

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 18.

CASS CITY, MICH., DEC. 15, 1904.

BY A. A. P. M'DOWELL

Nice Christmas Gifts
Can Be Picked Up

In a Shoe Store. You can find something suitable for anybody, and also useful, and something that will be appreciated.

Slippers

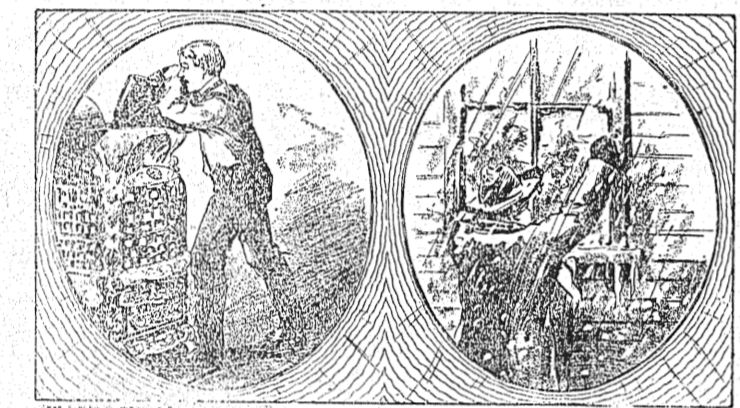
Make an excellent present. Nothing could be more appropriate, say for your husband or brother. We have a lot of Slippers in different prices, that would do. Yes—Slippers are all right—so is a Dresser, Neat,

Stylish Pair of Shoes

For Ladies or Gentlemen.

No trouble to please and we do it, too, without charging more than you think you ought to pay. Call and inspect.

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. & E. Smokeless
Scranton Anthracite

Coal

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.

Marjorie and Mistletoe

By Hilton R. Greer

[Copyright, 1904, by Hilton R. Greer.]
Marjorie and mistletoe!
Rarer combination
Never stirred man's heart, I
trow,
With sweeter expectation!
Shining spray of mistletoe,
Snowy beads a-cluster,
Lips that lure and eyes that
glow
With a June day luster!

Marjorie and mistletoe,
Both suggesting hisecol
Craven he who dares forego
Such supernal blisses;
Craven he, a dullard slow,
Needing small condolence;
Wise the wight, where hisses
grow,
Who plucks them noless vo-
lens!

Sleet may beat and swirling
snow
Blur the darkened window;
Crooning winds, now high,
now low,
Chant a shrill crescendo;
What reck I, where dark eyes
glow,
Of st. less shies and stormy?
Marjorie and mistletoe
Make endless summer for me!



Copyright by Parkinson, New York.

His Christmas Luck

"WILL there be any Christmas for me?"
The man who spoke these words was plodding along over a country highway, and he shivered as the icy blast whirled the snowflakes about his head.

"Shall I hang up my stocking on Christmas eve as in the days of yore," he mused as he bent his head to the blast, "or shall I try to forget that I was ever rich and happy and had a loving family about me? Tens of thousands of stockings will hang in the chimney corners, and tens of thousands of people will be made happy, but as for me—"

A lump gathered in his throat and tears in his eyes, and the toes peeping out of one of his shoes took on a deeper red. It was only three days to

Christmas. The farmers were marking down the fattest turkeys, geese and pigs to be killed for the festive occasion, and farmers' wives were making pumpkin pies and cranberry sauce and smiling as they thought of the gifts they had hidden away.

"No; Christmas and its happiness are not for me," sighed the man as he turned his back to the storm for a moment to get his breath. "It is my business to feel bad and suffer, to be hungry and ragged, to remember all the joys of the past and not to think of the future, with its sorrows, and I will be brave to the end. Perhaps when they find my stiffly frozen body on the highway and observe the pitiful expression on the dead face they may smooth back my grizzled locks and wish they had been kind to me, and perhaps they may only use me for a Yule log in the fireplace and joke about me as they sit around toasting their feet. It can make no difference to me, however—"

A lump gathered in his throat and tears in his eyes, and the toes peeping out of one of his shoes took on a deeper red. It was only three days to

anything for Christmas?"
"Not a thing," was W. W.'s sad and sorrowful reply.

"Then I have a little surprise for you, I am going to give you three months in jail, and if that doesn't cure you enough I'll make it six next time. Remove the prisoner and see that he gets plenty of ice water to drink."

And the man who thought the world was against him did not get left after all.
A. B. LEWIS.

Shepherds in Modern Bethlehem.

From the greatest height in Bethlehem a distant glimpse of even the Mediterranean sea may be perceived on a clear bright day. The strange beauty of the surroundings of Bethlehem, viewed from the town itself, as well as from all the neighboring heights, may have inspired in the young shepherd King David some of those inspiring psalms which have been the comfort of the afflicted throughout all ages.

In a beautiful valley near Bethlehem are the "fields of the shepherds" of sacred memory. These fields are still used as pasture lands, and many a young David may be seen tending his flock with the same care as the shepherds of yore. When he rests in a shady place during the sultry hours of the day the sheep gather around him and chew the cud. If there happens to be a wounded one or a little weak one he carries it on his shoulder or in the wide bosom of his long white shirt.

A COONSKIN FARE.

It would have paid the traveler to Let the Change Go.
Many years ago, as the story runs, when coonskins were worth six bits apiece in Arkansas and a regular fee of two bits was assessed for ferrying a horseman across the St. Francis river, there came along a traveler whose entire capital consisted of but a single pelt, and the ferryman hadn't a cent of change in his pocket.

The traveler was bound to cross, but refused to pay three times as much as the man who passed before him or the one who was to come next. The ferryman would not wet an ear unless payment for his services was assured. Here was ample foundation for an argument, and presumably the opportunity was not neglected. But a satisfactory arrangement was finally reached, the traveler getting value received for his coonskin by being wafted thrice across the stream. This of course would leave him on the right side, and neither party to the trade would have cause for complaint. Such was the generous spirit of accommodation which obtained in these earlier days, such—but hold on a bit.

On the second trip the ferryman chanced to inspect the coonskin closely and found that it was by no means up to the recognized standard. Maybe it had been killed too early in the season or was not properly stretched. Anyway, he decided that four bits was all it was worth, and the traveler frankly admitted the soundness of his judgment, acknowledged that he had received its value in the double ferry-ride and forthwith started on his fifty-mile ride up the river to the nearest point where it was fordable.—Field and Stream.



"IS YOUR NAME WILLIE?"

er. There is no fat goose with sage dressing for me, no pumpkin pie and fried cakes, no Santa Claus to drop a gold watch in my stock!"

"Is your name Willie?" asked a voice at his elbow.

"It is," replied the wayfarer as he turned and saw a man with a silver star on his breast and a club in his hand.

"Weary Willie?"

"The same."

"Then come with me. Santa Claus has got something for you after all."

W. W. followed the silver star to the village and was lodged in a house where all the windows were barred and the doors locked to keep burglars out, and early the next morning he was taken before a benign looking old man, who benignly asked:

"My dear man, are you expecting

RYE 77c. Western Corn 56c.

Farmers, why not make a few dollars by selling your Rye and buying Corn?

The Coal Question is important just now and we are prepared to furnish....

Somers--St. Charles--Coal,
Saginaw Coal,
All kinds of HARD coal,
.....and.....

.....COKE at \$5.25 per ton.....

which is more economical than coal.

CASS CITY GRAIN CO.

Long distance Phone No. 9.

Holiday Gifts.....

Come in and let us help you decide that all absorbing question "What shall I buy for Christmas presents?" A fresh stock of Lowrey's Chocolates. Ask us for the best calendar you ever saw for 1905.

L. I. Wood & Co., Druggists

HOT - PLUNKS

For Christmas.

FRESH FRUIT
BIG NUTS.
HOT CANDY.

N. B. Bread, Cakes and Buns.

CANDY KITCHEN.

To The Public.

Having had dealings with the St. Louis Wrought Iron Stove Co. of St. Louis, Mo., I wish to warn the public from dealing with said company or its agents, who are now canvassing the country for sale of their ranges. I purchased a stove of this company a few years ago and paid \$78.00 therefor and can buy a better stove of the dealers in Cass City for half the money. This company not only defrauded me but failed in many ways to make good their representations.
12-8-3 ALBERT VOGLE.

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.

The directors of the Cass City Creamery have decided to pay the 10th of each month hereafter. Next pay day will be Jan. 10th, 1905.

Fountain Pen Ink at the ENTERPRISE Office—only 10c per bottle with filler.

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

Home made yarn at A. A. HITCHCOCK'S.

Cass City Markets.

Wheat No. 1 white	1 11
Wheat No. 2 red	1 23
Oats No. 3 white	77
Eye	77
Beans, Hand picked	1 30
Peas	70
Clover Seed	5 50
Corn	7 10
Hay, pressed, per ton	6 00
Stops per doz.	8 00
Butter	25
Hogs, dressed per cwt.	5 00
Live Hogs, per cwt.	4 00
Beef, dressed, per cwt.	4 50
Sides, live weight, per cwt.	3 00
Lamb, per cwt.	4 50
Chickens, per lb.	6 07
Turkeys, per lb.	8 15
Ducks	10
Geese, per lb.	7
Potatoes per bu.	25
Hides	6

MARKETS AT HOLLER MILLS.

White Lily, per cwt.	3 25
Graham Flour, per cwt.	3 00
Corsets, per cwt.	3 40
Back wheat flour	3 00
Bolted Meal, per cwt.	2 00
Feed, per cwt.	1 40
Meal, per cwt.	1 40
Brads, per cwt.	1 15
Middlings, per cwt.	1 20

Christmas Presents

THE glad Christmas time will soon be here, and of course you will want to give some friend or relative or sweetheart, a beautiful present. We have a large assortment of Holiday Goods, and we know that we can suit you in variety, quality and price. We give below a partial list of our immense stock:

- French Stag Sets
- Christmas Cards
- Books, Bibles
- Toilet Articles
- Perfumes
- Dressing Cases
- Collar & Cuff Boxes
- Music Rolls
- Ladies' Hand Bags
- Pocket Books
- Toilet Sets
- Shaving Sets
- Fine Stationery

We have numerous other gifts but our stock is too large to mention everything. Come and look through our stock before purchasing.

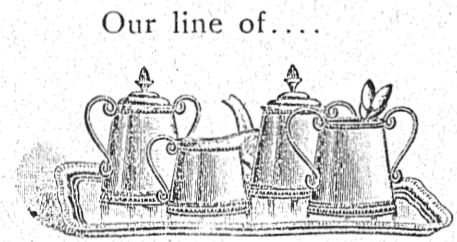
T. H. FRITZ

...A Week of Pleasant Perplexity...

Is the one before Christmas—so many friends to remember and such uncertainty as to what would most please them. Articles finding every day use are always more satisfactory as gifts than delicate finery.

Our line of....

Rochester
Nickelplated Ware
.....and.....
Argentine Ware



Comprises many choice articles for gift purposes, and for utility any piece of these goods is better than silver-plate, as it never tarnishes and warm water and soft towels are all the cleaning outfit necessary.

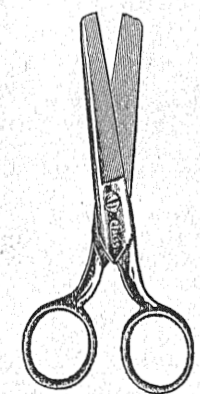
The largest line of....

Fine Pocket Cutlery,

Shears, Razors, Carvers, Etc., ever shown in Cass City, is to be found in our windows and show cases. The "Robeson" brand and quality prevails throughout, and presents selected from this line will give excellent satisfaction.

Skates for the Children

One of our \$5 Guns for the boy (with canvas carrying case free till Christmas).



Who will fail to make their friends happy this year?
No one who buys at.....

A. Bigelow & Sons

SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

BY ST. GEORGE RATTIBORNE

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

They were whirled through Washington and down the coast line, through the Carolinas, with a rapidity that never ceases until finally they reach Jacksonville.

Even here the delay is short, and on the mail for Cuba goes, flying along the bank of the romantic St. John's river, under the weird palmettos and past swamps where the cypress trees stretch out their arms, shrouded in wonderful streamers of grey Spanish moss that float in the breeze like trailing banners.

And thus they sped into Tampa, on the Gulf Coast. Jack has no desire to linger now. Some other day he may come back to see the charms of Florida, for the glimpses he has had of the orange and pineapple region have aroused a desire to see more; but just at present his one aim is to be in Havana when the steamer arrives, so that he may not lose sight of the girl who daily grows more precious in his regard, since the more difficult the game the higher we appreciate the victory.

They board the Mascot and under a darkened sky leave Tampa behind. The sea is boisterous, as is usual with the Atlantic, and few passengers remain on deck. Even Smithers swears he is sleepy and seeks his bunk.

Jack, who is as staunch as an old sea dog, really enjoys the commotion, and, finding a sheltered spot on deck, he smokes his pipe, watches the plunging of the gallant little steamer through the foamy billows and ponders on the strange fortune having him in tow.

Morning comes. Ahead, the fair island of Cuba rises out of the sea, as it were. There is a stretch of low ground, and then suddenly looms up the frowning fortress of Morro Castle, guarding the beautiful harbor of Havana, into which no steamer may enter during the night.

Several Spanish men-of-war are at anchor in the harbor; for the island of Cuba is in the throes of another revolution or rebellion, which Spain has sworn to crush at any cost. Other vessels are discovered, and scores of smaller craft. The effect as the sunlight falls upon the scene is indeed amazing.

Taking a vehicle, our friends are soon threading Obispo, or Bishop street, on the way to the chief hotel of the city, which faces the Prado, or public square, said to be several miles in length.

Jack is interested in all he sees, but Smithers rather draws back in the carriage, as though not desirous of being recognized by some one whom he has reason to believe may be in Havana.

There is that in the air that declares this land, in spite of its many drawbacks, to be the theater of romance—an utterly indescribable charm that steals over the senses. The gaily dressed people, the lounging Spanish soldiers encountered everywhere, the strings of mules bearing burdens, often bedight with colors and bearing tinkling bells, but belabored with the same brutality as in Spain, Morocco, or Egypt—these and the general holiday aspect of the place, with decorations to catch the eye and draw attention to window display, combine to make a scene that drives away dull care; while at night the sound of music on every hand, the flash of fireflies, and the scent of orange blossoms in the air make one begin to believe there is, after all, a land of enchantment, and that if the eyes be shut to the coarser side of the picture, Havana is its abiding place.

And it is this strange country Jack has come with the desperate resolve



She has advanced quickly to his side, to win the love of his wife—to stand between that sweet Highland lassie and the dangers which some intuition tells him must beset her path in this land, where the twang of the serenade's guitar is interrupted by the crack of the insurgent's rifle.

CHAPTER X.

A Little Cuban Beauty.

On the way up Obispo street Jack changes his mind, and asks his companion with regard to other hotels than the one on the Prado, since in all probability Senor Roblado will conduct his little company thither upon landing; and however happy Jack might be to sleep under the same roof as the fair maid of Scotia, he realizes

that such a thing may involve discovery, and set back their plans. Smithers appears to hesitate, as though revolving something in his mind.

"I might risk it," he says, softly. "Come, sing out what you think," urges Jack.

"Let me give the driver an address," continues Job, as though he has decided. So their route is changed, and presently they plunge into another street, where new scenes attract attention. Ah! Sin smiles to see the familiar signs of Chinese laundries, while Jack pokes his head out to watch the most astonishing delivery of fresh milk on record, the cow being driven to the door of each customer, and the quantity desired extracted on the spot, where new scenes attract attention.

Noticing their tortuous course, Jack is beginning to show some curiosity with regard to their destination, whereupon Smithers proceeds to enlighten him in a manner that only serves to whet the appetite of Travers for mystery.

"I am going to the house of a friend who will welcome you, because he is under obligations to me. More than that I cannot say just now, but in time may tell you a strange story concerning my former adventures in this mad town. All I ask is, that should you at any time, while under this friend's roof, notice anything that strikes you as singular, you will make no remark."

Of course Jack at once promises, though the fact remains that his curiosity has been more than ever aroused by Job's words.

Suddenly the vehicle brings up; they have arrived at their destination. "Remain seated a little until I see my friend and tell him of your coming."

So saying the agent springs out and passes some words in Spanish with the driver.

Jack sees him open a door in a high wall, and is struck with the fact that Smithers appears to be quite at home.

Presently he appears again. No one could tell from his solemn face whether he carries good news or bad; at a funeral or a wedding the sphinx would appear the same.

"It's all right, sir. Driver drop the luggage; and here's an extra bit of silver for the delay."

Once beyond the door in the wall, Jack finds himself in a garden. Flowers gleam amid the green foliage, and the rich fragrance scents the air. Come, this is something like Paradise, only for the everlasting fleas that inhabit the sandy soil and persist in making life miserable for the stranger within the gates.

Smithers takes him into the house with a familiarity that proclaims his acquaintance with the place. A few black servants flit about, but no master appears. Jack is a poor hand at asking questions, and prefers to wait until it is his comrade's pleasure to lift the curtain. At meal time they will doubtless be made acquainted with the kind owner.

Ah! Sin has given the luggage to a couple of stout blacks, who appear to be dressed in something like liveries. Really they must have happened into the palace of a nabob. Smithers must have had swell acquaintances when in Havana. Perhaps his name is not Smithers at all—that might be a name assumed for the purpose of hiding his identity. Can the strange story he has half promised to tell have some connection with this land of paradise? One can easily imagine any romantic tale when surrounded by such an atmosphere.

Jack has changed his garb and made himself look quite attractive; like some men, he has the knack of doing it with a figure made of curls, thick curly hair, and a careless way of knotting the flowing tie that somehow or other attracts admiring glances, especially from female eyes. Just now Jack is not caring a pip about any damsel on earth other than Jessie Cameron.

Perhaps that is just why Fate pleases to bring him in contact with a counter-irritant.

Tiring of waiting for Smithers, and being a little curious, Jack steps out into the court. No one is there. Birds sing in cages, but the gleam of bright-hued flowers in the garden somehow seems to beckon him under the arch, and almost before he knows it he has drawn near the fountain.

He has seen no one, but as he stoops to lave his hand in the sparkling water a low sigh catches his ear. Glancing up, he discovers that not more than six feet away half concealed in the tropical growth just beside the fountain, is a female figure.

As yet he has only a glimpse of an apparently faultless form, below the average in size, dressed richly after a style that might bespeak the Cuban or Spanish lady.

Jack is a little embarrassed. The little lady—possibly the daughter, or maybe the wife of this host—has not noticed his presence as yet. If he could only withdraw as silently as he has apparently come! But at the first move on his part he sees her turn as though she too would quit the spot.

A meeting is therefore inevitable. Another instant and Jack finds himself looking into the remarkably fine face of a little Cuban beauty. He opens his mouth to apologize for

his lack of courtesy in thus disturbing her privacy, but his tongue refuses to act, clinging to the roof of his mouth with surprise.

As for the girl, she seems to share his astonishment. Evidently this is not the first time Senor Jack and the black-eyed damsel have looked into each other's face.

"Lola!" His lips form the musical name, and at the sound of his voice her face brightens with sudden pleasure. "Then my eyes do not deceive me. It is really you, Senor Jack. I did not dream such a thing. But indeed you are welcome. I need hardly tell you that."

She has advanced quickly to his side, holding out both hands, which he is bound to take. The eager light in her eyes, the flush upon her face, combine to form a lovely picture, and Jack would hardly be human if he failed to be affected in some degree by it.

"This is a great surprise to me. I had no idea of ever meeting you again. Believe me, I am glad to see you looking so well and so happy," he says, warmly.

"Ah, Senor, hardly that. I shall never know the same happiness as of old again. That terrible shock changed me from a girl to a woman



Has changed his garb. And, Senor, there has not a day gone by that I have not thought of you, and prayed the Virgin to watch over you. I had not hoped to ever see you again. It is a great pleasure. You opened my eyes to the baseness of that man who had won my girl's heart, and when he insulted me—the coward—it was your arm that struck him down, friend of yours though he had been. Ah, yes, Senor Jack, two years have since flown, but I shall never forget."

There is a witchery in her presence which he feels but cannot explain. Around her hovers a sweet perfume, such as the daughters of the East delight to weave into their hair or about their flowing garments. Jack feels the power of her flashing eyes, now so dreamy or full of unshed tears; but he is in a position to resist, for close against his heart as a shield he keeps the picture of sweet Jessie Cameron, and with this sentinel on guard none dare enter that citadel.

He has marked it "taken." "I am surprised to find you in Havana. When last I saw you it was in the old city of Santa Fe, in New Mexico."

"And perhaps you thought Mexico my home; but I am a Cuban, Senor Jack, and there is no place in the world like this dearly-beloved Isle." "There are many charming features about it, I confess; and I am pleased to discover that your life has not been ruined by that wretched influenza in the past. I shall forget it if you wish, and remember it no more."

"You are kind. How can I thank you, Senor Jack. Since that day have you ever seen him?"

How strongly she emphasizes the pronoun, and what a look flashes over her face!

(To be continued.)

AUTO BOAT RACING LATEST.

Sport Has Resulted in Improvement of Motor Craft.

Out of bicycle racing evolved the present-day bicycle, handsome, convenient, light, serviceable and inexpensive. Automobile racing has had like effect, and the clumsy motor cars of a year or two ago are replaced by cars of greatly improved design. So it is also with motor boats, says Field and Stream, the new sport of "auto" boat racing already beginning to show its effects in the general improvement of power boats.

Competition means segregation, and the tail-enders go to the bonnyard. Hence the humble half owner of a two-horse tender has a reserved seat at a knothole whenever there is anything doing in the motor-boat arena. During the season just passed the knotholes have been hard worked, and not a few of the watchers have climbed the fence and taken a hand. For it has become a fad to own an "automobile boat."

Argument Unanswerable. Commissioner Woodbury of the department of street cleaning tells this anecdote of a friend of his who was walking through Central park the other day. Being in somewhat of a hurry, he started to cut across the grass at one place, but was stopped by a park policeman, who remonstrated with him.

"What difference does it make?" asked the New Yorker. "The grass is half dead, anyway." "Sure, an' what if it is?" responded the indignant guardian of the peace. "Sure an' if ye had a sick friend would ye be takin' a walk on his stomach?"—New York Times.

Athletics in the East

Oriental people are very averse to physical exercise of any kind. Their idea of enjoyment is to sit under an awning and play backgammon. That a man should go out and run around a track in shameless nakedness, and this with no hope of gain, only confirms them in the belief that all Americans are mad. But they are imitative people, and some years ago the influence and example of the younger teachers got a few of the preparatory boys out for foot races. That day, for Beirut, at least, the deathblow was struck to the picturesque dress of the orient. You can't run a 100-yard dash with long, baggy drawers and a silk gumbaz that flops around your ankles. Even if you "gird up the loins," by tucking your skirts into the sash, the effect is more startling than speedy. So, one by one, the students ordered trousers from the city tailors. At first they were poorly cut and viewed with suspicion; but to-day there are not three men in the collegiate depart-

ment who wear the old costume, and many of the students dress with taste and an elegance that their professors cannot afford to emulate.

Tennis and basketball soon won their place in the students' favor, and now we have gymnastic apparatus and a regularly graduated athletic director, who has learned physical culture and boy nature through a long experience in the gymnasiums of America. But it was football that did the most toward unification. The value of team work is a new idea to eastern college men. The old ideal was that of "every man for himself." It has been so since the time of Alcibiades and Absalom. If it had not been so the history of the world might have been different. It was comparatively easy to see the joy of winning a foot race or a tennis match, but to play an untheatrical part in a football game, obeying a captain and working for the good of the side—that was a very different.—World To-day.

