

The Cass City Enterprise.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR.

OUR MOTTO:—WORK AND WIN.

SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS

VOL. 1.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1881.

NO. 11

The Cass City Enterprise.

BERRY BROTHERS, Publishers

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

TERMS: \$1.50 per year, strictly in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. A thoroughly equipped Job Department in connection, and first-class work guaranteed at reasonable rates.

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Caro Route: Arrives at 11 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Departs 12 M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Bad Axe Route: Arrives at 12 M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Departs at 2 M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

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METHODIST.—Services at 10:30 and 7 o'clock P. M., every Sunday evening. Class Meeting immediately after morning service, and every other Sabbath evening. Sabbath-school at 8 P. M. Praying meeting, Thursday evening. Rev. Benj. Reeve, Pastor. Theo. Fritz, S. S. Superintendent.

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HURST & HANSFORD, Lawyers, Caro, Mich.

ATWOOD & MARKHAM, Attorneys, Counselors, and Solicitors in Chancery, Caro, Mich.

N. DANN, Notary public, Real Estate and Collection Agent, Gagetown, Mich.

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D. F. DEMING, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at Adams & Fritz's drug store, Cass City, Mich.

W. H. SMITH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Cass City, Mich.

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O. SCAR LENZNER SEN, