing Fumitory, or Alleghany vine, is not a new plant by any means, but it is not very well known, notwithstanding its many merits. I presume this is because it is not a showy vine. To be "popular" nowadays a plant must have gorgeous flowers. These this plant has not, but it has a hundredfold more real beauty than ninety-nine out of a hundred ordinary vines. Its foliage is extremely delicate and gives the plant an airy, graceful effect which is greatly heightened when its profusions of dainty flowers are displayed in great masses along the branches. For training up about verandas and as screens over windows it is a vine sure to give satisfaction to those who consider real beauty preferable to brilliant color effects.—Eben E. Rexford.

A Successful Woman Inventor

Dispatches from Rochester, N. Y., report the death of Mrs. Bridget French of that city at the age of 72 years. She was one of the few successful women inventors and one of the remarkable things about her work was the fact that she spent less than two hours on any of them. Scientists tried for sixty years to discover the principle involved in her plumbago oil, which consists of heavy powdered plumbago in perfect graduated suspension in a limpid oil. After this discovery in 1872 Mrs. French invented ten improvements for lubricating oils, securing patents on all of them. Among other inventions by Mrs. French are a burglar proof lock, an automatic car coupler, the first perfect steam sterilizer and cooking apparatus and a stove pipe damper with vent. This last simple device has saved thousands of lives. It permitted the fire in a stove to be shut off, at the same time allowing the gas to escape up the pipe. Another invention is a funnel with an air pipe exhaust for the filling of bottles. Mrs. French was also widely known in the manufacture of medicines. Mrs. French led an extremely active life, her inventive genius remaining with her in her last years. Her latest invention was a portable chimney that could be attached at the roof. It was made out of a rough, fibrous material and was fireproof.

Fortune Is Cursed

How Ill Luck Has Followed Those Connected With the Fair Millions.

EIGHT years ago James G. Fair died in San Francisco, leaving a fortune of some \$30,000,000 for his heirs to squabble over. For seven years they fought and spent more than \$2,000,000 in the fighting, and then, only twelve months later, one-third of the fortune was in dispute again.

Someone seems to have bewitched the late Nevada Senator's millions, for no one has yet been able to enjoy their use. Even he, strong, self-reliant man as he was, was happier poor than rich, happier in acquiring his fortune than in the enjoyment of it.

The story is one which would



James G. Fair, bringing shouts of ridicule hurrying round the devoted head of any author who dare imagine it.

From the day when he began to accumulate away back in 1865 the Fair millions have borne a curse. Everyone connected with them has had trouble and sleepless nights, they have twice awaited heirs in whole or in part and on each occasion disputed claims have been put forward. Even the method of their getting spoke romance and the method of their spending while old Mr. Fair controlled them was even more romantic.

Born in Ireland in 1831 Mr. Fair came to this country with his parents in 1843. He was educated chiefly in Chicago till he was 19, and then he went to seek fame and fortune in the California gold fields then, in 1850, attracting the attention of the world. His was no rapid rise to wealth. For fifteen years he struggled on as prospector, digger and miner, earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow and accumulating no more money than would suffice for a single night's enjoyment.

Suddenly the tide turned, dollars poured in upon him in one unceasing flood till in 1872 he was reputed to be worth \$50,000,000 and his partners, the late John W. Mackay and O'Brien, were equally rich. Then his troubles commenced. Up to this time he had been a hard-working, steady, frugal man. He had employed his first \$9,000, made in 1865, in wedding a pretty Irish colleen, with whom he had long been enamored in secret. He spent the millions which came after largely in supporting other and less sacred ties.

The details of his fortune are too well known, however, to need repetition. They are a part of the history of the west and as such will go down to posterity together with the '49 rush and the wild days of the early diggings. It is the history of the fortune after it was made, the history of the maker and his heirs, which is after all most romantic.

With wealth and the cares of wealth Mr. Fair began to develop tendencies which he had either held in check or not possessed before. He tired of his still handsome wife, he manifested the Irishman's insensate love of the fair sex and he spent much of his time courting the good graces of those among them who took his fancy. So free was he with

money for his marriage and was only won over when the young woman deserted her husband for a spell, took a position as nurse under an assumed name and tended the crochety old gentleman. In her early days she had been an actress and it must have needed all her histrionic abilities to conceal her interest in getting the right side of her patient. Still she succeeded. Mr. Fair relented, allowed his son money to live on and even became quite fond of the brave young wife.

So things went on till on Dec. 28, 1896, the old man died, leaving such a tangle of wills that it took nearly seven years to straighten them out.

Party Was Well Fed.

Some idea of the needs of the party accompanying President Roosevelt may be gained from the fact that when the dining car was started on its travels it was stocked with, or took on later, a total of 350 pounds of beef, 100 of lamb, seventy-five of ham, twenty-five of tongue, 120 of chicken, fifty of goose, thirty-five of turkey, one bushel of clams, three crates of melons, 100 pounds of butter, twenty gallons of ice cream—the list is well nigh interminable. Ten gallons of spring water were drunk every day and about 160 gallons of water used for cooking.—Boston Transcript.

Origin of Ham and Eggs.

When Noah had all the birds corralled in the ark, Shem, Ham and Japheth, his three sons, made some famous collections of birds' eggs till Noah found out what they were doing by catching Ham robbing the great ark's nest. It was shortly after this incident that Noah made his famous bon mot about Ham and Eggs, the exact wording of which escapes us, but which was often recounted at the old settlers' dinners in the vicinity of Mount Ararat.—Minneapolis Journal.

Removing Beer Bullets.

Lord Methuen has undergone a successful operation in London, several spent bullets being removed from his injured leg. There is every prospect of a speedy recovery, although it is expected that the limb will be slightly contracted.



Mrs. H. Oelrichs, who is shown in the illustration, is the wife of the late John W. Mackay, and her story is a part of the history of the fortune after it was made.

SHE CRIED WHEN SHE PUT HER CLOTHES ON.

This is what Miss Jessie Stephenson of 39 Hartington Road, Aberdeen, says when writing to the Proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, the remedy which cured her:

"I was very bad with rheumatism. I could not put my clothes on without crying out. I always had to have assistance to dress myself. I obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after its contents were used I was much better. I used the contents of two more bottles, and now I am able to do my work as usual. I would recommend anyone troubled with rheumatism to use St. Jacobs Oil."

Miss Stephenson's present condition is a very great contrast to what it was before she used St. Jacobs Oil, then she was practically helpless, suffered the greatest agony—but now she is free from pain, and able to do her work. Surely such evidence as this is most convincing that St. Jacobs Oil "Conquers Pain."

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