

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXII. NO. 9.

CASS CITY, MICH., OCTOBER 16, 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

DeMOTTE ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

To Open The Citizens' Lecture Course for This Season.

The Citizens' Lecture Course for this season will open at the Opera House on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 8th, when Prof. J. B. DeMotte, A. M., M. D., Ph. D., will give one of his famous illustrated lectures. The Professor belongs to a family of French Huguenots who fled to Holland from Paris during the persecutions of the Protestants, Richard DeMotte coming to Long Island in 1698. The family has always been prominent in promoting religious and educational advancement. Prof. DeMotte had fine educational training in his boyhood and later on did college and university work in this country and abroad. For more than a quarter of a century he has been pursuing his character studies under the most favorable circumstances. The present course of lectures is the result of those years of travel and careful scientific enquiry, backed by a conviction that the greatest function of scientific truth is to aid in the development of noble character. He has a life-time familiarity with the subjects he presents and the gift of telling what he knows in an interesting and simple way without the use of technical nomenclature. All his lectures are beautifully and profusely illustrated. The professor is ably assisted by T. W. Harrington, an expert, who has been with him for twelve years. Secure your tickets early.

The second number of the course will be given on the evening of Dec. 6th, by John P. D. John, ex-president of DePauw University. It is only a little over three years since this gentleman took the platform but during that brief period he has delivered two hundred and forty addresses in his own state of Indiana and more than seven hundred in the United States and Canada. Press comments bristle with such phrases as "a clear and eloquent speaker," "a mental giant," "received with great attention and appreciation."

The Tudor-Geeding Concert Company has been secured for the third number of the course, on the evening of January 15th, 1903. The company is composed of Miss Bessie Tudor, soprano; Asa H. Geeding, baritone; Miss Jessie Straus, violinist; Mrs. A. H. Geeding, pianist. These four people are individually strong artists and are giving very strong programs.

W. D. Henderson, of Ann Arbor, has been engaged for the closing number of the course on the evening of February 20th.

More detailed mention will be made of each number as the date draws near, but brief mention is made now that all may be able to judge of the value of the course, and the success the committee has met with in securing desirable numbers. No time should be lost in selecting your seats at the Opera House.

School Benefit

On the evening of Saturday, Oct. 25th, The Francis Russell Concert Company will appear at the J. L. Hitchcock Opera House, under the auspices of the Cass City Schools. This company began a tour of Michigan last January, presenting a series of unexcelled popular concerts, harmoniously combining mirth and music, comedy and tragedy, song and story, burlesque and pantomime. Francis Russell appears as impersonator, facialist, character actor and singing comedian, and is pronounced as "good as the best." Miss Myra Russell, as pianist and baritone vocalist, shows a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the instrument, being also endowed with a remarkably powerful baritone voice. Miss Caroline Louise Nicholls is an exceptionally artistic mandolinist, and has met with unbounded success everywhere. All who attend may be sure of a treat.

Hamilton--Brooks.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday last at the home of John Hamilton, corner of West and Sixth Streets, when his daughter, Mary Ellen (Maud), was united in marriage to Robert John Brooks, of Detroit. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. Weaver, the bride being a respected member of the Baptist Church. After the wedding repast the newly married couple left for the east to visit among the groom's friends before they leave for Detroit, their future home. The bride was the recipient of many valuable and useful presents. The heartiest congratulations of many friends follow the newly married couple.

Shoe Factory Started.

Caro Courier. It can be said that the Lacey Shoe Company is now doing business at their new factory, although the force of employees at present is small. Five cutters were put at work on Thursday and the force of employees will be increased as rapidly as stock can be prepared for the different parts of the process. It is necessary to prepare the stock gradually for the different stages of the work and the labor employed being largely new to the business of shoe making, it is necessary to train them gradually for the business. Young ladies are employed at the cutting table and are turning out the parts very rapidly. It is expected that the fitting room will be in operation by Wednesday of next week with ten or fifteen people in the department. It will then require about ten days to prepare stock sufficient to have the factory in full blast. The delay of the last few weeks has been largely due to the failure of the company to secure their smoke stack on time. The machines are all placed and lined up for connecting. Sixteen experienced operators from Middleport, Ohio, are already on the ground and will form the nucleus of the new force. About twenty more girls will be required for the fitting room, and in all about sixty people will be employed at first. Some of the machines are quite intricate and are capable of turning out shoes at a rapid rate. It is expected that the output will be about three hundred to four hundred pairs of shoes daily on the start and this will be increased as it goes on.

Rev. A. Torbet Resigns.

At the morning service, last Sunday, at the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Albert Torbet made a formal resignation of the pastorate here, which he has held for over three years, with a view of accepting a call to the Presbyterian Church at Manistique, Mich., the resignation to take effect on Sunday, October 27th. A motion was made by A. Campbell, supported by Jas. J. Spence, that the resignation be accepted, awaiting the action of the Presbytery in the matter, which motion prevailed. During Mr. Torbet's pastorate here the membership of the society has been increased from less than ninety to over one hundred and fifty, the finances have been well kept up and missionary contributions have largely increased. While his departure will be generally regretted, all are pleased that he has secured so good a charge with increased salary, and join in wishing him abundant success in his new field of labor.

Smothered In Oat Bin.

Sanline Republican. Monday morning the people of Carsonville were again made to feel the uncertainty of life and the reality of death. John Baird, who is about 14 years of age, went to work in his father's elevator at the beginning of another week with youth, health and every prospect of a long and happy life. During the morning a car was being loaded from a well filled oat bin. The boy went to the top of the bin to sweep in the loose oats. After a time Mr. Baird noticed that the chute seemed to be closed up in some way and scarcely had he finished speaking when one of his boys feet protruded through the opening. Quick hands soon tore away a portion of the bin from which the lifeless form of the boy was taken. A doctor was summoned and every effort made to restore the body to life, but to no avail.

Jubilee Anniversary.

It is now seven years since the M. E. Church at this place was rededicated, and the officials have decided to hold suitable anniversary services on Sunday and Monday next. Rev. S. A. Dean, B. A., B. D., of Port Huron, will occupy the pulpit on Sunday morning and evening, and on Monday evening the ladies will serve a chicken pie supper in the basement. Following the supper a platform meeting will be held in the audience room proper, at which addresses will be given by Revs. Dean, J. W. Fenn, and the pastors of the town. Rev. Fenn was the pastor in charge seven years ago, and having just returned to town to reside, is able to be here for these special services. A large turnout and very interesting services are looked forward to.

Apples Wanted.

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

Don't Miss The Dates!

On Saturday, October 18th

our sale, as advertised last week, will close on BLANKETS, but we will continue it for....

Wed. and Sat., Oct. 22d and 25th

on Shoes, Corsets, Prints and Wrappers.

On these dates we will also put in 250 yards of 12 1/2c Toweling at 7 1/2c per yard. These prices are made for YOUR BENEFIT REGARDLESS OF COST, as you will see upon investigation.

DON'T MISS THE DATES!!

LAING & JANES

Beginning on Monday night, October 20th, our store will close at 7:30 local time, each evening excepting Saturday.

CUCUMBERS DID WELL.

6,500 Bushels Salted Here by E. G. Dailey Co.

Kingston Tidings. The last cucumbers were taken in at the salting station here on Saturday, by Burt Parker, manager for the E. G. Dailey Co., of Detroit. Four of the large tanks, with a capacity of 1,100 bushels each, and five small tanks, holding over 300 bushels each, are full to the brim, while another of the large tanks is more than three-quarters full, making in all about 6,500 bushels. Mr. Parker states that this is an exceptionally good record, considering that it is the company's first season here and the very wet weather encountered. The plant at Mt. Clemens has not done nearly as well and they only have one other plant which has done better. This week a large quantity of apples is being taken in. Four car loads have already been shipped to the company and another car is being loaded, after which Mr. Parker will leave for Detroit. He is much pleased with the outlook here and thinks that next season will bring at least double the business in cucumbers. He also speaks well of the apple crop, both as to quality and the many varieties grown. He is a most genial soul and the patrons of the industry hope he may be with us again next year.

The salting station of the Williams Bros. Co., at Wilmet, has received about two thousand bushels of cucumbers in all, a large quantity of the acreage in that section suffering more from the wet weather. However, the patrons there have learned the possibilities of the crop and talk of doubling their acreage for another year, when they hope to do better.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Madeleine Auten and Charles Dillman entered High School Oct. 6th. County Commissioner of Schools H. P. Bush, visited the school Monday. Where anything is growing, one former is worth a thousand reformers.—Horace Mann. The average attendance in the High Room was sixty for the three forenoons during fair.

Esther Morrison and Joe Clement entered school Oct. 14th, there now being an enrollment of 94.

D. Lucas Huff, the Evangelical temperance worker, spoke to the pupils of the High School Tuesday.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Fred Oliver, agent for the Francis Russell Concert Company visited the High School Monday. That company will give an entertainment in the Opera House Saturday evening, Oct. 25th, for the benefit of the High School.

Teachers ought to be encouraged in their dislike for cast iron methods which cramp and hamper them. Power and skill are not developed mechanically nor by imitation.—Supt. I. F. Hall, North Adams, Mass.

Wanted.

200 cords of 3 ft. wood—Dry Hemlock, Tamarack or Maple. A. H. ALE. WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of sold financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly cash salary of \$15.00 paid by check each Wednesday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Manager, 340 Casson Bldg., Chicago

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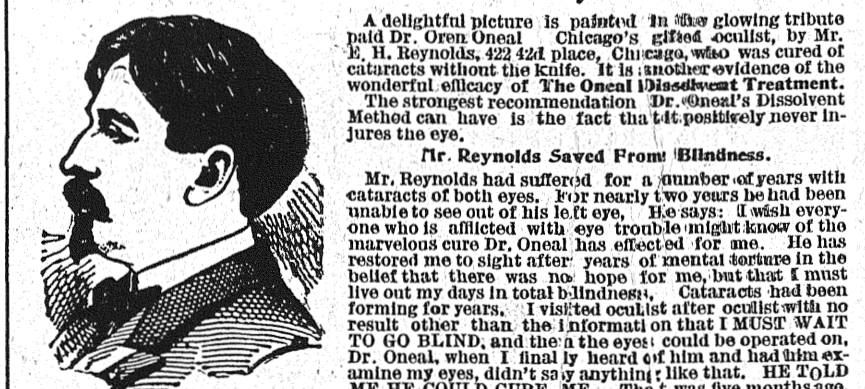
Call and see our Oil Cloth Patterns.....

J. B. COOTES

Hardware and Plumbing

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, 422 42d place, 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. Dr. 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 that if 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 TOOK ME HE COULD CURE ME. That was five months ago. I have been under his care since, and to-day I can see to read—in fact, my eyes will soon be well. It's wonderful. Dr. Oneal may send anyone to me at 11, will be delighted to tell them how he saved my eyes." Many thousands of similar cures 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: (James 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 pain. 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.**

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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.


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.

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.....

FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

Oh, days of youth, of love and truth, of labor in the mine, Oh, vanished days in Time's dim haze— Oh, days of Forty-Nine— How feeling burns as memory turns to those dear scenes of old, When, pick in hand, a fearless band, we roamed the West for gold!

From the solemn, snow-covered Rockies, from the hills of Santa Fe, From the Colorado, leaping down its cactus-bordered way, To the poppy-glowing valleys by the bay, Saint Francis Blessed, Every hill and dale bears witness of the men who "went out West."

O'er the thirsty, sun-parched desert toiled those stalwart men and true, Bearded by the Star of Empire smiling downward from the blue, Westward, Westward, ever Westward, till each hillside and ravine Opened to them as the heavens opened to the Florentine.

Long years have fled; those days are dead; but still their wealth is ours; The golden grain on many a plain, the orchards and the bowers, The lowing herds, the bright-plumed birds, the homes of peaceful rest, That crown the soil won by the toil of those who "went out West." —Robert Mackay, in Success.

On the Waves of Chance.

BY F. H. LANCASTER. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) The literary woman was playing the oracle to the man of means. He liked her well enough. She was honest, though she did have a penchant for putting her thoughts into periods. They never agreed; but then it is not always exhilarating to converse with people who say only "yes" and "why certainly."

To-night the bone of contention was the self-made man. "There isn't such a thing," she declared. "Let me show you how this self-manufacturing business appears when you get it into a focus: We really have not much to say about what we are going to do and what we are not going to do. We are washed on shore by the waves of chance, and because we were furnished before hand with roots predetermined to strike into the soil, and because the soil happens to suit the roots, we stick where we are tossed, make a goodly growth and cry out to all beholders: 'See what I have done by my lone self.' If the soil doesn't happen to suit our roots, we shrivel instead of flourishing; we tap each passerby on the shoulder and whisper to him that this is the Lord's doing."

He interrupted her with an impatient movement and the woman laughed lazily. "Not very flattering, eh?" "It is not true." "True enough, and growing truer every day. Take this terribly tormented question of matrimony. How many men and women out of a hundred couples do you suppose sought each other deliberately? They just happened to meet and happened to fall in love and happened to marry. If the marriage turns out well, why, it is their doing; if they drift into the divorce court, the Lord gets the credit for the whole of it—'Mysterious Providence.'"

She laughed at his disgusted frown. "You are like all the other women of to-day," he remarked. "Even while you stand before the altar you have the divorce court in clear perspective." "I am not standing before the altar," she cut in dryly, "and don't expect to be for one long, sweet while. What is more, the women who are flocking to the divorce court aren't the women of to-day. They are the women of yesterday and last year. The sight of our freedom has made them feel their fetters."

"Do you honestly believe that?" "What?" "That the unmarried woman has a better showing in life than the married woman."

"Eighty per cent of the divorce suits are brought by women." "That proves nothing. Breach of promise suits are also brought by women."

The literary woman shrugged her shoulders. "I don't want to know when it is well off."

"Just so; better be a dog and sleep on the door-mat, than a divorced woman. But you and I know that there are horribly unhappy married women—lots of them."

"There are unhappy women in all walks of life."

"Granted. But when the weather grows too foul for the single woman

with that saying of George Eliot's about the folly of expecting trees lopped of their bravest branches in youth to be anything but gnarled and ugly in their old age, she will easily grow to believe that she is more or less mutilated and let herself grow lopsided at her leisure. Self-pity is a dangerous element to introduce into any life, when an excuse for all forms of self-indulgence and indolence stands ready at our elbow, the chances are a thousand to one that we will be self-indulgent and indolent to beat the band. And even though a woman may be strong enough to go on living a straight, honest life she never quite gets over a mishap of the heart. Don't you believe that?"

"No," he replied with a rough laugh, "I have seen too many women recover from heart-breaks."

"Or think that you have," she suggested. "I doubt if even your astuteness can say what is in a sealed can that is not labeled."

"There is nothing of the sealed can about a woman's heart," he said, and there was a nasty slur in his tone that fired the literary woman's blood. "You know so much. Listen to this from the pen of a woman who all unite to call strong and contented," she took a written sheet from the drawer and ran her eye over it searchingly. "Here it is: 'Perhaps it is in me to do better work and more of it, but I don't know. Fate dowered me years ago and her grip is still on my throat. Where I see others leap and stand upright, there is for me only spasmodic, ineffectual efforts to get upon my feet. Still, living on the back is not such an uncomfortable position and a grip never annoys unless one struggles against it; and I gave up struggling long ago.'"

The man of means turned upon her eagerly. "Who wrote that letter?" "That's none of your business," she laughed, "are you satisfied as to your skill?"

"I insist on knowing who wrote that letter."

"Insist as much as you please. Business women do not betray confidences."

He stood up and looked down angrily into her smiling face. "If I told you that all my hopes of now and hereafter depended upon seeing that signature, would you show it to me?"

"I am afraid I could scarcely credit such a rash statement."

"Oh, you can believe it. It is true enough."

He faced around and stared at the fire. When he spoke again his tones betrayed intense disgust. "I would not give thirty cents for the heart and soul of all the business women in the world put together!"

"I didn't know it was up for auction," she commented. "He turned upon her savagely. "Once more, will you tell me who wrote that letter?"

"Onct, Bunsby will you scoot?" "Listen to me," he thundered. "Sitting there in your inane imbecility you are holding the happiness of two lives."

"I shall try to hold them tight," she murmured. "You will not show me that signature?"

"No."

"Then I will go to her without seeing it. Don't you suppose that I know there is but one woman in the world strong enough to pen such words as those?"

The literary woman laughed as the door banged viciously. "And to think that it was one of my own little creatures that wrote them. Well, I dare say he and Lou will make up that long-standing squabble of theirs now that a wave of chance has washed them together," and then as though she suddenly felt the need of something strong, she took up the paper at her elbow and read again that bit of Rightor's: "A man must sit on his own salt sack; that's the first duty. Then he must walk in the path whereto the Fates kicked him; that's Kismet. Then he must gather all the red and blue bios-

soms along the way, and hold his head high, and breathe deep and whistle at the stars and keep away from churchyards and laugh so merrily as he may; that's cheerfulness. For the rest, there is no man that may walk against the high waves of the sea, nor gather thistle down in the wind, nor plant cabbage in granite."

DESERT INCITES TO POETRY.

Writer Discovers Beauty of a Sort in Desolation.

I know a desolate place that is not wholly a desert, yet it is neither oasis nor fertile land, says Verner Z. Reed in the August Atlantic. It is what might be termed a semi-desert, and it has a mood that is different from that of other deserts. It seems a philosophic, well-contented sort of place, that has much knowledge, much wisdom, and that extracts a wise enjoyment from the days that pass over it. It is nearly related to a tall peak, and is akin to a near-by range of mountains, and to the air and the sky. Flowers grow upon this semi-desert—sunflowers, and bergamot, and bluebells, and Mariposa lilies, and many other shaggy little steps that bear blue and yellow and white and seven-hued blossoms. It knows sage-brush, too, and yucca, and various pygmy cacti. It is field and farm and native land for many well-established, ancient and wise nations of prairie dogs, and it is the world and the fullness thereof for thousands of republics of ants. This semi-desert stretches away from the mountains and runs its way in billows towards the East. We know it reaches to farms that are worked and to fields that are sown, and to the great rivers whose banks are lined with the covers of chattels, but we like to think that, as a desert, it stretches away beyond the horizon, and passes unchanged on to infinity, and across it is the road to eternity, and endless growth of soul and joy of effort and consumption.

Old Home Week.

The children are coming home again! The old town stands at the door— Homesick women and weary men, She welcomes them all once more;

"The rooms are all furnished and drest for you! We have been saving the best for you! The echoing hills have kept your name; Meadow and woodland are still the same; Lane and love-nook—may, do not weep! Nothing is changed that our love could keep."

The children are coming home to-day— Ay, children, if twice two-score! Men and women with heads of gray, But the old child's heart once more;

Never a word of how bad you've been, How far you've traveled, how sad you've been! Door and heart are alike flung wide; The mother's cheek is aglow with pride; The good you have done or have tried to do.

These are the things she has heard of you. The children are coming home again— Hark to the names we know! The dear old love-names—Will and Ben And Mary and Dick and Sue!

Coming from half a world away, (Glad to be far from the world away,) Men and women, they all come back; Over the dusty or grass-grown track; And we know why the Lord of the undented said heaven is near to the heart of a child.

—Anna Burnham Bryant in Boston Transcript.

Warm Congressional Campaign.

The redistricting of Mississippi had a curious result. Three Democratic congressmen—Patrick Henry of Vicksburg, John Sharp Williams of Yazoo, and Charles Edward Hooker of Jackson—suddenly found themselves in the same district. All three wanted to go back to the house; only one could. Williams has won out in the primary and remains in congress. Williams' canvass is spoken of as one of the greatest ever seen in Mississippi. The last day of it found him in his shirt sleeves in a reputedly hostile ward of Jackson speaking alternately in English, German and French. His own county went for him solidly and he made surprising inroads in the counties of his competitors.

A Grand Duke's Costume.

By all accounts Grand Duke Boris was a spectacular feature of the horse show in Newport the day he attended that function. The rather kaleidoscopic costume of his royal highness included a suit in large gray plaids, a lemon-colored shirt, and silver gray tie; tan shoes, a white and tan belt, fastened by a showy gold buckle, and a white straw hat trimmed with light blue. A jeweled snake, curled in three glittering coils, formed his ring, and the much written about bracelet was in evidence whenever he gesticulated with his left arm.

Good Move of Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Bowers, New York, has leased a farm of 130 acres in New Jersey. The farm is intended to serve as a temporary home for men who are awaiting employment. They are not expected to remain there longer than two weeks. While they are working on the healthy upland the extensive employment machinery of the Y. M. C. A. is working in their interests.

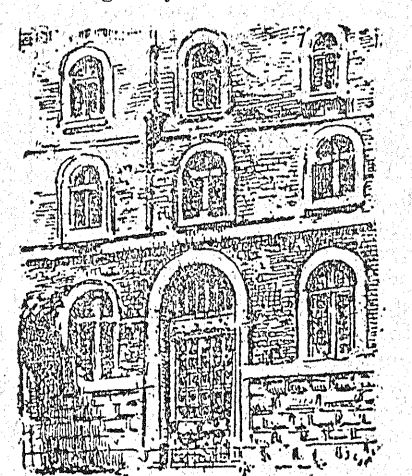
A Simple Explanation.

A man in public life noted for his brusqueness of speech was under informal discussion in cabinet circles. "There's one thing to be said in his favor, however," said Secretary Wilson, "and that is he never importunes the department to get promotions or positions for his friends." "That's readily explained," commented Secretary Root; "he hasn't any."

Famous Old Prison Is Being Torn Down

Famous Newgate prison, here so much of London's criminal history has been enacted, is being torn down. Although the present structure was erected in the eighteenth century, the gloomy building belonged more to mediæval times, and its "graveyard" and cells were veritable vaults, in which the unfortunate occupants may truly be said to have been buried alive.

The destruction of Newgate has been contemplated for a long time, but the actual work was not begun until the present time because of numerous obstacles. On the site will be erected a business building, and instead of gloomy cells filled with idle



The Old Prison Now Disused.

men awaiting death there will be electrically lighted offices, open and airy, and tenanted by industrious workers. The contrast could hardly be more complete.

The structure that is now being demolished is by no means the original Newgate. Several prisons have occupied this part of London, the first being one of the towers of the old city, which was at the new gate of the town wall, and which thus gave its name to the prison. It was first mentioned in 1205. The building now falling before the wreckers' hammers was begun in 1770, but the Gordon rioters in 1780 partially destroyed the unfinished structure.

Newgate was then rebuilt, and here were imprisoned the chief criminals of the metropolis, while those convicted of murder were publicly executed before its doors. When public executions came to be considered demoralizing and evil in their effects upon the multitude who witnessed them, the murderers were executed within the prison and buried beneath the paving stones of the hall leading through to the Old Bailey. This hall was commonly known as the "graveyard."

Those who paid the penalty of death within these grim precincts were obliterated by means of quicklime placed in their coffins, but a token of their existence was left in the shape of an iron letter, representing the initial of their surnames and fastened in the wall over their graves.

Of late years Newgate had only been used for prisoners awaiting trial at the Central Criminal Court building and for those there condemned to death. At Newgate, moreover, only murderers whose crimes had been committed in the metropolitan district were executed. Transpontine murderers are hanged at Wandsworth gaol, unless otherwise ordered by the authorities. It was in 1853 that the interior of Newgate was rebuilt on the single cell system. In crowded times the prison held nearly two hundred convicts.

It was out of old Newgate that the notorious "Jack" Sheppard broke, and the story of his escape, although it is now nearly two hundred years old, is being retold by Londoners at the present time. "Jack" Sheppard, like many another criminal, owed his downfall to the company of bad women. His father was a carpenter, and a man of sterling honesty. The boy was also apprenticed to a carpenter, Owen Wood; but he fell into the society of bad companions near by, at the Black Lion, in Drury Lane. Here he met "Bess" Lyon and "Poll" Maggott, who began to incite him to theft.

After many robberies of increasing boldness, "Jack" Sheppard was captured, tried and sentenced to death in Old Bailey. But he had been supplied with a file by "Poll" Maggott and "Bess" Lyon, and he adroitly managed to escape. His liberty was of short duration, and ten days later he was recaptured and placed in the strongest cell of Newgate, known as the Castle. Here he was "chained with two ponderous staples to the floor." Nearly all London flocked to see the prisoner, who, despite all the care that was taken, had secreted a

small file in his Bible, and a complete set of tools in the rushes of his chair. The guards inspected his chains on September 16, 1724, and left him at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for the remainder of the day. Sheppard then made his last and most wonderful escape. After freeing himself of his manacles and snapping the chains which held him to the floor, he removed a stout iron bar from the chimney and climbed up the flue. After forcing several heavy bolted doors by an almost incredible exertion of strength and ingenuity, he found himself upon the upper leads.

But, just when his escape was all but accomplished, the convict was compelled to retrace his steps to his cell to get his blanket, by which he might let himself down to an adjoining roof twenty feet below. The return trip was made in safety, and, dropping to the roof, he entered a garret window, and thence slipped down into the purlieus of Smithfield. Passing down Gray's Inn lane to the fields, he spent two or three days in an old house by Tottenham Court. Five days after his escape he went to a cellar by Charing Cross, where all were talking about "Jack" Sheppard. He then broke into a pawnbroker's shop, decked himself out in smart clothes and drove past Newgate in a closed carriage. The next day he treated his mother to three quarters of brandy, and then drank himself silly at Sheer's tavern, Maypole alley.

In this state he was captured and taken back to Newgate. The turnkeys, despite their disgrace, turned the occasion to one of gain, and charged the multitude of curious visitors 3s. 6d. a head to see their capture. He was watched night and day until November 16, when his execution was witnessed by over 200,000 persons, at Tyburn. A riot, which broke out over the disposal of the corpse, had finally

to be quelled by the military with fixed bayonets. Such was the end of the career of the most notorious prisoner of Newgate.

Accepted in Cipher. A young man in Elmira, N. Y., recently proposed to the girl of his choice, making his declaration by mail, because he thought that in that way he could do himself better justice. He was in his office a day or two later when a messenger boy arrived with this enigmatical telegram: "Isle of View.—E wers." He was convinced that the message had something to do with his proposal, but he could not decipher it. He went to consult his mother. She read the telegram over once or twice, shook her head and then read it aloud. But what she said sounded like: "I love you—yours." The son snatched the message out of his mother's hand and read it once more. Then he shouted: "It's all right, mother," and dashed for the telegraph office, where he sent a return telegram.

The Simple American Fashion. Royalty is given to a useless expenditure of words, as of everything else. In drinking to the health of the czar the shah of Persia said: "I take this God-given opportunity to thank your majesty for the kind sentiments and kind, sympathetic and pleasant welcome which I have received in your empire. In the hope that the ties uniting the two countries, already so firm, will be drawn still closer than they have been in the past, I drink to the health of your majesty, their majesties the empress and your august family, to the happiness and glory and long duration of your reign and to the prosperity of your states." An American citizen would have said, "Here's hoping," with quite as satisfactory results.

After Twenty Years. Rip Van Winkle came down the hill after his twenty years' sleep. "But my friends and relatives," he inquired, "where are they?" "Dead and buried," replied the strangers as they led him away weeping.

"They are all striking," he faltered. "And the coal strike of arbitration." Shrieking with joy, he realized that one link yet bound him to the past, and his life was later made happier by knowing that the original coal strike jokes were still dinned into the public ear.

Testimonial to Henrik Abel. Bjornson was the author of the text of the cantata which was sung at Christiania the other day by way of celebrating the hundredth birthday of Norway's famous mathematician, Henrik Abel. About 300 guests from foreign countries were invited and Prof. F. Nansen presided at the banquet. Although Abel lived only twenty-seven years, he was repeatedly invited to a professorship in Berlin, but his patriotism caused him to decline the invitation, notwithstanding his poverty.

How Newcomer Taught Old Fellow Becoming Modesty. Bill Dorgan used to own a pup, in which all breeds were well mixed up; a hump-eyed, yellow sort of cur, with fleas and sandburs in its fur. It was a scrapper in its way and licked some dogs most every day; and it, in course of time, did reach the verdict that it was a peach.

It used to loaf around the town, and show its teeth and wear a frown, and every now and then 'twould wail: "Why won't some dog step on my tail, or bite my ear, or bark or growl, or look me in the face and howl? Are all the dogs devoid of snap? I'm simply spolling for a scrap."

One day a bulldog came to town; it was a sort of brindle brown, with bandy legs and sawed-off tail, and teeth that would eat through a nail. Its face was scratched, its eyes were sore, its tongue was like a cellar door. It paddled up the village street as though in search of stuff to eat, and when the mongrel saw it come, the latter cried: "A scrap, by gum! Now, giggers, see me go and murr! The stuffing out of yonder cuss; I'll teach the ugly, lop-eared clown to push himself into this town."

The mongrel, with upstanding wool, jumped then upon the vagrant bull; and then there came a cloud of dust, a crack as though some bone had bust, a shriek, a moan, a sickening thud, a gentle rain of fur and blood; and then the bulldog took his way, and nodded to the dogs, "Good day." The mongrel had been scattered round so that the chunks were never found; Bill Dorgan scurped up what he could, and planted them out in the wood.

MORAL: The fighting man may yawp and brag; But soon he'll run against a snag. —Walt Mason in Nebraska State Journal.

Helen Moon's Case. New Providence, Ia., Oct. 13th.—The wonderful case of little three-year-old Helen Moon continues to be the talk of the neighborhood and everyone is rejoicing with Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Moon, the happy father and mother.

It will be remembered that this sweet little girl was given up by the doctors with Dropsy. She was so far gone that her eyes were closed up and her body bloated till it was purple.

After everything else had failed Dodd's Kidney Pills were used and to the joy and surprise of everyone she commenced to improve.

This improvement resulted in complete good health and she continues to keep strong and well and without the slightest symptom of Dropsy left. The doctors are as much bewildered as anyone at the wonderful cure of this desperate case.

Owns Maximilian's Coat. A coat that is of great historical interest was discovered at Jackson, Miss., the other day, and is the property of Prof. Ad. le Maitre, an old Frenchman, who has been teaching the language to a small class there for several months. This garment is the one worn by the Emperor Maximilian just before his execution on the morning of June 18, 1867. Prof. le Maitre was one of the very few who witnessed the execution, and the unfortunate emperor pulled the coat off just before the word to fire was given, and, handing it to le Maitre, told him to keep it. He prizes it higher than he does life itself, and though a poor man has refused large sums of money for it.

\$100 Reward \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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TALE OF TWO DOGS.

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IN A BAD WAY. Night after night with rest and sleep broken by urinary troubles. Painful passages, frequent calls of nature, retention, make the day as miserable as the night.

Man, woman or child with any wrong condition of the bladder and kidneys is in a bad way. Don't delay 'till dangerous Diabetes comes. Cure the trouble before it settles into Bright's Disease.

Read how certain are the cures of Doan's Kidney Pills and how they last.

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Look After the Hand Separators. No good thing is a success unless looked after. It is no argument against hand separators to say that unless they are taken care of they will in a year or so become unserviceable. One man urges against them that he has known people that did not wash their separators more than once a week, and that in the meantime the separators were a point of multiplication for all kinds of ferments and perhaps disease germs that got into them. But no agent of a hand separator will sell a hand separator if he supposed the buyer would use so little intelligence in its care and handling. We are in a state of chaos as regards our dairy matters, and it is only slowly that we are working into a condition of order. But we do not believe that the hand separator is at all the cause of disorder.

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Spruce grows nearer the Arctic regions than any other tree.

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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 XI.

"Let us go to the pretetto," said the monk, "and give him warning of the evil work that is planned against him to-night. The pretetto is our master. We must protect him, for he is the representative of the king. What is your name, son?"

"I am called Dambo, father."

"Come with me to the pretetto. Come, traveler; I will need your evidence as well."

Wondering what desperate game the monk was about to play, I followed him. The monk spoke a few words to the guard. A servant was summoned, and we were led into the presence of the master of all Cagliari.

"Your excellency!" said the monk, by way of salutation.

"Yes, Brother Michael," responded the pretetto. "You have news of importance to convey. Go said the servant. I am ready to listen."

"Your excellency," said the monk, "it is my good fortune that I have become possessed of important knowledge that concerns your safety and that of the fair Signorina Barlotti, who is under your roof."

The pretetto started.

"That cursed American?" he said. "No. This time it is one of your trusted friends who is plotting against you, and who would, but for our friends here, murder you this night and carry away the signorina for his own."

"Sacre!" exclaimed the pretetto, turning pale and looking at Dambo and me with staring eyes. "Is this true? Have I a friend so false? His name! His name! I demand his name!"

"Slow, your excellency. Do not become excited," said the monk, calmly. "It is the Count di Pordino who thus plots against you."

"Pordino? Impossible! He was here to-day and drank wine with me, and we spoke of his approaching marriage to the ward of my poor brother. He is so bad as that? Let him enter here and my own hand shall slay him!"

And as the enraged pretetto uttered his threat against the count I thought of the words carved in the wall of the cell in the Torre dell Elefante and in the marble of the grotto, "Henry Thorlane. I will avenge."

The pretetto called the officer of the guard and told him the facts. The count was expected about midnight, and it was nearly that now.

"Remember," said the pretetto, as his captain was leaving. "Kill all the others, but leave the count to me!"

The bells of the monastery were ringing the hour of midnight, and the darkness of a cloudy night was over everything, when we, who stood in a waiting attitude on the front porch of the pretetto's villa, were startled by a yell that came from a coppiece to the right.

A shot was fired, evidently by one of the pretetto's guards, and the flash of his rifle lighted up the grounds for an instant. And in that instant we saw the forms of men running toward the villa.

Suddenly some one placed lights in the windows of the villa, which threw a glare out into the night, and by this light the guards of the pretetto saw the attacking party, and formed to meet them.

The villa became the scene of indescribable excitement and activity. The screams of frightened women, the servants of the household, pierced the air, and rang out in unison with the hoarse shouts of the soldiers and the cries of the attacking party.

The leader of the attacking crowd was but thinly disguised. The Count di Pordino was a tall man, and bore himself with a carriage that was too marked in character to be easily overlooked. He was not wounded in the charge, and in the glare of the lights in the windows he could be seen urging his men on.

The pretetto, with a muttered curse, sprang forward, evidently to meet the count face to face. As he leaped from the porch, the Jesuit slid after him. I was about to follow, when I missed Dambo, who had been standing behind me. A rush of fear came over me. Dambo had had another purpose in coming to the villa than to warn the pretetto. He had before attempted Nita Barlotti's life—he would do it again.

Dropping my peddler's pack I bounded through the halls and up the stairs toward Nita's room.

In the excitement of the door of Barlotti's room had been opened. I reached the upper hall just in time to see Dambo, knife in hand, enter her door.

Then a scream, in a voice which I recognized as Nita's, told me the villain was at his work. Panting, I plunged on, and reached the room, to see Dambo, with a knife upraised in his right hand, while his left clutched the frightened girl by the throat.

Raising my club, I uttered a prayer for muscular strength. It must have been answered. The club descended upon the skull of Dambo, and he fell back, half stunned, the hand that had been at Nita's throat relaxed its hold, and the knife fell from the other to the floor.

"Nita!" I cried, seizing the half-fainting girl, and seeking to reassure her. "You are safe! You know me! I am Wilberton, your friend!"

"Signor Wilberton!" she gasped. "What does it mean? And what means all the noise, the shots and the cries?"

Are we attacked? Are they friends or foes? Is the pretetto's house in danger?"

I threw aside my wig and beard to assure her of my identity.

"The villa is attacked by the Count di Pordino," I said, "who seeks to take you away by force. But the warning was brought in time, and the soldiers of the pretetto are fighting off the forces of the count."

Nita was now beside herself with grief, passion and fear. Stopping, she picked up the knife that Dambo had dropped.

"I will do it, Signor Wilberton," she said. "I am no longer weak. I am a woman, but I can fight. I have been a circus performer, and can take my own part. Let them come. I will kill the pretetto and I will kill the count, but if they conquer me and I fail to kill them, I will plunge this knife into my own heart rather than become the bride, the slave, of the Count di Pordino."

Her eyes flashed as she spoke, her bosom rose and fell in an excess of emotion, and the delicate but muscular little fingers grasped the handle of the knife in a most determined way.

Nita Dambo, who had been motionless under the effects of the merciless blow I had given her, began to crawl away from me. Springing to the window, which was shaded with heavy lace curtains, held in festoons by cord, I tore the cord away, and seizing the Italian, bound him strongly and securely, and warning him not to make any further attempt to escape, left him in a heap on the floor.

The din in and around the villa was now something awful. Sounds of rifle shots, cries, shrieks, moans and curses reached us through the doors and windows, and I rushed out on the balcony to get a peep at the scenes of war below.

More lights had been brought. Lanterns flashed all over the villa grounds. The monastery bells were clanging the midnight alarm. The battle had become a hand-to-hand struggle, the forces of the pretetto essaying not only to defend the villa from attack, but to drive the invaders from the place, and the horde of cutthroats under the Count di Pordino still hot in the hunt for Nita Barlotti, and whatever else of plunder they could lay their hands on.

Backward and forward the clashing groups ran, shouting, shooting, stabbing, blinded by rage and passion, inflamed by the blood already spilled, destroying life where they could, fearing not death themselves.

To my eyes it seemed as if the Count di Pordino's handiwork were gaining. And if the military failed to arrive from Cagliari, all would soon be up with Nita Barlotti and me.

Apart from the other struggling combatants, two stalwart men swayed to and fro in a fight to the death. One had worn a mask, and it had fallen off, disclosing the features of the Count di Pordino. The other was Maligni, the pretetto of Cagliari.

They were armed with knives, and as they writhed and twisted in each other's grasp, the knives were plunged first into one and then into the other, until it seemed as if they surely must drop dead from their wounds.

Near these two struggling principals in the affray stood Brother Michael, the Jesuit, and so silent and cold was he, amid the boiling and seething of the caldron around him, that his calmness thrilled me as in another some great deed of valor might do.

And Nita saw him, and watched the silent figure a moment in wonder, so distinct and apart from the entire scene did he seem to be.

"Signor!" she whispered. "See that silent monk. Is he not grandly calm amid all the horrors around him! He is different from the others. See how noble and still he is."

"Yes," I replied, in a whisper. "That is Brother Michael—a Jesuit. He saved me from the soldiers and prison guards when I ran away, and he saved my life from a wound they gave me. I have my suspicion that Brother Michael is one whom the pretetto thinks is doing servile penance in the monastery. Perhaps you have heard of Henry Thorlane. I think that Brother Michael is none other than he in the —"

"Henry Thorlane!"

The cry rang out from Nita's lips with a wildness that frightened me, and caused the silent monk to look toward us.

"Henry Thorlane!" she cried again. "No, no; it cannot be Henry Thorlane. Henry Thorlane is dead! He died when —"

She reeled. Her hands went up to her head. With a gasp and moan, she sank into my arms and lost all consciousness. I hurriedly carried her into the room and placed her on the bed. Water was handy, and I bathed her face with it. When the fight should be over, I would call for liquor and give it to her.

I stepped out on the balcony again to see how the fight was progressing. Suddenly the pretetto and his murderous foe, Pordino, relaxed their hold and fell together.

Encouraged by this, the bandits renewed their attack. The villa must certainly fall into their hands.

Just then, by a sudden movement, the silent monk drew from his bosom a peculiar symbol and held it aloft. He spoke a few words, and I heard exclamations of surprise ejaculated among the crowd of Pordino's hirelings. They swarmed around the Jesuit, who spoke to them again, it seemed in a commanding way.

Then the attacking party turned, and just when they seemed to have everything in their grasp, they fled silently out of the place, leaving the defeated soldiers of the pretetto dumfounded at this new turn that affairs had taken.

Bending over the fallen chiefs, the monk felt their breasts as if to learn whether they were alive or dead. The investigation evidently satisfied him, for he turned and signaled for some of the house servants and soldiers to carry the pretetto and the count into the house.

Thoroughly bewildered now, I made sure that Dambo's cords were secure, dragged him out of Nita's room and into that in which Pacho Maligni had been killed, and, locking both doors, put the keys in my pocket and went down to meet Brother Michael.

On the stairs I met Mutterelli, who was sauntering carelessly along smoking a cigarette.

"You here?" I cried. "I did not see you in the fight."

"No, signor," he said. "A man who has prospects of fifty thousand lire never risks his life in a fight with handiwork. I was looking for you. I have something for you."

From under his jacket he took a box—the red tin box that had been taken from Pacho Maligni.

"Where did you get that?" I asked. "In Dambo's quarters," he said. "It seems to connect him with the murder of Maligni."

"It does, it does!" I said. "And Dambo is this minute lying bound in Pacho Maligni's room. And in the next lies Nita Barlotti in a dead faint. I was going after some cognac for her. The doors are locked."

"Give me the keys," he said. "I have a flask. I will bring the signorina round. You go below—Brother Michael may wish to see you."

I felt that I could trust Mutterelli, and handed him the keys. Then I went down into the library, where the pretetto and the Count di Pordino had been carried.

Two broad, low couches had been hurriedly drawn out into the center of the library. Upon one lay the pretetto, and upon the other the Count di Pordino. It was evident, even to my unpracticed eyes, that both these men were dying.

Physicians who had hurried to the villa, aroused by the alarm bells of the monastery, were working over them, and by the side of each stood a monk, holding a crucifix in his hand.

"That is all we can do," said one. "The wounds are fatal. Neither the pretetto nor the Count di Pordino will live till daylight."

The wounded men looked about them. They were conscious, and heard their doom as pronounced by the physician.

Brother Michael stepped nearer to them, and said:

"Sons, you have heard the sad words of the physician. Make your peace with God, for you will soon stand before him to be judged for your deeds on earth, and if they have been evil, for the degree of repentance and reparation you have given. Have you, Count di Pordino, any sin or secret on your soul which you wish to confess and receive absolution and forgiveness before you go before the final and the Almighty Judge?"

The count looked at the monk feebly a moment and slowly shook his head.

"Is there nothing? Think, count, of your past life. Is there nothing? Have you ever borne false witness against another?"

A frightened look came into the count's eyes.

"Ah!" softly said Brother Michael. "There is something. Is it about Henry Thorlane?"

The count made a sign of assent.

"The crime with which he was charged, and for which he was sentenced to a servile penance for twenty years, and for which his estate was confiscated and turned over to your hands—did he commit that crime? Was he an enemy of the pretetto?"

The lips of the dying count formed the word "No."

The monk then turned to the pretetto.

(To be continued.)

SOME ONE-LINE AUTHORS.

Writers Whose Fame Rests Upon a Single Book or Quotation.

It is one of the many odd experiences of life that, while some men in pursuit of fame write a library of books and die and are forgotten, other men, under some happy inspiration, write a single line, poem or volume, and are forever ranked with the immortals.

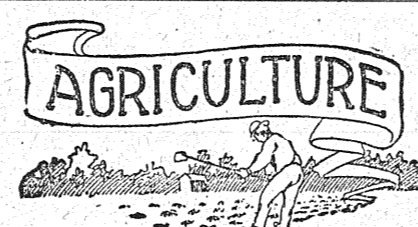
In some cases immortality goes a-begging from the modest shrinking of an author to claim his offspring, as in the case of the oracle who penned the eloquent word "Don't" in answer to Punch's request for advice to those about to marry.

Very few read Congreve nowadays, and fewer still could quote half a dozen lines from any of his poems and dramas; and yet to many who have never even heard his name there are few lines more familiar than the oft-quoted and misquoted, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Charles Wolfe, the Irish divine and poet, wrote many poems of excellence, but only one redeems him and all his works from obscurity, and of this few could get beyond the first line, "We buried him darkly at dead of night."

Thomas Gray has left one legacy only from all his writings, but that is an imperishable one—his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," the most widely quoted poem in our language. Yet those who can recite every word of it could probably not even give the name of a single other poem by the same writer.

Lady Anne Barnard would have no place at all in the public memory if she had not written "Auld Robin Gray."



How to Circumvent the Hessian Fly.

So little complaint of the Hessian fly has been heard at the Ohio Experiment Station this season that there is ground for the hope that there will be no more trouble from it for a few years to come, but it will be wiser for farmers to be on their guard lest it may reappear suddenly as it did in 1899.

It is possible for every farmer to determine for himself whether the fly is likely to appear in destructive numbers in his wheat each season. To accomplish this, let a small strip of wheat be sown along one side of the intended wheat field about two weeks before the time when the main crop is usually sown in that particular locality. As soon as the wheat comes above the ground examine the young shoots carefully every day with a magnifying glass. A cheap lens, magnifying about three diameters, which can be bought for a dollar or less, is sufficient. If the fly is present its minute, reddish eggs, one-fiftieth of an inch long, will be found in the creases of the young wheat blades. Once seen under a glass these eggs can easily be seen by the unaided eye as red specks. Often two or more are laid together, lying end to end.

Usually egg laying occupies about a week, and if the fly, on her appearance, finds a little wheat ready for her, she will soon deposit all her eggs, after which the main crop may safely be sown in the assurance that by the time it appears above ground the eggs will all have been laid on the earlier sown wheat.

Many farmers suppose that the so-called "flax-seeds," which are found in October and November at the base of the wheat stalk, are the eggs of the fly, but this is a mistake; these "flax seeds" are the full grown larvae of the fly, which undergo their transformation into the winged insect within the brown cases called "flax seeds."—Chas. E. Thorne, Director Ohio Experiment Station.

Giant Spurry.
We illustrate Giant Spurry, a plant that is being tried on some of our sandy soils. It is a low-growing annual, forming a tangled mass. Under



fair conditions it makes a good growth on sandy land, but is otherwise of little value. Its place in the agricultural system of the country is yet to be determined.

Canada Thistle.
In all the history of weeds in America none has been more complained of than the Canada thistle. A century ago it was regarded by the farmers of New England as the greatest pest of their fields. When the sons of these farmers moved West the Canada thistle went with them. It grows vigorously, sometimes spreads rapidly, and is always difficult to kill by ordinary cultivation. It forms dense patches, sometimes to the complete exclusion of other plants, and its abundant sharp spines make it disagreeable to handle.

To these characters and its traditional reputation in the Northeastern United States as the worst of all weeds. With little doubt, however, it causes in the aggregate less real injury to farm products than does bull thistle, ragweed, or pigeon grass, and its distribution is confined to a smaller area than that of any of these weeds.

Rotating Crops to Escape Potato Scab.
When the soil has become badly infested with the scab fungus it is usually cheaper to abandon potato growing upon it for a time at least than to continue the practice. The best system of cropping to purify such a soil and the length of time which should elapse before potatoes may be grown again with safety is not fully determined. The evidence indicates that root crops should be avoided, and that grains, including corn, grasses, and especially clover, are the best cleaning crops.

The turning under of a green crop, like clover, just before potatoes are again planted is especially commended.

Farmers that go into the growing of sugar beets have a good many things to look after if they expect to be successful. The cost of growing is great compared with other crops, and the sugar factory is the only place where beets so grown can be disposed of at a profit.

IN A COMEDY JAIL.

Prisoners Rarely Attempt to Secure Their Liberty.

Elizabethtown, the county seat of Essex, in the Adirondacks, possesses a comedy jail. It is small, having windows secured by wooden bars, and a jail yard inclosed by a solid fence of three-quarter inch boards which a healthy male could push over with his shoulder. But the prisoners rarely, if ever, attempt to escape.

Some good stories are told by residents. It is a custom to allow the prisoners out on parole, so that they may cut the grass on neighboring lawns, do garden work, or repair roads for the village or county. Recently one prisoner who should have returned at 6 o'clock did not apply for admission until nearly an hour later. The warden angrily demanded to know the reason, and added:

"Don't let this occur again or I will not allow you to come in. I lock the door at 6 o'clock and won't open it in the future for you."

Another, accused of and awaiting trial for manslaughter, overstaid his parole and pleaded as an excuse that as it was Saturday he thought he would go and spend Sunday with his wife, returning to the jail on Monday morning.

The Cranberry Crop.
From reports received from various sources it seems likely that the cranberry crop will be somewhat less than it was last year. One forecast says that Massachusetts, which last year shipped 240,000 barrels of cranberries, will this year ship only about 190,000. New Jersey, which last year sent out over 100,000 barrels, will this year have but about half that amount to sell. Wisconsin is fortunate in the possession of a crop of about 50,000 barrels, which is 10,000 barrels more than she had last year. It is probable that prices will be good, and that the catchers of turkey and cranberry sauce will pay a high price for their sauce this year, as they have been doing for a number of years. The fact is, the cranberry is yearly growing in favor, and the supply hardly keeps pace with that demand. It is not an easy matter to develop new bogs, though opportunities exist on every hand. Cranberry growing requires a good deal of brain force expenditure and a very great expenditure of muscle. Then too, the business has not yet been reduced to a science, and we have yet to find out just how to fight some of the insect pest.

She was Persuaded to Try St. Jacobs Oil, and All Pain Disappeared Immediately.

It is undoubtedly a fact beyond dispute that the strongest advertising medium the proprietors have is that of people who recommend others to use St. Jacobs Oil. People who have themselves experienced a happy result which invariably follows the use of this great remedy, show their gratitude by recommending it to those whom they know are similarly affected. This is the case of Margaret Lee, of 71 Brightfield road, Lee Green, Wis.

"Having suffered from muscular rheumatism for years, and not receiving any benefit from various remedies, I used St. Jacobs Oil; pain and soreness removed at once; no return of rheumatism." St. Jacobs Oil is sold in 25 cts. and 50 cts. sizes by all druggists.

"One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it to-day."—Franklin.

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS

With Catarrhal Derangements of the Pelvic Organs.



Miss Kate Brown, Recording Secretary of the L. C. B. Association of Kansas, in a letter from 605 N. Seventh st., Kansas City, Kansas, says:

"For seven years I have not known what it was to spend a well day. I caught a severe cold which I neglected. It was at the time of menstruation and inflammation set in and prostrated me. Catarrh of the kidneys and bladder followed, my digestive organs gave way, in fact the cold disarranged my whole system."

"I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and medicine, but derived but little benefit until I began treatment with Peruna. I kept taking it for nearly nine months before I was completely cured, but I kept growing better gradually so that I felt encouraged to continue taking Peruna until my health was restored. I send my thanks and blessings

to you for Peruna."—Miss Kate Brown. A neglected cold is frequently the cause of death. It is more often, however, the cause of some chronic disease. There is not an organ in the body but what is liable to become seriously deranged by a neglected cold. Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and digestive organs are all frequently the result of a neglected cold.

Hundreds of dollars are spent on doctors and medicines trying to cure these diseases, but until the true cause of them is discovered, there will be no use in using medicine. Dyspepsia, medicine, diarrhoea, medicine and constipation medicine is of no good whatever when catarrh is the cause. The catarrh must be treated. The cause being removed, the derangements will disappear.

Peruna cures catarrh of the digestive organs, the urinary organs or any of the internal organs.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Mexican MUSTANG LINIMENT
FOR MAN OR BEAST
HORSES, COWS, CALVES, SHEEP and OXEN
FOR MAN OR BEAST

The number of amateur singers who are compelled to quit art and go to work is growing larger every year.

Up-to-date undertakers now insist upon drivers refraining from smoking while engaged in the procession to the cemetery.

Dyspepsia—lane of human existence. Burdock Blood Bitters cures it, promptly, permanently. Regulates and tones the stomach.

A brutal man would be an ornament to any morgue.

Too late to cure a cold after consumption has fastened its deadly grip on the lungs. Take Dr. Wool's Norway Pine Syrup while yet there is time.

Patience is a virtue found chiefly in lazy people.

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

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS

With Catarrhal Derangements of the Pelvic Organs.

Hundreds of Dollars Spent in Vain—Peruna Cured.



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

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

OPIMUM MORPHINE and COCAINE diseases treated at home without pain and without loss of time; pay on installments. \$1,000 will be paid for any case I cannot cure. For particulars write Dr. H. C. KERR, P. O. Box 100, Toledo, Ohio.

WITH TEN DAYS' FREE WEARING PERIOD. The complete and only OTHER BELT in the world. THE COMPLETE AND ONLY OTHER BELT in the world. THE COMPLETE AND ONLY OTHER BELT in the world. THE COMPLETE AND ONLY OTHER BELT in the world.

Acts Gently; Acts Pleasantly; Acts Beneficially; Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.
For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

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 25 cents a line. Resolutions of respect are charged for at the rate of one dollar for each insertion. Cards of thanks are twenty-five cents for each insertion.

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

A. A. P. McDowell, Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

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

Dr. J. H. Hays
Physician and Surgeon. Office in new Alle Block. Residence, Dearborn 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. 38.

A. W. Truesdell, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Shabbona, Mich. Special attention to surgery. 4-12-02.

DENTISTRY.
I. A. FRITZ, DENTIST. Office over Fritz drug store. Licensed by P. L. Fritz, D. D. S., graduate of University of Michigan.

P. A. SCHENCK, D. D. S.
DENTIST—Graduate of University of Michigan. Office in new Fritz block, Cass City, Mich. 19-31-01.

Societies.

I. O. O. F.
COURT ELKLAND, No. 823, I. O. F., meets on 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.
WILLIAM MESSNER, C. R.
A. A. P. McDowell Rec. Sec.

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

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

Church Directory.

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

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

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

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. 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. 6-26 E. H. Proprietor

...THE...

People's Bank

E. C. Poppleton & Co.

Money to Loan on Long or Short Time.

Interest Paid on Deposits.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

C. H. SCHENCK, Cashier.

DYSPEPTICIDE
The greatest aid to DIGESTION.

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

BONE FOOD

Soft and crooked bones mean bad feeding. Call the disease rickets if you want to. The growing child must eat the right food for growth. Bones must have bone food, blood must have blood food and so on through the list.

Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment for soft bones in children. Little doses every day give the stiffness and shape that healthy bones should have.

Bow legs become straighter, loose joints grow stronger and firmness comes to the soft heads.

Wrong food caused the trouble. Right food will cure it. In thousands of cases Scott's Emulsion has proven to be the right food for soft bones in childhood.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y.
5c. and 25c.; all druggists.

West Greenleaf

And still it rains!
Miss Lena Souden is on the sick list. Hugh Watson made a business trip to Uby last week.

Levi Barwell has a large force pulling beans this week.

Peter Somerville visited with Alma O'Brien last Sunday and Monday.

Marshall Hills intends going to Caro this week to work in the sugar beets.

Oscar Graham has been on the sick list, but is somewhat better at this writing.

Frank Hill and Miss Coral Sheek, of Holbrook, spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Henderson.

No danger of consumption if you use Foley's Honey and Tar to cure that stubborn cough. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

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

Canboro.

Martin Hartsell was an Elkton caller on Sunday.

Ulysses Parker was a business caller in Cass City Monday.

Quite a number from here attended Elkton fair last week.

Mrs. H. Hartsell is on the sick list. Dr. Blakely, of Elkton, is attending her.

Mrs. Martha Scott, of Bad Axe, has been visiting in this vicinity the past few weeks.

School started Monday in district No. 3 with Russell Donaldson, of Soule, as teacher.

Edward Wettlaufer and Miss Lillian Striffler, of Cass City, were guests of Miss Lizzie Ballantine Sunday.

The Worst Form

Multitudes are singing the praises of Kodol, the new discovery which is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by digesting what they eat, by cleansing and sweetening the stomach and by transforming their food into the kind of pure, rich, red blood that makes you feel good all over. Mrs. Cranfill, of Troy, L. T., writes: For a number of years I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia which grew into the worst form. Finally I was induced to use Kodol and after using four bottles I am entirely cured. I heartily recommend Kodol to all sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. Take a dose after meals. It digests what you eat. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

"Watch The Kidneys."
"When they are affected, life is in danger," says Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Novesta Corners.

Len Patch is working for his father. Relatives are visiting at Mr. Sweet's house.

Mrs. E. Allen has very poor health at present.

It is reported that Dewitt Lowe has sold his farm.

Mert Christensen has been suffering with a sore eye for a few days.

Bert Bullback, north of the river, is to have a sale on the 18th inst.

Mrs. Samuel Gowen has been suffering from sore throat during the past week.

Dr. Foota, Robt. Agar, Chas. Cook and wife and Dewitt Lowe were down to Sanilac Centre fair week.

M. D. Mills has purchased the store here from his brother, Albert, and he will resume business the 1st of the week. Albert's Mills is leaving here because his wife's health is very poor.

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

Cumber

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ewing on the 6th, a girl.

Miss Mary Walker spent Sunday with Miss Jordan.

Mr. Tyler, our new pastor, preached here last Sunday.

Mrs. H. Robinson, of Cass City, is visiting with Mrs. Johnston.

Sam. Robinson, who has been ill with scarlet fever, is again able to be up.

M. Schiessel is attending a meeting of the Board of Supervisors at Sanilac Center this week.

Mrs. E. F. Marr, of Cass City, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. J. Brown.

John Armstrong's sale last Friday was well attended, considering the busy times. He will have another sale next Saturday night.

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

He Learned a Great Truth
It is said of John Wesley that he once said to Mistress Wesley: "Why do you tell that child the same thing over and over again?" "John Wesley, because once failing is not enough." "Is it for this same reason that you are told again and again that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds and grip; that it counteracts any tendency of these diseases to result in pneumonia, and that it is pleasant and safe to take?" "Yes, because his Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Ellington

News is rather scarce at present.

Many farmers in this vicinity want help to assist in their fall work.

John Phillips had the misfortune to lose one of his horses last week.

Many of our farmers are very busy husking their corn, getting ready for winter.

Charles and Mark Cross were visiting with Charles McDermott a part of last week.

Harvey Balch has returned home from St. Louis, Mo., leaving his brother better.

Alvin Balch, who was very sick near St. Louis, Mo., for some weeks, is expected home this week.

Mrs. Wm. Fisher, who has been under the care of Dr. Livingston, of Caro, for some time, is better.

Confessions of a Priest.
Rev. Jno. S. Cox, of Wake, Ark., writes: "For 12 years I suffered from Yellow Jaundice. I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief. Then I began the use of Electric Bitters and feel that I am now cured of a disease that had me in its grasp for twelve years." If you want a reliable medicine for Liver and Kidney trouble, stomach disorder or general debility, get Electric Bitters. It's guaranteed by T. H. Fritz, Cass City, F. A. Francis, Kingston. Only 50c.

Bronchitis for Twenty Years.
Mrs. Minerva Smith, of Danville, Ill., writes: "I had bronchitis for twenty years and never got relief until I used Foley's Honey and Tar which is a sure cure." Contains no opiates. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Caro.

A. Legg, of Wilmot, spent Sunday at Chas. Wells'.

Chas. Daugherty, of Almer, was in town Monday.

Mr. VanGiesen's new house is progressing nicely.

Jas. Thompson has purchased a new heater of Purdy Bros.

W. H. Montague, of Almer, did business here on the 13th.

Mrs. Silas Brumley, of Ellington, visited here on Monday.

Geo. Bugbee spent a few days of last week in Sanilac county.

Fred Hutchinson, of Ellington, did business here on the 13th.

Ors Bugbee has returned home, after a three months' visit in Sanilac County.

Jake Groh and wife, of Elmer, spent Saturday Sunday with friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Chas. Cross, of Colwood, visited at M. A. Smith's the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Cross, of Colwood, were calling on friends in town on Tuesday. They were on their way to St. Mary's Hospital, Saginaw, where Mrs. Cross expects to undergo an operation for a tumor. She has been a great sufferer, being only twenty-two years of age and this being the fifth operation performed at the same hospital in three years.

Broke Into his House.
S. Le Quinn, of Cavendish, Vt., was robbed of his customary health by invasion of Chronic Constipation. When Dr. King's New Life Pills broke into his house, his trouble was arrested and he is entirely cured. They're guaranteed to cure. 25c at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Poison citizens have published a notice to the effect that they will apply to the Board of Supervisors for incorporation of that village.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds and prevents pneumonia. Take no substitutes. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

John A. Frank has been appointed postmaster at Columbia, this county, vice Perry C. Russell, resigned.

The Best Business College.
In selecting a business training school the best is the only one profitable to be considered. The best business college in America, in age, efficiency, enterprise and proved results, is the Detroit Business University, Detroit, Mich. It points to over fifty years of unexampled success.

Holbrook

Nellie Mann is quite sick.

Mr. Gilbert, of Helena, visited at Wm. Hill's this week.

The Misses Cora and Laura Hill visited at John Henderson's last Sunday.

George Gathers, of Laing, was in this vicinity last Tuesday looking for a horse to buy.

The two Frank Hills and their best girls spent a pleasant evening with Orpha Henderson last Sunday.

Charley Kivel and family will move to Port Huron this week. Their many friends are sorry to see them go as they will be missed.

Mrs. John Henderson and son, Andrew, who have been visiting at John Henderson's the past two weeks, have returned to their home at Lime Lake, Ont.

Grandpa Hill is having a serious time with his limbs. Dr. Hooper says he has gangrene. He says he can cure it but it improves very slowly. His many friends are anxious about him.

Look Out For Fever.
Biliousness and liver disorders at this season may be prevented by cleansing the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These famous little pills do not gripe. They move the bowels gently, but copiously, and by reason of the tonic properties, give tone and strength to the glands. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Never Ask Advice.
When you have a cough or cold don't ask what is good for it and get some medicine with little or no merit and perhaps dangerous. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar, the greatest throat and lung remedy, it cures coughs and colds quickly. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Bay Port.

W. J. Orr transacted business in Saginaw Monday.

Mrs. Bun, of Canada, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Smith, of this place.

Mrs. L. A. Brown and daughter, Elsie, of Caseville, were Sunday callers.

The seven year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Trotter died Saturday night.

Jesse Burroughs, of Grasmere, was the guest of G. L. White Friday of last week.

Quite a few of our good people, young and old, attended the Elkton fair. All report a fine time.

Mrs. W. J. Riley and daughter, Mildred, are visiting friends and relatives of Saginaw this week.

Miss Georgia Tanner is filling the position as stenographer in the office of the Wallace & Orr Co.

W. H. Sparling and Miss Watie Wooden attended the teachers' convention at Sebewaing Saturday.

Stops the Cough
and Works off the Cold.
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And it rains.
Threshing is about done. Clover hulling comes next.

The majority of cornfields are so wet that it is almost impossible to wade in the mud to cut corn.

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Novesta

Stanley Warner is visiting his parents.

Miss Bertha Justin left for Pontiac on Tuesday.

Mrs. Dugald McLarty is quite sick at this writing.

Marous Thompson and wife returned to their home in Bay City Tuesday.

Lorn McArthur, of Pontiac, is visiting his parents and other friends here.

Mrs. James McArthur has nearly recovered from her recent serious illness.

Arch. McPhee is spending his vacation with his parents and visiting friends.

Miss Aggie McIntyre, who is teaching near Akron, visited her parents on Saturday.

Mrs. Robert Little, who has been visiting her parents for some time, returned home Friday.

Mary Warner left for her home in Flint after spending some time visiting her parents here.

Mrs. Margaret McIntyre, of Detroit, is visiting her brother and sister and other friends in these parts.

When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth, go at once to A. Bond's drug store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston, and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One or two doses will make you well. They also cure biliousness, sick headache and constipation.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly cash salary of \$18.00 paid by check each Wednesday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Manager, 340 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

PARTICULARLY MEN
are always pleased with the popular
BRAND
COLLARS
They are
'Stylish, Comfortable'
GUARANTEED LINEN.
The only collar made with a heavy, 3 ply seam.

RETAIL TWO FOR A QUARTER
AND WHOLESALE AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS COLLAR MADE
Sold by live, up-to-date merchants everywhere. Sample collars sent by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents.

Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co.
Troy, N. Y.

A Popular Collar

Quite a few of our good people, young and old, attended the Elkton fair. All report a fine time.

Mrs. W. J. Riley and daughter, Mildred, are visiting friends and relatives of Saginaw this week.

Miss Georgia Tanner is filling the position as stenographer in the office of the Wallace & Orr Co.

W. H. Sparling and Miss Watie Wooden attended the teachers' convention at Sebewaing Saturday.

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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 the room.

Striffler & McDermott.

Snowy, Feathery Bread

is made from

White Lily Flour

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

FEED GRINDING

with greater 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
Twenty 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.

My Lungs

"La grippe left me with a bad cough. My friends said 'consumption.' I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was promptly cured."
A. K. Randles, Nokomis, Ill.

You forgot to buy a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral when your cold first came on, so you let it run along. Even now, with all your hard coughing, it will not disappoint you. There's a record of sixty years.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1.00.
Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do so. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime aids the Cherry Pectoral greatly in breaking up a cold.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Cedar Run

J. Lang has company this week.

Mr. Eastlake is erecting a new barn. Robt. Spaven's have relatives with them at present.

C. A. Hargrave has discontinued his weekly trips buying produce.

H. Dodge returned from a week's visit in the Upper Peninsula on Monday.

Kay Brook went to Caro on Friday, where he has a place in the sugar factory.

Mark Hunkins started for Newberry on Friday, after a visit with relatives here.

Clyde King & Co. have a new bean thrasher and are ready to do good work.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, of Fresno, Calif., are visiting at W. W. Hargrave's at present.

Old Mrs. Land died suddenly on Monday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Silas Fletcher.

Bean harvest is very slow and discouraging this year, so much wet weather and damaged crop.

Chas. Hammond had a very sick baby part of last week, but under Dr. Treadgold's care it is getting better.

Natural Anxiety

Mothers regard approaching winter with uneasiness, children take cold so easily. No disease costs more little lives than croup. It's attack is so sudden that the sufferer is often beyond human aid before the doctor arrives. Such cases yield readily to One Minute Cough Cure.

Relieves the mucus, allays inflammation, removes danger, absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Cures coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung trouble. F. S. McMahon, Hampton, Ga., "A bad cold rendered me voiceless just before an oratorical contest. I intended to withdraw but took One Minute Cough Cure. It restored my voice in time to win the medal." A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Deford.

Robert Vance is much better. A very quiet election this year. James Howard has gone to Capao. Rotherford Bros. are buying apples.

D. Lowe, east of Novesta, has sold out. Fleet Gibbs labors for Clark Courliss.

Geo. Hicks has gone to St. Clair county.

W. Trumbull has bought a horse from Elmer Bruce.

Beans are sheep and hog feed—nothing better this year.

Benjamin Sharp and family visited in Macomb county.

A job has been let to drain the highway between sections 2 and 3, Kingston.

We hear that somebody called on Frank Lester lately to see if his windows were fastened.

T. O'Rourke and Frank McCracken have completed the grading of school dist. No. 6 fr., Kingston.

Beet harvest has commenced. The crop will do as far as bulk is concerned, but will lack in sugar.

School commenced in dist. No. 6 fr., Kingston, on the first Monday in October; Rachel Griffin, teacher.

Kingston Farmers' Club met at the home of John Rotherford on Oct. 10th. The crowd was small but all had a splendid time.

A Love Letter.

Would not interest you if you're looking for a guaranteed Salve for Sores, Burns or Piles. Otto Doad, of Ponder, Mo., writes: "I suffered with an ugly sore for a year, but a box of Buckle's Arnica Salve cured me. It's the best Salve on earth." 25c at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Patrick Coyle, a Sebawaug blacksmith, was accidentally shot while hunting ducks at Fish Point. He was taken to the hospital at Saginaw where his arm was amputated at the shoulder and his recovery is hoped for.

John Purdy met with a severe accident Tuesday morning. He was loading an old muzzle loading rifle and being unable to force the wadding down proceeded to shoot it out. The gun exploded. The breech pin flew back and made a wound on his forehead, and his eyes are powder burnt.—Caseville Critic.

A clothing concern at North Branch is offering to give a lump of coal with every suit of clothes.

The thirty-second annual fair at North Branch, held last week, proved a pleasing success. The society enjoyed the usual crush. The exhibits were all that could be desired and the speed contests and attractions in other lines were also highly satisfactory.

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E. M. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Wilmot.

Grover Pierce has typhoid fever. J. Pfifer is quite ill at this writing.

Miss Minnie Moshier is on the gain. W. Penfold has gone back to Caro to work.

Mrs. Charlie Clark, who has been quite ill, is better.

J. Minis and wife have gone to Caro to stay for the winter.

Floyd Pierce, who still has fever, was not so well Wednesday.

Methodist ladies' aid met Wednesday at Elmer Young's for dinner.

Wm. Wilson is very ill. Dr. Simonson, of Marlette, was called over to see him.

It is reported that Mina Clark and Carria Soles were married at Caro Wednesday.

Frank Stewart was married Wednesday. His wife is from Kingston. We did not learn the name.

We neglected last week to mention the arrival of an eight pound boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gage on Oct. 4th.

Miss Lettie Allen came home Saturday to stay a while. She expects to go back soon for another operation, as there is still another piece of bone to be removed.

In a letter received from J. B. Legg, who used to be well known in the parts, he states he is about to move to Colorado and hopes it will be beneficial to his wife's health which is very poor.

Upsets all Predictions.

J. F. Hughes, was a candidate for county treasurer at Du Pont, Ga., but it was predicted that he could not live six months. He was afflicted with a running abscess on his lung and suffered for three years; his life trembled in the balance when he heard of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. He tried it and was finally cured and thus upset the predictions of all who knew him. It's positively guaranteed for Throat and Lung troubles by T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Shabbona

Dr. Truesdell raised his barn on the 4th.

Miss Nettie Smades left for Saginaw last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Allin are at Sanilac Centre this week.

Mrs. Dr. Truesdell has been number one with the sick this week.

Mrs. Eugene Brown has moved to Cleveland, Ohio, for the winter.

J. D. Allin has recently moved into the house vacated by Rev. Beeson.

Calvin Simmons, teacher of the Star school, was a caller in town Sunday.

Owing to the wet weather the bean crop in this vicinity is a total failure.

Miss Minnie Truesdell, of Caro, was a guest of her cousin, Dr. Truesdell, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Travis are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, on the 5th inst.

Rev. McLeod, of Greenleaf, preached in the M. E. church Sunday to a very appreciative audience.

The Methodist circuit of Shabbona, Greenbank and Wikware is left without a pastor this year.

Shabbona now boasts of a bank with a responsibility of \$200,000. Ira Arnot is president and E. M. Mark vice president.

Mrs. Rath, of Yale, who has been visiting at the home of her brother-in-law, Geo. H. Jones, returned to her home Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Jones.

Do Good--It Pays

A Chicago man has observed that, "Good deeds are better than real estate deeds—some of the latter are worthless. Act kindly and gently, show sympathy and lend a helping hand. You cannot possibly lose by it." Most men appreciate a kind word and encouragement more than substantial help. There are persons in this community who might truthfully say: "My good friend, cheer up. A few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will rid you of your cold, and there is no danger whatever from pneumonia when you use that medicine. I know it for it has helped me out many a time." Sold at A. Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

H. M. Woolley has sold his farm in Wisner township and bought the hardware business of I. M. Lewis, at Akron.

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STATE BOARD OF HEALTH REPORTS

Continues to show that a Large Per Centage of Deaths are Due to Consumption or Chronic Diseases.

It is only within the last few years that science has recognized the importance of this class of diseases. We can remember when they were only treated by ignorant, irresponsible men.

One of the first scientific institutions organized for the treatment of chronic diseases was the Detroit Medical and Surgical Clinic, founded by Dr. Morrison, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and a man who has spent more than one-half of his life in the study of chronic diseases, both in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

His efforts have been crowned with abundant success and he is recognized by the press and people as the greatest specialist in these cases that we have in this country. The Detroit News-Tribune, July 30, 1898, said: "It is no invidious comparison to say that no specialist in Detroit or in the State of Michigan, has had such a wide experience as Dr. Morrison, and as an expert diagnostician he has few equals in this country."

The diseases that have received especial study and in which cures have been made in more than 83 per cent of cases are: Catarrh, Ringing in the Ears, Deafness, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Lungs, Stomach, Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diabetes and Paralysis, Epilepsy or Fits, Rupture, Piles, Male and Female Weakness, Blood Poison and Private Diseases.

It makes no difference how difficult, or what your case may be, nor how many have failed to cure you, there is always hope for you, until you have consulted the Detroit Clinic, and been told that your case is incurable. The reputation of this Clinic has been made by curing cases that were supposed to be incurable. After examination, if your case is not curable, you will be so informed, and it costs you nothing.

Dear Sir--For several years I have been troubled with deafness, roaring in my head and all the symptoms of Chronic Catarrh. I believed that my case was incurable, but upon the urgent request of a friend I consulted Dr. Morrison, of the Detroit Clinic.

After a careful examination he said he could cure me in two months. I commenced treatment and in two months I was cured; could hear as well as ever; no more pain or roaring in the head. I was afraid it would return but I have had no severe cold since I was cured and there has been no return of the trouble, so I know I am cured. I want all your readers to know of my wonderful cure.

FRANK BOND, Cass City, Oct. 10, 1901.

Dear Sir--I want your readers to know of my wonderful cure. For 5 years I have been growing worse with a complication of diseases. I have been treated by many of our best doctors, but as I always grew worse I had made up my mind that my case was incurable. But Dr. Morrison has cured me in 4 months, as you know. I have lived in this county for many years and am well known.

ADELLA LOZIER, Gagetown, Sept. 6, 1902.

Dear Sir--I take this means of informing my friends and the public in general of my wonderful cure by Dr. Morrison, of the Detroit Clinic. I have suffered for years with diseases of the heart, kidney, stomach and bladder. I have been treated by many doctors and received no benefit and concluded that my case was incurable, but on the first of May I consulted Dr. Morrison at Cass City and he told me that he could cure me. He has kept his word for I am cured and I want every one to know it for after curing me it seems as if he could cure any one, for I think I was as bad as any one could be.

ELBERT BEARUP, Cass City, Oct. 11, 1901.

The great success with which the Clinic treats all kinds of diseases is the wonder and admiration of all scientific men. The specialist in charge is noted for his skill, and the care with which every case is treated. No case that is not curable will be treated, but curable cases are treated with the latest scientific methods, and in no case does it interfere with the work of the patient.

