

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 15.

CASS CITY, MICH., NOV. 24, 1904.

BY A. A. P. M'DOWELL

**WARM FOOTWEAR**  
A FULL LINE  
Of warm footwear and  
**RUBBERS**  
Prices right—at  
**OSTRANDER'S UP-TO-DATE SHOE STORE**



**Housewarming Goods**

We've Got them! You Want Them!

We have in stock—

**Saginaw Domestic Lump**

**St. Charles**

**Pocahontas**, the celebrated C. C. & B. Smokeless

**Scranton Anthracite**

at prices that are right.

**STORM DOORS**

We have a consignment of Panel Storm Doors in White Pine at 90c. and \$1.00.

Our stock of Building Material is complete and you will find it to your interest to get our prices.

Yours for an order,

**Cass City Lumber & Coal Company, Ltd.**

**Heigho! Guess So!**

**Detroit Bread**

ALL THE TIME.

Hot Candy Every Day

**CANDY KITCHEN.**

**The JEWEL Ideal**

Is being daily inaugurated in some home. We show a cut of the Successful Candidate for public favor, the

Most Artistic in Appearance

as well as the  
**most serviceable**

Base Burner made by anyone. With

**3,500,000**

**JEWELS**

in as many homes, is it any wonder that "The Largest Stove Factory in the World" is kept busy?

**N. Bigelow & Sons.**

## REVIVED.

### Railroad Meeting at Sanilac Centre.

Sanilac Republican  
Railroad meetings were held in this village last Thursday and Friday evenings, relative to the proposed route of the new line between Bay City and Port Huron.

W. W. Wixson, representing the promoters of the line, was present, and asked the assistance of the citizens of Sanilac Centre and vicinity in securing bonuses and right of way between Snover and this village, and between here and Applegate or Peck, whichever way the proposed route may be finally decided upon.

A resolution was adopted at these meetings assuring the promoters the support of Sanilac Centre, and guaranteeing them all the moral assistance that lay in their power.

W. W. Wixson stated that the new railroad was a sure go, and expected the surveyors to commence work next Monday.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Contributed by Margaret McArthur.

**Thanksgiving to-day.**

A class in Orthodoxy began this week. The English Literature students are now studying Milton's "Comus."

Eva Brown, formerly of Indian River, entered school Wednesday.

The members of the Senior Class had their pictures taken Wednesday.

At the Rhetoricals last Friday the affirmative side won by two-thirds of a point.

Many of the General History student have smiling faces this week. I wonder why?

Some of the teachers intend to spend a very pleasant time at their homes during Thanksgiving.

The pupils in the first and second grades made very pretty booklets, for their Thanksgiving work.

Miss Mary Sommerville has been engaged to teach the first and second grades of the primary department.

The Seniors' bazaar proved fairly successful Saturday afternoon and evening, the proceeds being fifteen dollars.

The visitors at the High School last Friday were the Misses Mary Sommerville, Minta Wallace, Minnie Tallmadge, Ida Striffler and McCowan, Mrs. E. McKim and Mrs. Striffler.

The Seniors feel badly about losing the president of the Class, Miss Bixby, who has decided to complete her senior year where she has formerly attended school, at Syracuse, New York.

Our boys won the foot ball game played Saturday between the Cass City and Marlette High Schools. Score 8 to 5. We consider this very good playing as the latter has been defeated but once, during almost four years.

## Old Lake Captain Dead.

Capt. Samuel Sharpesteen better known as Capt. Jack Sharpesteen, of Sebawing, died Sunday morning at the Marine hospital at Sault Ste. Marie. The deceased was one of the best known lake captains on the lakes. He was born in McComb county, June 23, 1838, and came to Sebawing when very young. He was married to Celestina Schilling, June 20, 1859, and his wife and two children, Fred, of Sebawing, and Mrs. Louisa Morford, of Bad Axe, survive. The remains have been sent to Bad Axe, where the interment will take place.

## Recital.

Miss Strout, of Port Huron, will give a lecture recital at the Presbyterian Church Thanksgiving evening, the proceeds to buy music for the choir. All are invited to attend. Miss Strout is very highly spoken of by several of our people who have heard her.

Fur Coats of all kinds for sale at G. W. Goff's.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, rubber tired surrey good as new. Will sell on easy terms. Suitable for one or two horses. See W. A. FAIRWEATHER.

## Advertised Letters.

Unclaimed letters in the Cass City Postoffice for the week ending Nov. Miss Myrtle Warwick, Fred Striffler, Rev. Mathias Stone, Master Ralph Rohrer.

When calling for the above please mention "advertised."  
H. S. WICKWARE, P. M., 19, 1904.

## Local Happenings.

Christmas Rugs at A. A. Hitchcock's.

The Model has a fresh announcement in this issue.

Buy your Christmas pillows at A. A. Hitchcock's.

A. L. Bruce, of Deford, did business in town on Monday.

R. L. Lavrack has been spending a few days in Elkton.

Jas. Tennant made a business trip to Detroit yesterday.

E. Hobart, of Detroit, called on old friends here last week.

H. L. Hunt will move to his new residence in a few days.

Rev. S. P. Jackson spent a few days in town during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Moshier, of Novesta, were in town on Monday.

Mrs. L. O. Folsom, of Wilmot, did business in town yesterday.

M. L. Randall, of Kingston, was in town on business yesterday.

C. W. Heller left yesterday morning on a business trip to Romeo.

John Miles is visiting indefinitely with friends at East Jordan.

Another addition is being planned to the cemetery on the west side.

W. M. Morris and T. A. Powell made a trip to Caro on Tuesday.

Wm. F. Seed, of Hancock, is spending Thanksgiving with relatives here.

M. Sheridan returned on Saturday from a business trip to St. Thomas, Ont.

Miss Mabel Clement left on Saturday for Parkhill, Ont., to attend a sick relative.

Mrs. T. Rosebrook and children, of Gaylord, are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Bibles and story books at L. I. Wood & Co.'s See their new advertisement.

N. Karr, of Kingston, spent a part of the week in this vicinity, with an eye out for game.

Mrs. G. W. Goff is spending Thanksgiving with her daughter, Miss Lillian, at Osego.

Mrs. John McPhail and Miss Cassie McPhail, of Argyle, called on friends in town on Saturday.

It's time to think about holiday presents and H. L. Hunt wishes your attention to his full line.

Fred Hunt left for Caro on Tuesday, to spend a few days with relatives before returning to Detroit.

The Ladies' Aid of the Evangelical Church will meet on Thursday, Dec. 1st, with Mrs. John Zinnecker.

Mrs. S. J. Bearss left yesterday to spend an indefinite period with relatives at and near Corinth, Ont.

M. Wentworth, of Kingston, has accepted a position with A. Peter, proprietor of the Kingston Lumber Yards.

Neil Livingston has moved to town, occupying rooms in the Hitchcock Block, and is now operating the bowling alley.

Mrs. Geo. A. Froeman was called to Wilmot yesterday morning, owing to the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Wm. Jeffery.

Mrs. Wm. Hubel and daughter, of Uby, spent Sunday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Mead, being enroute for their new home at Capac.

Jas. Starr, having rented his farm near Argyle, has moved to town and occupies the Mrs. Wm. Schwaderer residence, corner of Houghton and Ale Streets.

The Cass City Lumber and Coal Co. Ltd., has just contracted to erect a new residence for Amos Sansburn, of Wickware. Isaac Hall will have charge of the work.

Mrs. H. Dew, of Bad Axe, is the guest of Mrs. R. Duggan. Her son, John, who is assistant cashier in the Elkton Bank, is also expected here for Thanksgiving.

J. Schwaderer has sold the Central Meat Market to A. L. and N. J. Johnson, who have already taken possession. Both gentlemen will give their entire attention to the business, handling dressed poultry and eggs as well as all kinds of fresh and cured meats. Mr. Schwaderer will take a much needed rest.

At the Evangelical Church there will be German services next Sunday morning. English services in the evening. Rev. J. R. Niergarth, of Flint, is expected to be present next week to hold Gospel services each evening. On Monday evening, Nov. 28th, he will especially address the Y. P. A. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

A. Middaugh, of Caro, is spending a few days in town, taking orders for "The Book of the Fair," by Marshall Everett, and meeting with very good success. The book is replete with illustrations and descriptive literature regarding the St. Louis Fair.

Chas. B. Young, the drayman, has effected the purchase of the Joseph Frutchey residence, corner of Third and Leach Streets. Mrs. Frutchey is in town this week packing their household effects, as they now make their home at Hillman, near Alpena.

Rev. E. D. Rundell, of Caro, gave a very interesting address at the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening descriptive of his trip to the Holy Land. He had a fair sized audience who followed him with interest throughout.

## Our Creamery.

The editor called at the Cass City Creamery on Monday morning, and found that Buttermaker Chase had everything in apple pie order. We learned that the daily receipts of milk and cream were holding up very well. There has been a shrinkage owing to condition of weather and pasturage, over which patrons have no control, but if the present patronage is maintained there should be no difficulty in running the plant throughout the winter. Some routes have been discontinued as there was not enough milk and cream gathered on them to pay for the hauling, but the patrons thus shut off should make an effort to increase their herds and arrange better routes for another season.

## Lecture Course.

Capt. Arch. B. Snow, who appeared at the Opera House last Tuesday evening, as the second number of the lecture and entertainment course, succeeded in carrying the audience with him whither he would. The audience was not only large, but was thoroughly appreciative. Capt. Snow gave the various numbers in a most natural grace and style, his facial expression, powers of imitation and ability as a singer combining to furnish one of the most pleasing entertainments we have had. His numbers were not all new—what old piece that we have enjoyed would we not like to hear again—and then the Captain always puts in a few extra touches that brightens it all up. Should he come this way again he may be sure of having even a larger audience.

**Sweet Thoughts.**  
If, instead of a gem or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give—George MacDonald.

**Papa's Way of Spelling.**  
I'm having such a dreadful time  
At learning how to spell!  
You see, I'm just a little girl  
And can't do very well.  
I've been to school for two months now.  
And so some words I know,  
For teacher writes it on the board  
And says "g-o" spells "go."  
I've learned that "r-a-t" spells "rat"  
And "h-e-n" spells "hen."  
That "r-o-v-e-r" is a "d-o-o"  
And "B-e-n" is "Ben."  
My teacher says she thinks that I  
Am doing very well.  
But papa spells a different way  
And says: "Sh! Don't you tell!"  
You see, my names are Alice May,  
And my last name is Hall,  
And yesterday I spelled them out  
At school before them all.  
My teacher said, "That's nicely done!"  
And so at home last night  
I spelled them out for my papa  
And thought I had them right.  
But papa said: "You're wrong, my pet,  
For 'A-l-i-c-e' spells 'Alice May,'  
Spells 'darling,' dear, and 'M-a-y'  
Spells 'sweetheart'—don't you see?"  
I told him what my teacher said,  
But he declared, "Oh, no!  
That's not the way your papa spells.  
Your teacher doesn't know."  
My papa wouldn't tell me wrong  
Or say what isn't true,  
And yet my teacher says that she  
Spells just the way I do!  
I'm 'fraid I'll never learn to spell,  
No matter how I try,  
If "darling" is "A-l-i-c-e"  
And "sweetheart" is "M-a-y!"  
—St. Nicholas.

**Unique Public House.**  
In a busy thoroughfare in Glasgow there is a fully licensed public house, which is probably the smallest establishment of its kind in the kingdom. When full it can just accommodate eight customers. It is nicknamed the "Coffin," and the regular habitues give the various drinks, etc., names to correspond. A whisky is a "nail," a pint of beer a "lid" and brandy and soda is a "monument." The sandwiches are dubbed "gravestones" and the cigarettes "worms."

**Mutual Distrust.**  
"A genius," said the young man with long hair and eyeglasses, "usually regards the world as a balky mule."  
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and the world usually regards a genius as a horse that is trying to run away."  
—Washington Star.

**Things Worth Remembering.**  
Do not forget that it isn't necessary to be disagreeable in order to disagree with the other man.  
If we took as great pains to say kind things as we do to think unkind ones, life would be one long metaphorical May—Success.

**The Limit.**  
"How much will you give me for a novel of 40,000 words?"  
"Let me see," replied the editor. "You ought to get six months for that!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Storms.**  
"Allbone says he can foretell storms."  
"He can not only tell them. He can cause them."  
"How?"  
"By staying out till midnight."

**Strong Love.**  
Patience—How do you know her love for him was strong? Patrice—Because it broke him.

The more you say the less people remember.

## THE NEW RAILROAD.

### Right of Way is Cleared Up.

The Caro Courier says: Messrs. Christian and Rockwell, representing the Detroit & Bay City Traction company, went to Chicago on Wednesday to meet other officials and interested parties to close up finances which have been pending for some weeks and which constitute the last step in the winging of the railroad proposition. Very little remains to be done along the route so far as rights and privileges are concerned. A few bits of right of way remain, but not enough to delay any progress in work or negotiation. Several parcels of land needed were granted by Caro parties this week so that matters in this locality are in excellent shape.

It was suggested to a representative of the company that it was too late for any work to be accomplished this fall. We have been assured that work can be done as long as weather like the present holds; but it cannot be expected that more than a start can be made. When the last deal is complete and work hangs only on weather, Caro people will be willing to wait until spring before taking a ride on the new line.

## Killed at Marlette.

Mrs. Augusta Minnis, of Saginaw, was killed at Marlette, in a runaway accident, on Sunday evening. She left home in excellent spirits to visit her brother and his family at Marlette, but on Monday her son and son-in-law were called upon to go for her remains. After the funeral services in the Ames M. E. Church at Saginaw, of which she had been an active member for many years, the remains will be interred at Lapeer to-day.

## AFTERNOON TEA.

**It Was the Vogue in England in the Eighteenth Century.**

The earliest mention of afternoon tea is by Carlyle of Inveresk, who, writing of society at Harrogate in 1763, says, "The ladies gave afternoon tea and coffee in their turns."

In 1766 William Dutton wrote home from Eton college to his father in Shropshire, "I wish you would be so kind as to let me have tea and sugar to drink in the afternoon, without which there is no keeping company with other boys of my standing."

Dr. Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, writing of social habits in Scotland in his early life (1741), says, "Most families, both in the higher and in the middle ranks, used tea at breakfast, but among the latter it was only recently introduced in the afternoon, on the occasion of receiving company."

Thackeray, in "The Newcomes" (1855), alludes to the light refreshment halfway between lunch and dinner as if it were already a fashionable institution. "Barnes Newcome comes every day from the city, drops in and drinks tea at 5 o'clock."—London Globe.

**MARKETS AT HOLLER MILLS.**

White Lily, per cwt. 3 25  
Graham Flour, per cwt. 3 00  
Corn Meal, per cwt. 2 50  
Buckwheat Flour, per cwt. 3 40  
Boiled Meat, per cwt. 2 00  
Meal, per cwt. 1 40  
Beans, per cwt. 1 10  
Middlings, per cwt. 1 20

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Beans, per cwt. 1 10  
Middlings, per cwt. 1 20

**Notice to Our Readers.**

We have just learned that the publishers of the Michigan Farmer of Detroit are going to advance the price of their paper on January 1st to 75 cents a year. It can be had from now until that time at the same old price, 60 cents a year.

Their reason for advancing the price of the Michigan Farmer is the steady increase in the cost of paper, labor, etc.

We will be able to furnish the Michigan Farmer to our subscribers until January 1st at 60 cents a year, or we will send the Michigan Farmer and this paper a year each for only \$1.50 in advance.

The Michigan Farmer is Michigan's greatest farm, home and live stock journal. No farmer should be without it. Its market reports are always reliable and up-to-date. It is nicely illustrated and printed on good paper. It is practical in all its departments and furnishes veterinary advice free to its readers. Subscribe now and save money. The price will positively advance after January 1st, 1905.

Guns and Ammunition for sale at G. W. Goff's. 10-20.