She Ran Into Trouble

The pretty little school teacher burst into the room, her cheeks aflame, and flung herself down on the couch, burying her head among the cushions. "Oh, girls, girls, I've done the most awful thing," she moaned, to the amazement of the other young women who had gathered together for their daily informal cup of tea. When she had regained composure she explained:

"You know Dr. Clark, who shows such an interest in his little boy's progress in school? Well, he comes in so often that I feel as if I know him quite well. I've often wondered why Mrs. Clark did not visit the school, but I came to the conclusion that she was one of the women who was willing to leave the matter of her son's education to her husband."

"I pass his home every night on my way up here, and to-day, just before I reached there, I felt my petticoat 'slipping off.' It was sliding so fast that I

Built Like Noah's Ark

An extraordinary craft has just been built by M. Vogt, the Danish designer, in an attempt to produce an exact model of Noah's Ark.

To assist him in his task M. Vogt had special translations made by distinguished Hebraists of passages out of the Hebrew scriptures relating to the ark and god ideas, too, from a representation of Noah's craft on a coin dated 300 B. C., which is the property of a museum in Copenhagen.

Owing to the methods employed in its construction, doubt was expressed from the first as to whether M. Vogt's craft would float at all, let alone prove seaworthy in a "blow." Popular incredulity and ridicule, however, disturbed the builder not at all, and now he has good cause for satisfaction, for his craft's trial the other day proved a complete success. Carrying as passengers its designer, naval engineers

knew it would be down around my feet before I had gone another block. So I decided on a bold move. I marched up to his door and rang the bell, meaning to ask for Mrs. Clark, explain my predicament to her and get some pins to fix my petticoat. But Dr. Clark himself came to the door, and, grinning like a Cheshire cat, I said:

"How do you do? I came to call on your wife."

"His smile changed to a stony stare. 'Madame,' he said, 'my wife has been in her grave three years.'

"I just tumbled down those steps and onto a car, and here I am. I don't know yet whether I dropped my petticoat on the way or still had sense enough left to hang on to it. And it doesn't make any difference. What's the loss of a petticoat or two in comparison with making that man think I am crazy or that I was simply trying to find out whether he was a widower or not?"—New York Press.

and a large party of newspaper men, the ark not only showed itself perfectly seaworthy, but moved lightly and quickly through the water. In fact, experts have declared that, in spite of her rudimentary design, the strange vessel is the staidest craft ever seen on the high seas.

As nearly as Mr. Vogt is able to judge, his vessel is one-tenth the size of the original Noah's Ark and is of about 200 tons burden. Entering by one of the side ports, one finds a surprising amount of cabin space despite the low sloping sides. As the craft rides high in the water, plenty of light comes through the large port holes in the sides, which can be left open for ventilation when the sea is smooth. Of course the ark is simply built and very plainly furnished inside, to correspond with the one to which the survivors of the first flood disaster are believed to have intrusted themselves.

Ruffed Grouse Are Tame

I have this day witnessed a sight which has caused me more surprise and interest than anything connected with our grandest game bird ever did before. I have seen four birds, two cocks and two hens, which were hatched in captivity, ten weeks ago yesterday, just as healthy, just as happy and just as contented as domestic fowl. These birds do not seem to possess the fear of man.

I stood close beside the wire netting and watched one wallowing in the dirt, and though I was within three feet of him he betrayed not the slightest fear. I then further illustrate their confidence in their worst known enemy, the gentleman who raised them, opened the door of their house, and stooping down, with some blueberries in his hand, softly whistled, and behold, the birds came and fed from his hand. They betrayed not the slightest timidity. At which I marveled much. As I understood it, the eggs were hatched under a motherly bantam hen, and twelve eggs were selected, six each from two separate nests. A very cold storm was responsible for the death of two or three, and cats for one or two others, but there were four beautiful, vigorous birds left, and they give every promise of maturing. The gentleman who has accomplished all this is Dr. Hodges of the Clarke university faculty, and he is the most enthusiastic, sanguine individual regarding the feat it was ever my good fortune to meet. In the fall he will transfer them to more commodious quarters, and I shall be glad to apprise you of their condition then. They are nearly or quite two-thirds grown.—Forest and Stream.

Thoughts of Long Ago

When the autumn's red and purple
Works its wonders through the night,
When within the new-made cavern,
Shut from the gray of dawn,
And the gray squirrel from his doorway
Peers at morning in surprise—
When the brush piles of the fallow
Mounds of solid whiteness show
I am thinking of the homestead
And the woodland wrapped in snow.

There I chased the flying snowflakes
And my heart was light as they;
There I followed, all expectant,
Where the rabbit led the way;
Or, perhaps, down the hillside,
Coasting "neath the winter moon,
Or at skating on the river
Where I swam and fished in June.
Oh, to see again the places
That my childhood used to know;
When my home was in the cabin
And my playground in the snow!
—Floyd D. Raza.

Excellent Champagne Harvest.

This year's champagne harvest in France will rank among those of the most famous years—such as 1865-1874, 1884, 1889 and 1892. It has been said that the vineyards of Champagne cannot produce all the sparkling wine which is sold under the name of champagne. As a matter of fact, however, the vineyards produce three times as much wine as is sold abroad, according to government statistics. La Marne possesses 36,000 acres of vineyards, which produce on an average 300,000 barrels of wine. There are 250,000 barrels of wine in each barrel, or 75,000,000 altogether. The export trade in sparkling wine varies between 23,000,000 and 25,000,000 bottles.

That, in somber silence falling,
Works its wonders through the night,
When within the new-made cavern,
Shut from the gray of dawn,
And the gray squirrel from his doorway
Peers at morning in surprise—
When the brush piles of the fallow
Mounds of solid whiteness show
I am thinking of the homestead
And the woodland wrapped in snow.

There I chased the flying snowflakes
And my heart was light as they;
There I followed, all expectant,
Where the rabbit led the way;
Or, perhaps, down the hillside,
Coasting "neath the winter moon,
Or at skating on the river
Where I swam and fished in June.
Oh, to see again the places
That my childhood used to know;
When my home was in the cabin
And my playground in the snow!
—Floyd D. Raza.

The Sovereign Citizen.

A mild-looking little fellow with side-whiskers entered the registration booth and stood modestly in line until his turn came. When asked his name he leaned forward and whispered it to the chairman.

"How old are you?" was the next question.

"Thirty-eight," whispered the little man.

"Where did you cast your last vote?"

"I—I never voted before."

"Thirty-eight years old and never voted? Why not?"

"Well, you see, sir, my wife never made up her mind before who she wanted to support."

RESULT OF SEEING "DOUBLE."

Convivial Gentleman Feared He Had Committed Bigamy.

"It is remarkable how the after effect of too much strong drink will influence different men," said Cornelius Gardiner. "Usually when a man drinks so much that he sees double the remembrance of that fact does not worry him the next day. He considers it as a sort of joke, and is inclined to boast of it. I met a man to-day, though, on whom it had a most remarkable effect. He is an actor whom I have known for some time and who a few months ago married a very pretty girl, to whom he is absolutely devoted. Never was a man more in love than he is with his wife. His only fault is that once in a while he stays out with the boys and takes a little more than is good for him."

"When I met him this morning he looked very worried, almost distracted. It was also evident that he had a little 'hang over' from last night. I asked what the matter was.

"Trouble at home, I'm afraid," he answered.

"Did your wife give you a curtain lecture?"

"I wasn't in any shape to know what was said or happened, but I'm afraid Lilly will get a divorce."

"Why?"

"I don't know how, but I'll bet I've committed bigamy. I can take my oath there were two wives there. No more of the hard stuff for me if I get out of this!"—New York Herald.

A Budding Grafter.

"I have a little boy in my room who is bound to figure in some great municipal scandal some day," said the school teacher. "He's a lazy little fellow and he exasperates me because he can do so well when he does work. Lately I've been giving him low grade marks to see if that would not spur him up a little. But, while it disturbs his father, the youngster himself does not seem to mind his low rank. Yesterday he came to me with more interest than I have seen in his face for some time."

"Say, teacher," he said, 'dad says if I'll get a good rank this month he'll give me \$20. And I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll give me high marks I'll divide the twenty with you.' "It was in vain that I labored with him and pointed out that he had insulted me. He insisted that it was merely a way for us both to make \$10 easily. If he doesn't get a Fok after him some day I shall be very much mistaken."

Honors Were Even.

It was at the Republican State convention in Trenton, New Jersey, that several of the delegates became interested in a discussion on the ethics of bill-collecting in the professions of law and medicine.

"Let's see," said a prominent lawyer to a well known physician, "are you not the medicine man who is so particular about his fee that he always inquires whether or not a patient carries life insurance before accepting the case?"

"Yes, I'm the man," replied the disciple of Hippocrates with a genial smile, "unless I'm mistaken you are the lawyer that told a young fellow, who asked you if he might sue for the hand of your daughter, that he could if he'd permit you to draw up the papers in the case and give you a retainer of twenty-five dollars."

The others in the crowd agreed that honors were even.—Chicago Record-Herald.

On Lone Tree Hill.

On Lone Tree hill, in grip of death,
Ten thousand soldiers lie,
And groans and shrieks of agony
Assail the leaden sky.
Wars' dreadful scenes of carnage grim,
Disembowled limbs and staring eye,
Will call for help and prayers to Him
Who "heeds the ravens' cry."

To Him whose ways were peace and love,
Who died forgiving the brotherhood of man,
Who "sees each sparrow fall,"
His tender heart the ravens' cry moan,
Such anguish and such woe,
He sends his angel Azrael,
Best messenger below.

Peace vainly prays and veils her eyes:
Able not alone she sees
These sights and sounds of misery,
But over lands and seas
Are homes bereft and orphans left,
And widow's anguished cry,
And oh! ten thousand mothers' hearts,
That break but cannot die.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Boy Fought With Deer.

Willie Stevens, 17 years old, saw a deer come out of a swamp near Susquehanna, Pa., the other day. He crouched down in a quiet corner with a stone in his hand, and as the deer passed hurled the stone and struck the animal, crippling it. The deer tried to escape, but the boy overtook it and struck the beast in the head with another stone. The deer turned at bay and rushed at the boy. The latter dodged and caught the animal by one of its hind legs. Both went down together and rolled over and over in the struggle. Stevens finally managed to get a grip on the deer's neck and with an old pocket knife cut its throat, thus ending the struggle.

Patent All Right.

The delicatessen man was out of bottled milk and his customer had no milk. There was plenty of milk in the big can.

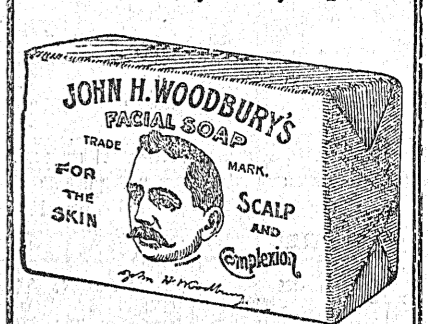
"All right. I got patent," said the delicatessen man. "I figs plenty customers dese way." He put one paper bag beside of another, and into his improvised pail turned a quart of milk. Just as he handed it to the customer in triumph a little white stream began to spray the inventor. He turned the milk back into the can.

"Going to apply for that patent?" asked the customer.

"Dot patent was all ride. But I nefer knew so many holes to come in one place before."

Her Sunday Best—

will far outshine her neighbors, if it be worn beneath a fair complexion.
Dress the face in the best and most becoming colors nature offers, by faithfully using—



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP.

It weeds out all facial impurities and nourishes the skin structure thus cleansed.
25 cts. a cake.

Woodbury's Facial Cream, whiteness and freshens the skin, while softening.

INITIAL OFFER.

In case your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send prepaid, to any address for \$1.00 the following toilet requisites.

- 1 Cake Woodbury's Facial Soap.
- 1 Tube " Facial Cream.
- 1 " " Dental Cream.
- 1 Box " Face Powder.

Together with our readable booklet Beauty's Masque, a careful treatise on the care of the "outer self."

Booklet free on application.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., CINCINNATI, O.

POWER OF TRUE SYMPATHY.

Giver Must Have Clear, High Standard of His Own.

From the top of a mountain you can see into the valley around about—your horizon is very broad, and you can distinguish the details that it encompasses; but, from the valley, you cannot see the top of the mountain, and your horizon is limited, says Annie Payson Call in Leslie's Monthly.

This illustrates truly the breadth and power of wholesome human sympathy. With a real love for human nature—if a man has a clear, high standard of his own—a standard which he does not attribute to his own intelligence—his understanding of the lower standards of other men will also be very clear, and he will take all sorts and conditions of men into the region within the horizon of his mind. Not only that, but he will recognize the fact when the standard of another man is higher than his own, and will be ready to ascend at once when he becomes aware of a higher point of view. On the other hand, when selfishness is sympathizing with selfishness, there is no ascent possible, but only the one little low place limited by the personal selfish interests of those concerned.

Reads Like a Miracle.

Moravia, N. Y., Dec. 12th.—(Special)—Bordering on the miraculous is the case of Mrs. Benj. Wilson of this place. Suffering from Sugar Diabetes, she wasted away till from weighing 200 lbs. she barely tipped the scales at 130 lbs. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure her husband says:—

"My wife suffered everything from Sugar Diabetes. She was sick four years and doctor'd with two doctors, but received no benefit. She had so much pain all over her that she could not rest day or night. The doctor said that she could not live.

"Then an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped her right from the first. Five boxes of them cured her. Dodd's Kidney Pills were a God-Sent remedy to us and we recommend them to all suffering from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney Diseases including Bright's Disease, and all kidney aches, including Rheumatism.

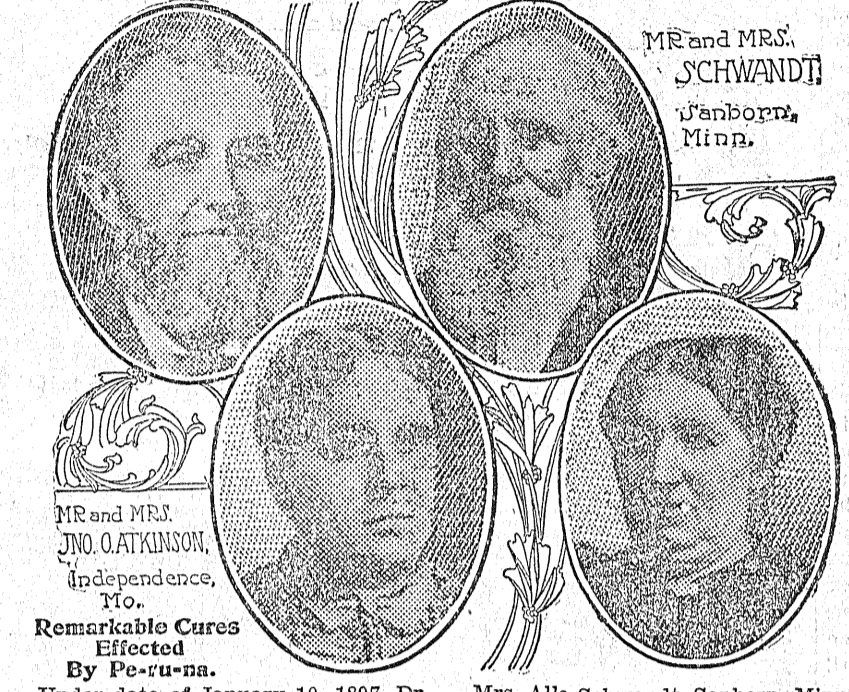
Oath According to the Koran.
Ali Achmet, an Arab, was a witness in the New York court of special sessions recently. He refused to take the Christian oath, saying he would swear as becomes a member of his race and faith. He was allowed to do so, and this was the oath he took: "I swear by the beard of the prophet, by the kasba, by the black stone and by my harem to tell the truth, and the truth, and only the truth."

Nothing

is so sensitive to cold as a nerve and this is the cause of

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Are Never Without Pe-ru-na in the Home for Catarrhal Diseases.



MR and MRS. SCHWANDT, Sanborn, Minn. writes: "I have been troubled with rheumatism and catarrh for twenty-five years. Could not sleep day or night. After having used Pe-ru-na I can sleep and nothing bothers me now. If I ever am affected with any kind of sickness Pe-ru-na will be the medicine I shall use. My son was cured of catarrh of the larynx by Pe-ru-na."—Mrs. Alla Schwandt.

Why Old People are Especially Liable to Systemic Catarrh. When old age comes on, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people. This explains why Pe-ru-na has become so indispensable to old people. Pe-ru-na is their safeguard. Pe-ru-na is the only remedy yet devised that entirely cures these cases. Nothing but an effective systemic remedy can cure them.

A reward of \$10,000 has been deposited in the Market Exchange Bank, Columbus, Ohio, as a guarantee that the above testimonials are genuine; that we hold in our possession authentic letters certifying to the same. During many years' advertising we have never used, in part or in whole, a single spurious testimonial. Every one of our testimonials are genuine and in the words of the one whose name is appended.

In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. Atkinson says, after five years' experience with Pe-ru-na: "I will ever continue to speak a good word for Pe-ru-na. I am still cured of catarrh."—John O. Atkinson, Independence, Mo., Box 272.

Ask your Druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac for 1905.

Good Team Pays Well on Farm

"How many farmers stop to consider the real difference in value between a good, heavy, well-mated prompt team of horses and then an average one, not to say a poor one. Almost every day in the year the farmer has to drive some kind of a team. In fact, his out-door life is spent largely in their company and now much more satisfaction he can get in driving a team of horses that are not only pleasing to the eye and handle pleasantly, but one that will do vastly more work and do it better than an inferior one. Almost every piece of machinery on the farm works better when drawn by a well-mated prompt pair of movers. This is particularly true when drilling grain and planting and cultivating corn. No man can drive a drill or a planter straight when one horse is lagging behind.

"Generally speaking, I think our farm horses are too light to do their work profitably and pleasantly," writes Forest Henry in the Northwestern Agriculturist. "Nearly all our farm machinery is much heavier than in the past and requires stronger teams. We not only plow deeper, but take a wider furrow than we did twenty years ago. Our harrows are made much wider and dig better. We also do vastly more cultivating, all of which requires more horse power. Every engineer will tell you it is not only easier on an engine but less liable to accident to have an engine large enough to do its work without crowding its firebox. It is equally true with a team of horses. A team that has sufficient size to pull their load with their weight, so to speak, and that does not have to work on their nerve, will not only keep easier, but last longer and be less liable to accident than a smaller one."

RAPID SPREAD OF PLANTS.

Seize Wide Stretches of Land in Glorious Profusion. It is marvelous how rapidly some plants will spread themselves over wide stretches of land, says Longman's Magazine. The writer was struck with the way in which the yellow charlock took possession of the line when the Moon Valley railway was being made a few years ago. The very next spring after the embankments were thrown up their sides were clothed with this rampant and conspicuous crucifer. A line of yellow across the country marked in many places the course of the railway. Poppies, too, for some unknown reason, will occasionally appear in strange and wonderful profusion. The striking instance related by Lord Macaulay may be quoted by way of illustration. After the battle of Llanstrathayne, he tells us, "during many months was strewn with skulls and bones of men and horses, and with fragments of hats and shoes, saddles and holsters. The next summer, the soil, fertilized by twenty thousand corpses, broke forth into millions of poppies."

Alfalfa Beats Mammoth Clover

Frank T. Shutt, the chemist of the Ottawa, Canada, Agricultural station furnishes the following analyses of the forage plants above mentioned in an experiment recently made at that station:

The organic matter in the stems and leaves of mammoth clover is 2,265 pounds; in the roots, 1,409 pounds; total, 3,674 pounds. In the stems and leaves of common red clover, 1,842 pounds; in the roots, 1,334 pounds; total, 3,176 pounds. In the stems and leaves of alfalfa, 2,664 pounds; in the roots, 3,120 pounds; total, 5,784 pounds. These figures are for acre plots.

While the yield of organic matter in the stems and leaves of alfalfa is about 20 per cent greater than mammoth red, the yield in the roots is more than double. Therefore, alfalfa furnishes 60 per cent more organic matter, or material that goes to making humus, than the common red.

The greatest difference, however, is in the ash content. While the mammoth red furnishes in stems and leaves 727 pounds of ash per acre and common red 653 pounds, alfalfa furnishes 1,123 pounds.

The content of nitrogen in both stems and roots does not differ very widely; in mammoth 130 pounds, common red 117 pounds, and in alfalfa 137 pounds.—Western Farmer.

DWARF PEAR ORCHARD.

An orchard of dwarf pears trained in pyramidal form is a beautiful sight. When planted with adapted varieties it can be made quite profitable in the hands of a specialist. The ground for the trees should be thoroughly prepared by plowing and harrowing, checked off ten or twelve feet apart. Varieties known to do best on the quince should be planted, such as Duchess, Bartlett, Anjou, Louise Bonne and others in smaller lots that may be grown for trial. The ground can be planted for several years in low growing crops of any kind, then let to rest—cutting down the grass and weeds for hay or leaving as a mulch. In planting, the trees should be formed, roots trimmed, the soil well firm up around them and very little pruning done afterwards except to shape the straggling branches into shape. The aim is to retard excessive growth, and to induce a larger number of small limbs and twigs. This will be largely a safeguard against blight by diverting the sap into many channels.

Photography Foreshadowed.

La Fontaine, who died long before Scheele was born, gives in one of his fables a method of picture-making which may be regarded as foreshadowing the beautiful art which is now of service to mankind in so many different ways. It occurs under the title "Voyage Suppose," and a description runs as follows: "There was no painter in that country; but if anybody wished to have the portrait of a friend, or of a picture, a beautiful landscape, or of any other object, water was placed in great basins of gold or silver, and then the object desired to be painted was placed in front of that water. After a while the water froze and became a glass mirror, on which an ineffaceable image remained."—T. L. Hopeworth in Chambers' Journal.

Memories of Lady Tennyson.

Shortly after Lady Tennyson's marriage one of her women friends wrote the following: "We would find Mrs. Tennyson alone in the large drawing room—always writing—arrayed in a dress of soft gray merino trimmed with velvet or fur, and with a long train, a piece of rich old lace, worn instead of a cap, drooping over her hair behind and coming to a point in front. She was extremely kind in lending us books; among these I particularly remember Fichte's philosophical works, which she admired greatly. Her manner was always most gracious and dignified—perhaps rather languid, but this arose chiefly from lack of vitality or physical strength."

Games and Brains.

I have spent twelve years at the University of Cambridge and nine years of this period I have spent in teaching. I have always found that the fool at sports is the fool at books. Conversely, the good athlete is also a good student. The explanation is perfectly simple. A man or woman without brains cannot learn anything. They will be as great fools at games as they are fools at study.—Letter in London Mail.

Singing Insects of Japan.

Among the natural curiosities of Japan are its singing insects. The most prized of these tiny musicians is a black beetle named "susumushi," which means "insect bell." The sound that it emits resembles that of a little silver bell of the sweetest and most delicate tone.

Franklin's Wise Advice.

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform, without fail, what you resolve. Lose no time, be always employed in something useful.—Benjamin Franklin.

COMPLETELY RESTORED.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand avenue, Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."—Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

Trying Spring Weather.