Remember, it costs you nothing to consult this specialist, such an opportunity does not offer itself very often to people outside of large cities, and our citizens will certainly do well to take advantage of this one. It is best to consult the specialist personally, but question blanks will be sent on application, and all communications will receive prompt attention, if they are addressed to

DETROIT CLINIC

DEPT. OF MUSIC

St. Agatha's School, Gagetown, Michigan.

Full Graded Course in Vocal and Instrumental Music.

TERMS:--Per Session of Ten Weeks.

Piano or Organ (Instrumental 1 hour per week, Theory of Music 1 hour) \$6.00

Vocal Lessons 5.00

Violin 4.00

Mandolin 4.00

Guitar 4.00

Banjo 4.00

Special terms to two or more of the same family. For the accommodation of those desiring to take lessons on Pianos but have no instrument, opportunity will be given such to practice 1 hour each day except Sunday. For the use of piano practice \$1.50 per session will be charged. First session opened September 1st, '02. Only limited number of pupils received.

For Sale By G. A. Stevenson

STAMONS BROS. & Co., Distributor

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve For Piles, Burns, Sores.

IT'S THAT LAME HORSE

or that sore-footed horse we want to get at. We'll not let go of its 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.

either price get you a solid suit. A suit that you'll feel at home in—that you'll feel dressed in—that will be strongly, thoroughly made. It will be out to fit you perfectly, it will be fashionable, and it will be big value for whatever money you pay for it.

Let us show you what's here.

W. Harrison.

\$14.00 \$16.00

18.50 20.00

Religious Notes

Light on the Way.
In all the dreary night,
Give us Thy certain Light—
Thy Light along the way.

Where'er our feet may tread,
O'er redning blooms of May,
O'er graves that hide our dead—
Thy Light along the way.

Where Right is wrecked of Wrong,
Where stern foes fight and slay
And deepest dangers throng—
Thy Light along the way!

Strength for each task; and still
Faith—blindly to obey;
Thy will our sweetest will—
Thy Light along the way!

Plans of Rev. Dr. Pentecost.
Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, who preached a notable sermon at the Northfield (Mass.) conference recently, is soon to undertake a year's special evangelistic work in East Asia. He has gone to China, Japan, and the Philippines under the auspices and at the request of the two great missionary boards, the Congregational and the Presbyterian. He



Rev. Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost.
The noted clergyman who has undertaken a year's special evangelistic work in East Asia.

sailed on September 13, direct to Hong Kong, via Southampton. He will then go to Manila, where he will remain till February 1, and then back to China—Hong Kong, Canton and Shanghai, and other points on the coast and port towns, making a brief visit to Peking. After a month or six weeks in China he will go to Japan where he will probably spend at least four months. The object of the mission is threefold: First, to gather together the English and American residents and to preach to them and to lay upon them the responsibility of the true Christian testimony as representatives of the two great countries from which they hail; to strengthen and encourage those who are Christians among them, and thus endeavor to strengthen our base among our own people. Second, to gather the missionaries and native Christian teachers and preachers and hold conferences with them, and, third, under the plans made by missionaries of the two boards, evangelize among the educated Japanese. This is the general outline of the mission. As at present planned, Dr. Pentecost will be gone about a year. His wife and eldest daughter, who is an accomplished musician and vocalist, will accompany him.

Next to Happiness.
Next to Happiness I place Vision as one of the most desirable of earthly blessings. By Vision I mean ability to detect the real meaning of life, the power to see that behind the processes of nature, and the movements of history, are intelligence and love—that God is in His world.

Some walk through the forests glorious in color, rich in beauty, tremulous with perfume and thrilling with vitality, and think only of the amount of timber they contain; others look upon the rushing waters of a mighty river and think only of the power wasted there which might be utilized to run machinery; still others mingle with their fellows and think only how they may be used for selfish purposes. But some, with clearer sight, walk in the same forests and hear a various music thrilling and throbbing with an indwelling God; they see divine power and providence in the water-courses, while to their thought every man is a revelation of the Father of all.

To one this world is simply a place to live in, and his fellow men mere tools to be used; to the other this universe is aflame with the Deity and every man potentially divine. The first observers were blind; the second have vision—and those who have vision are most frequently those who by living with open minds and loving hearts have come to see what earlier was hidden from them. The wine of Vision is usually provided toward the close of the feast of life.—Amory H. Bradford, D. D.

Shine There for God.
He has put His light within us, and He gives us the privilege and honor of holding it forth amid the darkness that is deepening around us on every side. Both from a moral and religious point of view, "cross darkness" is covering the people; the waves of infidelity are foaming and raging against the rocks of truth, and the ignis fatuus of superstition is still deceiving by its false flicker and luring men to perdition. How urgent then is the call to the people of God to shine with the lamp of truth, not with an intermittent flash, but with a perpetual flame, a constant steady beacon over the

dreary waste. But let us remember, that as in the tabernacle of old the only supply for the light was the pure oil—olive—so now it is only in the power of the Holy Ghost, and by the grace He supplies, that our lamps can be replenished, and a clear, bright, undimmed testimony for God be maintained. Then let us seek grace, that we may be found as children of the day, holding forth, both by lip and life, that Word which is alone a lamp to the feet and a light to the path; that so, while the dark clouds gather on the horizon, and the storm threatens to burst, our light may be sending its guiding rays across the darkness, that some perishing ones on the sea of time may be led in safety into the haven of peace.—J. G. H.

Perfect Peace.
One of the most beautiful of all Scripture words about peace tells us that God will keep in perfect peace those whose minds are stayed on Him. The keeping is God's, but those who would be kept must stay themselves on God. God is omnipotent, but even omnipotence will not gather us into its holy shelter by compulsion. The staying of the mind on God must be voluntary. We remember what John did the night of the Last Supper, in the deepest sorrow earth ever knew—he crept into the bosom of Jesus and there found quietness and peace.

"Whose mind is stayed on thee." That is the final secret of peace. The reason so many of us do not find a blessing and are disturbed so often by such trifles of care or sorrow or loss is because our mind is not stayed upon God. We are distressed by every little disappointment, by every failure in plan or expectation of ours, by every hardness in our circumstances or our condition, by every most trivial loss of money. The most trivial things in our common days disturb us and send us off into pitiable fits of anxiety, spoiling our days for us, blotting out the blue of the sky and quenching the stars. The trouble is we are not trusting God, our minds are not stayed on Him. That is what we need to learn—to rest in the Lord, to be silent to Him, to commit our way, without question, without fear, to Him.

Peace gives such blessedness to the heart and is such an adornment to the life that no one should ever be willing to miss it. Whatever other graces God has bestowed upon us we should not be content without peace, the most beautiful of them all.—Westminster Teacher.

Beautiful Object Lesson.
I have heard of a certain diviner that he used always to carry with him a little book. This tiny volume only had three leaves in it; and, truth to tell, it contained not a single word. The first leaf was a leaf of black paper, black as jet, the next was a leaf of red—scarlet; and the last was a leaf of white, without a spot. Day by day he would look upon this singular book, and at last he told the secret of what it meant. He said: "Here is the black leaf—that is my sin, and the wrath of God, which my sin deserves. I look and look and think it is not half black enough to represent my guilt, though it is as black as black can be. The red leaf reminds me of the atoning sacrifice and the precious blood; and I delight to look at it, and weep, and look at it again. The white leaf represents my soul as it is washed in Jesus' blood and made white as snow."—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Exhibition of Sympathy.
In times of adversity, the sympathy of others is unspeakably blessed. In a world where material interests press upon us so constantly, we are very liable to forget our exalted ministry in behalf of the sorrowing. It is not proof enough that we offer a hurried prayer. The human word and act are required. Our Savior in this, as in all other respects, our model, made known his sympathy to a world needing his help. We should follow him daily in this particular. The "cup of cold water" is more than a silent wish of the heart to render aid. It is an actual benefit. God loved the world, but more than this, he gave the unspeakable gift. Without the visible expression, even his love would not have called forth our responsive affection, since without manifestation there cannot be appreciation.

We Are Not Alone.
We are living out these lives of ours too much apart from God. We toil on dismally, as if the making of the marring of our destinies rested wholly with ourselves. It is not so. We are not the lonely, orphaned creatures we let ourselves suppose ourselves to be. The earth, rolling on its way through space, does not go unattended. The Maker and Controller of it is with it and around it and upon it. He is with us here and now. He knows us infinitely more thoroughly than we know ourselves. He loves us the better that we have ever dared to believe could be possible.—William R. Huntington.

Stayed on Him.
The secret of a quiet heart—which is by no means equivalent to a torpid one—is to keep ever near to God. Stayed on Him, we shall not be shaken and our hearts shall be fixed, trusting in the Lord. We get above the togs when we soar to God, and circumstances in their widest whirl will not suck us into the vortex if we are holding by him and know that he is at our right hand.—Alexander Maclaren.

A SONG OF THE SETTLEMENT.

I sing a song of the West land,
Though how shall a song but fail
To capture the blue horizons
That swallow the prairie trail!

And how shall letters and paper
Imprison the breadth of life!
They know, who travel the prairie,
We know the song of its strife—

The shouting nights, when the blizzard
Is reeling across the plain,
The lazy hum of the west wind,
At play with the gleaming grain.

The sight of the sleeping grassland
To the low lung golden moon,
The song of the waving wheat tops
Abaze with the crown of noon.

The low hoarse voice of the hunter,
His eyes and their warning gleam,
The creep in moccasined silence,
The old log trail to the stream.

The sudden rap of a rifle,
The fall of a startled moose,
The day-long wait—and at evening
The songs in the old caboose.

The glint of snow through the shadows,
The echo of sharpened steel,
The crack of the falling timber,
The poplar's earthward reel.

The ring of sleighs on the home trail,
The glimmer of lights afar,
The glow of the shanty firelight,
The gleam of the evening star.

The wail of wolves in the darkness,
The children's song in the light,
The large sweet grip of the daytime,
The awe of the great deep night.

But how shall letters and paper
Bring such of its life to you,
The fruitless toil of the many,
The scant success of the few?

The hopes and fears of the prairie,
Its words to the sons of men;
Nay, how should a volume hold it,
Inscribed with a human pen?

—H. H. Bradford, in the London Spectator.

AT THE HIGH TIDE OF LOVE

A Tale of the Soul-Flood.
By William Arch McClean.

VICTOR IRVINE was a man of decidedly peculiar appearance, habits and thoughts. He was large in frame. He had long, straight hair, that fell around his head like so many strings. His little dark eyes were skipping from one thing to another. On one occasion he greeted friends with effusive politeness; on the next, passed them without recognition, occupied with his thoughts. People called him a crank. They smiled when his name was mentioned, intimating that something was not quite "right in his upper story." He was known, however, to be a man of intelligence, a scholar. His neighbors said he made his living with some horrid smelling stuffs he called chemicals.

Victor had a hobby that overshadowed all other peculiarities, which he confided to those with whom he was intimately acquainted. To these he invariably explained a strange philosophy that possessed him. He would introduce it by speaking of the mysterious attraction of the sun and moon upon the great oceans; how under their influence there was the ebb and flow of the tide twice a day. Then he would conclude by saying that the greater part of the human body was a liquid formation; that this same overwhelming watery composition was subject to an ebb and flow as in the oceans; and that it was a fact that he recognized daily in his own body.

There was a cause for this philosophy of Victor's. His mother was of a highly nervous temperament, and very delicate in health. Her physician had ordered her one year to the sea. She had gone early in the spring. In a cottage by the sea she passed many weeks, most of the time with her face toward the great expanse of water.

As the flow of the tide came in with a roar and a boom, there was an exhilaration in it that was conveyed to her that gave her hope and courage. It was a stimulus to her spirits. Life was richer than at any other time. Then would follow the ebb, with its muffled break, with its subtle slipping away of waters. It brought a change to the woman. There would be a relapse, a passing away, a tameness, a spiritlessness.

Each day of the whole summer the ebb and flow of the tides brought an ebb and flow in the woman, in her spirits. In the fall a baby—Victor—was born. He came at midnight at the greatest roar and rush of high tide. Then the ebb set in. As the mother lovingly gazed at her child she faintly murmured: "He came at the flow of the tide; I go at the ebb." So it proved.

Thus the strange philosophy of the ebb and flow entered the life of Victor Irvine. The story of his mother's last moments had never been told him. He was, however, not grown to manhood when he first felt and recognized the strange influence of the ebb and flow. It came to be him that only in the flow—a few hours at midday and at midnight—could he accomplish anything. Then he conducted his chemical experiments, made his analyses. With the rush of the flow thoughts, ideas, conceptions, suggestions burst tumultuously upon him, pounding on the surf of his brain. It was a work of feverish intensity to grasp and save them. If he failed to catch them, with the ebb they went. Work was a drudgery the remainder of the day. At the midnight flow it was his habit to put in permanent form, in writing, the work he was engaged upon. Any treatise finished then was usually received as brilliantly scientific. The moment the ebb was on the pen became impotent.

flashed two objects which became of absorbing interest to him. One was a woman, the other a chemical mystery. He had come upon an element in his chemical studies that he could not satisfactorily explain to himself. He realized that it might be a new element. He might be the discoverer of that which would startle the scientific world. So far the element had eluded him. He had not only been unable to satisfy himself of its existence, but also what its characteristics were, or whether it might not be a known element in a new form.

The woman—Mary Ames—was a warm hearted, whole souled woman; a woman who, with a broad, tender, human sympathy read life and the various species of natures that possessed mankind she knew; a woman who could see good where others saw gross. She understood Victor Irvine. She gave him credit where others had given ridicule. She respected the man, the student. She found a man who could be honest and true, a man who could love.

The love of Mary Ames became a staff for him to lean on. Through her eyes he took a new view of the earth, of mankind. He was irresistibly drawn to her. Then it was, when the rush of the incoming flow was flooding itself through him, that thoughts, feelings, affections for Mary possessed him. It was then, when the flow pounded on the surf of his heart, he cried to himself, "This is life, life." Victor was so situated as only to be able to see Mary in the evening. There was always an inclination to remain late with her, which he never yielded to. He had always gone before the rush of the midday high tide. For this reason he had not spoken of the love that possessed him, had not had a chance to pour it out in a rush of words in the flow. The ebb brought him a timidity that was painful. There was an ever-present fear that she would slip away from him in the undertow.

One day he came to her in the morning. It was a holiday. As he lingered he felt the coming of the midday flow. Their conversation grew exceedingly bright. In the waiting for the highest tide he was overwhelmed with the thought that he must tell Mary of the love he had for her, that consumed him. He broke out: "Mary—darling, you are so sweet—so sweet—you are so grand—so grand. I have something I have been going to tell you—tell you, dear," then he stopped. The ebb was on. He felt it. He could get no farther. He stammered.

"The ebb—Mary—I will tell you at another time." Several weeks passed. It was not told. It was the month of March, at the time of the vernal equinox. Great storms raged on the ocean. The tides were running high.

One night, in the worst fury of the storm, Victor was in his laboratory, busy at work. He was experimenting. The element he had been hunting for had turned up. He had made several successful analyses. It seemed to him that he almost understood the secret that had been eluding him. It was not yet 10 o'clock. It was more than two hours until the ebb. In that time the mystery would be known, the problem solved, and the world would credit him with a discovery.