**Notice.**  
All owing John Schwaderer will please call and settle all accounts at Johnson's Meat Market.  
10-24-4 J. SCHWADERER.

**Notice.**  
All indebted to the firm of J. L. Hitchcock & Sons are requested to call and settle without delay. \$1,000 worth of stoves to be sold at reduced figures.

A new line of Trunks and Suit Cases just in—at G. W. Goff's.

The fixtures for Young & Benkelmen's new meat market arrived last week and are now in position. The finishing touches are being put on as rapidly as possible and the shop will soon be ready for occupancy.

## The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet.

Upon the sadness of the sea  
The sunset broods regretfully;  
From the far lonely spaces, slow  
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;  
So darken all the happy skies;  
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;  
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day  
Small chess—the bitter dark away;  
What though our eyes with tears be wet?  
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore  
Our light and hope and joy once more  
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget,  
That sunrise never failed us yet!

—Edna Thaxter.

# TIM WESSBULL

BY MAGA THORBY

Skoetskap lies far up on top of the hills which surround the fjord and look down the Northern Sea.

It was just at the time when the country is crowded with tourists who come from all parts of the world to admire the midnight sun.

Tim Wessbull, the tall, broad-shouldered mate, sat on the piazza with Aase, the widow Rolla Regenholm's daughter, who wore a costly pearl necklace which he had brought her from India. She was beautiful as a classic goddess, but cold and haughty as a marble statue. Tim had fallen in love with her when he came back after an absence of two years, and her mother, though she had hoped to see her married to a richer man, had advised her to accept him.

"You better take what you can get, Aase. You will not always be eighteen, and you may not have another offer."

So Aase had accepted him and the honest sailor was happy.

"How sad it is that you must leave so soon," she said. "We cannot even go to dance together in the village."

"Yes, it is sad, Aase, and three long years will pass before we see each other again, but when I do come back, we will have enough to get married."

"Well, three years is no eternity, and I will think of you often."

"Next to him sat Hella Regenholm, Aase's fifteen-year-old cousin, an orphan, who was being brought up in her aunt's house. Aase's hair was as dull gold, while Hella was dark. She gave promise of great beauty. She looked pityingly at her cousin, who kissed Tim good-by, and thought as she saw him leave: "How big and manly he looks," and felt so sad for him that he should love her cousin, a heartless flirt, who cared nothing for him.

The time passed, Aase went to every dance in the village, while Hella was busy at home, making nets for the fishermen, wondering how any girl could care to go to dances without her sweetheart.

One night Aase came home very late. She was out of humor and spoke angrily to her mother.

"You should never have told me to accept Tim Wessbull. I wish I had never seen him."

"Why so?"

"The rich Peter Sorrensen, who owns twenty fishing boats, asked me to marry him to-night. How stupid that I am engaged."

"Well, an engagement is no marriage; it is easily broken."

"But what will Tim say?"

"Who knows whether he will ever come back?"

"No; that is true. It is almost two years since I heard from him."

"But maybe his letters have been lost," said Hella.

"Mind your own business," Aase cried. Three days later Peter Sorrensen came to the house and three

months later he and Aase were married.

She and her mother moved away to his large home and Hella was left alone in the cottage with Tiny Bjunnes, a weak-minded old spinster who had lost her reason when her sweetheart was drowned many years ago. Hella was quiet and sad and often sighed when she thought of Tim.

In the meantime Tim was working as first mate on the Russian bark "Scorslyn." He went from Riga to Siberia, Japan, China and finally to Alaska. A passenger, Ivan Tschitschamsky, came aboard here. He had made a fortune in Klondike and brought \$300,000 in gold with him to

Tim, whom he took a great liking to.

One day during a storm the Russian was swept overboard by a wave and Tim, who was an excellent swimmer, jumped after him and rescued him, but pneumonia set in and Ivan, who realized that he was dying, made his last will, witnessed by the captain and two sailors, by which he left his whole fortune to Tim. The next day he died. When they reached San Francisco Tim left the ship, bought a draft on Christiania for \$300,000 and started homeward.

Tiny Bjunnes was sitting outside the

"So you have not forgotten me, Hella?" cottage making nets when Tim came up. They did not know each other.

"How do you come here?" he asked.

"I live here."

"Where is Aase?"

"You mean Aase Regenholm?"

"Yes."

"She is no longer. She is Aase Sorrensen now."

He turned dead pale.

"She is married?"

Hella came out of the house just then.

"Oh, Tim," she cried, "are you back?" He looked at her.

"So you have not forgotten me, Hella?" he said sadly.

She saw the sorrow in his eyes, and told Tiny to leave them.

"Tell me how it happened, Hella," he said.

"That will only make you feel worse, Tim," she answered.

"No, Hella! She was not worthy of my love, for I loved her higher than my life."

"Aase never knew what love is," she said. "She can neither love you, who are poor, nor her husband, who is rich, nor me, who was always in her way—she loves only money!"

"Did you think that I would return, Hella?"

"I knew you would. Men like you are always faithful. Your eyes could never lie. Will you take supper with us? We have only fish and bread."

"With pleasure, Hella."

"Then you will excuse me a little while."

She was gone.

Tiny came out.

"Did Aase ever speak of me?" he asked her.

She shook her head.

"Aase never spoke of anything but fine dresses and money."

"And her mother?"

"She only speaks of Aase's good fortune in getting a rich husband."

"And—Hella?"

"Hella often spoke of a man whom she loved, but I dare not tell you his name. She has made me promise never to do that."

"You spoke of me to her, though?"

"Yes, if you are Tim Wessbull."

"Tim's heart almost ceased beating from joy, but he said nothing.

After supper he asked Hella to take a walk with him, and when they had reached the top of the hill and were quite alone he said:

"Hella, there are mistakes which a person makes and which he never discovers for years, and then all of a sudden everything becomes clear as the fog rises on the sea before the rays of the sun."

She looked at him without understanding. What could he mean?

"Hella," he continued, "I have never loved the heartless Aase, I know now, but I do love you as a woman was never loved before."

She listened to him with an expression of rapture, and the joy nearly made her faint in his arms. She was as in a dream, and when he kissed her



With Aase.

she whispered, "Is this really true, or do I dream?"

"No, Hella, it is the truth, and it has come to me like a revelation. But do you think that you can learn to love me?"

"Oh, Tim, I am afraid that I have loved you from the very first day I met you."—Chicago American.

## WAYS OF THE "BORN FIXER."

Never Any Use to Interfere, Says Woman Who Knows.

"One of the easiest ways to get over a difficulty is to walk around it," said the woman who had just returned to her home after a summer outing. "Our clock, which has done good work for four years, naturally stopped while we were away. When I wound it the pendulum refused to swing. William told me to let it alone until he had time to fix it."

"One evening after dinner William took down the clock. He told the servant to bring him the kerosene oil lamp. He poured half the contents of the can down the back of the clock. Incidentally he ruined the tablecloth and his trousers. But I didn't mind that. It never pays to interfere with a born fixer when he's fixing something."

"After William had tinkered with the timepiece for an hour he decided to wait until the next night. When he had gone down town next morning I took it to a clockmaker. "Jimminy!" he exclaimed, "who's been monkeying with this? To remedy the original trouble would have cost forty cents. Now you'll want a new case, since this one is soaked with oil. You're in for \$4.50 all right."

"I had the clock in its usual place when William came home to dinner. But he never seemed to notice it. Said he was going to a neighbor's that evening to help him fix his automobile."

## ELEPHANTS ARE DYING OUT.

Only Two Thousand in Ceylon, It Is Estimated.

In the new Ceylon Handbook and Directory an interesting record is that of the export of elephants from the island during the past forty-one years. In 1903 there were only eight of these pachyderms sent out of the country, one to British India and seven to Germany.

The price paid for these animals was 7,500 rupees, giving a modest average of 825 rupees each. A royalty of rupees 200 per head was imposed in 1873, and the number of elephants exported, which had fallen low before then, dwindled in the next few years to three and even to one. In 1882 the royalty was reduced to Rs. 100, in the hope that business might revive and encouragement be given to supplying the new demand for Ceylon elephants in the Continental menageries. The Rajahs' courts in India had previously formed the chief market for them. The total number sold in the time treated of was 2,225, or an average of 56 per annum.

Mr. Alfred Clark, an expert, estimates that there are now only 2,000 elephants in Ceylon. The royalty in 1891 was again raised to Rs. 200.

Whether the effect of this will be to permit the animals to increase in undue proportion to their available haunts or that sportsmen shooting elephants will countenance the decrease in the export remains to be seen.—Lahore Tribune.

## Keeping Apples Sweet for Years.

A farmer near Union City, Mich., amazes his neighbors by keeping apples, pears, peaches, grapes, etc., in their natural state for several years. He now has apples and grapes grown in 1901 which can hardly be distinguished from this year's product. He now gives out his method of preservation, which is very simple, as he merely selects well-developed fruit with good stems, picks it carefully and sears the end of the stem with a lighted match. Then he wipes the fruit perfectly dry, places it in a piece of dry wrapping paper and lays it away in a moderately dry and cool cellar.

## Higher M-ematics.

There was once a shrewd promoter who combined ten mills in a trust. Now, these ten mills did not make a cent.

And why? Because the wise promoter poured so much water in the stock that it took all the receipts to pay the first dividend that was to satisfy the doubts of the public. After he had disposed of the stock he forgot about the mills and attended to something more pressing.

Thus we see that although once we learned that 10 mills make 1 cent, it is possible, when they are properly juggled, for figures to lie.

## The Voyage.

I go not where I will, but must; This planet-ship on which I ride Is drawn by a resistless tide; I touch no pilot wheel, but trust

That one who holds the chart of stars, Whose fathom-lines touch lowest deeps, Whose eye the boundless spaces sweeps, Will guide the ship through cosmic bars.

My soul goes not a chosen way, A current underruns my life, That moves alike in peace or strife, And turns not for my yea or nay.

Not on the bridge, but at the mast, I sail over this far-reaching sea, I will arrive, enough for me My Captain's smile and word at last.

## More Than Good.

"Entre nous," said Miss Ayers, who delights in talking dictionary French, "aren't you quite fond of Mr. Godley?"

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Bright, "he's quite a good friend of mine."

"Ah! your bon ami?"

"Better than that. He's my bonny ami. He brings me a box every evening."

# WITH THE VETERANS

**Buried To-day.**  
Buried to-day, When the soft green buds are bursting out, And up on the south wind comes a shout Of village boys and girls at play In the mild spring evening gray.

**Taken away.**  
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb, From eyes that drew half their light from Him, And put low, low beneath the clay, In his spring—on this spring day.

**Passes away.**  
All the pride of boy-life begun, All the hope of life yet to run; Who dares to question when one saith Marmur not—only pray.

**Enters to-day.**  
Another body in churchyard sod, Another soul on the life in God; His Christ was buried—and lives away; Trust Him, and go your way.

**Separated Forty Years.**  
At a meeting in Boston of the three Vermont companies of Berdan's sharpshooters two veterans shook hands who had not seen each other for forty years. They are George W. Dimond of Hill, N. H., and David M. Bullock of Readsboro, Vt.

On Dec. 31, 1861, Mr. Dimond, who was then a resident of Grafton, Vt., and Mr. Bullock, who lived in Readsboro, were mustered in at Brattleboro. For three years they fought for the union. For a long time they were tent-mates and at their recent meeting they exchanged reminiscences of the old days. Mr. Dimond was taken prisoner at Gettysburg and was for three months a prisoner at Belle Isle.

"I would not have missed this visit to Boston for anything," said Mr. Dimond. "I expected to meet several of my old comrades, but to meet my old bunkie and tentmate, Dave Bullock, was the most agreeable surprise of my later years."

It was at Petersburg in 1865 that Mr. Dimond last saw Mr. Bullock, just before the breaking up, the beginning of the end of the war, as it were. Mr. Dimond had some interesting experiences as a member of Berdan's sharpshooters during his three years' service. When the regiment went out the first quarters were at Falmouth, Va., and Berdan's sharpshooters, who were in advance of the troops, were the first Yankees that many of the southerners saw.

For several months, practically all summer, Berdan's men went up and down the Rappahannock river, chasing Gen. Jackson. While engaged in this work they saw their first real engagements. The first time the men were under fire was while supporting an Indiana battery engaged in an artillery duel with a confederate battery across the river.

Pieces of railroad iron a foot long came from the Southerners' camp and at first they went high over the heads of the men. Then they began to come down lower until finally they clipped men here and there and disabled five of the Northern guns. Battery B, Fourth U. S. artillery, came up and a captain sighted the first gun fired and put the brass piece of the Southerners out of commission. Several of Mr. Dimond's comrades were killed in this engagement.

It was from the Minnesota "Injuns," as they were called, that he and his comrades learned some tricks in getting under cover in the tall grass when out sharpshooting. The Minnesota men never would get behind a tree when there was any grass or green growing in the neighborhood.

It was at Gettysburg that Mr. Dimond was captured. His regiment had gone into the woods to hold back a charge. For three-quarters of an hour they kept back the Southerners, but a lieutenant and twelve men of Berdan's regiment were captured, among them Mr. Dimond. He had some tough experiences in captivity. For three months he was imprisoned, and with two of his comrades they shared a half blanket.

At night they took turns in sleeping in the middle, the choicest place. When they went to Annapolis the citizens said they were the worst-looking prisoners ever brought there. When they reached that city all Mr. Dimond had was a pair of ragged-edged pants, worn from the knees, and an army blouse with the sleeves worn to tatters.

On the way to Belle Isle he got for ten days' rations three pints of flour and three portions of beef. The flour had to be mixed with the water and drank as a paste, for there was no chance to bake anything that resembled bread. He managed to swap a pen which a Confederate thought was good for three biscuits, which he divided with a comrade. For three months afterward he suffered the pangs of hunger continually.—Boston Globe.

## The Yates Phalanx.

"The Yates phalanx," said the captain, "had a hard time getting into the service and a harder time getting out. I remember well that we began to organize the phalanx as soon as the news came to Chicago that Fort Sumter had been fired on. We had 800 men for the regiment, when we received notice that the quota of the state was more than full and that we could not be accepted under the first call. The men were so disappointed and irritated that they joined in an effort to have the regiment accepted by the state of Missouri. The tender of 800 fighting men was no small thing in the first months of the war, but

## THE GRAVE OF HAMLET.

Railway Line To Be Laid to Spot Claimed as Such.

A railway line is to run across the so-called grave of Hamlet, near Marionist, a watering place on the northeastern point of the Island of Zealand, close to Helsingor (or, as Shakespeare hath it, Elsinore) and the great castle of Kronborg. Here, looking across the narrow strait to the coast of Sweden, the scene of the greatest masterpiece of English literature is laid, unless Murray can destroy our pleasing illusions with the statement of Hamlet, that "in reality he lived in quite a different part of



"Hamlet's Grave."

the country, and a thousand years before Kronborg was built." On the grave is a cairn of stones surmounted by an upright, Runic-looking monolith. Upon the monolith are the words (in modern engraving) "Hamlet's Grave." At any rate, it is a memorial to Hamlet. As a French writer says, "Shakespeare gave immortal life to the beings created by his genius—Ophelia, and Laertes, and Hamlet, and the rest; they are graven in the soul of the people, and the people must render respectful homage to their imaginary names."

## Fight With a Big Wildcat.

Farmer John Hillegas this morning discovered that a dozen of his chickens had been killed during the night, and set out with a hound to seek the marauder. The hound soon ran down a wildcat, and after a furious battle went home with his tail between his legs.

Hillegas returned to the scene of the dog's defeat and found the cat perched in a tree. He fired at it and the cat leaped on his shoulders, sinking its teeth and claws into his flesh. He shook it off and tried to strike it with the gun, but only succeeded in breaking the rifle in two, and the cat promptly made a spring for his throat. Warding it off with his arm, he finally succeeded in striking it with the barrel of the rifle and breaking its back. A second blow beat out the animal's brains. The cat weighed twelve pounds. — Sigmund correspondence Philadelphia Record.

## Throne of England.

Some authorities hold that the coronation chair in Westminster abbey is entitled to be called the throne of England, being the one occupied by the sovereign at coronation. Others maintain that the throne in the house of lords is really the official throne, as it is occupied by the sovereign for state purposes at the opening of parliament. Others, again, say that there is no real throne in the strictest acceptance of the word, and that all the thrones, or chairs of state, in the various palaces throughout the kingdom are equally entitled to be called the throne.

## Black Chipmunk Rare.

I have lived in a chipmunk region all my life and have never seen a black one, yet black ones do occur. I have just received a photograph of one seen in the Catskills, and a correspondent at Bath, N. Y., writes me of one she has seen there for two seasons.

I have not yet heard of a black red squirrel, though black gray ones are occasionally seen. Black woodchucks and black foxes are probably the result of the same law of variation.—John Burroughs in Outing.

## Embroidery.

The rooster here shown is an easy one for the amateur embroiderer to essay.

**Maine Man Caught White Hedgehog.**  
The white hedgehog captured by Henry Beat of Parkman a few weeks ago has succeeded in making his escape, gnawing through his cage, which was composed of wood covered with fence wire. While in Mr. Beat's possession hundreds came to see him, several coming many miles. Mr. Beat refused several quite large offers for him.—Guilford Citizen.

**Power From Artesian Well.**  
At St. Augustine, Fla., is the only mill in the world that gets its power direct from an artesian well.

## ONE WAS NOT BORROWED.

Minister Given Due Credit for Concluding Phrase.

A parish clerk who prided himself upon being well read, occupied his seat below the old "three-decker" pulpit, and whenever a quotation or extract from the classics was introduced into the sermon, he, in an undertone, muttered its source—much to the annoyance of the preacher and amusement of the congregation. Despite all protests in private the thing continued, until one day, the vicar's patience being quite exhausted, he leaned over the pulpit side and impulsively exclaimed: "Dra't you; shut up!" Instantly—in the clerk's usual sententious tone—came the reply, "His own." —T. P.'s Weekly.

## Bogus Marriage Agencies.

The Austrian ministry of the Interior has deemed it worth while to issue a special warning against the numerous marriage bureaus which flourish particularly in Berlin, and which find their dupes wherever German is spoken. They supply circulars with numbered pictures of women. In return for cash, the address of any one of these women is given, and if the writer receives no answer and sends a complaint to the agency he is simply informed that the woman didn't care for him or had made another match.

## What She Means.

When a girl threatens to tell her mother when a man kisses her she means that she would deny it even if her mother saw her.—New York Press.

## "WHACKS"

### And What They Mean.

When Old Mother Nature gives you a "whack" remember "there's a reason," so try and say "thank you," then set about finding what you have done to demand the rebuke, and try and get back into line, for that's the happy place after all.

Curious how many highly organized people fail to appreciate and heed the first little, gentle "whacks" of the good old dame, but go right along with the habit whatever it may be, that causes her disapproval. Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea or other unnatural treatment of the body, until serious illness sets in or some chronic disease.

Some people seem to get on very well with those things for a while, and Mother Nature apparently cares but little what they do.

Perhaps she has no particular plans for them and thinks it little use to waste time in their training.

There are people, however, who seem to be selected by Nature to "do things." The old Mother expects them to carry out some department of her great work. A portion of these selected ones oft and again seek to stimulate and then deaden the tool (the body) by some one or more of the drugs—Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea, Morphine, etc.

You know all of these throw down the same class of alkaloids in Chemical analysis. They stimulate and then depress. They take from man or woman the power to do his or her best work.

After these people have drugged for a time, they get a hint, or mild "whack" to remind them that they have work to do, a mission to perform, and should be about the business, but are loafing along the wayside and become unfitted for the fame and fortune that waits for them if they but stick to the course and keep the body clear of obstructions so it can carry out the behests of the mind.

Sickness is a call to "come up higher." These hints come in various forms. It may be stomach trouble or bowels, heart, eyes, kidneys or general nervous prostration. You may depend upon it when a "whack" comes it's a warning to quit some abuse and do the right and fair thing with the body.

Perhaps it is coffee drinking that offends. That is one of the greatest causes of human disorder among Americans.

Now, then, if Mother Nature is gentle with you and only gives light, little "whacks" at first to attract attention, don't abuse her consideration, or she will soon hit you harder, sure.

And you may be sure she will hit you very, very hard if you insist on following the way you have been going.

It seems hard work to give up a habit, and we try all sorts of plans to charge our ill feelings to some other cause than the real one.

Coffee drinkers when ill will attribute the trouble to bad food, malaria, overwork and what not, but they keep on being sick and gradually getting worse until they are finally forced to quit entirely, even the "only one cup a day." Then they begin to get better, and unless they have gone long enough to set up some fixed organic disease, they generally get entirely well.

It is easy to quit coffee at once and for all, by having well made Postum, with its rich, deep seal brown color which comes to the beautiful golden brown when good cream is added, and the crisp snap of good, mild Java is there if the Postum has been boiled long enough to bring it out.

It pays to be well and happy for good old Mother Nature then sends us her blessings of many and various kinds, and helps us to gain fame and fortune.

Strip off the handicaps, leave out the deadening habits, heed Mother Nature's hints, quit being a loser and become a winner. She will help you sure if you cut out the things that keep you back.

"There's a reason" and a profound one. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use.—Mrs. FLORENCE DARTMOUTH, 107 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—\$5.000 forfeit. If original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN." Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.

One of Nature's Wonders. The annelid, *Polydora cirrata*, is a mean-looking worm about an inch and a half in length, of flattened shape, blunt at both ends, apparently covered by a smooth skin of dull brown color. On being touched it throws itself into elegant serpentine curves, and then what appears to be the upper skin is seen to be composed of a great number of round flat membranous plates or shields, arranged in two rows, overlapping each other. These, though of larger size, are attached to the body only by a small point in the center of their sides, so that when the animal moves the edges of these shields are lifted and reveal their live structure, sliding upon each other in a singular manner.

Sea Lion Defeats Octopus. The keeper of the lighthouse near Crescent City, Cal., reports a battle between a lion and an octopus. The octopus wound its tentacles around the lion's body, but the lion bit off one of them after the other and ate them. Others then helped to dispose of the octopus' carcass.

Suffocate Boy in Treacle. Two schoolboys at Lear, near the Dutch frontier, put Hendrick, a companion, aged thirteen, in a barrel half filled with treacle, for cheating at pitch-and-toss. They confessed what they had done and Basch was found suffocated.

Ripe Olives. Many people say they don't like the taste of olives. On inquiry it will often be found that they have never tasted a thoroughly ripe California olive. They are a valuable article of food and should be more freely used.

THE PILLS THAT CURE RHEUMATISM

Mrs. Henry Story, of No. 532 Muskingum Ave., Zanesville, Ohio, says: "My husband suffered from rheumatism so that he could hardly stand. His back hurt and he had such pain in his left arm that he could not rest night or day. The doctor did him no good and it was not until he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he was helped. Six boxes cured him completely and he has not had an ache or a pain since. We think the pills are the best medicine in the world."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

cure rheumatism because they make new blood. It would be folly not to try a remedy with such a convincing record of cures.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

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# CURE JOHN A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Senior Roblado has no longer his hand upon the throttle valve controlling his emotions, which, up to this moment, have been kept in wonderful control, considering his fiery nationality. The barrier is swept down by that fierce rush of the tide, and as he hesses across the table, his usually suave countenance takes on the expression of a fiend.

"The crisis is at hand. Thanks to his long training, Jack knows just how to meet such an emergency. He has one elbow resting on the table, and supports his head carelessly with his hand. "What might that be, senor?" he smiles.

"Revenge. A Spaniard never forgets an injury. I have lost a fortune, it may be, but in return I mean to have your life."

With these words the fiery Castilian suddenly produces a revolver, and presents it at the head of his companion. It is so close that Jack can look into the chambers and see the leaden messengers snugly encoined, and awaiting the signal to go forth. He sees something more.

"Aha! you do not flinch. You are a man of nerve; but that shall not save you. See, the clock yonder is about to strike the half-hour. When it sounds I shall fire. This day which has seen the charming Jessie a wife shall also see her a widow," and his manner declares that regardless of consequences Roblado is bent on revenge.

"Ah, senor, you have been in America, in Cuba, and learned of their ways; but there is one thing you seem to have forgotten which no cowboy in Texas ever omits—that is, to pull back the hammer of your gun before you shoot."

The Spaniard gives a cry of bitter chagrin, and draws back his arm to remedy the fault, when Jack's foot flies up from the side of the table, and the pointed toe of his boot coming in contact with Roblado's wrist, the instantaneous result is a revolver whirling across the apartment.

A snarl of rage from the senor. "Sit you down, sir," says Jack, calmly, and there is a terrible emphasis in his voice that has an effect on Roblado, though in all probability he is influenced more by the sight of a little shining weapon which Jack has taken from the drawer of the table, and the hammer of which is drawn back.

Roblado is not a madman, therefore he refrains from rushing on certain death. Fuming with rage, he drops back into his chair, a picture of unutterable fury.

"Now, sir, let us have an understanding. I shall put my weapon away again, since I believe you will come to your senses and realize there are better ways of getting even than by murder."

A sparkle of cunning flashes into the eyes of the don; he has suddenly remembered that, after all, when the game appears lost, he has a winning card up his sleeve.

The girl! She is in his power—she believes in his affection for her, and will do what he says. "You seem to run this game as you see fit, Senior Jack. Tell me what you propose doing in the way of terms," he says sullenly.

"Of course you realize that I hold the fort. My identity has been proven, and I am now in a position to claim the whole estate. A portion will eventually fall to the lady in the

case, but some time must elapse before this can be done. In the meantime, senor, I would like to contribute to the support of my wife."

The Spaniard smiles coldly. As he realizes the power of his own trump card, his old cunning returns, though now reinforced by a desperate hatred for this man, who has played with him as a cat does with a mouse. He can never forgive such humiliation.

"To what extent does the senor mean to go?" "Anything reasonable until she comes into her own. As I am forbidden to see her by the terms of our agreement, I shall have to deal through you, as her agent."

"Will you draw me a check for ten thousand pounds now?" "I will not. That sort of game

don't work, my dear senor. A thousand would see you through in good shape until matters can be arranged. This is no blackmailing game."

"Did I say ten thousand? I meant twenty, or it might be thirty," pursues Roblado, vindictively. "You jest, surely?" "Ah, you refuse. She shall know how much you care for her comfort. Ten thousand—a mere pittance, sir—a crumb from your abundance. But I do not depend upon your generosity to live. Por Dios! I have other means. We can wait until she comes into the inheritance—yes, wait in the sun-kissed isle beyond the sea, where the cold winds never freeze the warm blood of a Spanish gentleman."

Jack hardly hears the last of his chatter. One sentence has riveted his attention, and caused him considerable alarm.

"You speak of quitting Great Britain—of going to the isle across the sea. Surely you do not mean Cuba, senor?" he asks.

"Why not? My interests lie there, and my first wife is buried in Havana. Yes, I surely mean Cuba," retorts Roblado, glad to see he has given his opponent a thrust.

"That fever-racked, war-tossed country! Take her there at this time! You must not!" "Senor, I smile. Am I your vassal that you should use such language to me? I go where I please, and when I please. A Spanish gentleman does not take his orders from a Yankee."

"But Jessie; I will not permit—" "You cannot prevent her accompanying me of her own free will." "She is my wife."

"In name only. You yourself have agreed never to exercise any of the rights of a husband unless she so wills. You dare not deny it. There is no law that can prevent her traveling with her father and her legal guardian. We sail from this country and she disappears from your sight forever. Aha! Senior Jack, who laughs now? It is perhaps my turn. Thus am I revenged. I was a fool to think of violence since there is a better way through the heart. See, with your permission I pick up my discarded firearm and return it to my pocket. I would not injure a hair of your head here; but if you dare to follow me to the land beyond the sea, the hour may come when the insult you have offered me to-day will be wiped out in blood, sir. Now, I am going, and if we never meet again, you can occasionally remember, as in a dream, the charming Scotch lassie who, on your wedding night, came into and went out of your life forever. Adios, Senior Jack; and with his mocking laughter floating into Travers' ears, Roblado bows himself out, leaving the American still seated at the table.

CHAPTER VIII. Left in the Lurch at Glasgow. The Spaniard had his revenge. Jack never moves for some minutes after being left alone in his room. His gaze is still fixed at the bold picture of Edinburgh Castle as outlined against the soft southern sky; but his thoughts are hardly connected with that glorious masterpiece.

To Cuba! This fair Scotch lassie whom a strange freak of Fate has thrown in his way in such a manner that their life-lines have crossed will soon have gone over the broad Atlantic to the Gem of the Antilles, where the terrible Yellow Jack lurks and revolution is in the air.

his things into a traveling bag with the help of Ah Sin, and back to the office on time.

He has his tickets purchased, and enters a carriage with Ah Sin and the luggage just as the prompt signal is given and the train moves.

The ride is uneventful. Reaching Glasgow, a cab is taken to the hotel, and Jack seeks rest, having left word in the office that any message arriving is to be brought to him at once, for he believes the mission of the artist to this city on the Clyde is to sail on an Anchor Line steamer for New York, whence Cuba may be reached.

Another day and no word. How heavily time drags! He lounges about the hotel, making short pilgrimages abroad, for it is possible that those he seeks escape him. In Jamaica street he surveys the crowd and wanders into Argyle street, his eyes ever on the watch for the face that is always in his mind.

Among such crowds the chances of seeing a particular person are slender indeed. Ah Sin says nothing; but he, too, keeps a bright lookout.

And at noon no word. Jack grows restless. Can it be possible his shrewd agent has lost track indeed.

No Pay, No Cure. "Mister," said a little child to the herb doctor, or "root doctor," as they are sometimes called in some parts; "mister, mamma says them las' pills you sold her didn't do no good, and she told me to ask you to send her some other kind this time," and, saying which, she poked the empty box on the doctor's rickety desk.

"Lemme see," said the doctor, as he adjusted his glasses and looked over her book. After inspecting the book for a few minutes he looked up and said:

"Humph! Humph! I see whar de spe'k dey's pair fur!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Good News for All. Bradford, Tenn., Nov. 21.—(Special.)—Scientific research shows Kidney Trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a sure cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. And according to Mr. J. A. Davis of this place just such a cure is found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed for them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had Kidney Trouble very bad, and after taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. I cannot praise them too much."

Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism, and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptom of disease.

Tribute to the Teacher. "The worst dressed people," said Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, "are the people who are overvaluers of learning. In the effort to dress the mind, I pray you not to forget the body." Teaching is a great science, which requires the noblest, broadest effort. The richer forms of personality, the creative lives that can inspire and inflame others with thoughts of nobleness are the outcome of deep thinking and conscious striving after well balanced normal modes of living.—New York Tribune.

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

Severe French Critic. "Every grocer's son in Paris," says a critic, "has taken to writing books in the hope of making as much money as Zola. There are 100,000 writers and 100,000 painters and they write or paint for sordid gain, not for art. They pay the butcher and baker by scribbling or daubing when they ought to be making up parcels behind counters."

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY. St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway Co.—Excursion Rates to the West and Southwest.

Home-seeker's Excursions—to certain points in the West and Southwest. On sale first and third Tuesdays of October, November and December, with final return limit of twenty-one days.

One-way colonist rates—to California, Washington, Oregon, New Mexico and Arizona.

Daily through Pullman Standard Sleepers, St. Louis to California, via The Iron Mountain Route (The True Southern Route), also through Tourist Sleeping Cars to California every Tuesday and Saturday via Iron Mountain Route, St. Louis to Los Angeles, California, via Texarkana and El Paso.

Daily through Pullman Standard Sleepers, St. Louis to California, via Missouri Pacific Railway. The Missouri Pacific Railway also runs through Tourist Sleeping Cars from St. Louis to California with service strictly up-to-date.

For rates and information address St. Louis to California, via Missouri Pacific Railway, St. Louis, Mo., D. Armstrong, D. P. Act., Missouri Pacific Railway, 88 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich., or H. C. Townsend, General Pass and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Insane Man Rented Various Portions of It to Police Captain. An individual who imagines he owns the capitol visited that building several days ago, says the Washington Star, for the purpose of evicting all officials who declined to pay rent for the apartment they occupied.

While about to begin the work of evicting in statutory hall the stranger came in contact with Acting Capt. John Hammond of the capitol police force. He asked the captain if he was the occupant of the hall. Being told that he was, the stranger said to him: "Well, are you prepared to pay your rent? You will either have to pay or get out of here."

Capt. Hammond realized that he was dealing with a crank, and decided to humor his vagaries until he could send for the Sixth precinct police patrol wagon.

"What rent will you charge me for this room?" he asked. "Seven dollars," was the reply, "and that is dirt cheap. Look at the pretty things you will have," and he pointed to the surrounding statues of American celebrities.

Capt. Hammond, in order to detain the man, agreed to rent statutory hall for the figure named, although the demented stranger did not specify whether \$7 would pay for one week, one month or one year. The official went through the form of making out a voucher for the amount. Then he rented the rotunda, the hall of the house of representatives, the senate chamber at \$7 each for some indefinite period, and was negotiating for the rent of the dome when the clanging of bells outside announced the arrival of the patrol wagon, and the owner of the capitol was given a free ride to No. 6.

HE OWNED THE CAPITOL.

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## EXTENT OF SWINE INDUSTRY.

One of the Chief Resources of Agricultural Wealth.

The swine industry of the United States is a feature of resources that figures high in the agricultural wealth of our country. To the hog, more than any other influence, are we indebted for the finely improved farms and beautiful cities that have, as by magic, spread out over the vast area of agricultural lands from Ohio in the east to the Missouri valley in the west. The civilizing influence of the corn crop has changed the millions of acres of wild prairie lands to the fertile, cultivated fields, rich with the clovers, grasses and improved crops of modern agriculture.

Without the hog this great district of agricultural lands, lying in the center of what is known as the corn belt, could never have attained its present distinction of wealth and business reputation. As a factor in wealth production the hog is justly entitled to the distinction of "the pioneer" among our meat-producing animals. The American hog has fastened his hold so firmly, not only upon our own people, but upon those of almost every country on the globe, that the industry of swine raising is of necessity made as progressive in its increase of production as the increase of population demanding pork production.—Nebraska Farmer.

No Pay, No Cure. "Mister," said a little child to the herb doctor, or "root doctor," as they are sometimes called in some parts; "mister, mamma says them las' pills you sold her didn't do no good, and she told me to ask you to send her some other kind this time," and, saying which, she poked the empty box on the doctor's rickety desk.

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Good News for All. Bradford, Tenn., Nov. 21.—(Special.)—Scientific research shows Kidney Trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a sure cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. And according to Mr. J. A. Davis of this place just such a cure is found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed for them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had Kidney Trouble very bad, and after taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. I cannot praise them too much."

Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism, and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptom of disease.

Tribute to the Teacher. "The worst dressed people," said Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, "are the people who are overvaluers of learning. In the effort to dress the mind, I pray you not to forget the body." Teaching is a great science, which requires the noblest, broadest effort. The richer forms of personality, the creative lives that can inspire and inflame others with thoughts of nobleness are the outcome of deep thinking and conscious striving after well balanced normal modes of living.—New York Tribune.

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

Severe French Critic. "Every grocer's son in Paris," says a critic, "has taken to writing books in the hope of making as much money as Zola. There are 100,000 writers and 100,000 painters and they write or paint for sordid gain, not for art. They pay the butcher and baker by scribbling or daubing when they ought to be making up parcels behind counters."

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY. St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway Co.—Excursion Rates to the West and Southwest.

Home-seeker's Excursions—to certain points in the West and Southwest. On sale first and third Tuesdays of October, November and December, with final return limit of twenty-one days.

One-way colonist rates—to California, Washington, Oregon, New Mexico and Arizona.

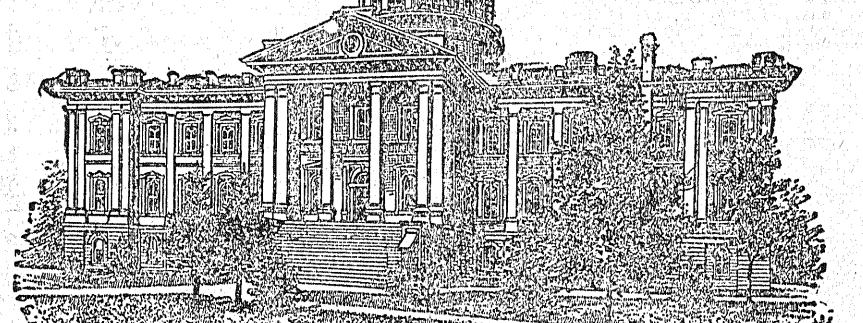
Daily through Pullman Standard Sleepers, St. Louis to California, via The Iron Mountain Route (The True Southern Route), also through Tourist Sleeping Cars to California every Tuesday and Saturday via Iron Mountain Route, St. Louis to Los Angeles, California, via Texarkana and El Paso.

Daily through Pullman Standard Sleepers, St. Louis to California, via Missouri Pacific Railway. The Missouri Pacific Railway also runs through Tourist Sleeping Cars from St. Louis to California with service strictly up-to-date.

For rates and information address St. Louis to California, via Missouri Pacific Railway, St. Louis, Mo., D. Armstrong, D. P. Act., Missouri Pacific Railway, 88 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich., or H. C. Townsend, General Pass and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

## GOVERNOR OF OREGON Uses Pe-ru-na In His Family

For Colds and Finds It an Excellent Remedy.



The magnificent State Capitol Building at Salem, Oregon. PRAISE FROM THE EX-GOVERNOR OF OREGON.

PERUNA is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Peruna as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every State of the Union.

Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Peruna is the catarrh remedy of the age.

The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent.

Peruna is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh of its victims.

Peruna not only cures catarrh, but prevents it. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Ex-Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Peruna. He keeps it continually in the house.

In a letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., he says: STATE OF OREGON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Peruna medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments. Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the Ex-Governor says he has not had occasion to use Peruna for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold.

Using Peruna to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments.

This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do—keep Peruna in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, la grippe and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house.

Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled, "Chronic Catarrh." Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio. All of your correspondence held strictly confidential.

Poison Ivy has three leaflets and Virginia creeper has five. The former has white berries, the latter purple. The leaves of poison ivy often change to beautiful tones of yellow and red in the fall and are sources of great temptation to any one who is out hunting autumn leaves for decoration. It is better, however, not to run the risk which one incurs by handling this plant, unless one is positive he is immune from its effects.

Woman's Preference. Any woman is perfectly willing to do without necessities as long as she can have plenty of luxuries.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

There are two kinds of girls—one leads a man heavenward and the other steers him up against a soda fountain.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Borden's Cough Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures whooping cough. 50c bottle.

Write MURINE EYE REMEDY Co., Chicago, if your eyes are sore or inflamed, and get oculist's advice and free sample MURINE. It cures all eye-ills.

A sensible man is one who has the commonest kind of common sense.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The more a man goes around in the world the less cranky he becomes.

Do you COUGH DON'T DELAY KEMP'S BALSAM

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in early stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and 90 cents.

Maple-Flake An ideal food for young or old

"All Signs Fall in a Dry Time" THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME

In ordering Tower's Slickers, a customer writes: "I know they will be all right if they have the 'Fish' on them." (This confidence is the outgrowth of sixty-nine years of careful manufacturing.)

A. J. TOWER CO., The Sign of the Fish Boston, U.S.A. Tower Canadian Co., Limited Toronto, Canada. Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing

MEXICAN Mustang Lintiment cures Cuts, Burns, Eruisives.

Wanted RAW FURS all kinds From all sections of the Empire. We pay the highest cash prices. A. E. BURKHARDT, International Fur Merchant, CINCINNATI, O.

140 GOLDFIELD CHANCES. Chas. M. Schwab, Senators Dewey and Elkins are buyers of Goldfield stock, and pronounce the new camp "the greatest ever known." Shipping cost \$10 to \$5.00 per 100 lbs. Box open 140 acres. One-half acre only. See prospectus. Buy 50 Pounds share. Inv. \$1000.00. They may not pay you. THE GOLD FIELD INVESTING COMPANY, 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

OLD MEXICO. If you travel at all you cannot afford to miss Old Mexico. You could not select a better time than now. As a winter resort, Old Mexico is just what you need. The quiet customs and characteristics of the people, the historic interests associated with every place you visit, all combine to make each minute of your trip an enjoyable one.

The rates are reasonable and many privileges in the way of stop-overs and side trips are permissible. "I have some very attractive literature about Old Mexico. You could not select a better time than now. As a winter resort, Old Mexico is just what you need. The quiet customs and characteristics of the people, the historic interests associated with every place you visit, all combine to make each minute of your trip an enjoyable one."

Never argue with others if you would avoid that tired feeling.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE ONLY WAY CHICAGO ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY PEORIA

Handsomest, most luxurious trains in the world; completely rock ballast road-bed, no dust, no dirt, no smoke, no cinders.

ART CALENDAR. FIVE SHEETS, EACH 10 X 15 INCHES SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication in which you read this advertisement to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill. You will get the handsome calendar of the year. Fourteen pages in color, unvarnished by advertisements and ready for framing.

Copyright, 1900, by Geo. J. Charlton, Chicago & Alton Railway Co.

Sequel to the famous "Fencing" and "Cow-boy" Girl Art Calendars.

FIVE SHEETS, EACH 10 X 15 INCHES SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication in which you read this advertisement to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill. You will get the handsome calendar of the year. Fourteen pages in color, unvarnished by advertisements and ready for framing.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 48, 1904

Cass City Enterprise

An independent newspaper published every Thursday by A. P. McDowell, Seeger 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.

A. A. P. McDowell, Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

Brooker & Corkins, Attorneys at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Reference: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank.

Henry Butler, Attorney at Law and Real Estate agent, Office on north side of Main Street, Cass City.

Dr. J. H. Hays, Physician and Surgeon, Special attention given to the Eyes. Offices and residence on 2 1/2 blocks store, Phone 25.

Dr. M. M. Wickware, Physician and Surgeon, Office over Anton & Seeger's, every Wednesday one block north of Opera House.

Dr. A. N. Treadgold, Offices above P. O., Residence Seeger St., Special attention given to diseases of children.

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

Dr. John R. Foote, Physician and Surgeon, Calls attended promptly day or night, will be at office when not out making professional calls.

Dentistry, A. Fritz, Dentist, Office over Fritz's drug store, City Block, Cass City.

P. A. Schenck, D. D. S., Dentist—Graduate of University of Michigan, Office in new Fritz block, Cass City, Mich.

Societies.

I. O. F., COURT ELKLAND, No. 826, I. O. F., meets on 1st and 4th Tuesdays of each month in their hall in the Campbell block.

I. O. O. F., CASS CITY LODGE, No. 282, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

K. O. T. M., CASS CITY TRINT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month.

Elkland Arbor, No. 31, A. O. O. G., meets the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, in Oddfellow Hall.

Church Directory.

BAPTIST—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on Sunday.

METHODIST—Services begin with Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday. Class meetings follow morning service.

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

CATHOLIC—Services on the second Sunday of each month at 10:30 a. m. Standard Time.

Cass City-Caro Stage Line.

A. D. MEAD, Prop. Leaves Cass City 7:00 a. m. Leaves Caro 2:00 p. m. Every day except Sunday.

Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.



We will send you a free sample. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

Correspondence.

East Novesta.

Miss Beulah Agar was a caller here on Saturday.

Mrs. J. H. Conlter visited friends in Evergreen on Sunday.

Miss Hazel Russel is working for Mrs. Malcolm Ferguson.

Mrs. Malcolm Ferguson is very ill. Mrs. Kidly is installed as nurse.

There is a large turnout at the holiness meetings at Mispah Church.

Mrs. James Brown and grandchildren visited in South Novesta on Sunday.

Miss Iva Atwell and Mrs. Bertha Dewey visited Mrs. John Agar in Evergreen on Thursday.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching piles. Yet there's a cure, Doan's Ointment never fails.

Bad Axe

Mrs. Cash is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Cooper, here.

Mrs. Fred Kushro, of Crosswell, is visiting her parents here.

School will close Wednesday night for Thanksgiving vacation.

Miss Mable Wilkinson will spend Thanksgiving with friends in Saginaw.

Miss McNabb is on the sick list. Miss Hall is taking her place in the first grade.

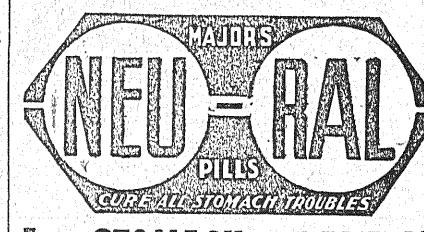
Mrs. Burgess, Nellie Stewart and Mate Rogers attended a party at Pigeon Wednesday night.

The young ladies of the town will give a leap year party at the Morrow House Thanksgiving night.

Jennie Sweeney and John A. McIntyre were married Wednesday morning in the Catholic Church.

Max Morgan and family are quarantined with diphtheria, their little daughter being sick with it.

O. S. Seelye, of Detroit, is the guest of his brother, Rev. Seelye, and while here is doing some work for the Mutual Insurance Co.



Not a cure all but a cure for ALL Stomach Diseases. This is guaranteed or money refunded.

At all druggists, or sent postpaid see a box. ALMA CHEMICAL CO., Alma, Mich. For sale by T. H. Fritz and Wood & Co.

Freiburgers.

A. C. Graham was in Cumber Saturday.

Rob. McKee is visiting at Brown City.

Chas. Pollard did business in Argyle on Friday.

Geo. Hunt visited at his parental home on Sunday.

Orvil Meredith, of this place, started for California last Tuesday.

Earl and Edith Pollard called on Mrs. Thos. Brown, of Cumber, Sunday.

Miss Ivy Hunt, who has been in Utly for some time, has returned home to attend school.

Mrs. Geo. Reihl had a ditching bee Thursday last and had a good job done. That's right, boys, help the needy.

Geo. Sheistel, of Cumber, and Miss Celista Meddaugh, of this place, will have been married when this appears in print.

"Cure the cough and save the life," Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs and colds, down to the very verge of consumption.

Auction Sales

Promptly attended by Striffler & McKenzie, Cass City. Phone 70.

East Dayton.

R. J. Putman made a business trip to Caro, Saturday.

Beautiful weather! Farmers in this vicinity are making good use of it.

John Wells, of Orion, was visiting friends and relatives here last week.

Miss VanPatten, our teacher, spent Saturday and Sunday with parents and friends at Vassar.

The school board have let the job of putting a Page wire fence around the school lot; a needed improvement.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will serve a Thanksgiving dinner at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tong; there will also be Thanksgiving services at the church.

We are to have a new store here, Arnold MacComb having purchased the old Baker buildings of Mr. Simmonds and will put in a large stock of general merchandise soon. Glad to have him come, the more the merrier; with three stores, two telephone lines and now if we just had an electric road we would be right in line.

Stop! Don't take imitation celery teas when you ask for Celery King. Celery King is a medicine of great value. The "teas" are urged upon you because they are bought cheap. Never jeopardize your health in a bad cause. Celery King only costs you 25 cents and it never disappoints.

Fred Weidner, who has been ailing for some time, but not seriously, got out of bed sometime before four o'clock Wednesday morning, with the intention of taking a dose of medicine, but by mistake got hold of the carbolic acid bottle which came near bringing Mr. Weidner to his end.

As soon as he discovered what had happened he drove to town for aid, and the doctor applied the stomach pump and saved Fred from the carbolic acid grave. He is now doing well, only his lips and tongue are badly burned.—Sebewaing Blade.

CASTORIA, The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Bay Port.

W. H. Wallace, of Sebewaing, spent Sunday with his family here.

Mrs. Geo. Grant, of Aloha, Mich., is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Fishing is nearly over and it has been indeed a very poor fall for fishing.

N. H. Wells and Wm. Karr made a business trip to Caro one day last week.

Frankie Smith will visit her sister, Mrs. Rolla Brink, of Grayling, Thanksgiving.

Elder Barr, an outside minister, occupied the L. D. S. pulpit Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Lee Wallace and children, of Pt. Austin, are visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Wallace.

Howard Wells and Georgia Tanner visited the latter's cousin, Bessie Tanner, in Unionville Sunday.

Miss Susie Fremont, of Bad Axe, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Bruce, has returned home.

Mrs. Hess, of Toledo, and Mrs. Geo. Powell, of Pigeon, visited Mrs. Geo. L. White the fore part of last week.

Mrs. Wm. Orr, Sr., who has been visiting friends and relatives throughout the State the last month, has returned home.

Invitations are out announcing the wedding of Geo. L. Reid and Susie Steele the 14th of Dec., at the home of Mrs. W. J. McLeish, sister of the bride elect.

Nell and Bell Wallace, of Alma College, and Andrew Orr, of the Central High School, Detroit, Lilah Tanner, of the Cass City High School, Chas. and Myrtle Kosanke, of Saginaw, are expected home to spend their Thanksgiving here.

West Greenleaf

Mrs. Barney Hill is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Stanley Jones visited at Albert Pierce's one day last week.

Wesley Rowley has been seriously ill but is some better at this writing.

Quite a number from here attended the dance at Wickware Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Bardwell visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Gray, last Sunday.

The Baptist Sunday school of this place will have a Christmas tree in the town hall on Christmas Eve. A short program will be prepared. Everybody invited.

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

Alden Moden and Miss Dora Case, of Gagtown, were married at Detroit yesterday.

The Soule postoffice has been discontinued and the mail transferred to the Elkton postoffice.

Argyle.

Argyle can now boast of a barber shop.

Argyle scored three weddings last week.

August Freiburger drives a handsome new rig.

Born, to W. Kitchen and wife, Tuesday, Nov. 15th, a girl.

W. D. Striffler transacted business in Cass City, Thursday.

Born, to Wesley Hincley and wife, Sunday, Nov. 13th, a boy.

The M. E. Sunday school is getting ready for a Christmas tree.

Mrs. A. Lorentzen, of Shabbona, was a caller in town Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Vatters, of Moore township, was in town Saturday.

Frank Pratt and family were guests of Mrs. J. W. Humphrey, Sunday.

Mrs. K. Langenberg is recovering from a severe attack of pleurisy.

Mrs. Jas. McNaughton was a visitor in Bad Axe several days last week.

Mrs. J. Brown, of Gagtown, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. King, last week.

Rev. Fr. Conus celebrated high mass in the R. C. Church Monday a. m. this week.

Wm. D. Striffler left for Pt. Huron Monday to purchase his Christmas goods.

J. Vatter has rented the Vatter House and is prepared to run an up-to-date hotel.

Mrs. John McPhail, Cassie McPhail and E. J. Thompson were visitors in Cass City Saturday.

M. Callahan and son, of Sanilac County Republican, of Sanilac Centre, were business callers in town Saturday.

Mrs. Nellie Mathews was elected past commander to succeed Mrs. J. McDonald in Argyle Hive, L. O. T. M. M., at their last regular review.

The K. O. T. M. M. was visited by a Deputy Commander last week and at the close of the review was tendered a delightful collation by the ladies.

A Runaway Bicycle Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer yielding to doctors and remedies for four years.

Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for Burns, Scalds, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis Kingston.

Gagetown

Miss Mabel McDonald went to the bedside of her mother Sunday.

Miss Faustina Brown, of Cass City, visited and did business in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Dorman, of Cass City, visited at the home of Hugh J. McDonald Sunday.

Mrs. Dr. Kehoe has been dangerously ill for several days. Monday she was very critical but was somewhat improved Tuesday.

The second number of the Lecture Course was not so well attended, quite a number of our citizens being absent in St. Louis, attending the Exposition.

Bert Wilbur has moved into his home on the east side of town. He has a well equipped and snug home and its outside appearance is very attractive.

With him reside Mrs. Rathburn and daughter, the mother and sister of his wife.

On Monday of last week a party of ten of our citizens consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Hemmerick, Morley C. Wickware, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Jas. Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hopperoff and David Ashmore left for the Exposition in St. Louis. They returned Saturday.

On Sunday at 2 p. m. occurred the funeral of Miss Minnie McLellan from the M. E. Church. The young lady had been a patient sufferer for months and had the sympathy of many friends. She passed to her rest on Friday evening. The very large attendance at her funeral showed in what respect she was held and the sympathy felt for the bereaved relatives.

Not a Sick Day Since. "I was taken severely sick with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicines, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an ad. of your Electric Bitters and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved, and soon thereafter was entirely cured, and have not seen a sick day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney troubles and General Debility." This is what B. F. Bass, of Fremont, N. C., writes. Only 50c. at T. H. Fritz, Druggist, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Jas. Hunter, of Grindstone City, who was in charge of a shipment of cattle to the east, was injured in a Grand Trunk railway wreck at Meritton, Ont. Some of the cattle were also injured.

If you have indigestion do not let another day go past without taking Celery King for it. If Celery King does not cure your indigestion there is no medicine that will. 25c. at druggists.

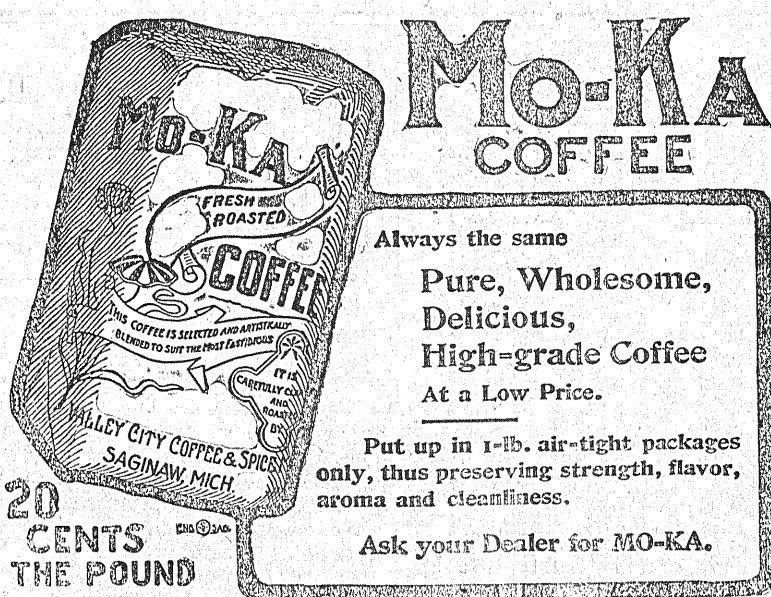
Tuesday of last week was pay day at the Caro sugar factory, and checks amounting to \$50,000 were made out for the farmers.

Good looks comes from pure blood, pure blood from good health, and good health from Celery King. Celery King makes good health, pure blood and good looks.

John Karner, of Gagtown, has been acting as temporary roadmaster of the P. O. & N. R. R., during W. J. Grigware's disability which resulted from a recent accident to one of his ankles.

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

For Sale. Eighty acres of land on N. W. 1/4 of Sec. 12 of Novesta Twp., known as the John DeLong farm. About 20 acres cleared; about 30 acres of small wood; heavy soil. Will sell on easy terms or trade for village property. Price \$800. E. H. SMITH, Caro, Mich.



This celebrated brand of coffee is for sale in Cass City by H. L. Hunt, G. A. Stevens, B. F. Benkelman.

VARICOCELE CURED TO STAY CURED. Varicocele impairs vitality and destroys the elements of manhood. Surgical means should not be employed to treat this complaint, as operations always weaken the parts. We daily prove by successful results that Varicocele can be cured without operation.

Try Shust's Butter Bread From Saginaw, and sold only at the New Bakery Restaurant and Confectionery. DeWitt Block. BREAD, CAKES, PIES. Made for daily sale or on special order. S. H. BROWN.

What's Broken? Well, doesn't make much difference; you'll find we can fix it for you. That's our business. Your Horses' Feet need attention too, and that's right in our line as we have made a careful study of their needs and are prepared to give your horse the best pair of shoes he ever had. J. A. RENSHLER.

Palms, Ferns, Begonias, Geraniums, and other desirable House Plants for sale at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE. Asparagus Ferns that are Beauties.

COLDS THAT HANG ON So frequently settle on the lungs and result in Pneumonia or Consumption. Do not take chances on a cold wearing away or take something that only half cures it, leaving the seeds of serious throat and lung trouble. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR Cures Coughs and Colds quickly and prevents Pneumonia and Consumption. CONSUMPTION THREATENED. C. Unger, 211 Maple St., Champaign, Ill., writes: 'I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption. I tried a great many remedies and I was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. It cured me, and I have not been troubled since.'

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## PETERS

### "Referee" Shells

Are loaded with the famous Semi-Smokeless Powder, combining the best qualities of both black and smokeless loads at a price within the reach of all. The "League" is the best black powder shell in the world.

Peters Smokeless Shells won the Amateur Championship of the U. S. in 1903.

Peters Cartridges are loaded with Semi-Smokeless Powder. They have won the Indoor Rifle Championship of the U. S. for seven successive years.

Sold Everywhere.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.  
New York (28 Chambers St.) CINCINNATI, O.  
T. H. Keller, Mgr.

For sale by N. BIGELOW & SONS.

## Like Pancakes?

Of course you do, and there is no reason why you should not have the best that can be made, as we

Grind...

## BUCKWHEAT ...Every Day

and you may be sure of having nice fresh Pancake Flour if you insist on it that your dealer gives you the product of the

## Cass City Roller Mills

C. W. HELLER, Prop.

Ask your dealer for it.

## Our Prices Set the Pace

IN Eatables

As we are centrally located in the

## Fritz Block

we respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, and promise you fair treatment with the best goods on the market.

J. CORNELIUS.

Highest Price for Butter and Eggs.

Telephone 61.

## For the Long Winter Evenings

and that tired feeling--get a Columbia Graphophone. From \$5 upwards, at the Enterprise Office.

### Deford.

Visitors at Lew Retherford's this week.

Dance at Clarence Low's last Friday night.

The Retherford boys are in the poultry business.

Wm. Patch left Tuesday morning for Oakland County.

Surprise party at John Hicks's on the evening of the 18th.

Mrs. Eugene Wentworth Sundayed at the home of George O'Rourke.

J. Sole has just finished plowing twelve acres of sod for Benj. Sharp.

B. Hicks, Guy Sweet and Geo. Hicks are gathering in all the game in the north woods.

Gene Wentworth is erecting some very fine buildings on his new place, Sec. 11, Kingston.

Townline school Dist. No. 6 frl., Kingston, will have appropriate Thanksgiving exercises.

Archib. McGillis was east and south of here last week in search of a young horse, but none could be found.

Lew Slieton is preparing to move onto his father's farm on the county line. He will work his own place also.

Jack Hilderbrand is grading a road out from his place in the center of Sec. 3, Kingston, land purchased from Lew Slieton.

The Leek Dist. contestants, W. C. T. U., went to Southeast Koltown on the 14th to repeat their peices. Miss Mary Osburn won the prize.

B. Sharp has a lot of poor beans which he will convert into bean meal and start a new plan of putting flesh on the Jewish abhorrence.

Geo. Martin is pressing hay. Cleveland and low tariff days are o'er and such tariff may as Geo. can give no reason why he is so cheap this year.

Jack Hilderbrand, of Sec. 3, Kingston, is a second cousin to the Hilderbrand, of Detroit, who killed himself last week, because of that unholly passion called love for another man's wife.

Many went to Wilmot on Sunday from the townline to pay the last tribute of respect to Mrs. Geo. Moshier, whose funeral took place at that village. She was a woman beloved by all who knew her.

Ye aged readers of the ENTERPRISE, give ear--rub the dust from your memory and let us counsel together. Do you remember the autumn of 1870? The writer lived in Troy, Oakland County, in this state, at that time and saw farmers plow between Christmas and New Year's day. The summer season had been wet, wheat grew in the shock and the electric storms were terrible through harvest time, then the change was gradual to fine weather in the fall, something like this season, and snow did not fall till January.

We may be able to plow between holidays this season. If so, let us turn soil, for such a thing seldom happens in Michigan.

Friend Scribe of Novesta in commenting on the action of the Kingston Farmer's Club, I notice you would absolve the officers of the Fair Association from blame in the gambling scheme, also that the fair board will appoint a body of wise men to care for weak Kingstontites next year. Now, the writer being across the line in said township entreats you as an old chum not to let the fair officials do the appointing, for as you explain the matter in the ENTERPRISE they would be dangerous at the job. When they licensed the sharpers they didn't know whether a gambling outfit or a hand-organ was coming on the grounds. For one day and a half they passed by where the money was being raked in and piled up on the board like a scene of the wild west and the poor fellows didn't see it till they were informed that the state law was being set at

### SO DIFFERENT.

Lots of Claims Like This But so Different--Local Proof is What Michigan People Want.

There are a great many of them Every paper has its share. Statements hard to believe, harder to prove. Statements from far-away places. What people say in Florida. Public expression from California. Ofttimes good indorsement there. But of little service here at home. Michigan people want local proof. Michigan indorsement counts. It disarms the skeptic; it beyond dispute. This is the backing that stands behind every box of Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is a case of it:

Mrs. Abraham Allen, corner of Frederick and Factory Streets, Owosso, says: "There were constant aching pains through my loins and back, and if I stooped or attempted to lift anything it became sharp and piercing. I soon tired of my position and at night frequently turned from side to side and got up feeling as refreshed as I was when I went to bed. The secretions from the kidneys became irregular, highly colored and unnatural and deposited a heavy sediment. I was also bothered with spells of dizziness and felt in general poor health. I had taken bottle after bottle of medicine but nothing appeared to do me any good. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and procured them from Johnson & Henderson's drug store. I felt better after a few doses and I continued the treatment until I was completely cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBurrn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

naught. You see, brother, they are hardly seasoned enough to appoint a committee to care for us weeklings. They might select some of the gamblers cappers and "spoil the broth." For old friendship's sake I know you will use your influence to have it properly arranged.

Why patronize travelling opticians, when you can get your work done at home? It takes years of practice to fit the eyes properly. I will give special attention to the fitting of spectacles each Tuesday and Saturday. J. F. HENDRICK.

### How The Farmer's Son May Make His Future Financial Success Certain!

By taking one of the short courses to begin at the Agricultural College the first week in January, 1905, and continuing eight weeks. The courses are "Live Stock and General Farming," "Fruit," and "Creamery," with a four weeks' course in "Cheese-making" to begin February 27 and end March 24. Write to C. D. Smith, Agricultural College, Mich., for a circular fully describing the courses. The Live Stock course gives a thorough drill in stock judging, feeding, veterinary medicine, the management of soils and raising crops, the fruit orchard and something of agricultural chemistry, botany, and bacteriology. The Creamery course fits men to manage creameries. The fruit course pays special attention to the vegetable garden and the fruit orchard, plant diseases, insects, budding, grafting and spraying.

The college is abundantly equipped to make these courses most valuable and expert and experienced teachers are provided. Every farmer's son, every man who expects to own a farm or live on a farm is invited to attend. The charges are reduced to a minimum. Every reader of this paper is invited to come and bring his neighbor with him. The state provides the courses to help you. Will you do your part?

Disastrous Wrecks. Carelessness is responsible for many a railroad wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worst cases can be cured, and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Craig, of Rochester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all Throat and Lung diseases by T. H. Fritz, Druggist, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Henry Prestage, formerly of Gagetown, was drowned off a rocky point near the town of Beacon Hill, in Houghton County, his body being found next day by a searching party.

Does your head ache? Celery King will cure headache--not only stop it, but remove the cause. 25c, at druggists.

On last Friday night someone broke into A. Lee Porter's tonsorial parlor with the intention of depriving him of his Saturday trade, by spoiling ten of his best razors and a pair of scissors.--Bad Axe Tribune.

"I suffered for months from sore throat. Eclectic Oil cured me in twenty-four hours." M. S. Gist, Havesville, Ky.

John A. McIntyre and Miss Jennie Sweeney, of Sheridan, were united in marriage at Sacred Heart church on Tuesday morning by Fr. Stapleton. Daniel McIntyre, brother of the groom acted as best man, and Miss Bessie Sweeney as bride's maid.--Bad Axe Tribune.

Doesn't Respect Old Age. It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Fever, Constipation all yield to this perfect Pill. 25c, at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

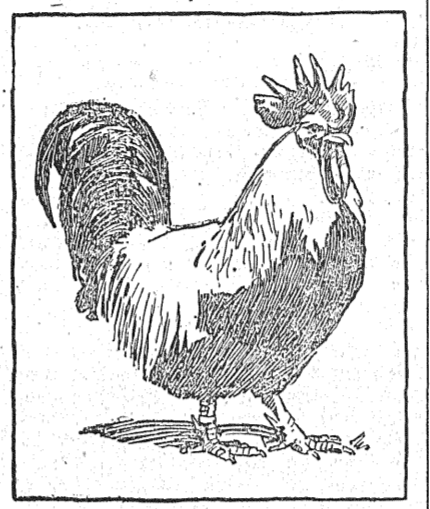
Congressman McMorran, Senator Bela W. Jenks and B. F. Brown, of Harbor Beach, went to Detroit on Thursday and consulted with Engineer Lansing Beach regarding the improvements to the harbor of refuge at Harbor Beach. It is thought that fully \$300,000 will be spent during the season.

Graham, or Wilson, the negro burglar who escaped from the Bad Axe jail, was captured at St. Clair, and was held for trial in that county. He confessed being implicated in burglaries in various places in this locality. For the burglary at Memphis, for which he was held, Judge Law sentenced him to not less than eight years nor more than ten years in the Marquette prison.

Robert Clark, who resides with his grand-daughter, Mrs. A. J. Knapp, voted in Verona township at the recent election and was probably one of the oldest men in the state to exercise the right of franchise as he is 90 years old. In spite of his advanced age Mr. Clark retains all of his faculties excepting his eyesight and prides himself on having voted for every republican candidate for president since the party was organized.--Bad Axe Democrat.

### The Silver Gray Dorking.

The interest in the fine old English type of Silver Gray Dorking has been greatly stimulated by the importations of exceptionally fine winning specimens during several years past, there being a number of Crystal palace winners among them. To Mr. George B. Inches of North Grafton, Mass., is due much of the credit of bringing up the interest in this grand old breed that English fanciers place at the head of their list of fine table poultry. The first prize cock at the last New York show, here portrayed, was one of Mr. Inches'.



SILVER DORKING COCK.

Latest importations and the truest model of Silver Gray male we have ever seen at this great exhibition. The long, deep keel and full rounded breast show grand development, the large comb speaks early maturity and vigor, and the clear silver top color contrasts strikingly with the bright appendages of the head and the jet black breast and flowing plumage of the tail. It is a source of gratification to many to see the sure indication of reviving interest in this genuinely valuable old Roman fowl.--F. L. Sewell in Reliable Poultry Journal.

### Fitting Birds For Market.

A little fitting will add to the profits in confined poultry. The birds should be confined in a semidark coop and fed nourishing food--a good, nutritious mash is excellent--for a couple of weeks and not allowed to move around much, says Commercial Poultry. Under this treatment, with plenty of clean water and grit, they will put on fat very rapidly and will bring a much better price than if simply caught up off the range and rushed to market. A little common sense applied to poultry culture is a great factor for success and profit, and common sense tells us that the sooner we get rid of the culls the better it will be for the balance of the flock and the greater will be our success.

Builds up the system, puts pure, rich blood in the veins; makes men and women strong and healthy. Burdock Blood Bitters. At any drug store.

### THE ORIGINAL.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparations will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. All druggists, of Cass City, F. A. Francis, Kingston.

### The Pecan.

The pecan tree is a cousin to the shagbark and is of a beautiful and graceful form. It often reaches a height of 100 to 150 feet. The growth is much more rapid than that of some other trees of our southern forests, being especially plentiful in Texas. The nut is especially rich in flavor.

### Pictured Animals.

Have a blackboard at one side of the room. Give each player a slip of paper containing the name of some animal. Each in turn must go to the blackboard and draw a picture of the animal whose name is on his slip of paper. The company then guess what each one is meant to represent.

How Fishes Talk. Many fishes communicate with their fellows by means of sounds produced through the medium of their air bladders, by grinding their teeth together and in various other ways.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. T. H. FRITZ L. I. WOOD & Co.

Samuel Brenner, of Harbor Beach, has been committed to the Bay County jail by Judge Swan, of the United States court, and his chances for getting his liberty do not appear very bright. His mother offered to pay the trustee \$1,000 in lieu of the goods which were alleged to have been spirited away from Brenner's store in the night, at Harbor Beach, but now Mrs. Brenner says she can only raise \$500 which will not be accepted.

## Carew's

CANDY CATHARTIC

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

### First Mention of Football.

It is believed that "The History of London," by William Fitzstephen, written about the year 1175, makes the first historic mention of this game in England, although it seems certain that it was introduced into Great Britain in early times by the Romans.

## CURES STOMACH TROUBLES

THE body gets its life from food properly digested. Healthy digestion means pure blood for the body, but stomach troubles arise from carelessness in eating and stomach disorders upset the entire system. Improperly masticated food sours on the stomach, causing distressing pains, belching and nausea. When over-eating is persisted in the stomach becomes weakened and worn out and dyspepsia claims the victim.

Theford's Black-Draught cures dyspepsia. It frees the stomach and bowels of congested matter and gives the stomach new life. The stomach is quickly invigorated and the natural stimulation results in a good appetite, with the power to thoroughly digest food.

You can build up your stomach with this mild and natural remedy. Try Theford's Black-Draught today. You can buy a package from your dealer for 25c. If he does not keep it, send the money to The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., and a package will be mailed you.

## THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

## The EXCHANGE BANK

HAS

### \$10,000.00 TO LOAN

On Real Estate, on terms to suit the borrower, without commission or extra charges.

**E. H. PINNEY**  
BANKER

## The Wrong Glass

If your present Glasses fail to give you ease and comfort there's something wrong. Is it your Glasses or your Eyes?

## That's a Vital Question with You.

Either is bad enough and should bring you to us at once. We like to discover unusual Eye defects, the kind that puzzles the AVERAGE optician.

"Glasses Right, Good Sight."

**J. F. HENDRICK.**

## Johnson's MEAT MARKET

Fresh and Cured MEATS of all kinds.

Dressed Poultry and Eggs bought for shipment.

A. L. & N. J. JOHNSON.  
Successors to J. Schwaderer.

### LINER COLUMN.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading at the rate of one-half cent per word for each insertion; no charge less than 10c.

A few White Plymouth Rocks for sale--at a bargain if taken quick. A. A. P. McDOWELL.

BAKERY and restaurant business with complete outfit for immediate sale. Enquire of GEO. E. PARKINS. 9-22

FOR SALE--House and three lots in Cass City at low price. Enquire at this office.

FOR SALE--80 acres of land, 5 miles south of Cass City, on sec. 26, Novesta. Address Box 605, Caro, Mich. 11-14

FOR SALE--New brick 7-room cottage with four lots; good cellar, well and distern. Lee Street south. 10-20-11 JOHN WOOLLEY.

FOR SALE--One second-hand six octave organ and 1 live octave organ good as new. Lenzner's Furniture Store. 9-15-11

FOUR cows and three huffers for sale--all with calf; 2 brood pigs, 2-year-old; 2 horses. For sale--GEO. L. HITCHCOCK. 6-9

FOR SALE--25 desirable village lots; 120 acre farm. To rent--120 acre farm. For sale--2 horses. Inquire of GEO. L. HITCHCOCK. 3-24-11

FOR SALE--A fine farm of 200 acres, known as The Geo. Wright farm; will be sold on reasonable terms, either as a whole or in parts. Must be sold by March 31, 1906. For particulars apply to E. B. LANDON, Cass City. 11-24-6-8-27

HOUSE and lot for sale or rent. Also one vacant lot for sale. JOHN M. HILL. 11-17-25 MRS. L. E. MCCONNELL.

HOUSE AND LOT for sale. Enquire of JOHN M. HILL.

MONEY TO LOAN--On real estate security, without any bonus. Will receive partial payment at the end of any year. E. B. LANDON. 1-2

ROOMS TO LET--Enquire at Enterprise Office.

160 acres of wild land, 3 miles from Cass City for sale or will trade for 40 or 80 improved. 11-17-25 GEO. A. GULICK.

WANTED--Quickly few persons to represent long established wholesale house among retail merchants and agents. Deal terms of low expense money advanced. Commission extra. Permanent engagement. Business successful. Previous experience not essential. Enclose self addressed envelope. Address, SUPERINTENDENT TRAVELERS, 323 Dearborn St., Chicago. 9-22-1905

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

TRAFFIC RAILWAY GUIDE 25 CENTS ISADAMS CHICAGO

O. A. STOLL Wholesale and Retail Florist. All out flowers and potted plants in season. Funeral designs artistically made and shipped to any part of the state. Telephone, telegraph and mail orders promptly attended to. Oxford, Mich.

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

GOING SOUTH				GOING NORTH			
First No.	P. M.	M. I.	STATIONS	Mix. No.	P. M.	M. I.	STATIONS
8:50	5:15	8:15	PONTIAC	7:45	10:40	4:00	
9:15	5:20	8:25	East*	7:30	10:25	3:32	
9:30	5:30	8:35	Cole	7:25	10:15	3:00	
10:10	6:04	9:05	Oxford	7:10	10:10	3:00	
11:08	6:10	9:05	Shoop*	6:55	9:53	3:32	
11:25	6:17	9:12	Leonard	6:45	9:40	3:20	
11:53	6:30	9:32	Dryden	6:30	9:25	3:00	
12:30	6:46	9:44	Imy City	6:15	9:10	3:00	
12:58	7:00	9:56	Lima	6:00	8:55	3:00	
1:17	7:10	10:05	King's Mills*	5:50	8:45	3:00	
1:55	7:24	10:16	North Branch	5:40	8:35	3:00	
2:25	7:34	10:26	Kingston	5:30	8:25	3:00	
3:40	8:04	10:59	Wilmot*	5:20	8:15	3:00	
4:14	8:12	11:07	Detroit	5:15	8:10	3:00	
5:15	8:28	11:25	Cass City	5:00	8:00	3:00	
6:15	8:41	11:40	Gagetown	4:45	7:55	3:00	
6:35	8:52	11:55	Owosso	4:35	7:45	3:00	
6:15	8:56	12:00	Linville	5:20	7:32	3:00	
6:35	9:10	12:15	Pigeon	5:00	7:00	3:00	
6:40	9:12	12:18	Beaufort	4:50	6:50	3:00	
7:00	9:25	12:35	Cassville	4:45	6:45	3:00	
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	AT	L. V. P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	AT

## SOZO-NUX

Cures wounds, sores and skin troubles of all animals.

## PATENTS

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## 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

ANYONE securing a sketch or description from us, will receive our opinion free whether an invention is patentable and how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Hand-book on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munns & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

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

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.



# The Ward of King Canute

## A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCANTZ, author of *The Thrill of Lief the Lucky*.  
Copyright, 1903, by A. C. McCLURG & CO.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

The beauty that had been Sister Wynfreda's hovered now about her mouth as fragrance around a dead rose. Her gaze was on a branch above them where a little brown bird, calling plaintively, was slipping from her nest. Over the watted edge, two tiny brown heads were peeping like fuzzy beech nut rinds. "I wonder," she said, "what those little creatures up there will think when a few months hence the blue sky becomes leaden, such that no one of them ever before recollected it so dark, and the sun that is wont to creep to them through the leaves has gone out like a candle before the winter winds? By reason of their youth, I suppose they will judiciously conclude with themselves that there is never going to be any blue sky again, that their lives will stretch before them in a dark-hued stress of weather, empty of all save leafless trees and frozen fields. My fledgeling, will they not be a little ashamed of their short-sightedness when the spring has brought back the sun?"

The girl's lips parted before her quickening breath, and the old nun smiled at her tenderly as she moved away with her hands full of the green symbols of healing. "If you would be of use now, go gather the flowers for the Holy Table, and when themselves have drawn in holiness from the spot, then shall you bring them to the sick woman over the hill."

"Yes, Sister," the girl said submissively. But when she had crossed the daisied grass and opened the wicket gate and came out into the fragrant lane, something seemed to divide her mind with the roses, for though she sent one glance toward the hedge, she sent another to the spot beyond—where the lane gave out upon the great Street to the City.

"I wonder if I shall ever hunger for heaven as I hunger for the sight of

difference between this and the time when he had bent before her in the Abbey, was the difference between tender jest and tender earnest. "Thus then do I ask you to give me back your love," he said gently—and would have said more but that she turned, stirred to a kind of generous shame.

"It needs not that, lord! I know you did not mean it. And they have told me that—I have no right to be angry with you—" She broke off, as looking into his face she saw something that startled her into forgetfulness of all else. "Why are your cheeks so hollow?" she demanded. "And so gray—as though you had lost blood? Lord, what has come near you?"

He could not conceal the sudden pleasure he got out of her alarm for him, even while he answered as lightly as he could that it was no more than the fatigue of his three days in the saddle; and a lack of food, perhaps, as he had been somewhat pressed for time; and a lack of sleep because of—

But she was a warrior's daughter, and she would not be put off. Coming close to him, she pulled aside the dusty cloak, hot as a live coal in the glare of the day, and there—behold!—there were blood stains on the breast of his blue kirtle. Forgetful of everything else, she flung her arms around him as though to shield him. "Sebert, you are wounded! What is it?"

Nothing that troubled him very much, apparently, for his haggard face had grown radiant with gladness. Yet he was enough afraid of the reaction to answer her as gravely as possible: "It is Rothgar Lodbroksson, whom I met coming from the city as I was journeying back from my errand in Northampton. Little affection has ever passed between us, and this time something more than usual seemed to have stirred him against me, for—"

"He tried to kill you!" The words were not a question but a breathless

—be twisting the words in his mind into evils I have not dreamed of. Sebert, I do not reproach you with it! I think it all the fault of my own blunders—and therein I find a new terror. That one should suffer for wrong-doing is to be looked for, but if one is to be dealt with so unsparringly only for making mistakes, who knows where his position is or what to expect? Oh, my best friend, make me brave or I am likely to die only through fearing to live! With my ignorance my boldness went from me, until now my courage is lowly as a willow leaf. Love, make me brave again!" Trusting in her very declaration of distrust, she clung to him to save her from herself.

It was in the briar-pricked fingers, which he was pressing against his cheek, that he found his answer. Suddenly he spread them out in his palm before her, laughing with joyful lightness. "Randalin, the thorn wounded your hands the while that you stripped yonder hedge, but did you stop for that? If I can prove to you that all these dark days you have been plucking roses, can you not bravely bear with the prick?"

Putting her gently from him, he gathered up the spoils she had let fall, picking from among them with great care the fairest of either kind, while she, catching his mood, watched him April-faced.

"This," he said gaily, "is the red rose of my heart. Battle fields lay between us and tower walls, and the way was long and hard to find, yet you can deny, my elf, that you came in and plucked it and wore it away in your hair—to keep or to cast aside as pleased you?"

Smiles and tears growing together, she caught the blossom from him and pressed it to her lips. "I will wear it in my bosom," she answered, "for my breast has been empty—since the day I saw you first."

Smiling, he held out the white rose, but his mood had deepened until now he looked down upon her as he had looked down upon her in the moonlit forest. "This, beloved, is the symbol of my faith," he said. "Your eyes took it from me that day at even-song. I hold it the dearest of the two, for with it goes my honor that is as stainless as its petals. It is worth more than life to me—is it not worth some pricks to you?"

She took it from him reverently, to lay it beside the other, and as her face was too proud for fear so was it too tender for jesting. "I am more honored," she told him, "than Canute by his crown; and I will live as bravely to defend them."

But as he would have caught her to him, she leaned back suddenly to stretch a hand toward a dark-robed figure standing under the moss-grown arch, and her pride melted into a laugh of breathless happiness. "Sister Wynfreda, you were right," she called softly, "the world can be so beautiful that one has no hunger for heaven."

The End.

**Pictures Drawn in Fire.**  
Dissolve saltpeter in cold water till the liquid is completely saturated with it. This can be seen by the fact that bits of the saltpeter will at last refuse to dissolve.

Dip a fine brush or pointed stick into the solution and draw the outline of an animal or any other desired figure on a piece of thin paper. Use paper that has no printing on it.

Let the paper dry thoroughly, or almost so.

Now hold it flat, light a match, blow it out and touch a part of the drawing with the glowing end.

The saltpeter will catch fire at once and the tiny flame will burn all along the lines of the drawing, leaving the paper intact.

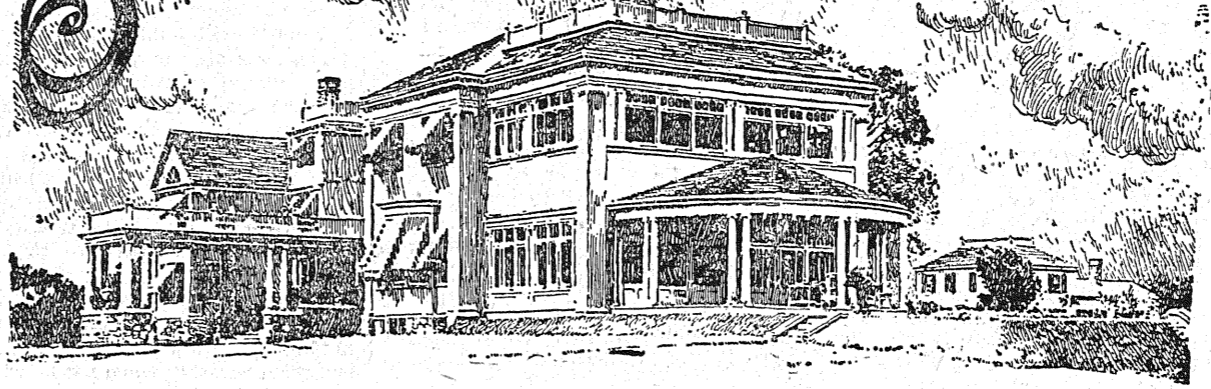
**A Royal Treasure-House.**  
The plate-room at Marlborough House contains what is probably the most valuable collection of treasures in any private house in England. The room is underground and is lighted by electricity, the walls being lined by bookcases containing many rare volumes presented to King Edward and the Prince of Wales from time to time, forming a very valuable library.

In big iron safes in the center of the room is stored away a wonderful collection of gold and silver plate, including two enormous silver pilgrim bottles presented by Alexander III of Russia to King Edward, and a priceless solid gold embossed shield, which was a present to the sovereign from a number of Indian princes.

**Kruger Statue Forgotten.**  
Before the Boer war it had been intended by the people of the Transvaal to erect a colossal statue in honor of Kruger on an imposing pedestal in Church square, Pretoria. Only the base was erected, however. While the war was in progress the statue, ordered by the Transvaal government, was delivered by the sculptors at Delagoa bay. It was impossible to convey it then to Pretoria, so it was laid in a timber yard belonging to the Lorenzo Marquez, Wharf company, and there, neglected and almost forgotten, it has since remained.

**Difficulty of Lake Baikal.**  
Russian soldiers are going around the bend of the southern shore of Lake Baikal, on the road just finished, at the rate of about a dozen miles an hour, which is slow wheeling, but better than the slower ferrying or winter crossing on the blizzard-swept ice. How the new road will work in winter remains to be seen, there being more than a possibility that in such a windy corner the track may be laid under drifts half as high as the Kremlin, to be covered over again as fast as they are dug out.

# REGINALD C. VANDERBILT'S SANDY POINT FARM



Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt might with much propriety have named his eight hundred thousand dollar Sandy Point farm, on the east road, in South Portsmouth township, R. I., the Hermitage, as it enjoys a seclusion truly idyllic, with the difference that it is without the forbidding aspect and general air of inhospitality of the estate of a recluse. On the contrary, it is laid out and equipped in a most inviting manner.

The place is in no sense isolated, but just sufficiently far removed from an excess of social and commercial activity to afford the Vanderbilt family that privacy which would in the nature of things be denied them in a more populous spot. At the time title was acquired to the one hundred and thirteen acres comprising the estate the property was in a primitively undeveloped state, and the work of construction and reconstruction that confronted the new owner to make things as they are to-day was a task of no small moment. Mr. Vanderbilt knew what he wanted, and he had the means to accomplish his purpose. Under his personal care and the influence of his great resources the land underwent a great change. The original farmhouse—the central three-story structure—was added to and built until it became the nucleus of the building operations. From it radiated outhouses, servants' quarters, stables, carriage houses, conservatories, poultry houses, kennels, etc.

Landscape architects developed his ideas for beautifying the surrounding property. Three miles of macadamized road were constructed in all directions, and the work generally was prosecuted so vigorously that within a very short time this one-time farm land was transformed into the country seat of a millionaire with a farmer's tastes, for to be remembered that vegetables are cultivated and other phases of agriculture engaged in on the Vanderbilt farm.

A stroll about the estate unconsciously impresses the visitor with the completeness of everything. The comprehension of a master mind besets him on all sides. The smallest details have received the same attention as the largest and the resulting organization is both harmonious and complete.

A feature of the Sandy Point farm is the big stable, which shelters many noted prize-winning show horses. Among them are Fad and Fancy, a beautiful ladies' pair of blacks, winners of the blue ribbon at the recent Boston, Philadelphia and Wilmington horse shows, on which occasions they were driven by Mr. Vanderbilt, and who also captured honors in the run-about class. Herald, winner of the first prize at Boston, Philadelphia and other horse shows as a lady's driving horse; Dr. Selwink, an aristocratic chestnut, who monopolizes the laurels wherever entered in the gig class; Amazement and Astonishment, a good coach pair, which won two firsts and a reserve to championship at Madison square; the winning pony Frills, and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt are the only couple of prominence that exhibit at the leading horse shows of the country who drive and ride their own entries.

Not only riding and driving, but polo, automobilism and tennis interest Mr. Vanderbilt. He has a remarkably fine string of polo ponies, selected for him in Texas. He aided in the management of the automobile races at Newport last season. Although he has played on the polo field in Newport he is not a prominent poloist.

All these horses are driven by Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Vanderbilt, who accept defeat with a good grace, strongly in contrast to the peevishness frequently displayed by some disappointed exhibitors.

The stable itself is a model in appointments and cleanliness. It has accommodations for fifty horses and many vehicles. Upstairs are the apartments of the coachmen and grooms, all comfortably furnished and provided with many conveniences that plainly reflect the solicitude of Mr. Vanderbilt. Amateur stock breeding has been seriously entered into, and it isn't amiss to predict that within a comparatively short time Sandy Point farm will be one of the recognized stock farms of the country. Near the big stable is a circular track, where the horses are exercised and instructed in the requirements of the show ring.

In the splendid kennels is a small but select collection of dogs, all chosen with an eye to their breeding and general good qualities. Included in the collection are a Russian wolfhound which won second prize at the Newport dog show and two French bulldogs, Domino and Marcus. Domino (black and white) captured first prize in the novice class at the Newport show,

while Marcus, a great brindle, was awarded three firsts in Paris and one second in the open class.

A structure exclusively devoted to the storage and care of automobiles, of which Mr. Vanderbilt has several of the best foreign and American makes, stands near the stable and a powerhouse and pumping station, of brick with stone trimmings, supply the electricity and water for houses, stables and other buildings on the farm. The farm, indeed, has its independent water supply, with sufficient power to force the water to the top floors of the buildings and through the fire hydrants placed at intervals about the grounds. There is also a fully appointed fire apparatus.

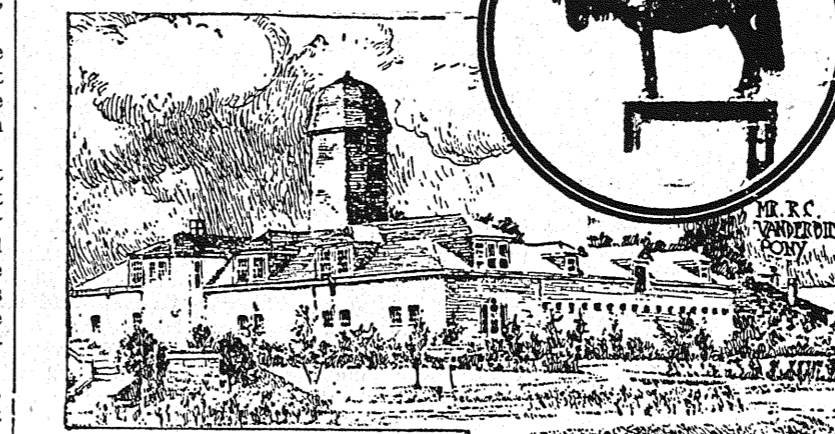
The electric lighting plant is said to be the largest private one in the country, and brilliantly lights all the buildings, both inside and out, and, when required, the grounds.

One of the most attractive features of the place is the beautiful Italian garden, which lies to the south of the main house, with a far-reaching vista of the Seaconnet river. This was only completed last spring, and with its white marble fountains and formal walks, bordered with clipped poplars and yews, the visitor wandering through its flowery mazes on some soft spring or early summer day, when the river and distant ocean shimmer in a pearly mist, and the swallows fly, can easily imagine himself in some garden of sunny Italy or Western England.

The flowers and shrubbery are also features of Sandy Point farm, and a force of gardeners has been busy since January last in putting out new flower beds and planting trees. The lawns, of course, receive very careful attention, and are remarkable for their smoothness when it is remembered that lawns only acquire velvety smoothness and gloss after many years of care and cultivation. The story of Mr. William Waldorf Astor and the gardener at Cliveden may be retold in this connection.

When Mr. Astor had secured his princely English estate of Cliveden he remarked on the beauty of its velvety lawns to the old English gardener whose services he had retained, and inquired of him how it was possible to obtain grass of so velvety a texture. "Well," replied the honest gardener, "you see, sir, you must first have the sod, then you must water and roll it every day when it is not covered by ice and snow, and after you've so watered and rolled it, say, for a thousand years, you'll get a lawn such as this, sir."

But if Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt's lawns at Sandy Point farm cannot hope to rival those of Cliveden, they are among the best of the newer places at Newport, and will within a few years rival any at the famous resort. The warm, moist climate of ocean-surrounded Newport Island is particularly good for turf and certain



flowers. Hydrangeas flourish there as nowhere else on the Atlantic coast, and vegetables are also easy to grow and flourish abundantly. The kitchen gardens at Sandy Point farm are another feature, and there are also many acres devoted to wheat, barley and other grains.

The older Newporters, as well as those who have only become identified with the resort during the last ten years, take great interest and pride in Mr. Vanderbilt's development of Sandy Point farm. It is a show place, and visitors to Newport who have any friend or acquaintance there can always secure permission to inspect the grounds at proper hours. The purchase and development of Sandy Point farm by Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt, following his brother's purchase and laying out of his nearby place, it is felt at Newport, insure their identification with the city for all time to come, and this has made them popular with the townspeople and the neighboring farmers. They have also greatly improved the locality, built and laid out miles of new roads and have transformed the remote

and dull farming community into a flourishing suburb of Newport itself. Sandy Point farm is destined to be one of the greatest of American country estates.—New York Herald.

### POWER OF THE CZAR.

Millions of Men Spring to Arms at His Bidding.

It is computed that over 4,000,000 soldiers are ready to fight for the interests of the czar against those of all mankind, not excepting their own. Even now a noteworthy fraction of this number is bearing witness to the truth of the statement. For the campaign against Japan is diametrically opposed to the peasant's interests. It involves an enormous waste of his substance, for which he will never receive any return. It means the loss of tens of thousands of the best specimens of his own class for the greater glory of its oppressor. And against these losses there is no set-off. For even if Manchuria were annexed by Russia, the land would not fall to the moonkirk. It is already owned, tilled and occupied. Worse still, the food-stuffs which it yields in abundance would compete with and lower the prices of the produce of his own land, while his position would be still further aggravated by the fall in the wages of labor which would result from the keen competition of Chinese workmen. And over and above these evils this "peasant's victory" would strengthen the hand of the ruling class, which already weighs heavy upon him and his. Yet in spite of all this, he goes on lightheartedly cutting sticks for his own back. For one man to have millions of his fellows thus ready for his sake to risk death in order to benefit their enemies and ruin themselves and their friends is like having an Aladdin's lamp. The autocrat in an oriental fairy tale.—Julius, in the Contemporary Review.

### PROUD OF "AULD GLESCA."

Pioneer in Municipal Improvements, Says Emigrant.

In one of the leading Scotch newspapers there appeared recently a letter written by a Scotch stationary engineer who has lived in Chicago for ten years. The letter says in part: "It is surprising the amount of machinery necessary to operate some of the 'sky-scrapers' here. My duties in one of them are to keep in repair and running condition boilers, pumps, engines, dynamos and elevators. We work in eight-hour shifts, and where I am at present employed the crew in the engine room for the three watches consists of four engineers, three firemen,

three coal passers, and two oilers. My watch is from 7 a. m. to 3 p. m. every day in the year. An engineer, as he is called at home, when he comes here is called a machinist, and is strictly employed in making and putting together all kinds of machinery. An engineer is engaged for the care and operation of same after the machinists are through. An engineer's wages are rated at \$3 a day of eight hours, a machinist's at \$2.15 a day of nine hours. The municipal authorities here have much to learn in regard to city government, and it fills me with pride to hear 'Auld Glesca' spoken of so much here as the pioneer in all matters of municipal improvements."

Advertisement That Stirred the Wrath of a Denver Landlady.

The apartment houses on Thirtieth and Stout streets are in a turmoil to-day, says the Denver Post, and it is all because of red ants. For some time the presence of the ants has been noticed in various of the tenements, and as their number increased and the efforts to suppress them became more strenuous and less effectual dire threats of what would be done have become frequent.

The climax was reached when the head of one of the families (discovered a bedraggled red object in his soup, and he then and there said that the plague would end; that the locusts of Egypt were as nothing to these modern creatures of the pantry, and that he thought he could settle them. So the following advertisement was inserted in a newspaper: "Ten thousand ants for sale. Five cents per thousand. Call at 1329 Stout street."

So people began to call, and they found Mrs. Mary Bruner very wrath about it.

"They didn't come to buy any ants," said Mrs. Bruner this morning, "they just came to see them and look at me. No, of course, I never put any such advertisement in the paper, and I haven't had any ants anyway. It's all an outrage and some spite work on the part of the neighbors. You see I have only been in Denver about a month or so. I advertised for roomers, and I have my house full now, and I guess that made some of my neighbors jealous."

"As for ants, why, I have had two or three around my back porch, but that is all. Oh, there's one now!" exclaimed Mrs. Bruner, as she stamped determinedly on an offending ant which tried to crawl into the house from the porch. "Well, you see they don't come from my house, anyway, and as soon as I find out who it was that put that notice in the paper I'll have an explanation or know the reason why."

### STOPS COLLISIONS BY RAIL.

Tablet System Introduced in New Zealand a Great Success.

United States Consul General Dillingham at Auckland, Australia, in a report to the department of commerce tells of a new system for preventing railway collisions. He says: "An interesting change has recently been made in the signaling system in New Zealand's railway, which, it is thought, will make collisions absolutely impossible."

"For a long time, up to a recent date, what is known as the 'block' system has been generally used, but the 'tablet' system has now been introduced. The essential point in the new system is that no engine driver is allowed to leave a station without a tablet in his possession, and the element of safety rests on the fact that the machines are so made that it is impossible for two of the tablets to be out at the same time."

"If a driver leaves Auckland for Newmarket with a tablet that tablet has to be deposited in the machine at Newmarket before another tablet is issued allowing a return train to leave that station for Auckland, and the electrical connection between the two stations makes it impossible to extract a tablet from the Auckland machine until the tablet has been put into the machine at Newmarket."

"It is claimed by railroad experts that under the new system two trains can not be on the same section at once, so that the danger of collisions is entirely done away with."

### Joke on Great Scholar.

President Hadley of Yale enjoys a good joke, even if he himself be the victim. He tells the following story on himself, according to the Buffalo Commercial, and vouches for its truthfulness: Mr. Hadley was traveling with his wife recently when they became aware of the close scrutiny of a fellow passenger, an elderly lady of motherly appearance. The examination continued for some time, when the old lady lifted over to Mrs. Hadley and whispered sympathetically in her ear: "You poor thing. I know all about it. I know just how to sympathize with you. We have one in our family, too."

### NO EVIL SHALL BEFALL THEE.

How many, in the stress of years, My Father, through these words of Thine, Have cast before Thy feet their fears, And, looking where Thy star-lamps shine, Have laid them down in peace, to sleep Assured that Thou wouldst guard and keep.

And I, Thy child, though half afraid, When the storm breaks across the sea, Still in the dark Thy will has made, Have found these words to comfort me; I fear no evil, why should I? None can befall when Thou are nigh.

Oh, Father, whom I love and trust, Knowing Thee ever through Thy Son, I joy in Thee, as true faith must, And gladly sing, Thy will be done; For earth has no serenity Like this, which comes from Thee in Thee.

—Marianne Farningham.

### Conditions Down Below.

The other day, in the midst of an earnest conversation about the South Carolina dispensaries, Senator Tillman said: "I am reminded of an old man I used to know who drank too much. He was a fine old fellow in other respects, and it was pitiful to see him disgracing himself and his family by the abuse of alcohol. I took him to task one day. I read him a long lecture on the sin of drunkenness."

"Water," I said, "is the thing; stick to water, James."

"Well," the old man answered, "there's only one place in the Bible where a man asked for water, and I guess you know where he was."

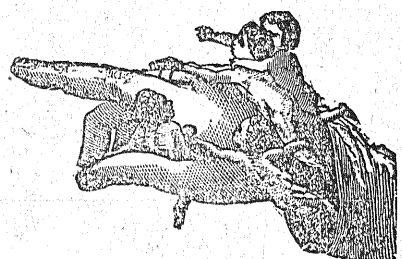
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Thinking about Christmas

We are showing a nice line of  
China, Lamps, Dinnerware, Chamber Sets,  
.....Toys, Books, Games, Etc., Etc.

Look over our line before you buy.

H. L. HUNT.



LOVE WAS THE BEST

The young women around the tea table had discussed the reigning tenor, touched delicately on the last scandal and were now busy with Jack Rodney's name and money. A decision of the court had given his inheritance to another heir, and then he had gone into Wall street and been caught on the wrong side of the market.

"I can't picture it," said Sally Littlejohn, balancing her little gold spoon. "What will become of him? The spoiled darling! Why, he will have to go to work!"

"Work!" said Julia Montessoro. "With those aristocratic hands? What sort of work? Why, what will he do?"

"The only thing he can do—stop living."

"Oh, Bab! How horrid of you! Jack Rodney, the dear, splendid fellow! Has any one seen him? I wonder what he is doing now?" said Sally.

"Walking on his uppers, don't they call it?" said Bab.

"Every one else was letting Will de Luys reap what he sowed, but Jack made good all the misappropriation— isn't that the next term? And if it was Jack's yacht that went cruising on the Mediterranean and had princes on board for guests it was his steamer that took those children from Seven alleys down the harbor every afternoon all the hot summer!"

"Where is Jack? Does any one know?" said Sally.

"Going to Texas, ranching. He has cleared up everything and starts at once, some one said. He'd like it if it were play, the poor fellow!"

"Oh, it is really getting dark!" exclaimed Arabella. "We must be going. Why, Felicia, how white you are! I should think you were ready to faint yourself!"

"The sudden light," murmured Felicia.

It was while the last dinner guests that night were still saying tender nothings to Bab that a slender shape slipped swiftly down the steps and passed along in the shadow of the houses like herself. Felicia shrank behind her veil from every passerby. A half hour's rapid walk, and she ran up some steps to make sure of the number, rang the doorbell, said something explanatory to the man who answered it, passed in and followed him to the door up one flight of the broad, low stairway there.

A man sat there with his head bowed upon his arms as they lay along the table in an attitude of utter dejection. He did not look up when the door opened and closed. But the girl crossed the room quickly and, standing behind him, stopped with her arms laid across his shoulder.

"I am not a dream, Jack," she said, bending lower, her soft, cold cheek touching his. "I am Felicia."

For one moment there were silence and rapture here. And then the transfer men came for the luggage.

"And this parcel, too," said Felicia. "Felicia!" he exclaimed.

"This parcel," she repeated. "You know I cannot go back after coming here," she said when they were alone

AUTOMATIC FOUNTAIN.

How to Keep the Hens Supplied With Fresh Water.

Every poultryman knows how difficult it is to keep good, clean water for a large flock of hens shut up in a house or yard, says an Ohio man in Farm and Visitor. If furnished in an open vessel it is soon lowered out of reach or filled with dirt and litter by their scratching. Various small fountains are on the market which do for little chicks, but large fowls shut in a warm house drink a great deal and require lots of time and attention.

The accompanying cut shows an automatic fountain which I devised for use in my poultry house. It is made of a ten gallon keg. A pint tin cup is connected by a small tube to the lower

POULTRY YARD FOUNTAIN.

end, from which the chickens drink. To fill the keg the tube is corked, then the cork is taken out of the top. When it is filled make the bung tight and open the tube below. The water will not run out of the cup if the tube be an inch or more below the top. One cup will water a good sized flock. Two or more cups may be used if necessary.

The fountain should be set on a box about eight inches high, just so the hens can reach it and not throw dirt into the cup by scratching. With this arrangement they have plenty of clean water and require our attention but once a day.

A Lordly White Plymouth Rock. The magnificent White Plymouth Rock cock, Edward B., Jr., was bred by U. R. Fishel of Hope, Ind. This cock headed the pen sold to Suffolk Poultry farm, Center Moriches, N.

THE ROUND ROBIN.

Its Origin, It is Said, Can Be Traced Back to Ancient Greece.

According to British naval documents of the years 1538 and 1559, it was the custom of seamen of that day to use the round robin as a safe and effective means of bringing their grievances before the authorities. A similar practice existed in France, but the alleged origin of the term "round robin" from round ruban, a circular band used in the French petitions, is probably fallacious.

The term existed in England long before, with wholly different meaning. Thus in Devonshire a "round robin" was a small round pancake, and the sacramental wafer was called a "round robin" by Latimer, 1536.

Dr. Timbs says that the idea of the round robin has been traced back to a Greek conspiracy against the tyranny of the Pisistratidae. The Romans had a similar custom of writing the names of their guests or friends in a circle and anxious not to indicate any individual preferences.—London Standard.

Overconfidence. The two strangers who were standing at a downtown corner crossed the street and accosted a young man on the opposite corner.

"Will you please tell me," said one of them, "which is the best way to go from here to Seventy-second street?"

"Well," replied the young man, "the best way, of course, is to take an automobile. If you can't do that I suggest a street car as the next best."

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I was so certain from your appearance that you would give a civil answer to a civil question that I bet a two dollar bill on that proposition with my friend here. I see I have lost. One can't always judge from appearances. Good morning, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

She Was Joking. "No," she said, "I—I can only be a sister to you."

"Very well," said he, "I must be going. I had expected a different answer, but—well, good night."

"George," she faltered, as he was leaving the room, "George."

"What is it?" he asked crossly. "Aren't you going to kiss your sister good night?" He did not go.

Dreadful. The Groom—What are you thinking of, dearest? The Bride—I was thinking of your father and mother had never met or mine had never met or we had never been born or hadn't loved each other or—something, how dreadful everything would have been.

RANGE FOR TURKEYS.

Conditions Best Adapted For Their Economical Raising.

One of the important economic features of the business is the ability of the turkeys to gather their food from nature's sources if surrounded by the proper conditions, and to neglect this provision is usually to curtail the profits and sometimes to invite failure where success may be assured, says H. A. Nourse in Reliable Poultry Journal. A generous area is very desirable and may advantageously comprise both high land and low land, the former providing open grass tracts and groves of trees, the latter furnishing swamps and the dense growth of vegetation usually found at such places. The high land is the damp weather range where the turkeys pursue the toothsome grasshopper and pluck the tender blades of grass. Its well drained soil is the brooding ground for the younger poults, and its trees are a safe and healthful roosting place for older ones.

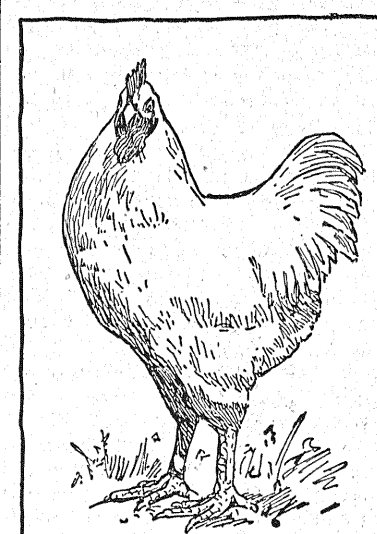
On the low land and swamps they can forage during the warm summer days, protected from the hot noontide sun by the thick foliage of the trees and bushes. No land produces so much animal food suitable for the turkey's use as does the wooded swamp. Its cool, moist earth abounds in worms, and the decaying wood contributes its full quota of edible life, all of which is eagerly devoured by the searching birds and used for growth and development.

Additional nourishment is found in the seeds and buds taken from the bushes and low branches of trees and in the tender roots unearthed when scratching for worms. This is the food intended by nature for the turkeys, and nothing that man can furnish equals it when sought and gained in the natural way.

Pure water is beneficial on the range as well as in the inclosure. The environment described frequently contains a flowing stream to which the turks will usually go, preferring its clear water to the murky liquid of the stagnant pools, if such are present.

Turkeys are seldom seriously troubled by lice when they enjoy full liberty. They are constantly dusting in the cool earth, and this, with the washing of the heavy rains, keeps the skin and feathers clean and comparatively free from these irritating pests. At once a bird becomes sick on the range and fails to dust itself frequently the lice multiply with startling rapidity, and the bird must be treated for lice as well as for the ailment.

A Lordly White Plymouth Rock. The magnificent White Plymouth Rock cock, Edward B., Jr., was bred by U. R. Fishel of Hope, Ind. This cock headed the pen sold to Suffolk Poultry farm, Center Moriches, N.



EDWARD B., JR.

Y. for \$800. Edward B., Jr., scored 96½ and sold for \$500, and the four hens sold for \$100 each, making the record price for White Plymouth Rocks and setting the pace for this variety. This is without doubt the finest pen of White Rocks ever sold, says American Poultry Journal, from which the illustration is reproduced.

Charcoal For Chicks. Sweet skim milk or milk of any kind cannot be put to better use than to be fed to the growing chicks. Never feed the young or growing chicks slops or sloppy food of any kind. Nothing is more injurious. The young and growing chicks must have grit of some kind provided for them. Where there is plenty of good, sharp sand, coarse gravel and material of this kind specially prepared grit need not be given to them. A little small charcoal broken as fine as a grain of wheat is always of advantage both for young and old.—Country Gentleman.

Late Hatched Chicks. Late chicks—that is, those hatched in July and August—are, as a rule, less vigorous than those hatched in April, May and June, as the earlier chicks are from eggs laid during a period when the hen is full of vigor and health and has not been reduced in vigor by a long continued spell of laying.

They should have a separate run, where they may be free from annoyance by larger chicks. Their feed must be liberal and of good quality and their quarters sufficient protection from heat and cold and the cold, wet weather of the fall months, as generally we will have days of heat, cold and wet, and these late chicks must have shelter that will make them comfortable, no matter what the weather.

They will then stand a chance of coming through in good shape and developing into birds fit for late shows and for late matings the next year or, better still, to hold over for the breeding season of their second year, when they will have fully matured. It requires careful attention to make the breeding of late chicks a success.—American Poultry Advocate.

CARE OF YOUNG CHICKS.

Treatment That Tends to Enhance Their Development.

The "danger period" among chicks is about past now. The question now is how to care for them in a way to enhance their steady growth and development, says a Wisconsin grower in Reliable Poultry Journal.

One of the things to guard against especially is overcrowding in roosting coops. Chicks that are too crowded and hot at night show droopy wings and lack that growthy, healthy look they should have. And again a coop full of chicks is always a hotbed for lice, and unless preventive measures are taken these pests will soon infest the chicks and retard their growth, so I always try to prevent lice from becoming established by thoroughly dusting the hens while sitting and with the chicks. But if they have a foothold the only way to thoroughly rid the chicks of them is to dust them with lice powder.

The food given to growing chicks is an important feature in their care. My whole grain ration is cracked corn, whole wheat and millet seed, one part corn, three parts wheat and one part millet seed, by measure. When chicks leave the hen this is their ration morning and night until four months old. At noon I feed a dry mash made up of one part cornmeal, two parts ground oats and one part wheat bran, by measure. To this mixture I add about 15 per cent beef scraps. This mash is fed dry in feed troughs.

After chicks are four or five months old their whole grain ration is two parts each of wheat and oats and one part cracked corn. Oats are one of the very best grains for growing chicks as well as old stock.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

DYSPEPTICIDE

The greatest aid to DIGESTION.

THE FORCE OF FEAR.

Fright Was the Cause of the Death of Frederick I. of Prussia.

There are several well authenticated cases where fright was the cause of death. An English surgeon tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves, and he died.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper and, dabbling her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some skulls and bones for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing together. In a fit of horror he threw himself out of the window. Though he sustained no serious injury and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among the ghostly surroundings, he died of nervous tremor.

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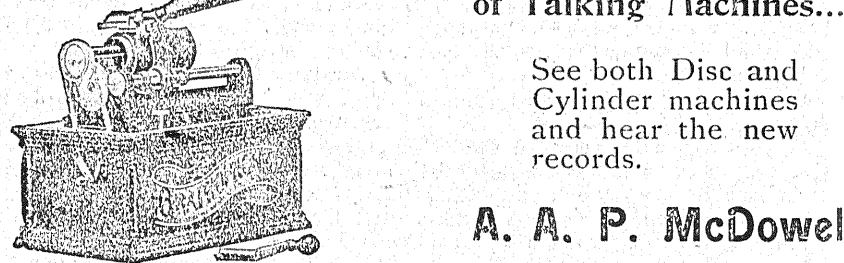
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The 20th Century Laurel

Burns Slack and All Grades of Soft Coal without smoke or soot.

There have been and are being placed on the market many so-called smoke consumers, that consume it to a greater or less extent.

The 20th Century Laurel is not a smoke consumer, for the manner in which it causes the fuel to burn

Does not Produce Either Smoke or Soot.

You don't have to sit on a step-ladder, near the ceiling, to keep warm. Experiments have proven that a room heated by one of these stoves will have the same temperature on the floor as at the ceiling.

Come In and Look These Stoves Over....

and you will be convinced they are the Best on the Market.

J. B. COOTES

The Hardware Man.