One of the odd observations of the medical profession is that of the deaths in all parts of the country, the number is larger in March and April of each year and smaller in October and November.



The letters of Miss Merkle, whose picture is printed above, and Miss Claussen, prove beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well. "My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Claussen Saved from a Surgical Operation.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It seems to me that all the endorsements that I have read of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound do not express one-half of the virtue the great medicine really possesses. I know that it saved my life and I want to give the credit where it belongs. I suffered with ovarian trouble for five years, had three operations and spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicines but this did not cure me after all. "However, what doctors and medicines failed to do, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did. Twenty bottles restored me to perfect health and I feel sure that had I known of its value before, and let the doctors alone, I would have been spared all the pain and expense that fruitless operations cost me. If the women who are suffering, and the doctors do not help them, will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, they will not be disappointed with the results."—Miss CLARA M. CLAUSSEN, 1307 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot furnish you the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

One man's righteousness does not depend on his ability to prove another's wrongness. Any fool can see a mistake after it has been made.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 90,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Those people who think that money is plentiful should be sent out collecting bills.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your Druggist will refund money if LAGO Ointment fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

When you lose an opportunity, don't lose time in worrying about it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

Most people who grant a favor expect two in return.

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

The man who goes to the bad seldom has a long journey.

Three great pursuits have again shown wonderful results on the Free Homestead Lands of Western Canada this year. Manitoba's climate—farmers plowing in their shirt sleeves in the middle of November. "All are bound to be more than pleased with the final results of the past season's harvests."—Extract. Coal, wood, water, hay in abundance. Schools, churches, markets convenient. Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to authorized Canadian Government Agent—M. V. McInnes, No. 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Please say where you saw this advertisement.

THE PERUNA ALMANAC. The Peruna in 8,000,000 HOMES. The Luckey Day Almanac has become a fixture in over eight million homes. It can be obtained from all druggists free. Be sure to inquire early. The 1905 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Get one to-day.

Canton the Paris of China. Canton is the Paris of the far East, the fashion center of that picturesque country of lilacs and tea. All the aristocratic Celestials, in whatever part of the world they may be, still watch that center with eager interest for the decree put forth every year by that capricious authority of southern China.

Magie in Well-Filled Purse. A well-filled purse, with its attendants of maids, mantuamakers and milliners, works wonders.

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 Dr. J. C. Watson.

World's Great Men. Great men are the fire pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as everlasting witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed, embodied possibilities of human nature.—Carlyle.

DO YOU COUGH? DON'T DELAY! KEMP'S BALSAM. It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its 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 25 cents and 50 cents.

Earthquake Source of Profit. Earthquakes occasionally profit mankind, as in the case of Orizaba, a town on the Caspian. The port of the town was visited by an earthquake last year, and since then it has been found open to steamers which could not enter it before, owing to the shallow water.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured. With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of disease, Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal medicine. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. J. C. GIBNEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 25c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Laid By for a Rainy Day. Among the belongings of an aged pauper who died at Breslau were found more than two hundredweight of stale bread and biscuits, 300 bottles of medicine from the workhouse dispensary, \$300 in cash and \$250 in securities.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was out of this world, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J. Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Baths in All Dwellings. The city of Reading, England, has passed an ordinance that baths shall be placed in all dwelling houses constructed within the borough in future.

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

The pictures we admire make our own portraits.

SALT THE STOCK.

Many farmers religiously attend to salting the stock every Sunday during the summer while at pasture, yet neglect that most important work in winter. More salt is needed for good digestion and assimilation of foods in winter than is required in summer. Stock, except it may be the speculators' kind, do not usually get the water they need in winter. Salt stimulates thirst, which is satisfied with water that greatly assists the animals in producing milk, growth and flesh.

Don't be stingy with salt in the family or barnyard. Have the secretary of your local creamery buy and distribute the same in car lots. It is cheaper and better than high-priced salt stock foods, which are so much used and popular just now.

Digestive Organs of Fruit Trees

People who do not know much about horticulture are often mystified to account for the distinctive flavor of different fruits growing on the same soil. They can not understand how we grow apples on crab seedlings and on apple seedlings from all varieties. When we graft Ben Davis we expect the same fruit on the crab root that we do on the root produced from the Ben Davis seed. Now, the fact is that all varieties of fruit will grow on the same stocks and produce their respective fruits, while the same is true of fruits that have a core. It is a fact and has been many times demonstrated that a peach root can be budded to each variety of plum in turn, leaving only one stem to grow and then placing on another bud till we run through the plum list, then take up the apricot and bud it in the same way until all the varieties are growing in the peach tree top. Then bud cherry on the plum limbs and we can have cherries in the same tree. The peach root produces the water and soluble matter from the earth for each of those varieties of fruit but each particular fruit has an action peculiar to itself going on chemically through the leaves and digestive organs which produces the certain kind of fruit to which the limb belongs. Corn will produce hair on the back of a calf, but when fed to a goose feathers appear instead. It is the digestive organs of the tree that produce the different fruits and not what variety of food is furnished by the roots.

Eighty Bushels Per Corn Acre

We have frequently made the statement that eighty bushels of corn should be the average yield per acre. It has been the cause of so much criticism that we deem it necessary to offer the proof. The proposition is simply a mathematical problem and when we once figure it out we can readily see that the estimate of eighty or ninety bushels per acre is not an exaggeration. By planting the corn "both ways" the usual distance apart there are, in an acre of ground, about 3,300 hills of corn. No one will dispute the statement that every hill of corn should average two ears. This will give us 6,600 ears to the acre. If the ears are the proper size eighty of them will make a bushel. This gives us eighty-two and a half bushels.

LICE-KILLING MACHINE.

O. L. R.—"Will you please give your opinion on the advisability of using a lice-killing machine of the cylinder form that you put fowls or chicks inside and turn crank, and the work is done? Also, please give particulars for operating same, as I can make me a machine if you think they work satisfactorily."

My "position" on appliances of this kind is just this: I haven't any use for them personally because I don't need them. It is at least a dozen years since I have given any treatment for lice to a chick or fowl over three weeks old, except in case of a bird to be shipped or shown, and so confined for some days where it would have no opportunity to keep itself free from lice, or in case of a setting hen or one with a brood of small chicks. If hens are healthy, and have a good place to dust, they will keep themselves as free from lice as is necessary. If they cannot under favorable condi-

TO SHOW OR NOT TO SHOW?

"That's the question" with many a poultry man concerning the first flock of thoroughbreds of his own growing. It will be perplexing more of them a little later when perhaps someone is urging them to help out a local show. It is a question each must answer for himself, according to his tastes or his necessities. There are things to be said on both sides of it. Still if there is a local show, it seems to me that one ought to exhibit at least a few birds, unless there are very special reasons for not doing so.

PUTTING UP CORNER-POST.

To brace a corner-post put the post down not less than three feet, notch out near bottom, and spike or bolt on a short piece 2x6, or any piece of wood. Feet away the dirt in tight. Then, eight feet apart, put in another post with brace from the bottom to half way up to top of fence on this corner post, not any higher as it will pull up easier. Then put double wire just opposite, twist hard, stretch fence tight, and you will have a fence until the post rots off.

Eighty Bushels Per Corn Acre

We have frequently made the statement that eighty bushels of corn should be the average yield per acre. It has been the cause of so much criticism that we deem it necessary to offer the proof. The proposition is simply a mathematical problem and when we once figure it out we can readily see that the estimate of eighty or ninety bushels per acre is not an exaggeration. By planting the corn "both ways" the usual distance apart there are, in an acre of ground, about 3,300 hills of corn. No one will dispute the statement that every hill of corn should average two ears. This will give us 6,600 ears to the acre. If the ears are the proper size eighty of them will make a bushel. This gives us eighty-two and a half bushels.

We have observed that the trouble with the average farmer is that he tries to grow too many ears on an acre, and as a result he is paid with "barbs"—the kind of ears that take from 120 to 160 to make a bushel. A perfect and complete stand of corn to the acre with not more than two or three healthy and vigorous stalks to the hill is the great secret of eighty bushels-to-the-acre corn. Of course careful planting and tending also have a great influence on the yield of a field of corn.—Farmers' Guide.

CELESTINE KING Lady Skin Talk

The "Celery King complexion" is what one Brooklyn lady calls the beautiful skin that comes from the use of Celery King, the tonic-laxative. This great nerve tonic is made in both Herb and Tablet form. 25c.

"THE ONLY WAY" BETWEEN CHICAGO ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY PEORIA

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

Copyright, 1904, by the Chicago & Alton Railway Co.

Send to the famous "Fencing" and "Cow-boy" Girl 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, Lock Box 668, CHICAGO, Ill., and get the handsome calendar of the year. Four graceful faces in colors, unmarred by advertisements and ready for framing.

Afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water. W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 51—1904

When answering ads. please mention this paper

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. REGULAR DYE CO., Unionville, Missouri.

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. Reasonable rates are charged for display advertisements. Local notices in our paid local columns are five cents per line for first insertion. Notices of festivals, lectures, concerts and all entertainments of a money-making character are five cents a line. Resolutions of respect are charged for at the rate of one dollar for each insertion. Cards of thanks are twenty-five cents for each insertion.

A. A. P. McDowell,
Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

Brooker & Corkins,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Reference: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank, Office in Second story of City block, Cass City, Mich.

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 over 2 Mack's store, Phone 23.

Dr. M. M. Wickware,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Auten & Seeger's Bank; residence one block north of Opera House. Office hours 10 a. m. to 12 m.; 1 to 3 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m. Home in house and office. Can also be found in office at other times unless engaged in outside calls.

Dr. A. N. Treadgold.
Offices above P. O. Residence Seeger St. Special attention given to diseases of children and old age. Special hours, 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. General office hours, 10:30 a. m. to 12 m.; 7 to 9:30 p. m. Home in house and office. Calls promptly attended.

A. W. Truesdell, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Shabbona, 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 making professional calls. Office at residence. Elmwood, Mich. 12-17-02

DENTISTRY.

I. A. FRITZ, DENTIST. Office over Fritz's drug store, Cass City, Mich.

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

Societies.

I. O. F.
COURT ELKLAND, No. 825, I. O. F., meets on 1st, 3rd and 5th Tuesdays of each month in their hall in the Campbell block, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.
JAS. M. ALLEN, C. R.
A. A. P. McDowell Rec. Sec. 8-11-07

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
CLAS. H. TRAVIS, N. G.
P. A. SCHENCK, Secretary.

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

Elkland Arbor, No. 31, A. O. G. O.
meets the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, in Oddfellow Hall. Visiting companions always welcome.
A. D. GILLIES, C. G.
JAS. REAGH, Sec.-Treas. 1-23-03.

Church Directory.

BAPTIST—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on Sunday. Sunday school at 12 m. Young people's meeting Sunday evening at 6:30. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

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

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

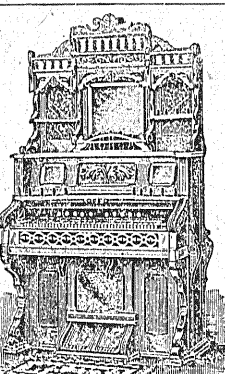
PREBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.
REV. E. H. BRADFIELD, Pastor.

ST. PANCRATIUS R. C. CHURCH—Services on the second Sunday of each month at 10:30 a. m. Standard Times on the fourth Sunday of each month at 8:00 a. m. Standard Time.
REV. FR. DWAN, Parish Priest.

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.
Fare—one way \$1.00; round trip same day, \$1.50.



New and Second Hand Organs for Sale at
LENZNER'S FURNITURE STORE.

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

Sick Blood

Feed pale girls on Scott's Emulsion.

We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood.

The fact that it is the best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, rich in nutrition, full of healthy stimulation is a suggestion as to why it does what it does.

Scott's Emulsion presents Cod Liver Oil at its best, fullest in strength, least in taste.

Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.



We will be glad to send a sample to any sufferer. 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,
400 Pearl St., New York.

Correspondence.

Ellington
H. G. Comstock went to Gagetown the 7th taking some beans with him.

It has been snowing some for several days past and is still at it, but there is no sleighing.

Mrs. Samuel Elliott, who has been laid up with a lame foot for some days, is now able to walk around some.

William Landon and Jesse King, who went to Bay City the first of last week with pork returned home last Thursday night.

G. S. Clay and Harry Hunt went one day last week to the Patrick Toohy farm after a load of corn shocks bought at his sale.

Peter Colwell a brother of Wm. Colwell, Sr., who has been visiting with him, returned to his home in the state of New York, about a week ago.

Half the ills that man is heir to comes from indigestion, Barlock Blood Bitters strengthens and tones the stomach; makes indigestion impossible.

Bad Axe

Mrs. A. J. Knapp is on the sick list. Miss Stanton, of Pontiac, is the guest of friends in town.

A little baby gladdens the home of Tom Bradley. Born Monday, Dec. 5th.

Dr. Herrington and wife rejoice over the arrival of a baby girl, on Thursday.

The Eastern Star Lodge goes to Ubyly, Friday night, to give the work in the new hall there.

The Epworth League will give a home talent entertainment in the M. E. Church Friday evening, Dec. 16th.

Rev. Seelye received news Saturday of the death of his mother at Ann Arbor. He left Monday morning to be in attendance at the funeral.

Judge Allison, of Indiana gave a lecture on "Kings and Queens," Wednesday night, which was enjoyed by all. It was the second number of our lecture course.

Your Stomach is One of 80,000,000 in the United States

Can be kept in a perfectly healthy and normal condition by using Major's New-Ral Pills. You have the stomach; if it is unhealthy, treat it with consideration. If UNHEALTHY, treat it with MAJOR'S NEW-RAL PILLS. They cure all forms of Stomach diseases, such as indigestion, neuralgia, heart-burn, and chronic dyspepsia. Guaranteed to cure; at all druggists, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 50c per box, by ALMA CHEMICAL Co., Alma, Mich.

SPECIAL NOTE—Take Alma Bromo Salts for Constipation, Headache, Liver and Kidney Disease. Price 50c per large size bottle. Use Alma Bromo soap. The best and purest. 25c per cake. Use Alma Bromo Ointment. Nature's Own Healer, for all skin troubles. 50c per box. For sale by T. H. Fritz and Wood & Co.

Wickware.

Mrs. Marshall, of Hay Creek, visited her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Burt, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, of Hay Creek, called on Mr. and Mrs. Durkee Sunday.

Miss Vina Wright was a very pleasant caller on Hattie Brown Monday evening.

Alvin Sansburn, of Bear Lake, is visiting at his parental home here, for a few days this week.

Mrs. Henry Bigelow and Mrs. Frank Bond were very pleasant callers at Mrs. Wm. Wright's Wednesday.

A Gleaner dance was held in the A. O. O. G. Hall at Wickware, Friday evening. All report a good time.

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm. Cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

Auction Sales

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

West Greenleaf

Wesley Rowley is able to be out again.

A quantity of the beautiful snow is with us again.

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. Jas. Souden Dec. 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Bardwell spent Sunday in Cass City.

Miss Meady Watson visited Miss Lena Souden Sunday.

Jack Ballagh returned Friday from a visit with relatives in Canada.

Stanley Jones and wife were out riding Monday. Nothing like improving the snow.

Jud. VanAllen is laboring for Wallace Gilbert. John Huscantusky is also working for him.

Rob Byers and wife, of Port Huron, have moved to this place and will live with Mr. Byers' parents.

Arthur Wilson returned home Saturday night from Sanilac Centre, the board having been in session there the past week.

Joe Schmitt has been spending the week at Andrew Seeger's. There must be some attraction out this way, Joe. What is the matter with the Bad Axe girls?

The doctor looks at your tongue, gives you a laxative medicine, and charges you well for it. You can judge by your tongue yourself when you need a laxative medicine, and for 25 cents you can get the best laxative known, which is Celery King, the tonic laxative.

Elmwood.

John Wilder has rented the Robert Wills farm.

Louis Dudenhofer is spending a few days in Detroit.

Dwight Turner attended the Stock Show at Chicago.

Mrs. Doer Perry is visiting her sister, at Lewiston, Mich.

Glen Forbes, of Isabella County, has rented the Clifford farm.

Mrs. Bourn and daughter, Miss Mary Bourn, have moved to Caro. Mrs. M. A. Smith, of Ellington, visited her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Compton, last week.

There is to be a Christmas tree at the schoolhouse in Dist. No. 6. Everybody invited.

Rev. J. Harris, of the M. P. Church, is holding protracted meetings at the Remington Church.

Many wells have gone dry in this vicinity and farmers are bothered to get water for their stock.

Arthur Gerou has moved on the VanSickle farm in Ellington recently purchased by Fred Stafer.

Miss Maybell Hargrave is expected home this week from a month's visit with her brothers in Northern Michigan.

A New England supper will be given at the residence of Dennis O'Kelly, Dec. 13th, for the benefit of the Sunday school.

Joseph Dodge and wife entertained a company of friends at their home by giving a dancing party, Friday evening, Dec. 9th.

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.

Bay City hunters, under the leadership of John Cotter, president of Essexville, are considering a formal petition to the state game warden and legislature, for change in the state game laws. Duck hunting has two seasons, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, and March 20 to April 10. The spring hunting drives the birds further north for their breeding, and in the fall the cold weather drives them south before Michigan's hunting season fairly opens. They want the open season from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1, with the open spring season eliminated.

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

Karr's Corners.

Stanley Karr visited at Jas. Day's Saturday.

Selah Butler is helping do chores at Geo. Karr's.

At last we have lots of snow and wintry weather.

Levi Locke returned to his home at Amadore on Friday.

Geo. Charter and wife visited friends near Bad Axe Sunday.

Ellwood Eastman was the guest of Hermon Charter Sunday.

Anna Demode, of Cass City, spent Sunday at O. Maxfield's.

Mrs. N. Karr returned to her home at Kingston on Saturday.

Don't forget the Christmas tree at Bethel, Friday evening, Dec. 23rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Karr left Saturday for a visit to relatives in Saginaw.

We learn that M. Steinhauer died of pneumonia on Thursday of last week.

Emerson Butler has returned from Ohio, where he has been visiting his brother.

Mrs. Mary Jane Mark is at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Karr, at present.

Mrs. C. Coon has returned from a visit at Saginaw and expects to remain at Farmer Karr's this winter.

Edwin Mums, of Caron, N. W. T., Canada, who made a week's visit at his parental home, returned as far as Ontario Wednesday.

While John F. Copland was hauling hay from Geo. Predmore's on Friday his wagon wheel slipped into a deep rut and by so doing tipped the wagon over. Mr. Copland jumped but struck on his shoulder, which he is still unable to use. A neighbor who happened to pass by helped him to put his load of hay back on. On Saturday he made another trip accompanied by Frank Maxfield and as they were coming home Mr. Maxfield fell off and broke one of his ribs in such a manner as to force it into one of his lungs.

A Costly Mistake.
Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c. at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis', Kingston.

UNCOMMON WISDOM.

Some Michigan People Profit by Neighbors' Experience.

It's a wise man who profits by the experience of his friends and neighbors. Here is a chance to do it, every man, woman or child in Michigan who knows the misery of a bad back, the nervousness and restlessness caused by kidney complaint or the annoyance of urinary disorders, will show uncommon wisdom to profit by this citizen's advice.

Arthur J. Pierce, of 28 Monroe Street, Coldwater, proprietor of the cigar factory on Chicago Street, says: "For some months I was annoyed with a dull aching pain across the small of the back at times quite severe. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills recommended for such troubles and procured a box at E. R. Clarke's drug store. The remedy relieved me right away and it was only a short time until I felt as well as ever. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to others troubled as I was."

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

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.

The elevator business at Wilmot seems to be drawing the bean trade that way.

Albert Brown, of Caro, was in this locality last week in the interest of the Caro Courier.

E. G. Gilbert, of Shabbona, has organized an American Society of Equity at Novesta.

Benj. Sharp has threshed seventy-four bushels of clover seed. Very good for a one horse farmer.

Snow has come and fell on dry wells, dusty roads, a republican hood-winked and a tax-ridden people.

Jake Hilderbrand informs us that the Hilderbrand that suicided in Detroit about a month ago was no kith of his whatever.

The male part of the temperance workers of this locality will hold a meeting at Leek schoolhouse on the evening of Dec. 29th.

Uriah Maul, of Wilmot, died on the 10th inst and was buried on the 13th. He was sixty-four years old and served in the Fifth Michigan Infantry. He has lived in this part of the state for the past thirty years. He leaves a widow and a family of grown up children.

Shabbona and Novesta are arranging for a debate. Matters not fully settled as yet, but 'tis expected that the question will read: Resolved "That the right of suffrage should be extended to the women of the United States of America"—Shabbona has the affirmative and Novesta the negative. Three disputants on a side; 20 minutes each.

Brother Bartlett, of the Christian persuasion, who resides in Centre Novesta, gave the people of the Townline an object lesson sermon on the 11th. He had a magnet and nails of many sizes, the smaller ones being easily attracted but an old spike which he compared to the brassy old sinner of sixty or more the magnet slipped over like grease. On the whole it was an amusing scene.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content: The quiet mind is richer than a crown. Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent; The poor estate seems Fortune's angry frown. Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss. Beggars enjoy, when princes do not.

Miss Mary Grant, aged 43, living with her brother on a farm two miles northeast of Capac, was found dead Sunday morning. Upon arising her brother rapped on her door and called her and then went and did his chores. On returning he found his sister not up and again called her. Receiving no response he went into the room and found his sister dead in bed, the bed clothing being unruined.

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

Samuel Brenner, the bankrupt Harbor Beach merchant, has lingered in the Bay county jail for two months because some goods valued at \$1,000 were shipped to unknown parties, and he refused to account for them in his bankruptcy proceedings. Some weeks ago his aged mother offered to settle for \$800, but Judge Swan refused the offer. The devoted mother has been busy since, and Saturday the full amount of \$1,000 was produced. Brenner anxiously expects his release from custody.

There is no alcohol in Celery King—a medicine fresh from nature's hand. If you have never taken this great tonic laxative, ask your friends about it. 25c. at druggists.

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

Sad would the salt waves be, And cold the singing sea, And dark the gulls that echo to the seven-stringed lyre.

If things were what they seem, If life had no fair dream, No mirage made to tip the dull sea-line with lure. —Edmund Gosse.

UNCOMMON WISDOM.
Some Michigan People Profit by Neighbors' Experience.

It's a wise man who profits by the experience of his friends and neighbors. Here is a chance to do it, every man, woman or child in Michigan who knows the misery of a bad back, the nervousness and restlessness caused by kidney complaint or the annoyance of urinary disorders, will show uncommon wisdom to profit by this citizen's advice.

Arthur J. Pierce, of 28 Monroe Street, Coldwater, proprietor of the cigar factory on Chicago Street, says: "For some months I was annoyed with a dull aching pain across the small of the back at times quite severe. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills recommended for such troubles and procured a box at E. R. Clarke's drug store. The remedy relieved me right away and it was only a short time until I felt as well as ever. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to others troubled as I was."

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

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.

The elevator business at Wilmot seems to be drawing the bean trade that way.

Albert Brown, of Caro, was in this locality last week in the interest of the Caro Courier.

E. G. Gilbert, of Shabbona, has organized an American Society of Equity at Novesta.

Benj. Sharp has threshed seventy-four bushels of clover seed. Very good for a one horse farmer.

Snow has come and fell on dry wells, dusty roads, a republican hood-winked and a tax-ridden people.

Jake Hilderbrand informs us that the Hilderbrand that suicided in Detroit about a month ago was no kith of his whatever.

The male part of the temperance workers of this locality will hold a meeting at Leek schoolhouse on the evening of Dec. 29th.

Uriah Maul, of Wilmot, died on the 10th inst and was buried on the 13th. He was sixty-four years old and served in the Fifth Michigan Infantry. He has lived in this part of the state for the past thirty years. He leaves a widow and a family of grown up children.

Shabbona and Novesta are arranging for a debate. Matters not fully settled as yet, but 'tis expected that the question will read: Resolved "That the right of suffrage should be extended to the women of the United States of America"—Shabbona has the affirmative and Novesta the negative. Three disputants on a side; 20 minutes each.

Brother Bartlett, of the Christian persuasion, who resides in Centre Novesta, gave the people of the Townline an object lesson sermon on the 11th. He had a magnet and nails of many sizes, the smaller ones being easily attracted but an old spike which he compared to the brassy old sinner of sixty or more the magnet slipped over like grease. On the whole it was an amusing scene.

Mo-Ka COFFEE

The widespread popularity of this brand attests its Superior Excellence.

Put up in 1-lb. air-tight packages, preserving purity, strength and flavor.

Always Clean.

MO-KA Coffee will please you. Ask your Grocer for it.

20 CENTS THE POUND

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

THE OLD FIRM IN NEW QUARTERS

The first story of our New Brick Block having been completed the...

Cass City Meat Market

Has opened up in their new quarters with a full line of...

Fresh and Cured Meats, Canned Goods and Mustards, Pickles, Catsups, Etc.

We are always in the market for... Butter and Eggs, Poultry, Rabbits, Furs, Tallow, Horse and Beef Hides, Etc.

YOUNG & BENKELMAN.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I take pleasure in announcing to the people of Cass City and vicinity that I have located in what is known as the Pinney Block and am putting in the...

MOST UP-TO-DATE LINE

...of...

Fine Watches, Clocks, Silverware Ladies' and Gents' Chains, Pins and Brooches.

We make a special effort to supply...

Fine Wedding, Diamond, Stone Set and Chaste Band Rings.

Before purchasing your Holiday Gifts come in and satisfy yourself that our goods are up-to-date and right in price and quality. All kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing neatly done; work fully guaranteed. We respectfully solicit a portion of your patronage.

T. L. TIBBALS JEWELER

The Latest Magazines....
are always to be had at the Enterprise Office on Seeger Street.

==Bargains==

Kerosene, 8c. a gallon.
Bean Pickers, \$4.50 to \$10.00.
Shot Guns, \$2.00 to \$30.00.
Sewing Machines, \$15.00 to \$30.00.
One Second Hand Sewing Machine, \$5.00.
Carpet Sweepers, \$2.50 to \$3.00.
Feed Cookers, \$9.00 to \$12.00.
One Steel Range, 20-inch oven, size No. 9, six holes, price \$38.00.
Buggy Whips, 10c to \$1.00.
Washing Machines, \$3.50 to \$8.00.
Men's Fur Coats, \$15.0

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXIV, NO. 18.

CASS CITY, MICH., DEC. 15, 1904.

SUPPLEMENT.

Local Happenings.

The McLellan Hotel now has a telephone—No. 77.

Bert Bertrand visited his parents at Sebawaing last week.

Note what Ostrander has to say about Holiday Gifts.

Chas. Striffler left on a business trip to Buffalo last week.

L. Snelling, of the Kingston Hotel, was in town Tuesday evening.

A. W. Traver now has office room with Ostrander, the shoe man.

Mrs. Jos. Young, of North Branch, has been visiting friends in town.

Mrs. John Clothier, of Koylton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. N. Dorman.

M. Sheridan and H. Frutchey returned on Monday from a trip to Bay City.

J. N. Dorman, of the Woollen Mills, made a business trip to Marlette this week.

J. S. McArthur was confined to his home with a lame foot, a part of the week.

Mrs. S. Ostrander is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Mary Fishell, from Dryden.

See the suggestions for Christmas, made by J. B. Coates in his new advertisement.

Miss Lela Lee has returned from an extended visit with an aunt in Toledo, O.

The Kandy Kitchen offers some "Hot Plunks" for Christmas. See advertisement.

Mrs. J. D. Schenck, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., is visiting her friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Auten and Mrs. E. McLean left for a trip to Detroit yesterday morning.

Mrs. J. Zinnecker spent a portion of last week as the guest of her son, George, at Owendale.

John Ashmore, postmaster and merchant at Rescue, left last week to visit relatives in New York.

Miss Louise Wellwood, of Marlette, has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. N. Dorman, this week.

J. L. Hitchcock & Sons are offering some great bargains as may be seen by their new advertisement in this issue.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid held a business meeting last Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. P. Hendrick.

John Ridgeway, who has been spending several weeks with friends here, has decided to remain here for the winter.

Township treasurer, E. F. Benkelman, wishes us to say that he will be at his office for the receipt of taxes each Wednesday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leslie and daughter, Miss Ethel, and the former's brother, George who is visiting here, were in Caro on business Wednesday.

On Sunday, Dr. M. M. Wickware removed a "fatty tumor" for P. S. Rice. The operation proved quite simple and Mr. Rice is able to be at work.

Clarence Quick, employed as second cook at the Eastern Michigan Asylum at Pontiac, has been spending a week or so at his parental home south of town.

The induction of the newly-elected Epworth League officers will take place next Sunday evening at the M. E. Church, during the regular church service.

Miss Lottie Usher entertained about twenty-five of her lady friends at her home on Monday evening. We understand that they had an "indescribable" time.

Rev. H. H. Andrews, of Deckerville, will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church next Sunday, morning and evening. The ordinance of baptism will be observed.

Mrs. Mahoney and daughter, Miss Kate Mahoney, left for Battle Creek yesterday morning, where they will spend the winter with the former's daughter, Mrs. Brown.

H. L. McDermott went to Tecumseh last week to see his sister, Mrs. E. Sedwick, before her departure for California, where her physicians have advised her to spend the winter.

According to final compilations, the Prohibitionists in Tuscola County at the recent elections, polled 351 votes for the presidential electors; the Socialist party, 41; Socialist Labor, 4; and the Peoples' Party, 14.

The time-honored and ever popular play, "Tip Van Winkle," is to be given at the Opera House on the evening of Dec. 27th, by a specially equipped and

unusually strong company. See advertisement in another column.

The services at the Evangelical Church next Sunday morning will be in both English and German. Admission of new members at the evening Y. P. A. meeting.

N. Bigelow & Sons aim to assist you in your perplexity regarding Holiday Gifts, as you will observe by scanning their new advertisement in this issue and an inspection of their stock.

Miss Mary Zinnecker will have charge of the Epworth League service next Sunday evening. The topic will be "The New Testament Standard of Experience and Life—(a pledge meeting)." Owing to the stormy weather, the Modern Woodmen did not succeed in getting a quorum on Monday evening and their election was postponed until next Monday evening, when it is hoped every neighbor will be present.

The checks for the last payment of the season from the Williams Bros. Co., to the cucumber growers of this section, are now in the hands of Lang & James for distribution. The amount of this payment will total about \$2,850.

Cass City Lodge, No. 203, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers at their meeting last week: N. G., E. McKim; V. G., P. A. Schenck; R. S., Chas. L. Robinson; P. S., H. S. Wickware; treas., Geo. E. Perkins; trustee, E. W. Keating.

Conrad Steinhauser arrived home on Sunday morning last to attend his father's funeral, accompanied by his cousin, W. G. McKenzie, they having come from Cleveland, where they had left the boats upon which they had been sailing.

On Thursday evening last, occurred the marriage of Francis G. Meredith and Miss Grace I. Warn, at the home of the bride's parents, corner of Houghton and Sherman Streets, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Jas. W. Fenn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brown and children left a few days ago for Oregon, going by way of Detroit, where they would remain over Sunday. T. H. Hunt, of Dundee, Oregon, who has been visiting here for some time, returns with them to his home.

T. L. Tibbals, our new jeweler, was called to his parental home, at Brown City, on Sunday, owing to the very serious illness of his mother. W. J. Bottomley, the Brown City jeweler, kindly consented to come here and look after the interests of his business until such time as Mr. Tibbals can return.

John A. Morrison, who has been employed as pharmacist with T. H. Fritz for some time, has accepted a position with a firm in Grayling, and left on Monday for that place. Dalton Moshure, who formerly was employed with Mr. Fritz, and who has recently been at Peck, has returned to fill the vacancy.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Michigan Association of breeders of Improved Live Stock will be held at Howell, on Wednesday, Dec. 21st, beginning at nine o'clock a. m., the sessions being held in the Court House. At the morning session, our townsman, John Marshall, is to give a paper on "Place of the Long Wools in Sheep Husbandry."

Companion Court Davenport, I. O. F., met last evening and elected the following officers for the coming year: P. C. R., Mrs. W. E. Randall; C. R., Mrs. G. W. Goff; V. C. R., Mrs. Nellie Powell; R. S., Mrs. M. H. Eastman; E. S., Mrs. I. K. Reid; treas., Miss Nellie Goff; orator, Mrs. C. Dingman; S. W., Mrs. N. Kitobin; J. W., Mrs. C. W. Heller; S. B., Miss Hazel Randall; J. B., Mrs. D. Hutchinson; C. D., Mrs. A. A. Brian; phys., J. H. Hays and M. M. Wickware.

Hazel Hive, Ladies of the Modern Maccabees, held their election on Tuesday evening, with the following result: Com., Miss Lottie Usher; acting Past Commander, Mrs. J. F. Henrick; Lt. Com., Mrs. D. A. Freeman; R. K., Miss Carrie Robinson; F. K., Mrs. M. L. Gulick; Chap., Mrs. C. McCue; sergt., Mrs. D. Tyo; M. at A., Mrs. N. Kitchen; sent., Mrs. E. J. Usher; picket, Mrs. W. Schwaderer; phys., M. M. Wickware; organist, Miss Dora Wallace; asst. organist, Miss May Landon.

Through an oversight, we failed to mention last week the death of Mrs. D. G. Schneider, which occurred on the morning of the 2nd inst., after several week's illness. Deceased, whose maiden name was Rose Maxam, was born in Bay City, in 1878, and was married to Mr. Schneider eight years ago. They moved here from Gageton last May. Four children the eldest of which is but six years of age, besides

the husband, mourn her demise. The funeral services were held in the M. E. Church on the afternoon of the 4th, Rev. R. N. Mulholland conducting.

An adjourned business meeting of the Epworth League was held at the M. E. Parsonage last Friday evening, when the following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., F. A. Bigelow; 1st vice pres., A. A. P. McDowell; 2nd vice pres., Miss Bertha E. Wood; 3rd vice pres., Miss Anna Scripture; 4th vice pres., Mrs. L. I. Wood; sec'y, Miss Lucretia Campbell; treas., Miss Faustina A. Brown; organist, Miss Ora McKim; chorister, Miss Lottie Bradley; ushers, Geo. Bond and Frank Scripture. At the conclusion of the business session cocoa and wafers were served and a penny guessing contest was introduced. A. A. P. McDowell winning first prize, and Miss Lucretia Campbell second, each being a piece of pyrography, the handiwork of Miss Mae Mulholland.

Echo Chapter, No. 337, Order of the Eastern Star, located at this place, received its charter on the evening of Dec. 2nd, when the officers were duly installed by Mrs. M. T. Moore, grand worthy matron, of Bay City, assisted by Mrs. E. A. Shimmions, grand marshal, of Saginaw. The officers are as follows: Worthy patron, C. H. Travis; worthy matron, Mrs. Dora Fritz; associate matron, Mrs. D. J. Landon; sec'y, Mrs. A. A. McKenzie; treas., Mrs. E. J. Usher; marshal, Mrs. J. C. Lauderbach; chap., Miss Vania Gable; conductor, Miss May Landon; associate conductor, Miss Aura Schenck; sentinel, Mrs. Chas. Hall; warden, Neil McLarty; pianist, Miss Etta Schenck; Adah, Mrs. C. H. Travis; Ruth, Mrs. C. M. Seely; Esther, Mrs. N. McLarty; Martha, Mrs. L. I. Wood; Electa, Mrs. J. A. Caldwell.

The election of officers for Court Elkland, No. 830, Independent order of Foresters, took place on Tuesday evening, at the regular communication, the result being as follows: Court Deputy, David Tyo; Junior Past Chief Ranger, Jas. M. Allen; Chief Ranger, W. A. Anderson; Vice Chief Ranger, A. E. Boulton; Rec. Sec'y, A. A. P. McDowell; Fin. Sec'y, Ira K. Reil; treasurer, M. L. Gulick; orator, Travis Schenck; organist, Frankia Leuzner; senior woodward, Norman Kitchen; junior woodward, James Wright; senior beadle, Angus McGillivray; Junior beadle, David Hutchinson; trustees, A. H. Muck and E. Eno; finance committee, Travis Schenck and A. E. Boulton; physicians, Jas. H. Hays and M. M. Wickware; delegate to High Court, Jas. M. Allen; alternate, T. Schenck Jas. Wright was also elected janitor.

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 gripping feeling. Six million people take and recommend CAS-CARETS. Try a 10c box. All druggists. 11-21-01.

The Edison Biograph entertainment given at the Opera House three nights last week, under the management of I. Davis, was given to very good houses and was well received. On Saturday evening a \$5 lamp was given away, and Miss Etta Keating held the number which drew the prize.

Fight Will Be Bitter.
Those who will persist in closing their ears against the continual recommendation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will have a long and bitter fight with their troubles if not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. R. Beall, of Beall, Miss., has to say: "Last fall my wife had symptoms of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after everything else had failed. Improvement came at once and four bottles entirely cured her." (Guaranteed by T. H. Fritz, Druggist, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.)

Your Christmas neckware at A. A. Hitchcock's.

She Gloated.
A Fort Fairfield (Me.) woman was awakened at 3 one morning by a furious ring of the telephone in her house. Feeling from the wildness of the ring that somebody's house must be on fire or that somebody was bleeding to death, she scampered downstairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Got your washin' done yet? Had mine out half an hour ago!"

Quite the Contrary.
Woman of the House—You're not one of these labor agitators, are you? Goodman Gonrong (with his mouth full of pie)—No, ma'am. I'm a real agitator.—Exchange.

Some one asks whether success is most due to luck, pluck or brains. The answer is easy—all three.

When Christmas Comes on Sunday

By LOUIS E. THAYER

[Copyright, 1904, by Louis E. Thayer.]

TO us little fellows Sunday's mighty different from all the other days that's in the week, 'Cause you've kind o' got to creep around on tiptoe

And you've sort o' got to whisper when you speak;

If you don't, your pa or ma is sure to scold you And call you bad and sacrilegious boys, For Sunday days were made for thought and worship,

But they wasn't made for romping and for noise.

AND to think that Christmas day's to come on Sunday!

Why, somehow, seems it hadn't order be, 'Cause where's the good when you can't laugh and holler?

Say, it's pretty hard on little chaps like me. And if a feller jes' forgets the quiet, And bubbles out a little, who's to blame?

It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sunday, For I know the day will never seem the same.

I KNOW jes' how 'twill be when, in the morning, I find my stocking filled brimful of toys.

I seem to hear my father say, "Well, Johnny, you may look at them, but don't make any noise."

And ma, perhaps, will bring me out a trumpet And say, "Well, Johnny, it is Sunday now, SENS' BLOW?"

Say, it's pretty hard a-waiting for tomorrow. What good's a trumpet that you dassen't blow?

I WISH they'd print the calendars all over And make our Christmas come some other day,

Jes' so us little chaps can have some freedom And romp and shout and whistle at our play. There's lots of things that ain't jes' as they should be,

And 'cause they ain't it seems to me a shame. It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sunday,

For I know the day will never seem the same.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over, And we won't hardly know that it's been here.

Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas That we will have a chance to know this year. Another thing that makes the whole thing harder Is that we have a Sunday every week,

While we have to go and have our only Christmas When we almost have to whisper as we speak.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over, And we won't hardly know that it's been here.

Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas That we will have a chance to know this year. Another thing that makes the whole thing harder Is that we have a Sunday every week,

While we have to go and have our only Christmas When we almost have to whisper as we speak.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over, And we won't hardly know that it's been here.

Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas That we will have a chance to know this year. Another thing that makes the whole thing harder Is that we have a Sunday every week,

While we have to go and have our only Christmas When we almost have to whisper as we speak.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over, And we won't hardly know that it's been here.

Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas That we will have a chance to know this year. Another thing that makes the whole thing harder Is that we have a Sunday every week,

While we have to go and have our only Christmas When we almost have to whisper as we speak.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over, And we won't hardly know that it's been here.

Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas That we will have a chance to know this year. Another thing that makes the whole thing harder Is that we have a Sunday every week,

While we have to go and have our only Christmas When we almost have to whisper as we speak.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over, And we won't hardly know that it's been here.

Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas That we will have a chance to know this year. Another thing that makes the whole thing harder Is that we have a Sunday every week,

While we have to go and have our only Christmas When we almost have to whisper as we speak.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over, And we won't hardly know that it's been here.

Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas That we will have a chance to know this year. Another thing that makes the whole thing harder Is that we have a Sunday every week,

While we have to go and have our only Christmas When we almost have to whisper as we speak.

Christmas Twice a Year.

Madagascar is probably the only place in the world where Christmas is celebrated twice a year and where there are also two New Year's days. Since the influx of missionaries the queen issued an edict that the Christian year should be followed. But in commencing the year the date of the first day was set some time in October or November. Since the natives have been converted to the Christian religion they observe Christmas on the 25th of their own December, but also have made a holiday out of the day in their year which corresponds to our Christmas.

THE WREN BUSH.

An Old Custom Still Observed in Ireland at Christmas.

Among the many odd customs still observed in Ireland at Christmas few are more curious than the practice of carrying about "the wren bush" on St. Stephen's day, and antiquaries are puzzled to explain why the poor little "king of all birds" should be put to death on the festival of the first martyr.

The most probable explanation is that the wren was sacred to the Druids and was used by them in divination and other pagan rites at the festival of the winter solstice, which almost coincided with Christmas, and consequently the clergy urged their converts to destroy the birds which were associated with such unholy rites, just as St. Patrick's relentless destruction of the images of serpents, used in the ancient pagan worship of Ireland, gave rise to the legend that he—

Gave the snakes and toads a twist And banished them all forever!

This seems the more likely, because "dren," the old Irish name for "wren," also means "a Druid" and old folk still call "Jenny" the "Druid bird" and say that she has the gift of prophecy and that those who can interpret her twitterings as she hovers about a house or flies from bush to bush can read the future.

In the library of Trinity college, Dublin, there is a curious document describing how to interpret the notes of the wren.—Maud E. Sargent in Longman's Magazine.

Five Conundrums.

Why is a tight boot like an oak tree? Because it produces a corn (acorn).

Why is the largest city in Ireland likely to be the largest city in the world? Because every year it is Dublin.

Why should a fisherman be very wealthy? Because his is nearly all net profits.

Why should a tanner make a good chemist? Because he understands ox-(hides).

Which is the most wonderful animal in the barnyard? The pig, for it is first killed and then cured.

Obituary.

Michael Steinhauser, whose death was briefly mentioned in our last issue, was born in Wurtenburg, Germany, September 16th, 1835, coming to New York when a young man, where he remained for fifteen years. He was married in 1862 or 1863 to Miss Amelia Schlop, from which union there were born four children, two of whom, Mrs. Michael Seeger, of this place, and a son, Michael, of Seattle, Wash., survive. Deceased came to Cass City in 1881, and married as his second wife, Miss Louisa Muntz, in 1882. Nine children were born to them, one dying in infancy, six now living at home, one son returned from sailing to attend the funeral and one daughter whose whereabouts are at present unknown.

Mr. Steinhauser was a mason by occupation, and laid the brick for the first brick buildings in Cass City. He was the contractor for all of the Hitchcock buildings, the Cass City Bank, the Crosby and Fritz blocks and several other principal buildings. He has always been active and industrious until about three years ago, when partial paralysis unfitted him for labor.

The funeral services were held in the M. E. Church on Sunday afternoon and were conducted by Rev. J. W. Penn, assisted by Rev. R. N. Mulholland.

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.

"I had a running, itching sore on my leg. Suffered tortures. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly, and quickly effected permanent cure." C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.

That Christmas Gift

Let us help you select a good, useful present for your friends. It is sometimes hard to make a selection, but a...

Suit of Clothes,
An Overcoat,
a Pair of Shoes,
or Rubbers,

or some article from our

FURNISHING
LINES

is always useful and cannot help but be appreciated.



Don't Fail to See

Our new line of House Slippers.
Our new line of Collars.
Our new line of Neckwear.

Ask for Royal Blue Rubbers.
Buy "Black Cat" Hosiery.
Wear Corliss Coon Collars.
A Merry Xmas.

The MODEL.

Christmas With the Bedouins

My guide's name was Mohammed, and he was a renegade. He wore the funniest of baggy breeches, which were always wabbling from side to side, a bob-tailed Turkish jacket, slippers with their heels chopped off and a red fez perched upon the top of his head, which was as bald as the end of an egg. He had a wicked smirk on his face and a malicious twinkle in his eyes, but for all that he served me faithfully and cheated me only to the extent of 20 per cent. That was his limit, self set, on all the purchases he made for me and the bills of whatever sort he contracted. If he didn't get it out of me he took it out of the Jewish merchants, who added it to the next purchase, so I made nothing by trying to buy at cut rates when Mohammed was not around.

By
Frederick H. Ober

Copyright, 1904, by Frederick H. Ober.

camp. But I had my Christmas dinner just the same, as I will now proceed to relate. Being in doubt as to the good intentions of my Bedouin friends, I carried a revolver of heavy caliber snuggled close to one hip, but had no occasion to use it during the journey, which covered two days out and as many back, with three days in camp.

There were some sixty of the Arabs, all men and boys, with not a woman



THE ETHIOPIAN FROM TIMBUKTU.

around, which fact was in itself suspicious, as the Bedouins generally travel with their families, including babies in arms and patriarchal head of the clan. By their having divested themselves of their women and children and being stripped to nothing "more than the law allows" they proclaimed that they meant to do some rapid riding and perhaps some illegal plundering. It was none of my business, of course, as they treated me well enough, but I soon learned that they were actually engaged in a "razzia" or robber raid, among the shepherding Arabs of the foothills and that the pretense they had made of going to Fez was to throw the sultan's soldiers off their guard.

All went well, however, during the

fires but through it all they maintained an air of dignity, and if any one had questioned their capacities they would have whipped out their long knives and have carved up an argument with neatness and dispatch.

There was no table, and we were seated around the fire in a large circle—first the chief men of the tribe, including their guest, then the inferior members, and lastly several concentric circles of lean and mangy curs, which were snarling and fighting all the time over the bones we threw to them. The Bedouins' finger nails were curved and sharp as scimiters, so they had no trouble in rending the ribs of sheep apart and tearing off huge morsels, which disappeared as if by magic. Besides the meat we had big dishes of "ensussa," or "kussuss," into which the Arabs all dipped their hands, scooping out the rice and gravy, and conveying the stuff to their mouths.

Observing that I was somewhat hesitant in following their example, the old chief paved out some of the choice bits and, before I knew what he was about, crammed them into my mouth. As this was considered the highest honor an Arab could bestow upon a guest I made a pretense of liking it, but never experienced a happier moment than when at last a slave came around with a basin of water with which to lave our hands and beads, proclaiming that the feast was over.

"Now we go see powder play!" exclaimed Mohammed as, every adult Arab took up his ever present musket, with barrel of iron or brass several feet longer than himself, and mounted his fiery, untamed steed, which had stood all the while saddled and bridled close by. The powder play, or "lab-el-barada," is a superb exhibition of horsemanship to the accompaniment of a rattling musketry fire and demonic yells from half crazed men. In reality it is a sham battle, and when the Bedouins, having galloped off to the edge of the oasis, came charging back in a whirlwind of dust and with the thunder of 200 hoofs, yelling like fiends and firing off their guns promiscuously at the sky, at the ground and in every direction around them, I certainly thought the men of the foothills had descended in a body for revenge.

I sought a tree at once. Mohammed declared I shinned up it, but he got me down before any of the Bedouins saw me, fortunately, they were so drunk with excitement.

"Allah! Allah! el hamadu, lillah Allah," they shouted in grand chorus—"God, O God; praised be the God of

I picked him up at the Bab el Sok, the great market place of Tangier, while haggling for a matchlock with a barrel eight feet long and a snick-ersnee, or hand forged knife, with blade two feet in length adorned with inlay of arabesques. I wanted them both, but the prices were way out of reach, so I was about to leave them there when Mohammed, appeared on the scene. He had been eyeing me from a corner of the great wall the while, biding his time.

"You want gun, want knife?" he asked me. "Bueno, I get um half price. That do?" I nodded "Yes," and get them he did with a celerity that won my regard at once, and from that moment he was my self constituted body-guard during my stay in Morocco.

He came to me one day in a state of excitement with the information that a caravan from the interior had arrived at the Sok that morning, and as the leader was a friend of his he could easily secure me a passage. I had expressed a great desire to go on a caravan journey, but had changed my mind on account of hearing that the Bedouins of the Atlas mountains were prowling around the foothills and gathering in every stranger in sight.

"Yes, that right," admitted the truthful Mohammed, "but bandit don't touch this caravan because it protected."

"Why not?" I asked. "It can't be much of a show if it isn't worth while for the robbers to 'touch' it, seems to me. Don't think I care to go."

Mohammed placed his lips close to my ear after looking around to see that there were no listeners and said, "Robber don't want to do something to this caravan, 'cause he leader a bandit himself!"



COOKING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Oh, ho! And yet you say he is a good friend of yours?"

"Very good friend. When I get money 'nough I join he band."

Mohammed drew himself proudly erect and slapped his breast. He evidently expected applause. But he only grinned and showed his big white teeth when I remarked in a manner that was intended to be sarcastic that he seemed to be doing pretty well as a bandit within the walls.

"Yes," he admitted, "plente money, p'ribs, but no excitement! But come see caravan man; no time to lose; start this afternoon."

The caravan man was, if possible, more rascally looking than Mohammed, but the promise of a new sort of adventure appealed to me, and we soon closed a bargain. He agreed to furnish a mule for each of us and to keep us as long as we cared to stay, sending us back to Tangier by the first escort of soldiers that should appear. As a Bedouin born and bred he at first insisted upon my riding a camel, but "once bitten twice shy" is true of that evil beast, and I refused point blank. Then he offered a donkey, but we finally compromised on the hybrid, and left that afternoon, having arranged with the United States consul to send out a search party if I did not return on time. I started on my first caravan journey in Morocco.

It was then three days to Christmas, and I had promised the consul that I would try to be back to take a bite of turkey with him, but as it turned out I was several days late and passed perforce that day of days in the Bed-

time I was with them, and when on the morning of the fourth day a detachment of our men came in from an all night raid, driving before them a flock of several hundred sheep, I said nothing, but there was no doubt as to how the rascals got those sheep. We were then encamped in a grove of cocoon palms that adorned an oasis within a small valley surrounded with high hills, upon the crests of which our sentinels were posted.

As my robber friends had taken good care to select for their "razzia" a defenseless community that could not make reprisals in short order, it was in peace and quietude that they prepared to celebrate the outcome of their raid and at the same time, as it chanced, the advent of Christmas day. This latter was not, of course, the result of intention, but it happened that the natal day of the Nazarene fell due coincidentally with the Mohammedan festival of Jibrail, the archangel, and the pious villains "laid themselves out" for the biggest kind of festivity.

Within our "donar," or camp, composed of black and shaggy camel's hair tents there was no turkey or goose or fowl of any sort, but there were sheep galore. These the Bedouins slaughtered by dozens and brought the gory carcasses to the campfires, where they were taken in hand by the cooks and pitchforked on long poles as spits by patient Arabs, who were bent over almost double for hours at a time. Wrapped in their "hniks" and bur-nooses, with the pointed hoods hanging down their backs, they appeared like a lot of old women pottering over

heaven"—but even with these pious ejaculations on their lips the mad Bedouins looked less like saints than devils let loose from the nether regions. They were black with powder smoke, their gallant steeds, among them some of Arab's best bars of incalculable value, were flecked with foam and blood, but the "play" was kept up for an hour, during all the time of which an old Ethiopian from Timbuktu sat quietly beneath a palm and eyed away at an aboriginal yin.

At last, spent and quivering, the horses were reined up on their haunches in front of the camp, but scarcely had their masters dismounted than there was a great outcry: "They come, they come to avenge the razzia! Mount and meet them, men!" Before they had mounted, however, it was discovered that those approaching were the soldiers from Fez, by whom I was to be escorted. They were about 100 in number and had been out collecting the sultan's taxes.

"How much did they get?" I asked Mohammed after we had arranged for returning with them to Tangier.

"How much? Oh, you mean how many? Well, not many; 'bout fifteen."

"What, dollars?"

"No, heads. There they are in that heap. They had men—tax dodgers. There they were, sure enough, three sacks, containing five heads each, which were to be taken to the city and nailed up above the gates as a warning to tax dodgers throughout Morocco.

\$1000 WORTH

OF Christmas Goods



Books, Games, Dolls, Toys, Albums, Toilet Cases, Etc.

We are going to dispose of at some price. Don't miss the chance to secure some of these goods, as we are overstocked and will not carry them over.

OUR TOY DEPARTMENT

is well supplied with everything in the toy line. DOLLS, DOLL CABS, SHOO-FLIES, GAMES, ROCKING HORSES, JUVENILE BOOKS.

CELLULOID GOODS, NOVELTIES AND ART GOODS

In endless variety, such as: Albums, Necktie Boxes, Glove Boxes, Smoking Sets, Handkerchief Boxes, Toilet Sets, Etc.

CROCKERY DEPARTMENT

Dinner Sets, Decorated Glassware, Lamps, Chamber Sets, Chocolate Pots, Biscuit Jars, Sugars and Creamers, China Pitchers, Bread and Butter Plates, Nut-bowls, Salad Dishes, Celery Trays.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Dates, Figs, Cranberries, Oranges, Maple Sugar and Syrup, Horse Radish, Peels, Sugar Sands, Candy, Etc.

A. L. HUNT.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Everything is Christmas. Hugh Adair entered the Fifth Grade this week.

Earl Eao was enrolled in the High Room on Monday.

Ernest Delong has entered the Third Grade this week.

Arthur Cooley spent Saturday and Sunday at his home near Owendale.

Some new German books have arrived for additional reading for German III class.

The English Literature class is soon to make a thorough study of Goldsmith's "The Traveller."

The misses Beryle Koepfgen and Margaret Miller were visitors in the High Room on Monday.

The German III class has completed Anderson's "Maechen" and is now reading Storm's "Immensee."

The Cantata, "Crowning of Christmas," will be given by the pupils of the Fifth and Sixth Grades on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 22nd.

The Third and Fourth Grades are preparing a program and short Cantata, "The month's gifts to Santa Claus" for Christmas exercises, which will be given on Friday afternoon of next week.

Mrs. Fritz and Miss Bellow entertained the teachers and board of education and their wives, with a "Star" party, on Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Fritz, on Seaville and Leach Streets.

The program for Friday is as follows:

Solo—"My Dream of You"..... Ora McKim Debate—"Resolved that Washington did more for our country than Lincoln." Affirmative, Harry Sansburn and Florence Smith. Negative Lola Fritz and Wilmot Moore.

Maie Quartette, Lloyd Yakes, Roy Phillips, Arthur Cooley and Edwin Bradford.

Oration..... Adah Caldwell

Revolution Imminent.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dispel the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the Liver and Bowels, stimulate the Liver and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by T. H. Fritz, Druggist, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Henry Becker, a farmer living near Elkton died recently at Orion, where he had been treated for cancer in his hip during the past eight weeks. Mr. Becker had been a sufferer for nearly three years and was treated several times in Saginaw, but never cured.

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

DYSPEPTICIDE
The greatest aid to DIGESTION.



COLUMBIA THE GEM of Talking Machines....

See both Disc and Cylinder machines and hear the new records.

A. A. P. McDowell

Word has been received from Rail road Commissioner Atwood, who has been travelling in Mexico with a party of railroad commissioners from other states for the past month, that their train was derailed at a point in old Mexico, but none of the party was injured.

Christmas furs at A. A. HITCHCOCK'S.

Allan Hunter, whose father lives two miles west of Fairgrove was almost instantly killed by a falling limb last week. While a gang of men was cutting timber on what is known as the McCormick property a dead limb hit Hunter on the head, breaking his neck. He was about 25 years of age.

A Frightened Horse,
Rushing like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable Salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve, Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Piles, disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Card of Thanks.
We hereby wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their kindness during the illness and at the death of husband and father.
Mrs. L. STEINHAUSER AND CHILDREN.

Within less than twenty years of scientific cane-culture, Hawaii has achieved second place among the countries of the world in sugar production. The processes employed there and the conditions under which Hawaiian sugar is produced, are gleefully described by Lewis R. Freeman in an article contributed to the December number of the Review of Reviews.

BANNER SALVE
The most healing salve in the world.

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

James Hogarty, of Argyle, was in town Monday and while upon the way home was thrown from his wagon, receiving a bad wound over the right eye.—Uly Courier.

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 young girl wants a good place to assist with general housework. For particulars apply at this office. 12-15-14

A few White Plymouth Rocks for sale—at a bargain if taken quick. A. A. P. McDowell.

BARN FRAME—For sale. J. S. PARROTT. 12-8-14

BAKERY and restaurant business with complete outfit for immediate sale. Enquire of Geo. L. FERRIS. 12-8-14

FOR SALE—A two year old colt. For further particulars inquire of MRS. M. C. TANNER. 12-8-14

FOR SALE—40 acres, all improved; fair buildings. Or will exchange for Cass City property. A. A. MCKENZIE. 12-8-14

FOR SALE—Brood mare bred to a roaster. Horse will foal in spring of 1905. Will sell cheap for cash or will exchange for sheep or cattle or take good paper. Enquire at this office. 12-13-14

FOR SALE—25 desirable village lots; 120 acre farm; To rent—120 acre farm. For sale—2 horses. Inquire of Geo. L. HITCHCOCK. 12-13-14

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 1st, 1905. For particulars apply to E. B. LANDON, Cass City. 12-13-14

HOUSE and LOT for sale. Enquire of JOHN M. HILL. 12-13-14

MONEY TO LOAN—On real estate security, without any bonus. Will receive partial payment at the end of any year. E. B. LANDON. 12-13-14

POPULAR WOOD—For sale by the acre, 2 miles south and 2 miles east of the city. 12-13-14

ROOMS TO RENT—Enquire of N. Hill at the Marble Works. 12-8-14

ROOMS TO LET—Enquire at Enterprise Office. 12-8-14

STRAYED—To my premises, South Seeger Street, about Nov. 1st, five ewe sheep. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses. L. E. KAUF. 12-8-14

SALESMAN—Salaried positions with reliable S. houses; permanent. HAPGOODS, 1217 Hartford Bldg., Chicago. 12-13-14

160 acres of wild land, 3 miles from Cass City, for sale or will trade for 40 or 80 improved. GEO. A. GULICK. 12-13-14

WANTED—Beans to pick at home; prices right. Corner Oak and Houghton Streets. 12-16-14 WM. H. WITHEY.

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.

Diseased Men Cured



We make no misleading statements or unbusinesslike propositions to the afflicted in order to secure their patronage. We cure to stay cured. Stricture, Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Blood Diseases, Weakness, Kidney and Urinary Diseases and all diseases due to inheritance, habits, excesses, or the results of specific diseases.

The many years of our successful practice in Detroit proves that our special treatment for men is safe and certain. You do not want to be mutilated and maimed for life in trying to be cured of Varicocele, Stricture and kindred troubles by surgical procedures. We guarantee a SAFE AND POSITIVE CURE in the shortest possible time without injurious after-effects. Our charges will be as low as possible for conscientious, skillful and successful services.

DR. SPINNEY, Founder of Dr. Spinney & Co. Consultation Free. Cures Guaranteed.

DR. SPINNEY & CO., 290 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Largest Established, Most Successful, Reliable Specialists in Diseases of Men.

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.

PRINTING

Popular prices for the best work done is creating an impression and we are rushed with orders, but have time enough to give your order careful attention. Send or bring it.

A. A. P. McDowell

Kingston.

L. Snelling was in Cass City Tuesday night.

Wm. Ross was at Clifford on business Wednesday.

Mrs. B. Mahaffey is entertaining a brother from Denver, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Purdy, of Caro were in town on Tuesday.

Preparations are being made for a Christmas tree and program at the M. E. Church.

M. R. King, of Reese, was in town the first of the week. He has sold his business interests there, and is looking for a new location.

The following are the officers elected for Newbury Lodge, I. O. O. F.: N. G., J. Cunningham; V. G., J. Coan; R. S., J. B. Beverley; F. S., Wm. Ross; treas., A. G. Millikin.

The special evangelistic services at the M. E. Church were brought to a close last Sunday evening. The attendance was good throughout and the results were excellent.

The business meeting of the Epworth League, postponed on account of the special services, will be held next Tuesday evening, when the election of officers will take place.

D. H. Griffin has sold his residence property to V. E. Graves, and intends to move his family to California in the near future. He will have an auction sale of his household effects on Saturday, Dec. 24th.

The K. O. T. M. M. have elected the following officers for the coming year: Com. Dr. W. J. Hanna; Lt. Com., C. A. Kunze; R. K., J. B. Beverley; F. K., Wm. Ross; Chap., F. A. Francis; Phys., Dr. W. J. Hanna; sergt., A. G. Millikin; M. at A., J. D. Hunter.

Through a slight misunderstanding, and delay in completing business transactions, we failed to mention the fact that Baker & Meidlein have purchased the liveries of A. G. Purdy and M. L. Randall, and have consolidated the two. The barn which stood at the corner of State and River Streets is being moved to the north of the Randall barn and the firm will be in a position to guarantee satisfaction to all patrons.

Shabbona

The Willing Workers met with Mrs. Phillips last Tuesday.

Dr. A. W. Truesdell removed a finger for Mr. Hack, of Deford, Dec. 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bullock are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, Dec. 11th.

Mrs. McKay, of Carsonville, has been the guest of Mrs. Phillips for the past week.

The sermon delivered Sunday, Dec. 4th, by Dr. Steele was very much appreciated by all.

Mrs. Keyworth was taken suddenly very sick last Thursday evening but is now much better.

The "cobweb" social given by the members of the debating club was a very entertaining and unique affair.

The Maccabee Sir Knights were entertained with a supper by the Lady Maccabees on the evening of the 9th inst.

The debating society of Novesta has sent a challenge to the club of Shabbona to debate the following subject: Resolved, "That equal suffrage should be extended to women. It has been accepted, Shabbona to take the affirmative. The contestants on each side are: Novesta—John McCracken, J. McCaughna and D. Rale; Shabbona—E. G. Gilbert, Mrs. A. W. Truesdell and Miss Emma Auslander.

In Memoriam.

Comrade Uriah Maule died Dec. 10th, 1904, at his home in Wilmot, aged sixty-four years. He entered the service as a member of Co. C, 5th Mich. Infantry, served nine months and was honorably discharged. He was married to Miss Celia Shaw in 1862, who survives him, also several sons and daughters mostly grown to manhood and womanhood. Comrade Maule came to Kingston when it was almost an unbroken forest, and truly shared in all the hardships and privations incident to a pioneer's life. He was a sober, industrious citizen and died almost universally respected.

'Tis eve, one brightly beaming star Shines from the eastern heaven afar, To light the footsteps of the brave, Slow marching to a soldier's grave.

A COMRADE.

It's the little colds that grow into big colds, the big colds that end in consumption and death. Watch the little colds. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Pulver & Smith, Caro attorneys, have brought suit for \$20,000 against F. E. Thompson and his bondsmen, Mrs. R. Peter and Alvin Peter, of Columbiaville. The plaintiffs are Mrs. A. Loree and Mrs. L. Loree, widows of the men who were suffocated in the Columbiaville look-up while intoxicated. The defendants are charged with selling liquor to the men while intoxicated and thereby causing their death.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

J. M. Barnes, the Akron jeweler, has moved to Unionville.

Mrs. Fulton, her daughter and five small children, living near Popple, were made homeless by the fire fiend, early last week.

James Hogarty, of Argyle, was in town Monday and while upon the way home was thrown from his wagon, receiving a bad wound over the right eye.—Ugly Courier.

W. F. Schultz, who for the past three years has been employed as manager of the Pointe Aux Barques Resort hotel, has resigned that position and accepted a place in Saginaw as steward of the Bancroft House.

"I had a running, itching sore on my leg. Suffered tortures. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly, and quickly effected permanent cure. C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.

Fred Monte's house, three miles east of Fairgrove, burned to the ground Wednesday night of last week. It was a large, comfortable farm house. It is supposed that the fire started from a defective chimney as the walls were afire, inside, before it was discovered.

John Green, of Bad Axe, had a narrow escape from being instantly killed Tuesday afternoon while blasting frozen dirt on a ditch north of here with dynamite. An explosion occurred while he was trying to light the fuse and his face was badly disfigured, but he will be all right in a few days.—Elkton Advance.

A Card.

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

T. H. FRITZ
L. L. WOOD & Co.

Congressman McMorran was at Caseville recently looking over the ground for the purpose of asking Congress for an appropriation of \$65,000 to improve the harbor. If the deal is successful a channel is to be dug from the mouth of the Pigeon River to deep water and a breakwater placed along the channel.

There is no further talk of removing any of Michigan's factories to Colorado. The beet this year were better sugar producers than any before raised in Michigan, which indicates that the farmers are learning to care for the crop, and to select the right soil for their cultivation.



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

James Hall, who lived three miles from Port Austin, died on Wednesday of last week, aged fifty-two years. He was born in Northumberland County, Ont., but has been a resident of the Thumb since 1868. William Hall and Mrs. Freiberger, of Tyre, are brother and sister of the deceased.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 4th, the village of Akron was visited by a disastrous fire, in which three business places and two residences were wiped out. Among the losers were John Crandall, Honeywell's Drug Store, Pangman's Hardware, C. J. Becker (residence and drug store), Cook Bros.

CASTORIA

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

Jonette H. Wright, of Grindstone City, who has been in the employ of the Cleveland Stone Co. as bookkeeper and manager of the store at that place the past fourteen years, has resigned his position to take effect the first of the year, on account of his wife's health, and will remove to Port Huron, where he will go into business.

Assistant Light Keeper Chas. Ferris, of the Port Austin Reef Light, while going to the light Monday morning, got caught in an ice pack and was being steadily carried out in the lake when rescued by the Port Austin Life Saving Crew. Lots of ice is making in the lake now and it is dangerous to try and get through it.—Pt. Austin News.

ATLAS SOAP

FOR FAMILY USE.
Save WRAPPERS and get Beautiful Presents.
Ask Your Grocer for ATLAS.
The BEST SOAP for Everybody.
ONE OF OUR MANY PREMIUMS.

"DANDY"
Steel Shears
7 1/2 in long
150 Wrappers and 5 cents postage.
Send for complete list of Premiums, FREE.

Opera House
Cass City
Tuesday
December
27th.

A
Guaranteed
Attraction
The
Dramatic
Event
of
the
Season.

The
Boston
Lyceum
Co.
in
a
magnificent
production
of
Washington
Irving's
Beautiful
Story
RIP
VAN
WINKLE

Admission, 35c
Children, 25c.
Reserved Seats, 50c.

Choice Holiday Gifts for Everyone

We are pleased to inform the public that our line this year is even better than ever, having been carefully selected from the best on the market.

Fine Assortment of Cut Glass Pieces

at from \$3 to \$9 each.....

....NOVELTIES....

In Silver, Staghorn and Ebony, comprising Toothbrushes, Nail Files and Brushes, Etc., at from 25c. to 75c.

Sterling Goods, Hollow Ware, Art Goods, Etc.

In great variety and at prices within reach of everyone.

...Ebony Brushes...

Hair, Military and Clothes Brushes at from \$2 to \$4.....

J. F. HENDRICK

Jeweler and Optician.

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.

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.

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

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.
Phone 52.

SOZO-RUX

Cures wounds, cuts and sun troubles of all animals. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. Price 25c per bottle.

PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R.

PASSENGER TIME CARD.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

GOING NORTH				GOING SOUTH			
Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
4:15	7:45	6:55	10:25	8:00	11:30	12:20	3:50
8:50	12:15	11:00	1:30	12:45	4:15	3:00	5:30
9:15	12:40	11:25	2:00	1:10	4:40	3:25	6:00
9:40	1:05	11:50	2:25	1:35	5:05	3:50	6:25
10:10	1:35	12:20	2:55	2:05	5:35	4:20	6:55
10:40	2:05	12:50	3:25	2:35	6:05	4:50	7:25
11:10	2:35	1:20	3:55	3:05	6:35	5:20	7:55
11:40	3:05	1:50	4:25	3:35	7:05	5:50	8:25
12:10	3:35	2:20	4:55	4:05	7:35	6:20	8:55
12:40	4:05	2:50	5:25	4:35	8:05	6:50	9:25
1:10	4:35	3:20	5:55	5:05	8:35	7:20	9:55
1:40	5:05	3:50	6:25	5:35	9:05	7:50	10:25
2:10	5:35	4:20	6:55	6:05	9:35	8:20	10:55
2:40	6:05	4:50	7:25	6:35	10:05	8:50	11:25
3:10	6:35	5:20	7:55	7:05	10:35	9:20	11:55
3:40	7:05	5:50	8:25	7:35	11:05	9:50	12:25
4:10	7:35	6:20	8:55	8:05	11:35	10:20	12:55
4:40	8:05	6:50	9:25	8:35	12:05	10:50	1:25
5:10	8:35	7:20	9:55	9:05	12:35	11:20	1:55
5:40	9:05	7:50	10:25	9:35	1:05	11:50	2:25
6:10	9:35	8:20	10:55	10:05	1:35	12:20	2:55
6:40	10:05	8:50	11:25	10:35	2:05	12:50	3:25
7:10	10:35	9:20	11:55	11:05	2:35	1:20	3:55
7:40	11:05	9:50	12:25	11:35	3:05	1:50	4:25
8:10	11:35	10:20	12:55	12:05	3:35	2:20	4:55
8:40	12:05	10:50	1:25	12:35	4:05	2:50	5:25
9:10	12:35	11:20	1:55	1:05	4:35	3:20	5:55
9:40	1:05	11:50	2:25	1:35	5:05	3:50	6:25
10:10	1:35	12:20	2:55	2:05	5:35	4:20	6:55
10:40	2:05	12:50	3:25	2:35	6:05	4:50	7:25
11:10	2:35	1:20	3:55	3:05	6:35	5:20	7:55
11:40	3:05	1:50	4:25	3:35	7:05	5:50	8:25
12:10	3:35	2:20	4:55	4:05	7:35	6:20	8:55
12:40	4:05	2:50	5:25	4:35	8:05	6:50	9:25
1:10	4:35	3:20	5:55	5:05	8:35	7:20	9:55
1:40	5:05	3:50	6:25	5:35	9:05	7:50	10:25
2:10	5:35	4:20	6:55	6:05	9:35	8:20	10:55
2:40	6:05	4:50	7:25	6:35	10:05	8:50	11:25
3:10	6:35	5:20	7:55	7:05	10:35	9:20	11:55
3:40	7:05	5:50	8:25	7:35	11:05	9:50	12:25
4:10	7:35	6:20	8:55	8:05	11:35	10:20	12:55
4:40	8:05	6:50	9:25	8:35	12:05	10:50	1:25
5:10	8:35	7:20	9:55	9:05	12:35	11:20	1:55
5:40	9:05	7:50	10:25	9:35	1:05	11:50	2:25
6:10	9:35	8:20	10:55	10:05	1:35	12:20	

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher,
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

A man in New Jersey says he has not slept a wink for ten years. Mosquitoes?

Suit has been brought against the window glass pool. That ought to be easy to break.

A Baltimore doctor wants to know: "What we shall do with our old men." Try kindness on them.

A pathetic dispatch from New York says Standard Oil dividends for this year will amount to only 36 per cent.

Sir Edwin Clark didn't invent the abbreviation "Usona." Some crank over here did that two or three years ago.

The young Boston man who married his brother's divorced wife believes in keeping the family skeleton at home.

The tiny prince of Piedmont has seventeen cradles, but even a royal baby cannot occupy them all at one rocking.

When the West Point and Annapolis cadets meet on the football field, there is where the patriotic American can't lose.

A divorced duke is to marry a princess. This saves some American heiress from bringing a suit for divorce in a few years.

It is presumed that the Chicago girl who killed a deer was thankful; but it would be interesting to hear from the deer's family.

After six thousand years the first henpecked husband has a champion. A New York minister raises his voice in behalf of Adam.

The expensiveness of social life in Washington is probably responsible for the impression that a poor man in the cabinet is in a box.

A man leaped from a four-story building in Pawtucket to escape paying a poll tax of \$1. His relatives will pay his undertaker's bill.

The dowager empress of China has already spent nearly \$4,000,000 on her own monument—but, then, she expects to spend a long time under it.

Gen. Andre, French minister of war, has been succeeded by a stock broker. A milliner is pressing his claims for the French naval portfolio.

J. Pierpont Morgan has had his latest photograph copyrighted to prevent its publication. It isn't stated that he does this from motives of modesty.

The relentless Dr. Wiley now announces that pate de foie gras is made of veal. Now settle back and wait till he tells what the veal is made of.

New York has now a public bath with accommodations for about 175 persons. The population of New York city according to the census of 1900, was 3,437,202.

A New York man writes to The Sun of that city to say that he knows "a number of Usonians" who object to being called Americans. No doubt they are "New Yawkies."

Music may be a cure for nervous troubles, but in the case of compositions like "Hawatha" and "Bedelia" the opinion will prevail that the remedy is worse than the disease.

France is having the time of her life signing arbitration treaties. She has got fourteen of them lined up; the next one couldn't be put into use in her own chamber of deputies.

The new governor general of Canada thinks that country will in five years have a population of 40,000,000. That would certainly be carrying the anti-race suicide theory to the extreme.

The secret of a new and powerful explosive is lost forever because it exploded. Mr. Harry Mills, the inventor, happened to be near by. Man proposes, but heaven disposes of him and his proposal.

The Washington Post tells H. P. Whitney that "he could have hired ten good college professors for what he pays his new jockey." And it would have been worth the money to see the professors ride the horses.

Janaschek, greatest actress of her day, lived beyond the years of those who admired her and died poor and almost forgotten. The actor and the orator should pass with their generation if they would die happy.

Thomas Eagleton of New York has managed to accumulate debts of \$119,000, without any assets, in spite of the fact that he can neither read nor write. There can be no doubt of the fact that financial geniuses are born and not made.

A dozen generals and the students of a military college started a revolution in Brazil, but a few policemen broke the heads of the revolutionists and the path to glory the leaders blazed out for the students has led them to the calaboose.

FROM ALL OVER MICHIGAN

THE LEGISLATURE.

Reports and Rumors That Are Now in Circulation.

Senator Charles Smith, of Houghton county, will be the veteran of the legislature in the coming session, as he has served since 1893. Senator Smith will also be one of the influential men in the upper branch; he has been for the last two sessions. According to his view, the upper peninsula is not anxious to have one of those biennial junkies in which legislatures so often indulge at the expense of the people of upper peninsula cities.

The movement for the abolishment of the state tax commission has gone so far that a bill for that purpose has already been drawn up by Representative N. V. Lovell, of Berrien county. The latter was a member of the last house. It is urged that while the tax commission may be abolished as such, it will still be necessary to have a state board of assessors to assess the railroads, if the present system of taxing the transportation companies upon the value of their property is to be continued.

Senator Smith, of Houghton, says: "I think the coming session will be somewhat shorter than heretofore and that it will be purely and sharply a business session."

Representative Nottingham, of Lansing, re-elected to the next legislature, has started a movement looking to the organization of the next house in a way to secure a greater measure of primary reform than has been generally considered to be on the program.

A new measure for the taxing of the railroads will be presented at the coming session, said bill being one to change the method of assessment. It is not intended to ask that the state shall return to the old system of taxing the roads on their earnings, but that the state board of assessors, the tax commission, be given the power to equalize between the different classes of property, so that the railroads will be on the same basis of assessment as the general properties of the state.

Governor-elect Fred M. Warner was in Detroit all day Friday and received calls from a number of the local political lights. He is hearing all requests for appointments but is giving no answers as yet. Neither is he making public any appointments which he intends to make.

Remarkable Compliment.

An interesting situation developed in Washington Thursday concerning the next vacancy in the major general's rank in the army. Personal influence and his service record are being used to secure the rank for Brig. Gen. Frank O. Baldwin, of Michigan, now commanding the department of Colorado. It is asserted that Brig. Gen. Frederick D. Grant and Frederick Funston, both of whom rank the Michigan veteran, will waive claims to promotion in order to give Baldwin the step they say he has earned. Gen. Baldwin could be promoted if he were willing to retire, but he wants to serve his time out and to serve as a major general on the active list. If Brig. Gens. Grant and Funston have waived their right of seniority, it is an act almost unprecedented, and officials say it is the highest possible compliment to the Michigan soldier.

McGarry's Parole.

The state pardon board received a communication from Grand Rapids, signed by 75 or 100 of the most prominent citizens, including Mayor Sweet and ex-Senator Patton, requesting the pardon or parole of McGarry, unless it can be proved that he had nothing whatever to do with the water cases. Other petitions have been presented to the pardon board, in which many of the rank and file of Grand Rapids citizens ask for McGarry's release. The board will consider the petitions at its next meeting.

State Institutions Demands.

The state institutions of Michigan have made demands on the state treasury for appropriations for the ensuing biennial period aggregating \$2,073,460. From this sum the state board of corrections and charities has cut out \$180,732 leaving the appropriations at \$1,892,728. The amount of the appropriations approved by the board two years ago was \$1,888,250, so that if the legislature approves the recommendations of the board of corrections and charities it is difficult to see how state taxes will be reduced. It is noticeable, however, that the appropriations desired for special improvements are less this year, but that the estimated cost of the current expenses is greater by at least \$200,000.

Died Alone.

E. W. Chase, an old resident of Bentley for many years, was found dead in his home, where he lived alone. Neighbors were attracted to the scene by the piteous neighing of his old horse, who discovered the animal's owner was dead. The old man had evidently passed away several days before he was found. He was 85 years old, and an ex-Baptist minister.

The Flint Postoffice.

Better arrangements for the Flint postoffice are not only wanted, but Congressman S. W. Smith is after them. Seventy-five thousand dollars were appropriated by the last congress for a new postoffice at Flint. This was thought to be sufficient at the time. Now the people of Flint do not like the exterior finish nor the interior arrangement. Under the old plans the exterior was to be built of brick. The Flint people want marble. The interior was arranged in a manner satisfactory to the supervising architect, but it does not meet the approval of the citizens. They want more room.

BANK ROBBERS BATTLE.

An Early Morning Fight in Peaceful Metamora.

Six or eight bank robbers terrorized Metamora early Tuesday morning in a desperate attempt to raid the Bank of Metamora. About 2 o'clock residents of the village were awakened by five successive explosions. It did not take long to locate the cause of the disturbance, and it was at once realized that robbers were at work. The first citizens to appear on the street, on being aroused by the explosions, were William Deeter and August Miller, proprietors of the Deeter house, and Charles Van Kirk and John Craft, who live in the house adjoining. These were joined later by William Fielding, a traveling man of Detroit, and two others. The hotel is about ten yards from the bank and the party decided to try to scare the robbers, who were still at work, with a shot from a shotgun. One of the robbers fired a shot. There were three robbers standing in front of the bank at this time. Four explosions had already occurred and at that moment came the fifth, which seemed to blow out the whole front of the bank building. The posse was debating about advancing upon the desperadoes when one shouted:

"Come on, Bill, let's get out of this."

Then the robbers stampeded for the railroad tracks. At the south end of the town a north-bound freight train, on which they are believed to have made their escape. That one of them was wounded was evidenced by the trail of blood from the front of the bank toward the railroad.

When the robbers had fled the citizens investigated. The glass front of the bank had been blown out; the interior of the bank was utterly wrecked, notes and other papers being scattered everywhere. The robbers had secured no booty, but one more charge of hardwood lumber was placed in their possession of about \$3,000 in cash. The officers of the bank were called and reported nothing missing. The vault door is utterly ruined, being twisted and torn so it cannot be opened or closed. The bank occupied a new building of its own.

Metamora is a village in Lapeer county, of 325 population, on the Michigan Central, Bay City division. The bank of Metamora is the only financial institution. D. H. Powers is president, A. F. O'Brien, cashier.

Three Skaters Drowned.

Three boys were drowned Wednesday afternoon while skating on Lake of the Woods, near Deetert. Ralph Adams, aged 17; Frank Bayles, aged 9, and Burdett Bleet, aged 17, with a number of friends, went from school to the lake to skate. It is believed that in the gathering darkness the three went too far out in the lake and fell into a hole. Other school children made an effort to rescue them, but could not get to them. The bodies of Adams and Bayles were located that night in about fifteen feet of water, a short distance from where they went through the ice. Upon learning of the tragedy, Mrs. Bleet, mother of one of the boys, became almost frantic and attempted to kill herself with a revolver, but was restrained. The families of the boys all reside in Deetert.

An Armed Lifer.

Deputy Sheriff A. L. Palmer, of the Jackson prison, says that Thomas Grath, serving a life sentence for the murder of Horton Warren, recently planned to gain his liberty. Two loaded revolvers were found in Grath's cell and a man named Harvey French has been arrested in Toledo on suspicion of having smuggled the weapons into Grath's cell. While Grath was confined in the Wayne county jail he saved the bars of his cell and his escape was just detected in time to prevent his escape.

Shot Himself.

Melchor Zeller, a cigarmaker, went into Cahill's saloon in Coldwater Friday morning and sat down to a table. A few minutes later he said "good-by" to the bartender, placed the muzzle of a heavy revolver to his forehead and the next moment lay dying on the floor. Zeller had been on a protracted spree and was trying to sober up. He leaves a widow and son aged 12. He was 41 years old and a quiet, hard-working man, but was a slave to liquor.

Covers All the Shore.

A deed was filed with the register of deeds of Grand Haven which was given by S. M. Bidlison and Stella Bidlison of New York, to the United States Mill & Lumber Co. of Washington, D. C., for all the land lying on the western border of Ottawa county outside of the government meander survey, comprising 30,000 acres. There is considerable speculation as to what this tract really comprises, it being on the Lake Michigan beach the entire length of the county.

The little son of William Shannon skated on to thin ice and went down in 35 feet of water in Orion lake. Earl Campbell, aged 10 years, with great presence of mind, threw himself face down on the thin ice and when the boy came up seized him and was successful in getting him out. His companions worked over him until he was revived, when they took him home.

The Suttans Bay schools are closed until further notice because the people are afraid of smallpox. There are a number of cases in Peshawba town, the Indian village, three miles from Suttans Bay, also several cases near the school house and five at the Indian settlement of "Northport," causing an alarm among white people, especially as Indian children attend the white schools.

As the result of falling down stairs with her clothes afire, Miss Minnie Clark, daughter of Riley Clark, a Hesperia farmer, is seriously burned about the head, her mother is suffering from severe burns and the house and contents are totally destroyed.

HEINOUS OFFENSE.

A Child Tells a Story and Then Denies It.

The fate of Calvin French and Mrs. Nancy Tracey, prisoners in the Eaton county jail, hangs upon the word of the latter's 14-year-old daughter, Blanche Woodruff. It was due to statements made by the child to a friend that the mother and her former friend, French, find themselves facing a charge, the particulars of which are as degrading as they are heinous. But now that the arrests have been made and Prosecutor Attorney Lewis J. Dunn has prepared what he considers a strong case, the child denies the truth of the statements she herself made. The people's star witness will be Mrs. Bertha Harmon, a former woman and neighbor of the French to whom the child made the statement. The prosecution's case is based upon the following proposition:

Mrs. Tracey and daughter, Blanche, occupied a room in Charlotte directly adjoining one occupied by French. During the summer the child found her way to the French home, where she told the most shocking tale. The charge against French was an infamous one. Equally so was the statement regarding the mother, whom the child charged with forcing her to submit to the degradation imposed upon her by French. Mrs. Harmon finally acquainted the officials of the county with the statements made to her by the child and the charge was prepared.

MICHIGAN NEWS NOTES.

Frank Hill, a blacksmith, of Burr Oak, hanged himself with a dog chain while despondent.

Bread and meat wars are being waged in Benton Harbor and prices have been deeply cut.

Tuscola county is talking for a new court house to cost \$100,000, and sentiment is strong in favor of it.

Circuit court opened in Alpena Monday with five criminal cases and seven divorce cases on the calendar.

Cadillac meat market men are in a stew because outsiders are allowed to come in and peddle meat from door to door.

A large otter, nearly extinct in Michigan, was shot by a hunter west of St. Ignace on the St. Ignace river. It is coal black and a fine specimen.

Notices were sent out Friday morning of the closing of the Malta Vita Pure Food factory, one of the oldest and largest in Battle Creek.

The dry kiln of the Grand Rapids School Seat Furniture Co., containing 350,000 feet of hardwood lumber, was burned Saturday night. Loss, \$75,000.

James Longcore, aged 45 years, and a resident of Ashland township, shot himself fatally at his home. He leaves five children. No cause is known for his act.

Fire, probably from a defective chimney, partly destroyed the passenger depot of the Air Line division of the Michigan Central railroad in Cassopolis.

William Sebring, of Kalamazoo, was found dead in his bed with a bottle of alcohol by his side. He was last seen Saturday afternoon, and it is believed he died that same night.

The crusade in Battle Creek against fraudulent medical practitioners will bring out some interesting facts, and whichever side wins the cases will eventually taken to the supreme court.

Earlfield is very much agitated concerning the matter of the proposed move to unite four districts and build up a good graded school in the place of one teacher trying to teach ten grades.

The cutting and sale of Christmas trees at Rapid River, Delta county, is coming to be quite an industry, and it is estimated that 75 loads of trees will be shipped from there this season.

There has been a great falling off in the saloon business in Battle Creek lately. Fifteen proprietors are listed to quit the business before spring. Heavy fines and stringent laws is said to be the cause.

After deserting her husband for two years, Mrs. William Lickert has returned from New York City, I. T., to Traverse City, and her husband has forgiven her. This is the second time that he has taken her back.

Paul Ninkie, 19 years old, of South Haven, while hunting rabbits, accidentally shot himself in the hand, cutting the left thumb entirely off. His father had just purchased the gun for the young man's birthday present.

Among those who will receive a Christmas pardon from Gov. Bliss is George Hardy of Calhoun county, who was sent up for life years ago by Judge Van Zile, having been convicted of killing a woman at Duck Lake.

The new school, erected in Yale at a cost of \$80,000, will be ready for occupancy January 1. It has nine rooms, steam heat, electricity and all other modern improvements, making it one of the finest schools in the state.

Snowflake, a little town near Petoskey, has a new battery, Indians gather the cones of the jack pine and they are sorted, stemmed and slightly heated to open the seed centers. The seed are shipped to nurserymen, bringing \$7 to \$10 per pound.

The little son of William Shannon skated on to thin ice and went down in 35 feet of water in Orion lake. Earl Campbell, aged 10 years, with great presence of mind, threw himself face down on the thin ice and when the boy came up seized him and was successful in getting him out. His companions worked over him until he was revived, when they took him home.

The Suttans Bay schools are closed until further notice because the people are afraid of smallpox. There are a number of cases in Peshawba town, the Indian village, three miles from Suttans Bay, also several cases near the school house and five at the Indian settlement of "Northport," causing an alarm among white people, especially as Indian children attend the white schools.

As the result of falling down stairs with her clothes afire, Miss Minnie Clark, daughter of Riley Clark, a Hesperia farmer, is seriously burned about the head, her mother is suffering from severe burns and the house and contents are totally destroyed.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

CONGRESS.

Brief Sessions—Resolutions of Respect For Dead Senators.

The last session of the fifty-eighth congress was called together at noon Monday, amid scenes that for years have made the reassembling of congress among the notable events of the country.

This will be a short session and a notably interesting one, for, with the inauguration of President Roosevelt, the session will go out in a blaze of glory. Once in four years does congress have an opportunity to wind up its affairs under the historic conditions which will prevail next March.

When the house was called to order, Reps. Burton, O.; Tawney, Minn., and Williams, Mass., were appointed a committee to notify the president and the house, after extending until Jan. 5, at the request of Mr. Grosvenor, the time when the merchant marine commission shall submit its report, and adopting resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Senators Quay and Hoar, as a still further mark of respect, at 12:45 p. m., adjourned until Wednesday.

After prayer by Chaplain Hall, the roll call showed 73 senators present. Then the flowers were removed and the routine business of the session was opened.

Mr. Platt (Conn.) offered a resolution to inform the houses of representatives that the senate was in session and ready to proceed with business. Senator Allison made the usual formal motion that a committee be named to inform the president that the senate was ready to receive any message he had to communicate. Allison and Cockerell were appointed for this duty.

The death of the late Senator Quay was announced by Mr. Penrose, who said he would later in the session make some remarks concerning the career of his colleague, and ask that a day be set aside that a public tribute might be made. He withheld the customary motion that the senate adjourn out of respect to the memory of Senator Quay in order to give Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, an opportunity to announce the death of his late colleague, Mr. Hoar.

Mr. Lodge then presented a resolution on behalf of himself, asking that the senate adjourn, and the session came to a close at 12:13 o'clock.

Rep. Hamilton has introduced a bill for a \$50,000 postoffice at Niles.

Wm. Alden Smith is being mentioned for a place on the ways and means committee to succeed Rep. McCall of California, announced by secretary of the department of commerce and labor.

A joint resolution providing for the election of the president and vice-president for a term of eight years and of senators by the people for terms of the same length has been introduced by Rep. Norris, of Nebraska.

Speaker Cannon is against tariff revision.

The annual fight on the civil service commission was begun in the house Thursday. Bartlett, of Georgia; Hepburn, of Iowa, and Grosvenor of Ohio, each taking a swing at the commission, Hepburn moved to strike out the entire appropriation for the system and its force of clerks. Mr. Gardner, of Michigan, criticized the levy with which he said the commissioners were regarded in congress because they were undertaking to do their duty under the law.

The house passed the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill practically as it comes from committee. The civil service commission provision disposed of there was no long debate on any item today. Throughout the session the policy of retrenchment held full sway, and all attempts to increase salaries failed.

The house passed a resolution to adjourn on December 21 until January 4, 1905, for the usual Christmas holiday.

No extraordinary session of congress will be held next spring for a revision of the tariff. That has been decided definitely. The question of an extraordinary session next fall is in abeyance.

President Roosevelt announced this decision to several of his callers Saturday.

Exterminate Criminals.

"Much as I admire President Roosevelt as a true man, we have seen today the sorry example of the mistake a strong man can make. The president has appointed a committee of five to administer to save the latter's son from the gallows for the murder of a farmer in Canada. The president listened to the appeal and has succeeded in securing a commutation of sentence. I don't admire the president for that. This statement was made by Andrew D. White, formerly United States ambassador to Germany, in the course of an address on "Evolution vs. Revolution in Politics," before the League for Political Education.

"Crime is crime," said Mr. White, "and it is our duty to make its prosecution more speedy and less intricate. We should stand together to exterminate criminals." Present American methods, Mr. White declared, are leading to catastrophes and filling lunatic asylums and penitentiaries. He predicted that if better methods are not developed Anglo-Saxons will die out and be succeeded by an older race of tougher fiber.

A Heavy Deficit.

The annual report of Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, made public Wednesday, gives the total receipts of the government for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1904, as \$684,214,373 74, and the expenditures \$725,984,045 65, leaving a deficit of \$141,770,571 91. Compared with 1903, the receipts show a decrease of \$10,406,743 90. There was an increase in expenditures for 1904 of \$85,001,498 37.

The total estimated revenues for 1905 are \$700,472,000 72, and the estimated expenditures, \$718,472,000 72, or a deficit of \$18,000,000.

AMOUNT GROWING.

Mrs. Chadwick Arraigned—Debt Mounting Up.

With the arraignment of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick before a United States commissioner in New York Thursday on a technical charge of aiding and abetting a bank official in misapplying the funds of a national bank—that is by cashing the \$12,500 note in the Oberlin bank—the second note in this remarkable case was begun. It seems almost certain that these proceedings ultimately will result in clearing away the mystery in which the case has been shrouded. It is asserted by knowing ones that time will show this to be the most stupendous and far-reaching case of its kind in many years. Within two weeks Mrs. Chadwick's known indebtedness has grown from less than \$200,000 to more than a million, and her counsel has said that claims against her may amount to twenty millions for all he knows.

Mrs. Chadwick's arraignment was delayed until nearly noon to give Attorney Carpenter time to secure bail for her. Finally, as no bondsmen appeared, she was arraigned, pleaded not guilty, and was held in \$15,000 bonds for appearing December 17.

When Mrs. Chadwick left the court for the U. S. marshal's office a battery of flashing cameras in the corridor let loose. The sudden flashes caused her to faint. Marshal Henkel and her son knelt over her from fainting and carried her to the marshal's office. The corridor was jammed with curious people.

Where Millions Went.

Revelations that Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick had obtained millions of dollars on worthless paper led to a new and startling move on the part of her dupes. Efforts were begun to find the whereabouts of Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, in Europe, and to recover what may be left of the \$2,500,000 which her own attorney said she had given him in hand. Dr. Chadwick has been reported at several places in Europe, but Mrs. Chadwick and her attorneys have kept his exact location a secret. This seems to be the last straw at which the creditors may grasp.

Cassie's Securities.

Among the papers found among the so-called trust securities left with Tri Reynolds in Cleveland by Mrs. Chadwick was what purported to be a copy of a trust agreement between Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Chadwick, in which the former acknowledged he held in trust for her property worth \$10,000,000. Mrs. Chadwick's securities, it has been charged, are worthless, and Carnegie has denied all knowledge of her. He has been subpoenaed before the federal grand jury at Cleveland which has been drawn to consider evidence against Mrs. Chadwick.

Pushing the Russians.

The effective bombardment of the Russian battleships in Port Arthur, which began on Saturday last, was one of the results of the capture of 203-Meter hill. Up to that time the warships had been able to seek shelter from the Japanese fire under Pelu mountain, but the capture of 203-Meter hill November 20-20, enabled the Japanese to train their guns on the Russian vessels, with the result that a number of them have been set on fire and the others must either put to sea or suffer irreparable damage.

The Russians are nightly attacking 203-Meter hill, but have been unable to retake the summit of the ground in contention. The Japanese are increasing their defenses on the position and have succeeded so far in repelling all the assaults. The Russians have suffered the heaviest losses, and it is estimated that they have sacrificed 3,000 men in their effort to recapture the ground which the Japanese are confident in their ability to hold.

Fervid Carriage.

A correspondent who has visited 203-Meter hill, the scene of the awful six days' fight, which ended with its capture by the Japanese, reports that the advance works and the crest of the hill were torn away, the slopes of the hill were covered with the debris and the trenches were smashed and filled with soil. In a single section of the trenches 100 yards long over 200 Russian dead and wounded were seen. They had been horribly mangled with dynamite grenades.

Enormous Debt.

The present borrowing capacity of the city of New York, in round numbers, is \$93,800,000, according to a statement of the city's financial condition presented to the board of estimates by Comptroller Grouet. It is shown by the statement that since the consolidation into the greater city, the city debt has increased \$178,751,681, a percentage increase of 75.7. A table of arrearages in taxes shows that nearly \$44,000,000 remains unpaid and only about half of this is collectible.

"The Prison Demon," Ira Marlat, at present in Colonus, N. Y. penitentiary, stabbed John Jones, another prisoner, in the lung. Jones is in a critical condition.

The W. C. T. U. is to have bills introduced in the legislatures of states where there are army posts forbidding the sale of liquor within three miles of such posts, if prohibitory laws do not exist in those states.

Hannah Elias, the negro accused of extorting \$650,000 from John R. Platt of New York, has asked for a jury trial in the supreme court of the state.

A MODEL.

After Twenty-Seven Years in Jackson a Pardon Comes.

George Hardy, of Albion, the "model life convict" in the Jackson prison, whom 27 years in prison has transformed from a disreputable, illiterate into a skilled mechanic, is to be given a worthy Christmas present this year, in the shape of a pardon by Gov. Bliss. Twenty-seven years ago one of the foulest crimes in the history of Calhoun county and the state was committed at Duck Lake, in Clarence township, when Mrs. Leonard, an aged lady, was murdered.

Suspicion rested upon George Hardy, a young man and a neighbor of Mrs. Leonard's. He was arrested and after the due process of law he was convicted and given a life sentence in the Jackson prison.

Hardy was convicted on purely circumstantial evidence, and there is some evidence that he was never guilty of the crime at all. It seems that he became acquainted with a stranger from Chicago, and they loafed around together. The stranger asked him about the people of the vicinity and learned that Mrs. Leonard had about \$700 one evening he and Hardy were in a fishing slanty with some liquor, and Hardy went to his home to get something for them to eat. While he was gone, he claimed, this old lady was murdered by the stranger, who secured her money, returned to the fishing slanty and gave Hardy \$100, telling him to keep his mouth shut. The stranger disappeared.

Hardy was convicted on purely circumstantial evidence, and there is some evidence that he was never guilty of the crime at all. It seems that he became acquainted with a stranger from Chicago, and they loafed around together. The stranger asked him about the people of the vicinity and learned that Mrs. Leonard had about \$700 one evening he and Hardy were in a fishing slanty with some liquor, and Hardy went to his home to get something for them to eat. While he was gone, he claimed, this old lady was murdered by the stranger, who secured her money, returned to the fishing slanty and gave Hardy \$100, telling him to keep his mouth shut. The stranger disappeared.

Six more election officials were sentenced to jail Tuesday by the Supreme Court of Colorado for disregarding its injunction that they refrain from interfering with the election of Wm. R. Barker, Ind. E. Dixon and John Sullivan, 9 months' imprisonment and \$500 fine and costs each; Willis E. Spencer, four months' imprisonment; Charles W. Bunch, three months' imprisonment. Sullivan was Democratic committeeman; Reid, Barker and Spencer, judges; and Dixon and Bunch, clerks, in precinct 9 of ward 5, in Denver. L. C. ballot box which was opened in court last Friday, disclosing many fraudulent ballots.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Extra dry fed steers and heifers, \$4 50/75; steers and heifers, 1.00 to 1.20, \$3 75/4 25; grass steers and heifers that are up to 200 lbs., \$2 50/3 00; choice fat cows, \$2 50/3 00; canners, \$1 25/1 50; choice heavy bulls, \$2 75/3 25; fair to good hogs, \$3 00/3 50; good to choice, \$3 50/4 00; fair to good, \$2 50/3 00; fair to good, \$2 50/3

Life

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toll—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone dead we lie,
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and die?"

—Bryan Waller Procter.

HER WOMAN'S WIT

BY MISS FREEDERICKSON-JARVIS

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"I reckon I've cured you of your contrariness for good and all," cried Farmer Haines, swinging in at the kitchen door, standing an old shot gun behind the stove and scowling fiercely as he took his accustomed seat at table. His blazing eyes challenged those of a slender girl engaged in emptying the steaming contents of several pots into a line of waiting dishes.

"Why, father, what have you done?" The girl's hand went up as if she felt a clutch at her pretty throat and her eyes flashed back a look of defiance not unmingled with fear. "If you have killed him, finish your mad work and shoot me, too!" she cried, dropping a saucer and rushing for the door. The old man turned to stop her, but, even as his arm was raised, the door flew open and a young man, ministerially garbed and very much out of breath, nervously dabbing at his chubby face with a large silk handkerchief, entered precipitately and confronted the young woman.

"Dora Haines!" he gasped, "you look all worked up. What's the matter? I thought I heard—"

"Ask father—he knows," faltered Dora, breaking from the affectionate grasp of the Reverend Giles Faxon and flying down the pathway leading to the road.

"What—what's happened?" asked the parson, seating himself and gazing with impatient curiosity at the stalwart Haines, as he proceeded to transfer his dinner from the stove to the table. "What—what's Dora so put out about? I thought I heard—"

"You heard nothing," declared the farmer, pausing to level a warning finger at the preacher, "do you understand? You heard nothing!"

"But I certainly—"

Haines in one stride was at the other's elbow. His great fist was within an inch of the reverend nose. "You shut up and let me talk," he hissed. "That Barker fellow has been snooping around here again contrary to my orders. He's after my Dora, and she—the niddy—loves him. Hear that? Loves him!"

"But Barker's a forger—I thought he had left the country?"

"Will you be quiet? Dora would have run away with him if I hadn't kept my eye skinned. I warned him that the next time he came around I'd put shot into him, and I guess I've kept my word."

"Oh, I trust you haven't!"

"Never you mind. You've heard nothing and you want to let that stick in your memory or you may come to harm. If you have any idea of marrying my daughter, mind what I'm telling you."

"Was Dora going to him when I came in?"

"Go and see, for all I care—but remember—you heard no shooting."

The Reverend Giles Faxon, in anything but a happy frame of mind, left the house. Several farm hands were coming in from the fields to dinner.



"If you have killed him, shoot me, too!"

His first impulse was to inquire of them as to Barker and the shooting, but he remembered Haines' warning and let them pass unquestioned.

"Perhaps he is lying wounded down there by the creek," he thought, "perhaps—oh, God—perhaps Haines killed him—and it is all my fault. I will go and see. Dora, if she expected him, may be there before me."

Less than half an hour had elapsed

since Faxon, on his way afoot from his school to dine with Haines and his daughter, had heard high words from a clump of trees near the creek by the roadside—words, followed by the report of a gun. He had distinguished the voices, but, being of a timid nature, had hastened his steps toward the farm house, not pausing to inquire into the cause or effect of the strange occurrence.

Arriving at a title bridge that spanned the creek, Faxon, leaving the road, tremblingly plunged into the underbrush, calling: "Dora! Dora! Where are you, Dora?"

There was no answer and the young



"Live? Yes! Live to see you well rewarded!"

clergyman floundered around for several minutes without observing any sign of a scuffle. Suddenly he heard a voice and, guided by the sound, soon came upon Dora Haines kneeling beside the prostrate form of a man. Dora appeared not to notice Faxon, who, as soon as his eyes fell upon his rival's face against the girl's heart, cried out:

"How can you, Dora? He is a felon—he who forged old man Cotton's name—the man whose arrest is worth five hundred dollars."

Dora turned upon him with scorn in her beautiful eyes. "He is innocent!" she cried. Barker stirred and the farmer's daughter again gave him her attention, calling him by endearing names—names the Reverend Faxon had never before heard from her lips. A sigh escaped Dora's lover and he suddenly sat up, looking longingly into the girl's eyes and then letting his gaze wander to the surprised countenance of the parson. "Dora knows I'm innocent," he said, and then something like a smile brightened his handsome features—a smile of triumph. Faxon made a move as if to withdraw.

"Not yet!" cried Barker, and there was strength in his voice. "Stay!"—and Barker's hand was raised. In it he held a shining revolver. "Dora's father told me, before this little forging incident, that she loved you, so when you stooped to forge another's name—old Cotton's clerk—for love of her, believing that she really loved you, I let it appear that I left the country. But I was not very far away. One night I stole to Dora's window and saw good-by, and learned from her lips that her heart was mine. Her father interrupted us and, believing the lie you spread concerning me, would have held me to claim the reward. Dora pleaded for my liberty and her father let me go, threatening to shoot me should I again be seen on his place. To-day I came to expose you and to take Dora away as my wife. I managed to send her a message to meet me here, but her father saw me and kept his promise. As for you—you will soon change your ministerial garb for a striped suit."

"You can prove nothing."

"That will come later; just now you have work to do—the last task you will perform as a clergyman, I think for some time—marry us!"

The Reverend Giles Faxon trembled, hesitated and stuttered. Dora hid her face on her lover's shoulder. The point of Barker's pistol rose a trifle and—Faxon did his duty.

"Will he live?" asked Faxon, for Dora and Barker were very silent following the strange ceremony and the clergyman feared—or did he hope?—

that his victim might be passing on down the power to accuse him to the world.

"Live? Yes! Live to see you well rewarded," cried Barker, springing to his feet.

"Why—why, I thought you were badly wounded," declared the Reverend Giles Faxon.

"He would have been," said Dora, nestling close in her lover's arms, "had I not thought to put blank cartridges in father's gun."

One On The Mule.

William H. Taft, secretary of war, weighs 320 pounds. His predecessor in office, Elihu Root, tips the scales at only half that figure.

When Secretary Taft was civil governor of the Philippines his health was sadly undermined. He was laboring under great responsibility in governing the archipelago, where conditions were yet so disturbed as to give Secretary Root and President Roosevelt much concern. Mr. Root therefore requested Judge Taft to keep him advised by the new Pacific cable as to the state of his health. One day this message came to Mr. Root from Gov. Taft at Benguet, in the mountains near Manila:

"Rode ten miles on a mule to-day. Am feeling much better. TAFT."

Mr. Root chuckled and doubled with mirth in the chair which Secretary Taft has since discarded as too small. He dictated this reply:

"Taft, Benguet. Glad to hear it, but how is the mule? ROOT."

She Declined The Seat.

Georgie was a well behaved little boy. He had been especially taught by his father to be polite to ladies and in a crowded car always to give up his seat to one of the gentle sex, regardless of age, social condition and good looks. On a subway car last Sunday papa had an unlooked-for and embarrassing illustration of how well Georgie had learned his lesson. The car was crowded, but Georgie had preempted a seat. A handsome young lady entered at one of the stations at which the train stopped. There was not a vacant seat.

"Take my seat, ma'am," said little Georgie, as he doffed his cap.

She didn't take the seat. She looked fierce enough to box his ears, and the passengers had to laugh in spite of her mortification. Georgie was sitting on papa's lap when he so gallantly offered to give up his seat to the pretty young lady.—Exchange.

The Goddess From The Machine.

Singing for phonograph seems to be as high-paid musical exercise as there is. A phonograph company has offered a prima donna, who sings at the Metropolitan opera house this winter, \$14,000 for four songs. That is, \$6,000 as soon as the songs are sung, and \$2,000 a year for four years as a reward for not singing into any other machine. Great and many are the means of income of a goddess of grand opera. She could live splendidly on what she can get for using a pill, a perfume, a piano, or a phonograph.—With the Procession, Everybody's Magazine.

A Toast.

Let him who will drink to his love,
Or pledge a friend in wine;
A rousing toast I'll give to thee,
O enemy of mine!

Pour forth the amber liquid; fill
Your glasses to the brim;
Here's to the man whose heart for me
Bears naught but hatred grim!

How oft when steep ascents I climb
Would I cast down my load,
Did not his roving enemy
My jagging footsteps goad!

So drink again; your bumpers raise
And gaily drink with me;
Here's to the man who hates me well—
Down with "Mine Enemy!"

—Blanche Goodman, in Smart Set.

Italian Judicial Scandal.

A singular judicial scandal has broken out in Naples and the district depending upon the Neapolitan tribunal where the discovery has been made that no fewer than 13,000 public prosecutions, great and small, have during the last few years been allowed to lapse and disappear from the lists, owing to magisterial neglect and corruption. The excuse for the magistrates is that they have only followed a system of long standing.

Edison and Pasteur.

Thomas A. Edison has settled down to the life of a country gentleman under the shadow of the New Jersey mountains. Americans are inclined to forget that this is one of the great names of the world.

Ancient this fact, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle, I recall an interview with Pasteur, the immortal French bacteriologist, in which he said, with the simple and unaffected vanity of a Frenchman: "Your Edison is a great man. When the history of our generation comes to be written the two names that will stand out most prominently in science will be his and—mine."

Newspapers of the World.

It has been calculated that, taking the population of the whole world, there is one newspaper to every 82,600 persons. The United States supports 12,500 newspapers, of which 1,000 are dailies, these being round figures. Germany has 5,500 journals, of which 800 are dailies. England takes second place in the European record with 3,000 newspapers, of which 809 are dailies. France has nearly the same number—namely, 2,819—but of these only a fourth appear daily or twice or thrice a week.

Seek to Lower Death Rate.

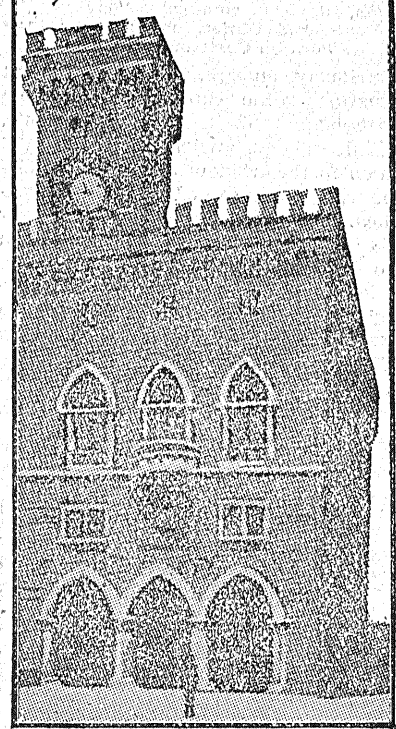
German manufacturers have united in a movement to lower the industrial death rate. In Holland there is a museum of safety, which has demonstrated the value of educating the public in the use of safety appliances.

In Little San Marino

(Special Correspondence.)

"That stone marks the frontier of the republic," said our coachman as we were crossing a bridge on the road between Rimini and San Marino. It was a memorable moment when we crossed the boundary on this side of that smallest and oldest of republics, for we felt that we were about to enter into a state which had at least endured through many changes in the world that surrounded it. The bridge, in the center of which stands the stone affixed to the parapet, rose high in the middle, and crossed a little brook flowing at the bottom of a deep crevice and rendered invisible by a growth of brambles and long grasses. And this divided the territories of two governments—on the one side a newly-established monarchy making experiments in the art of government; on the other a miniature state, "the smallest," says a writer, "which the world has seen since the days of ancient Greece, and whose unwritten constitution has lasted fourteen centuries," and which retained its independence "while all the rest of the peninsula, from the spurs of the Alps to the gulf of Taranto, was convulsed by political revolutions."

Government of the Little State. The government of this little state, which is carried on in this palace, is thus constituted, according to the ac-



Palace of Government.

count given of it by Cavalier Marini Factori, one of the two captains regent: A council of sixty citizens is elected for life from among the most upright and best instructed of every condition—that is, one-third nobles, one-third agriculturists and one-third peasants; and this council has the supreme power handed down to it in the ancient manner by a general assembly (Arringo Popolare) of all the heads of families.

A people who hold liberty so dear are necessarily jealous of those to whom the government of the state is intrusted. In order that abuses may have less chance of flourishing the supreme government is in the hands of two presidents, called captains regent, and these are elected twice a year, entering with great state and pomp and circumstance on the 1st of April and the 1st of October. The installation takes place in the cathedral, built about the middle of last century at a cost of \$20,000, a large sum for such a poor place. On the left side of the altar two thrones are placed, and on inauguration day the newly elected captains regent, arrayed in black velvet, take their places and swear the requisite oaths. After office has been held for a term of six months the outgoing regents cannot be elected until six terms, or three years, have passed. Thus "Caesarism" is an impossible system in this constitution, which is so hedged round with precautions.

A few years ago the people of this free state celebrated the fourteenth centennial of its formation. So far as priority is concerned, it may justly claim to be the most ancient of all existing states. The people that live here, amid the snows that last six months in the year, are proud of their country. They admit that there are other republics in the world larger and richer and more powerful than theirs; but they say, what of that? Jurs has endured fourteen centuries; the others are but parvenus compared to us.

There are signs of the antiquity of the place met with frequently in San

Old Laws of the Republic.

The old laws of the republic are, perhaps, more curious specimens of legal enactments than are to be met with elsewhere. In 1834 they were brought together and published and this publication having been exhausted, republished in 1895, under the title, "Leges Statutae Republicae Sancti Marini," with an Italian translation on each opposite page, a copy of which I contrived to get during my visit to San Marino.

"The republic of San Marino," says the introduction to the laws, "celebrated for its ancient liberty, is the only one which has remained among the various free states which flourished in Italy, and from the end of the thirteenth century already, it had passed for itself peculiar laws which were many times increased and amended, and finally were printed in Rimini in the year 1600." Thus the latest amendment of these laws occurred before the year 1600.

The grand staircase of the new Palace of Government is attractive, and it, with the other rooms of the building, are visited by the rare traveler. From the roof of this palace, where even in summer the mountain breezes blow strong, the view is curious and extensive. One feels as if he were above the hills, and that their heights and hollows and verdure and barren places were revealed to him. The grand council hall, with its sixty rather stately chairs arranged around the walls, and its grand fresco recording the tradition of San Marino's assistance given in days of distress, is a noble chamber. The lion rampant on its wall suggests the attitude of this tiny republic toward its foes, while St. Marinus in glory above the chairs of the two regents seems to bless the double government that saves liberty.

Should Have Known Better.

"What started the trouble between the Browns?"

"Brown asked his wife a question while she was trying to put her hair up a new way."—Judge.

Castle of San Marino.

The gate or Porta San Francesco, is a pretty and interesting relic that suggests a warlike as well as a distant past. And the fortresses on the higher summits have all the characteristics of the middle ages about them, both in their strength and in their decay. They are like eagles' nests, unapproachable except at the gravest peril. The rocks on which these fortresses are founded are well-nigh inaccessible.

SEEKING A LOST ART.

Modern Scientists Baffled in Efforts to Temper Copper.

Fame and fortune await the lucky individual who can rediscover the combination of metals from which the Egyptians, the Aztecs and the Incas of Peru made their tools and arms. Though each of these nations reached a high state of civilization, none of them ever discovered iron, in spite of the fact that the soil of all these countries was largely impregnated with it. Their substitute, for it was a combination of metals which had the temper of steel. Despite the greatest efforts of the great explorer Humboldt tried to discover it from an analysis of a chisel found in an ancient Inca silver mine, but all that he could find out was that it appeared to be a combination of a small portion of tin with copper. This combination will not give the hardness of steel, so it is evident that tin and copper could not have been its only component parts. Whatever might have been the nature of the metallic combination, these ancient races were able so to prepare pure copper that it equaled in temper the finest steel produced at the present day by the most scientifically approved process. With their bronze and copper instruments they were able to quarry and shape the hardest known stones, such as granite and porphyry, and even cut emeralds and like substances. A rediscovery of this lost art would revolutionize many trades in which steel at present holds the monopoly. If copper could thus be tempered now its advantage over steel would be very great and it would no doubt be preferred to the latter in numerous industries. It is a curious fact that though this lost secret still baffles modern scientists it must have been discovered independently by the three races which made use of it so long ago.

ABSORBED IN HER WORK.

Woman Writer Had Most Unusual Gift of Concentration.

Mrs. Somerville, the popular scientific writer, had a wonderful gift of concentration. She wrote her books dealing with the phenomena of the universe with the bustle of family life in full swing around her. Her husband once made a wager with a friend that he would abuse her to her face while she was writing, and that she would remain unconscious of it. Accordingly, one night, as she was absorbed in composition, he said to his friend: "Would you ever imagine that my wife rouges? It's a fact. What's more she wears a wig and her teeth are false." Her daughters were in roars of laughter, but she went on placidly writing. At last her husband said: "Mrs. Somerville" in a louder tone, and paused. Then she looked up and asked innocently, "Did you speak to me, dear?"—London Globe.

Dogs That Wear Shoes.

In Alaska even dogs wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky when a man would freeze to death! The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying, which in the country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes, his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout cords of leather. In this way he will travel easily, until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp, wolf-like teeth, and eats them up.—New England Farmer.

Playhouse Illusions.

They tell us that the stage doth hold
The mirror up to life,
I've searched the country o'er and o'er,
Mid scenes of joy and strife,
I never saw villainy, yet
Who frowned and said "Ha, ha!"
I never met with villagers,
Who warbled "To be or not to be!"

I never knew a man who knelt
When making love to girls;
I never saw a spinster who
Wore hoops and corked-up curls.
I never heard thunder sounding like
The crash of falling tin,
Nor met the collector who made puns
When running people in.

And on the whole I'm rather glad
To live 'mid homely folks,
Who do not revel in their grief
Or always talk in jokes.
And most, I'm glad we do not wear
The clothing that one sees
For if we did I'm quite convinced
A lot of us would freeze.

—Washington Star.

Wise Words.

Homes are beautiful only when there are equal rights; when the husband, wife and children respect and admire one another; when there is confidence and trust; and this can never be when the wife and daughters are reduced to the conditions of paupers and beggars. If the evil exists in the home there should be a readjustment of affairs and each member of the working firm be allowed his or her share of the income. Then the home business will not be robbed of the concentrated efforts of its partners, nor will the girls and women be looking elsewhere for work that will yield a cash return.