The flow rushing on in great surges brought other inspirations. There was Mary. How sweet love was, how glorious! It was almost his. Would it ever be his? Life without it was a dead, empty thing. It must be his. Away out came two great waves toward the shore of the soul of Victor Irvine. They rolled, tossed and pitched as they moved in. On one perched the secret of chemistry that he had been diligently searching for. On the other love rode.

The two waves were in fearful struggle the one with the other. They raised their high heads and broke into angry foamy caps. They chased each other, one seeking to swallow the other. The contest was a wild, tempestuous one. At last, with a roar, they went together and breaking, flew far up the beach, love riding triumphantly in.

It was then that Victor fled through the rain to the home of the woman he loved. Higher, greater swells were rising out on the waters, following each other to the shore. As onward they came, he poured out to the woman the tale of his life, the misery of his loneliness, his pathetic strangeness, the sweetness of the love he bore her, the wealth of happiness there was in it. Before the ebb came he had the answer of the woman. It was satisfactory. There was no regret for the lost secret of the laboratory.

THAT FLY.
In fluent speech vociferous
You oburgate that fly;
You style him most pestiferous—
And still he hovers nigh.

With maddening pertinacity
He lingers near your face,
With confident audacity
Settles ever in one place.

His appetite's insatiable;
Upon your cheek he's fixed;
Apparently he never ate
Of such ambrosial food.

You strike at him in frenzied ire
With well-directed aim—
Whizz! he's off like a house afire,
But he comes back just the same.

Your futile rage, oh, angry man,
You'd better far resign
(And give, with all the grace you can,
The fly a chance to dine.

A noisy buzz of victory,
And lo, he speeds away,
To come again in elan glee
And feast another day.

—Eugene Rose, in the New York Sun.

Jingles and Jests

A Sheffield bootmaker displays this notice in his window: "Don't you wish you were in my shoes?"—Tit-Bits.

Punishment—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?" Smart—"Why, the close of day, of course."—University of Minnesota Punch Bowl.

"Love me little, love me long."
Was the burden of his song,
And the maiden made retort:
"How about when you are short?"

—Philadelphia Record.

Uncle George—"Harry, I suppose you keep a cash account?" Harry—"No, Uncle George, I haven't got so far as that, but I keep an expense account."—Boston Transcript.

An' 'thats' jest why in hope we go
An' lots o' peace we borrow.
It's happiness jest not to know
What's a comin' on to-morrow.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Newspaper Editor—"Somewhat or other, I am unable to see any sense in this thing." Poet—"Oh, I beg your pardon. I made a mistake and handed you a poem intended for a magazine."—Chicago News.

It was at a fashionable boarding-house, and they had calves' brains for lunch. She spoke to the gentleman next to her—"And do you like calves' brains, Mr. Domo?" "I always try to feel content with what I have, madam."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Stubbs—"This is strange, John. I thought the people on this block were immensely wealthy, and now I find them sitting around in patched clothing." Mr. Stubbs—"That's nothing, Maria; they are expecting the tax assessor."—Chicago News.

"You must abandon all business cares for the future," says the physician. "But I fear that I have not yet accumulated sufficient money," protests the multi-millionaire. "Sufficient" repeats the doctor. "Why, my dear sir, you have enough money to pay physicians' fees for the rest of your life!"—Baltimore American.

"So he got out an injunction against your company," we say pityingly; "why didn't you forestall him by getting an injunction to prevent the issuance of his injunction?" "I couldn't; you see he was slick enough to get out an injunction against my getting out an injunction against his injunction!"—Baltimore Herald.

"There is as much nourishment in one banana," declares the amateur scientist, "as there is in one pound of beef." This being so, I do not see why the people do not eat more bananas.

"They will," asserts the maguete. "They will, as soon as some one corners bananas and figures out some way to make 100 per cent. profit on each one."—Baltimore American.

Fifth Century Bronze Found.
At the last sitting of the Berlin Academy of Science, says the London Standard, Professor Mommensen showed a bronze tablet found on the estate of Idhof, between Essex and Wilbury.

On the plate is an inscription to Valerius Dalmatius on his retirement from a Provincial Governorship. It is supposed that the place where the tablet has been found was the native town of the Governor, and that there he owned a villa, for which his former province had intended the tablet, which was to be placed under his bust.

Herr Mommensen ascribes the date of the inscription to the earlier part of the fifth century. It is written in verse, which is almost too direct and elegant for an author of Breton nationality, though there is no doubt that it was composed by one. The influence of the Aquitaine poet, Ansoinus, is clearly traceable.

History Rewritten.
Queen Elizabeth had refused to reconsider the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots.

"No," she insisted, "my mind is made up."
"I think your face is, too," instantly retorted the captive sovereign.

Richard, having done his turn at Bosworth Field, was wildly applauded. "How nobly he carried himself!" exclaimed Norfolk.

"No wonder," replied Catesby with a grin, "he had a horseless carriage."

Diogenes had been taking milk baths for his complexion.

"But why," asked his friends, "do you carry the tub on your shoulder?"

"To make a liar," replied the old cynic, "of the fool who said it must stand on its own bottom."—New York Sun.

The Odd Corner

The Saddest Words This Year.
Maud Muller, on a summer day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her straw hat, trimmed with green,
A wealth of freckles could be seen.

Singing she raked, and her merry glee
Was like a song-bird's melody.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope, looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And well-known longing filled her breast.

The Judge came prancing down the lane,
And spoke to Maud as he drew his rein:
"I came, Miss Maud, to ask," said he,
"If you will play ping-pong with me?"

She looked at the rake, and she looked at the hay,
As she answered the Judge in a hopeless way:

"Of all sad words, the saddest are these:
I can't play ping-pong whenever I please."

The Judge regretted, and rode away,
And Maud continued raking hay.

Alas for the Judge, alas for the maid,
And the ping-pong game that was never played.

Ancient Earrings.

In Greece ultra fashionable men as well as women often wore earrings, much as the men of the "smart set" in London and New York recently wore a single bracelet and sometimes anklets. These earrings were often of great size and of enormous value.

The Phosphorescent Guide.
A number of years ago three prospectors were working some mining claims south of Prescott, Ariz. When they left town they had expected to return in two days, but finding more to do than they had anticipated, worked a third day without grub, in order to finish up. They worked as long as they could see, thinking they should have no trouble in following the trail after dark. The night, however, was unusually dark and they could not see the trail. Being fatigued and hungry, they were losing much valuable time rooting about to no purpose. They had a black-and-tan hound with them, and the idea occurred to one of the boys to rub the phosphorus from a bunch of matches on the dog's tail. It was done accordingly, thus making a sort of pillar of fire by night. The scheme worked beautifully. The dog found no difficulty in following the trail, the men followed the phosphorized narrative of their canine guide, and reached Prescott in time for an early breakfast.

Threatened With Extinction.
One result of the volcanic eruptions in the island of St. Vincent, according to an ornithologist residing there, probably will be the extinction of the Soufriere bird, a very rare species known as Guilding's Amazon parrot. This bird was formerly found only on the Soufriere itself. The great eruption of 1718 drove many of them to the other mountains of St. Vincent, but their numbers were greatly reduced by the violent hurricane of 1838, and it is now feared that the few survivors have been completely destroyed by the last eruption in May. At any rate no specimens have since been seen, notwithstanding a very careful search.

Lengthy Scotch Sermons.
The length, breadth, depth and thoroughness of the Scottish sermon of the eighteenth century was vividly portrayed by Dr. Watson, better known as Ian MacLaren, recently. A subject, as he remarked, was thoroughly thrashed out in those days. One text furnished a minister with eight sermons; another spread his comments and explanations upon a passage of eight verses over a period of nine months, while a third commenced a course of addresses to his congregation on the Epistle of St. James in 1766 and a whole generation had passed away before it was completed in 1792.

Roman Marines.

Kills Rabbits With His Whiplash.

Fred Haack of Griseley, eighteen miles above Marysville, Cal., has a unique method of exterminating jack-rabbits. Haack is an experienced handler of big teams of horses, and thus became expert in the use of long lash whips. He has trained a saddle mare, which ambles sleepily along to

lull suspicion on the part of the rabbits until he is within range, when Haack uncoils his long snake lash and lets fly for the jack's neck, and in another minute the rabbit is caught. On a recent morning Haack thus killed fourteen of the pests.

Perispiring.
Sweat glands are coiled-up tubes, of which the duct (head) is that part leading in a cork-screw way through the corium and epidermis to the surface. On a square inch of the palm there are 2,800, and half as many on the back of the hand, fewer on the surface of the forehead, 1,100 on the breast and forearm.

Funeral for Cat.
With more pomp and ceremony, perhaps, than ever marked the obsequies of any animal buried in New Haven, Conn., the pet cat of Mrs. William Gay, a wealthy woman, was recently interred. Laid out in a pink silk-lined coffin, with catnip spread around the remains, a big pink silk bow at his throat and fastened to the collar with silver bells, Sonny was buried in a grave dug in the garden by the janitor of the apartment house. Mr. and Mrs. Gay, who believe their pet was poisoned by some one in the neighborhood, attended the ceremony.

In life Sonny was cared for like a baby, being given the best of food and sleeping in a little bed, snugly tucked in between specially made sheets, with blankets of the same size and with downy pillows for his head. Given a bath and combed every evening by Mrs. Gay, his shiny fur was soft as down.

Tree With Three Trunks.
A freak of nature is to be seen in a tree now growing and in full foliage in the garden lot attached to the engine-house in Haddington, at Sixty-first and Thompson streets. The tree has three distinct stems or trunks, which join and form one trunk. The top foliage would be much larger, but the tree is kept pruned to prevent overtaxing of the roots and stems.

The stems were planted each separately, and when they took root grew into each other at the top. They grew rapidly and each stem of itself is a perfect support to the joined head.—Philadelphia Times.

Magenta Hair Dye Disliked.
A remarkable case of wife assault has been heard at Leeds, England. The prisoner, John Burns, came out of jail on a Thursday, and on the next night threw on to the head of his wife a bottle of magenta dye, with the result that she was disfigured by the striking change in the color of her hair.

She had washed it in twenty bowls of soda and water, but had not been able to get rid of the dye. The man was sent to jail for four months, with hard labor.—Stray Stories.

Rabbit Fish.

The peculiar rabbit fish found on the New England coast is becoming rare.

Fox Attacks Fawn.
According to Charles J. Dunn of Houlton he saw a red fox attack a very young fawn the other day on the shore of Fish Lake, Aroostook county, Me. The fawn threw off the fox, which prepared to make a second attack, when Mr. Dunn took aim with his pistol and killed the fox. The fawn was disabled and Dunn carried it in his arms to camp, where it recovered.

A Heavy-Weight Grasshopper.
P. McFarlane, the Cottonwood ranchman, is exhibiting the largest specimen of a grasshopper ever seen here. It is three and a quarter inches in length and an inch in diameter.—Wheatland, Wyo. Correspondence Denver Republican.

Odd Items From Everywhere.
Prismatic lake, in the Yellowstone national park, is the largest body of hot water in the world.

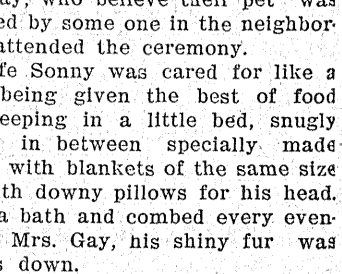
Horses, giraffes and ostriches have the largest eyes of land animals; cuttle-fish of sea creatures.

While a square dance represents only half a mile of walking or moving, an average waltz takes dancers over three-quarters of a mile.

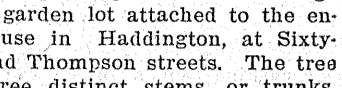
The biggest casting ever ordered was recently made at Chester, Pa. It was for the propeller shaft of a steamer and weighed over sixty tons.

Greenland glaciers average 1,000 feet in thickness, move fifty feet a day and discharge into the sea four square miles of ice yearly 1,000 feet thick.

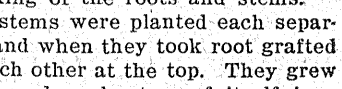
Platinum has long been mined in the Stillman area, about 150 miles east of Vancouver. It is said that Chinamen have been earning living wages for the past fifteen years by recovering platinum from the placer deposits of the Tulameen river and also of Granite Creek.



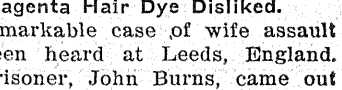
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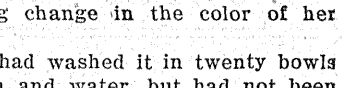
The largest specimen of a grasshopper ever seen here. It is three and a quarter inches in length and an inch in diameter.



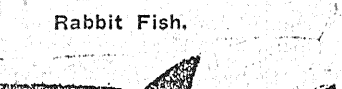
While a square dance represents only half a mile of walking or moving, an average waltz takes dancers over three-quarters of a mile.



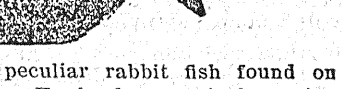
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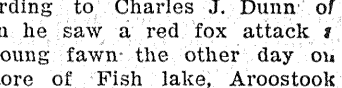
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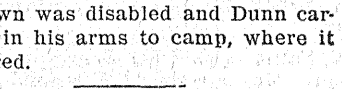
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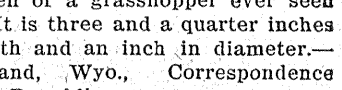
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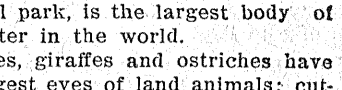
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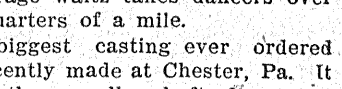
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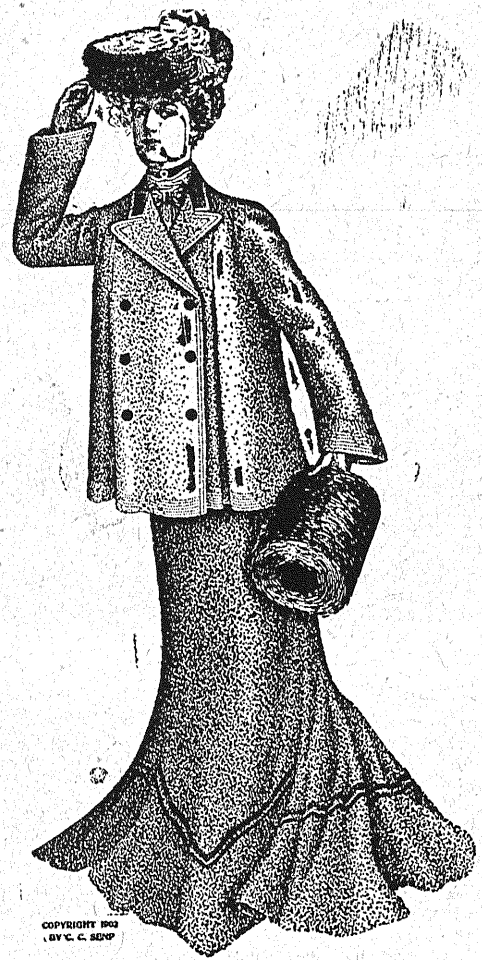


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DO NOT Forget to call at Mrs. Lee's if you want BARGAINS IN Suits, Skirts, Waists AND Furs

Agency for World's Fair Premium Tailor System.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY OPENING

Now in progress. We have just received a beautiful assortment of the Newest Millinery Fashions, embracing all the Latest Styles in

Trimmed and Ready-to-Wear Hats

....For Women, Misses and Children

Everything that is correct and fashionable for wear this Autumn and Winter is to be found here at positively the lowest prices ever quoted in this vicinity. Call and inspect the new styles. You will be cordially welcome whether you purchase or not. You will undoubtedly find something to suit you at a price remarkable for its lowness.

See our Special Bargains.

Mrs. M. L. Moore.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

J. B. Pettinger, of Cumber, was in town yesterday.

Charles Clark, of Wilmot, did business in town on Monday.

Mrs. Norman Morrison, of Gagetown, is visiting friends in town.

H. T. Elliott's horse team took first prize at the Fair for matched team.

Geo. Gray is offering some choice stock for sale. See his card elsewhere.

Mrs. Jas. Ramsey, who has been seriously ill, is now improving slowly.

Fred C. Lee was the guest of his brother, Charles, at Owendale, over Sunday.

The Misses May Tyo and Victoria Kline visited friends at Akron on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hurley, north of town, are entertaining relatives from Ontario.

W. D. Hinkley, of the North Branch Grain Co., spent Sunday with his family here.

Robt. Matthews and John Henderson, of Holbrook, did business in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. Fallis spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Franklin, at Caro.

Harry Guppy is now in the employ of Young & Benkelman, of the Cass City Meat Market.

The Presbyterian society is making preparations to have a rummage sale in the near future.

Isaac Walters came up from Pontiac last week, owing to the serious illness of his brother, Hugh.

Geo. H. Turner, of McArthur & Turner, recently received another consignment of gold fish.

Bon Usher has been unable to labor for a week or more, having strained the ligaments in his arm.

Wm. Terrant, helper at the depot, is supplying at the Deford depot, during the illness of the agent there.

Mesdames R. Duggan and A. D. Mead returned last week from a visit with Mrs. H. Dow, at Bad Axe.

Leroy Halleck has sold his residence property on Houghton Street to Reuben Bodey, from near Gagetown.

W. R. Olin, of the Moore Telephone System, is in town, and will add a few more 'phones to the exchange while here.

E. Hobart has moved to the residence rooms in the second story of the Lamont Block, just vacated by E. F. Marr.

Miss Belle MacArthur returned last week from an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Geo. S. Bond, at Libertyville, Ind.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid Society met with Mrs. Ed. Enc yesterday, serving tea at the usual hour to a fair sized company.

Harry Young has been laid up for a week with inflammation of the eyes, but was able to help in the shop again yesterday.

C. Dingman has been laid up for some time with an abscess on his foot. He is able to be around with the aid of a crutch.

H. B. Outwater has purchased a horse for delivery purposes and is now better able than ever to serve his patrons. See new adv.

There will be a chicken pie social given at the Bird school on October 25. All are cordially invited to attend. Program to begin at 7:30.

Do not suffer another day but consult Dr. Morrison. He has cured hundreds of cases that were thought to be incurable and he can cure you.

Wm. Fleenor has purchased the Bogert residence property on Houghton Street and will move there as soon as M. Parent is able to vacate.

The Young Woman's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church met at the home of Miss May Landon on Monday evening and had a very profitable session.

Mrs. Eliza Polmsbee, from near Rescue, left Wednesday afternoon for Lyons, N. Y., where she is going to make it her future home with her daughter.

Mrs. Walter Warner, who has been visiting relatives here, left yesterday morning for her home at Altman, Colorado, accompanied by her brother, Simon Little.

John Etherinton has returned from a trip through the northern and northwestern portion of the state and reports a splendid sale of his Kaskaskia and other remedies.

A. H. Ale & Co., in their new advertisement, call attention to their ladies', misses' and children's cloaks especially, with desirable bargains in other departments also.

Our brother editor, Terry Corliss, of the Mayville Monitor, is jubilant over the arrival of a little black-eyed baby girl at his home about a week ago. We extend congratulations.

Expect Canadian Songsters in church next Tuesday, 21st.

The Christian Endeavor Society will give a social at the home of Mrs. A. A. Hitchcock on Friday evening, Oct. 24th.

Laing & James have another new advertisement in this issue, giving particulars about their special sales. 'Twill interest you.

Rev. R. Weaver, through sudden indisposition, was unable to preach last Lord's Day. In the morning D. Lucas Huff, temperance evangelist, conducted the service.

Ed. Fitch, who has been operating the Sobell farm, southeast of town, has decided to return to town, and will occupy his own residence, corner of Third and Ale Streets.

Ira R. Gale has given up his position at the Cass City Bank of Auten & Seeley and left on Friday afternoon to accept a position at the Upper Peninsula Hospital at Newberry.

Mrs. M. A. Parent will conduct the Epworth League service next Sunday evening. The topic will be: "Self Mastery." The meeting will be the usual quarterly temperance meeting.

On Tuesday, Dr. A. N. Treadgold, assisted by his brother, Dr. W. E. Treadgold, of Akron, performed a delicate surgical operation upon Mrs. Kehoe, from which she is recovering nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Schenck left for Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on Saturday, after spending some time with relatives and friends here. Mr. Schenck is employed there as night car inspector and likes his work.

The fashion journals for November are now for sale at the Enterprise News Stand. The Delineator for November is especially good and those desiring a copy should come early as they are going fast.

Mrs. Land, who resided with her daughter, Mrs. S. Fletcher, southwest of town, was buried yesterday. Rev. M. W. Gifford officiated at the funeral and the interment took place in the Ellington cemetery.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the postoffice at Cass City for the week ending Oct. 11th, 1902: Harley Nixon, Edwin Gross. When calling for above please mention advertisement. H. S. Wickware, P. M.

E. L. Robinson, of Petersburg, Va., who was formerly veterinarian at this place, was in town during the Fair. J. W. Murphy returned to Petersburg with him and will spend a short time at Washington before returning.

The new hotel of Cass & Martin, at Owendale, is about completed, is a fine building and will open in about two weeks. H. T. Elliott has the contract of furnishing the furniture for the building which was a good order.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Young, who have occupied the A. A. Brian residence on Third Street for some months, have taken rooms with Mrs. J. L. Hitchcock for the present. Mr. Brian will occupy his own residence.

The series of articles entitled "The Woman That Toils," which began in September issue of Everybody's Magazine, is attracting no small amount of attention. The September and October issues are now on sale at this office.

Please bear in mind that we take subscriptions at this office for all publications and are prepared to make all kinds of combinations to save you money. Don't send your order outside until you know what we can do for you.

Your family doctor is all right and you should depend on him in acute cases, but for chronic diseases consult a specialist who has had years of experience. Dr. Morrison is the best in the state. At Hotel Gordon, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1.

Jas. M. McKenzie operated a pop corn stand at the Sanico Centennial fair last week, with Simon Little as assistant, and reports an exceptionally good business. Simon did a little extra for himself on the side, in the way of polishing boots.

At the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning the subject of the sermon will be, "The Day of Adversity." "What Not to Do in It." In the evening a Rally Day service has been planned. Preaching at Quiek's schoolhouse at three o'clock.

Miss Nellie McCool, apprentice at Mrs. M. J. McGilivray's millinery establishment, was called by her home at Hay Creek on Saturday owing to the illness of a sister, but she was able to return on Sunday, her sister being considerably better.

J. Fordyce, three-quarters of a mile west and one-half mile north of Deford, will sell his farm stock and implements at auction on Monday, October 20th, beginning at ten o'clock. Free lunch at noon. Striffler & McKenzie, auctioneers.

Lary Nevils, east of Wickware, having sold his farm, will move to town, occupying the residence property belonging to Mrs. Nevils, on the north side of Main Street, now occupied by F. C. Lee, who will move to the residence rooms over Mrs. Lee's store.

H. J. Landrigan, of the Pine Tree Poultry Farm, has an announcement in this issue, of a special sale of poultry. He has been quite successful at the various fairs hereabouts in capturing blue and red ribbons. Those desiring to improve their flock or get fresh stock should see his birds.

We are pleased to learn that Gil R. Lovejoy has by no means given up his railroad project, but that he has been steadily pegging away at the preliminaries and now states that he will be on the warpath again in a very short time, when he will visit this section and endeavor to bring matters to a focus. Oh! let it be soon!

M. G. Flynn, one mile east and one mile north of Novesta Corners, has sold his eighty acre farm to Alex. Hamilton, who lives opposite, and will have an auction sale of farm stock and implements at one o'clock on Tuesday, October 28th, with Striffler & McKenzie as auctioneers. Mr. Flynn is negotiating the purchase of the Ed. Brother-ton residence property, corner of Third and Ale Streets, and will move to town.

M. L. Moore, as representative of Cass City Lodge, No. 203, I. O. O. F., and Mrs. J. F. Hendrick, as representative of Venus Rebekah Lodge, leave on Monday for Port Huron to attend the session of the Grand Lodge of Michigan. In all probability, other members of the order from here will attend also.

The Huff family, composed of father and two daughters, known as the Canadian songsters, held an evangelical temperance meeting at the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening, which was quite well attended. Mr. Huff is a speaker of many years experience and presents many forcible truths, while his daughters aid in song and recitation.

Our merchants have entered into an agreement to close their respective places of business at 7:30 local time each evening, beginning next Monday, Oct. 20th, excepting Saturday evening. This agreement holds good until April next, excepting the period from Dec. 13th to 25th for the holiday trade. Purchasers are requested to be governed accordingly and make their purchases early.

The heavy rain storm which passed over this section Sunday night was accompanied by considerable thunder and lightning. We have not learned of any damage near by, but lightning struck the barns of W. C. Harbin and Wm. Hart, west of Wilmot, and killed two cows which had taken shelter beside Mr. Hart's barn, belonging to him. His barn was not damaged, but Mr. Hart's barn had one end demolished.

SPECIAL SALE on suits next Saturday at Mrs. Lee's. 10-16-11

Vinegar Plant Building. Caro Courier.

Operations on the plant for the manufacture of vinegar in Caro which have been hanging fire for some time have at last begun in real earnest and by the close of the month it is expected that the Caro Vinegar Company will turn out a high grade product at the rate of seven hundred to eight hundred gallons daily. The Harris building, in the basement of which the experimental work has been carried on, is being remodeled and a large addition is being put up. Thirty big generators are now being installed in the main building and the distilling apparatus will be located in the new part. The experimental work conducted during the past season has proved beyond all question that the process employed by the Company is a success and another permanent industry will soon be doing business in our midst.

Get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets at A. Bond's Drug Store, Cass City, F. A. Francis, Kingston. They are easier to take and more pleasant in effect than pills. Then their use is not followed by constipation as is often the case with pills. Regular size, 25c. per box.

Next week it is expected that the machinery at the sugar factory will be set in motion and the wheels will continue to revolve night and day until the season closes. The five under 14 massive boilers, fed by automatic stokers and consuming over 100 tons of soft coal per day, will not be allowed to smoulder and go out for the next three months or more.—Croswell Journal.

Spent More Than \$1000. W. W. Baker, of Plainview, Neb., writes: "My wife suffered from lung trouble for fifteen years. She tried a number of doctors and spent over \$1000 without relief. She became very low and lost all hope. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and thanks to this great remedy, I saved her life. She enjoys better health than she has known in ten years." Refuse substitutes. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Workmen are putting the finishing touches on Sebawaing's \$800,000 beet sugar factory, and it is expected that it will be ready to commence grinding beets some time between the 15th and 20th of this month. The entire upper story of the building are being cleared and painted and everything is being put in readiness for the opening of the first campaign. Sufficient beets are in sight to keep the factory running the first campaign for three months. The large sheds for receiving the beets are about completed, the mammoth scales have been tested and in fact everything is in ship shape for the opening of the campaign.—Sebawaing Blade.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Tuscola—ss. Just a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the village of Caro on the 7th day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and two.

Present, John M. Smith, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of Harriet Fremont, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and Testament of said Harriet Fremont deceased, has been deposited into Court for Probate. It is ordered that

Monday, the 3rd day of November, next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Probate court be assigned for proving said instrument. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. (PROBATE SEAL) 10-9-4 Judge of Probate.

Bilious? Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills. Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use Buckingham's Dye. 50c. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

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The Popular Big Double Store

"Our Policy to Sell Goods of Known Merit at Low Cash Prices"

Table with two columns: DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT and GROCERY DEPARTMENT. Lists various items like Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Fruit Jars, Coffee, Tea, Soap, etc. with prices.

A. H. ALE & COMPANY.

Improved Farm for Sale. 120 acres, clay loam soil, extra buildings, easy terms. Call at farm section 36 Elmwood or address, JOHN AXFORD, Caro, Mich. 9-25-1*

SPECIAL SALE OF COCKERELS AT REDUCED PRICES



of following varieties: S. S. Hamburgs, White Plymouth Rocks, Brown Leghorns.

PINE TREE POULTRY FARM H. J. LANDRIGAN, Prop. Cass City.

SETTLE UP!

Having sold my Grocery Business to A. H. Ale & Co., I request all parties owing me on account, to call and settle before October 15, 1902.

H. FAIRWEATHER

Cass City Markets. Table listing various market goods like Wheat, Corn, Beans, etc. with prices.

3-CENT COLUMN.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading for three cents per line each week. A few White Plymouth Rocks for sale at a bargain. A. A. P. McDOWELL.

AN APPETITE

for good things to eat is born in one. If that appetite is not cared for, nothing will taste right. We supply the best the market affords in BEEF, PORK and ALL KINDS OF MEATS. Poultry wanted every day.

In The Cloak Line

we have the styles and quality to supply you in prices that are right. The "Monte Carlo" and the "Skirted Blouse" for the swell dressers. Longer ones for those who want 'em.

Our \$5.00 Jacket

cannot be beat for quality and style. Ask to see it. NEW DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS in great variety.

...Ping Pong Vests...

DESIRE

Is the Father of Hope.

It has been our desire to give our patrons the best possible values to be had. We hope we have done so in the past. We know our present season's purchase will please our customers in quality and price.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING

All "Old Goods" closing out at "Job Lot" prices. Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods, etc.

For Bargains call on...

2 MACKS

PRICES THAT TALK!

Table listing bicycle prices: \$75 Chainless Cleveland Bicycle for \$55, 45 Cleveland Chain for \$35, etc.

Second-Hand Wheels

Henderson, \$25; Special, coaster break; 16; Dell, coaster break; 12; Victor, 10; Crown, 10; Special, 8; Beard, 5.

YOUNG & BENKELMAN