Lucky and Unlucky Numbers.

Thirteen is foolishly considered unlucky, likely because thirteen were at the table at the Last Supper. Number one, being indivisible, was sacred to the Egyptians, and made the symbol of life; three has been considered lucky, since in the Pythagorean system, it was made the perfect number, expressive of beginning, middle and end, and seven has been the most popular number since the Chaldeans, in their moon worship, marked each phase by that number of days.

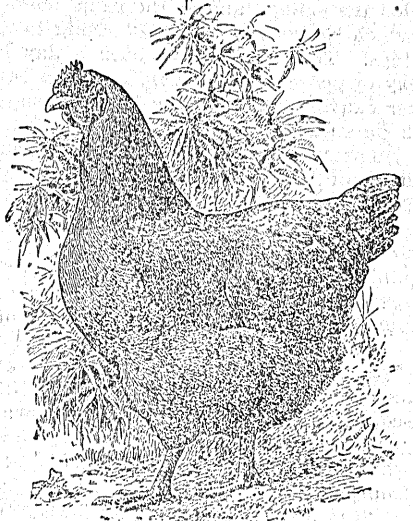
POULTRY



Rhode Island Reds.

According to what seems to be reliable testimony, the variety of fowls now commonly called Rhode Island Reds originated nearly fifty years ago. The late William Tripp of Little Compton is accredited with having bred the foundation stock.

Several interesting points are stated in a letter by Mr. George T. Howard of Little Compton, who writes as follows: "The Rhode Island Reds originated on the farm of William Tripp (now deceased). This man raised them for a good many years, and after a time other people around town got them. They were called the 'Bill Tripp' fowl. Finally someone from out of town, I think, came



through the town, bought up some of the best of them, and took them to some poultry show and called them Rhode Island Reds. I think they are a very good fowl for this climate, and am raising them altogether at present."

Mr. P. H. Wilbour, son of Isaac C. Wilbour, who was one of the veteran poultry raisers and handlers of Little Compton, writes: "A few years ago Miss Rebecca, daughter of William Tripp, informed me that a certain Dr. Aldrich came there and bought a few pullets and cockerels. He exhibited them, calling them Rhode Island Reds, and this is the first intimation that she had of the name (R. I. Reds). Dr. Aldrich is a Fall River man. To the best of my knowledge and belief the present Rhode Island Reds have existed about twenty or twenty-five years, and for at least ten years of that period were confined to Mr. Tripp's farm and the farms of such of his neighbors as obtained eggs or fowls from him, among the earliest of whom was my father, who for several years handled the bulk of Mr. Tripp's eggs and chickens, we setting a great many of the eggs and raising the pullets."

Improving the Flock.

The present high prices of grain should have a beneficial effect upon poultry raising. The average flock carries by far too many second and third-rate breeders. These should be marketed at once to cut down feed bills, and for the betterment of the next season's breeding. High-priced grain will call closer this year than the judgment of the average breeder, and greatly to his benefit.

For pullets to be built up, I would give the green food, preferably cabbage about the middle of the morning, and the cut bone about an hour before the evening feed. There is no objection to keeping green stuff before the pullets all the time if the supply is sufficient for that, but if it is to be fed at stated times, make it about the middle of the forenoon. For these pullets, too, I would feed cut bone either daily, or five days a week. They will probably eat about the same amount per week without fed twice or three or four or seven times. They may sometimes eat a little more when fed often, but mine never did—not so it would be noticed. For stock with robust digestion, I would, to save labor and suit my own convenience, make the number of meals as small as possible, and feed full at every meal; but special cases sometimes require special treatment to get the results we are seeking.—Exchange.

The Poultry Yard.

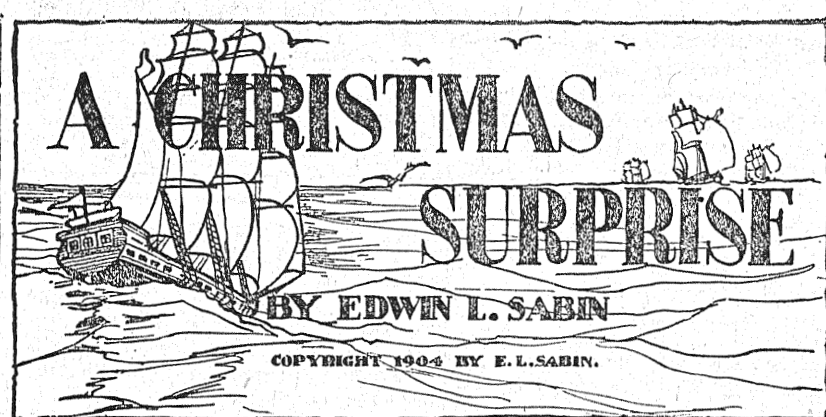
Select the best breed and stick to it. Provide plenty of fresh water and variety of feed. Push the chicks intended for broilers and keep them in good growing order. Whitewash the poultry house, keep the floors dry and the nests and roosts free from vermin.

Oats is one of the best feeds for poultry of all kinds and ages, but for chicks should be hulled. Coal oil is a cheap and effective preventive and exterminator of vermin that infest the chicken houses.

Cull the flock and send to the table or the boarding houses all hens that are not good layers and good mothers. Gather up the charcoal from that old brush pile and throw it into the poultry yard or into the scratching shed.

Oyster shells or mortar lime are the best form of lime for poultry. Grit should be in easy access at all times. One hundred pounds of clover digested produces three pounds of soluble lime prepared by nature for immediate use.

Save the droppings from the poultry yard, and after mixing with an equal amount of soil apply to the orchard and garden crops.—Tri-State Farmer.



A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE
BY EDWIN L. SABIN
COPYRIGHT 1906 BY E. L. SABIN.

IT was the dawn of Christmas day, 1812, and over the blue Atlantic, under the warm skies of the Tropic of Cancer, was slipping lazily along, with scarce steering way, the privateer schooner Governor Tompkins, fourteen guns, of New York. Officers and crew were happy. Fortune had been favoring them. Since leaving port early in July, some three weeks after the declaration of war against England, they had taken a number of British vessels and had suffered but slight injury. The crew, save those on watch, were asleep, dreaming of sweethearts ashore and plum duff at sea, when from the lookout at the masthead the cry of "Sail, ho!" roused man and vessel to action. Up from the cabin bolted the officers, up from the forecabin tumbled the sailors, and at the same moment up from the horizon popped the sun (which is the way he has of rising in the tropics), disclosing plain ahead three ships. This might have been a day of "peace on earth," but it was not a day of peace on the ocean, not for the Governor Tompkins! She shook out all her canvas, and with the English flag flying as a bit of deception she started in pursuit.

The wind was very light. The chase was a tedious one. It lasted from dawn until 3 in the afternoon. Slowly nearer and nearer drew the Governor Tompkins, but so slowly that plum duff appetites must have been spoiled by exasperation and impatience. The largest of the ships appeared to be a good sized transport vessel, and vision of the specie perhaps aboard her filled the minds of the folk upon the privateer. The two other craft were merchantmen. The three vessels would make a fine Christmas gift, and, added to prizes some before, would enable the Governor Tompkins to speed home rejoicing.

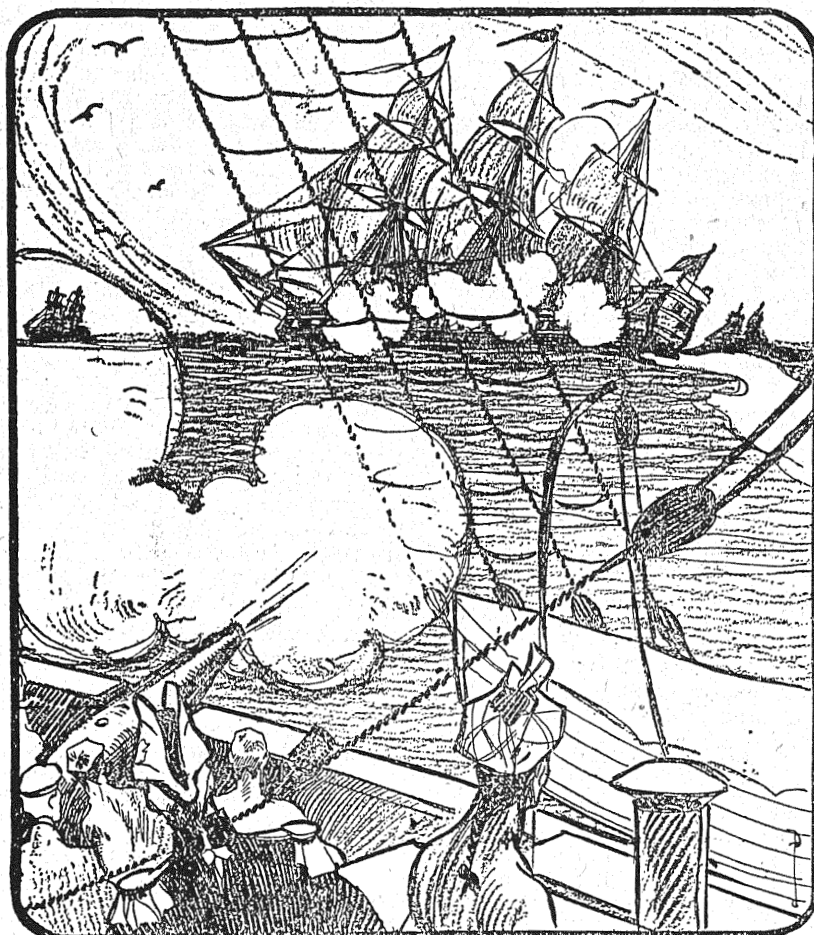
Still, as the privateer little by little cut down the distance, her people began to be not so confident. The transport looked so much bigger than they had pictured her at first. Captain Nathaniel Shaler held his long brass telescope trained upon her, and there was that in her which puzzled him. Her ports seemed to be painted like those of a merchantman, and on her deck what might be a merchantman's boat, but nettings to repel boarders extended from her sides up almost to her topmasts, and this was a suspicious feature.

"I'm afraid she's a bit too heavy for us," announced Captain Shaler doubtfully to his officers. "Mr. Farnum, go for'd and see what you make of her."

So Mr. Farnum, first lieutenant, went toward the bows to take a squint at her, and then, even before he had his glass to his eye, like a dose of magic, down swept a furious squall!

The squall struck the schooner first, and ere her light sail could be taken in—aye, in Captain Shaler's own words, "Almost before I could turn round"—she had been rushed onward, faster than to her liking, and found herself under the guns not of a transport, but of a frigate, waiting for her!

Captain Shaler was a Yankee skipper, and he did the best he could. The



REPLIED WITH THE VERY WORST INTENTIONS.

squall gave him and his all that they could attend to for a few minutes. To attempt to tack in such a blow was hazardous. If it did not wreck the schooner it would at least expose her to fire that would rake her from stem to stern; therefore he trimmed his sails, discarded the English flag and hoisted three American ensigns, and, standing right on parallel with the frigate, gallantly opened with his broadside. The Britisher, having, as he thought, the Yankee privateer in a box, replied with the very worst intentions in the world. His first round was a scorcher! A twenty-four pound ball struck John Johnson, a negro seaman, in the hip and cut away all the lower part of his body. But as he lay dying on the deck he exclaimed several times to his shipmates: "Fire away, my boy! No haul color down!"

Another twenty-four pounder similarly mangled John Davis, also a negro. He fell near Captain Shaler and, deeming himself now useless and in the way, begged to be thrown overboard. Other shot from the same broadside wounded First Lieutenant John Farnum and Seaman James Dougherty, John Parker and John Sunnholm slightly, Thomas Loveland severely and Thomas Davis so badly that he soon afterward died. This same broadside exploded an ammunition box containing two powder cartridges for a nine pounder gun. The cartridge ignited three other boxes holding a quantity of the quill-like cannon primers, and these promptly flashed up so viciously that they forced sparks through a crack in the wooden cap which fitted over the stairway to close it.

Luckily for the Governor Tompkins the cabin floor had been drenched and a fire screen in the shape of a wet blanket had been hung before the magazine hatch so as to serve in just such an emergency as this. The sparks sizzled in vain and expired. Half an hour had passed since the squall had arisen so inopportunistically for the Governor Tompkins, but so opportunistically for the frigate. The two vessels were running side by side, the privateer spitting woe, her lighter guns and the man-of-war hammering away with heavier. The Governor Tompkins was swift, and Captain Shaler had hoped that in the course of a few broadsides she would draw ahead and out of the center of danger. But this time the Governor Tompkins had almost met her match at sailing. The frigate was nearly as fast as she.

Instead of spurting ahead the good schooner only gradually—ah, how gradually—progressed from a little abaft the frigate's beam to opposite her bows, and during all this process the solid shot from the frigate's guns were being pelted at her round after round. The British tars were not reliable marksmen. They did not live up to the reputation of their first broadside. Not a ball after that touched the schooner's hull. She dashed on practically unscathed. Farther and farther she forged beyond the frigate's bows. Fewer guns could be brought to bear upon her. A long half hour and the British shot began to fall short. The Governor Tompkins' men breathed easier. Then the drible wind dropped, leaving them well nigh becalmed, while the frigate kept coming on.

Her shot again reached their vicinity. The privateersmen hastily put out their sweeps, and in desperation all hands pushed and tugged at the great, unwieldy oars. A detail was ordered to throw overboard whatever stuff could be spared from the deck, and, passing up shot from the hold, they hurried that, too, over the rail. Plunk, plunk, it went into the sea until 2,000 pounds had thus been disposed of. The schooner began to gain on her pursuer; another half hour and the enemy's missiles once more fell short. Twenty-five minutes and he have about and abandoned the chase.

The privateer proceeded to bury her dead and to clean decks. She was a sorrier but, let us believe, a wiser schooner. Thereafter she kept her weather eye, in addition to her fighting eye, peeled and was wary of "transports" innocently painted, but with boarding nettings stretched.

The Christmas Carol

THE Christmas carol as a feature of the holiday observances is an English rather than an American custom, and the "waits" who sing them under the windows of English houses or on street corners are quite unknown with us. Yet the Yuletide carol plays some part in the Christmas exercises of almost all our churches, one in particular, the favorite, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," being used in all Episcopal churches. It is included in the hymnal, but lest any one may have forgotten it we give it here:

God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day.
To save us all from Satan's power
When we are gone astray,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.

Curiously enough, carol singing at Christmas time came in part from heathendom. The Anglo-Saxon Gule, or Yule, was an ancient pagan festival which in the wisdom of the early missionaries was retained with a new significance when Britain was Christianized. The season's merrymaking then had its influence upon the carols, which developed into two classes, one of joyous expressions of the Saviour's birth and the other singing of wassail. Though carols are said to have been sung in the primitive church, the earliest one extant is of the thirteenth century. Its manuscript is now in the



THE "WAITS," ENGLISH CAROL SINGERS.

British museum. It is written in Anglo-Norman, and the first stanza, freely translated, is as follows:

New lordings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar,
Let poor minstrels move your pity;
Give us welcome, soothe our care;
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassail keeps today
And, as the king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

CHORUS.
Hail, Father Christmas, hail to thee;
Honor'd ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures wait on those
Who, like vassals brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due.

A modernized form of their carol was used at Oxford up to a recent time. Another carol which was sung at the beginning of the sixteenth century and which shows a true religious feeling is this:

When Christ was born of Mary fee,
Grant us the bliss to see thy face,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Herdmens beheld the angels bright,
To hem apperyd with gret light,
And seyd "Goddys sone is born this night"
In Excelsis Gloria.

Theys keng ys comyn to save (man) kynde,
As yn Scriptures we fynde,
Therefore this song have we in mynde,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Then, Lord, for thy gret grace
Grant us the bliss to see thy face,
Where we may syng to thy solas
In Excelsis Gloria.

Among the many carols of later date are many of exquisite beauty—Nahum Tate's "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," Isaac Watts' "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come," Charles Wesley's "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" and Phillips Brooks' "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem." Of another age are these Christmas verses of Robert Herrick, the quaint old English poet:

Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe that lately sprung?
Lies he the lily banks among?
Or say if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew light? Thou canst
clear
All doubts and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek
Or search the beds of spices through
To find him out?

Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" must, of course, be ranked among the best of Christmas songs, while the "Gloria In Excelsis" of the King James Bible will always be sung wherever the English language makes its way.

MARION B. BRADLEY.

Lawyers and the Law.

I expect it'd be only a poor lawyer couldn't argue a tack into a cow—'n' out of her again, too, f'r that matter—'n' Mr. Weskin ain't no poor lawyer. He's fine 's they make. Of course a good deal of the time no one knows what he means, but that ain't nothin' ag'in him, f'r I think with a lawyer you generally don't. It's a part of their business not to let no one know what they mean, f'r 'f law was simple no one'd ever get fooled.

It takes another lawyer to see what a lawyer is doin', anyhow. When a lawyer says anything is so to me I never take no time to disbelieve him, 'cause he'd never got to be in the law a tall if he want' able to prove the truth of his own lyin'.—"Lathrop" by Anne Warner.

CULLING THE FLOCK.

Wheed Out the Birds That Will Not Pay For Their Keep.

There is no better time than the present for a systematic, careful culling of the flock, says Commercial Poultry.

It is the height of foolishness for a breeder to carry over a lot of birds that will not pay for their keep unless valuable as breeders.

Get rid of them and give the balance of the flock a chance. All old hens that have passed the period of their usefulness, or, in other words, that have reached the point where they are no longer a source of profit, should be discarded and their places filled by pullets.

The up to date breeder knows which hens are paying a profit, and he likewise knows which hens are simply boarders or drones in the flock.

The old male birds that are not wanted for the breeding pen next season should likewise be sent to the block unless perhaps they can be sold for breeding birds.

The hens that have proved exceptionally good breeders should be kept for the pens next season, even though they will lay but few eggs.

In culling the young stock all birds that show any permanent serious defect should be discarded unless perhaps the defective pullets are kept for winter laying.

It seems to be a universal falling among poultrymen to attempt to raise about twice as many chicks as they have room for, and the consequence of this overcrowding is a lot of immature, stunted specimens that are often a disgrace to their ancestry and a disappointment to their owner.

The poultryman should make an estimate of the number of chicks he can properly raise upon the space at his command.

Having done this, he can hatch out nearly double the number, and as soon as they reach the age where the experienced poultryman can form an intelligent idea of their worth or their future possibilities and probabilities he should begin to carefully cull out all that show no promise of developing into good specimens until he gets his flock down to about the right number.

Poultry culture has not yet reached that state of perfection that will insure any breeder against an occasional "scrub," and it never will until the laws of nature undergo a radical change. A certain per cent of every flock is fit only for the pot, this per cent fluctuating according to the quality of the ancestry.

Value of Caponizing.

J. H. Drevensstedt gives this version of caponizing: "That capons are a desirable and superior article of food no one will deny. That they are better than well fattened pullets—and cockerels, where the latter have an separated as soon as the sex was noticeable, is extremely doubtful. In fact, we believe they are inferior in quality. Besides, the cost of caponizing and the additional time it takes to properly prepare a capon for market make this branch of the poultry industry of doubtful value. Albeit a few men succeed in getting good prices for a limited supply, the demand seldom exceeding the latter."—American Poultry Journal.

Happy New Year

A family chorus by....

Father } "Buy my Christmas Present
Mother } of.....
Brothers } A. A. HITCHCOCK
Sisters } who has an...
Uncles } * Up-to-date Line *
Aunts } and just what I want."
Cousins }

"Any of the following will do:
A fine neck muffler, a fancy tie, a pretty collar, a sofa cushion, etc.,—oh, don't forget, I wear shoes, and they are headquarters for good footwear."

Opera block. Wood for sale.

Happy New Year

For the Long Winter Evenings and that tired feeling—get a Columbia Graphophone. From \$5 upwards, at the Enterprise Office.

? What would be more suitable for a Christmas Present than one of our....

20th Century Art Laurel Ranges... or one of those....

...Laurel Coal Heaters... You hear so much about?

We have a fine line of the celebrated....

Rogers 1847 Silverware

Knives and Forks, Tablespoons, Teaspoons, Nut-pick Sets, Chafing Dishes, Brush and Crumb Trays,

Tea and Coffee Pots with Stag-horn Handles

Made by The Rome Manufacturing Co.

Also Carving Sets, Knives and Forks and Razors for the men. Savory Baking Pans, Food Choppers, 3-minute Bread-mixers, and so many suitable things for Christmas Gifts that we invite you to come in and see them.

J. B. COOTES
The Hardware Man.

W. J. Fairweather

DRY GOODS.

WOOLEN HOSIERY.
Complete new line of Ladies', Gents' and Children's Woolen Hosiery.

FLEECED HOSE.
Extra values in Ladies' and Children's Fleeced Hose.

COTTON HOSIERY.
No pains have been spared in getting extra values in Ladies', Gents' and Children's Cotton Hose.

Cotton and Wool Blankets.
Buy your Blankets at our Blanket Counter. Extra values in every grade.

Men's Heavy Coats.
New Line Covert Coats. New Line Duck Coats. New Line Leather Coats. New Line Mackinacs.

Ladies' and Children's Coats.
We have the Latest Fads in Ladies' and Children's Coats. Ladies' Coats from \$4 to \$25. Children's Coats from \$3 to \$15. One lot Children's Coats at \$1.00 each.

New line Ladies' Hand Bags just arrived.

Men's Jersey Shirts.
We no doubt have one of the best Jersey shirts on the market for 50c. for men or boys.

Men's Wool Shirts and Sweaters.
New line of Men's Wool Shirts and Sweaters.

Men's Fancy Shirts.
Good assortment at 50c. and \$1.00.

OVERALLS.
Best 50c. Overall on earth for 50c.

Outing Flannels.
Good complete assortment of Outing Flannels at 6c., 7c., 8c., 10c., 12½c. per yard.

Dress Goods and Trimmings.
Never before at this season of the year have we been able to show you a more complete line of Dress Goods than at the present time. New line just in.

Men's and Boys' Caps.
Our new line of Men's and Boys' Caps has arrived just in time for cold weather.

Children's Caps.
All the new things to show you in Children's Caps.

Gloves and Mittens.
An endless variety of Ladies', Gents' and Children's Gloves and Mittens just in. 1200 pairs of Canvas Gloves at 10c. a pair, 3 pairs for 25c.

LADIES' FURS.
Cold weather calls for warm wraps. Nothing more comfortable than a good fur. If you have not already provided yourself better do it now. We are showing a beautiful line of Ladies' Furs at \$1.00 to \$25.00 each. Also Ladies' Fur Coats.

Grocery Department.
Here's a bargain! Everybody can afford to eat Rice at this price. 1,000 lbs. Broken Rice at 2½c. per lb. 1,000 lbs. Whole Rice guaranteed as good as any rice you ever saw at any price—as long as it lasts you get it for 3c. a lb.

50 bottles Seely's Essence Peppermint, worth 25c. a bottle going at 10c. a bottle.

100 bottles Seely's Extracts, odd brands, to close at 5c. a bottle.

No end to bargains in our Grocery Department. Highest market price for Butter and Eggs.

I will pay FOR THE COMING WEEK + IN TRADE
for strictly Fresh Eggs, 25c. For No. 1 Dairy Butter, 18c. per lb.

I Will SELL

No. 1 Water White Perfection Brand Oil per gal. 8c.; 5 gals. for 40c.
No. 1 Japan or Carolina Rice, 3c. per lb.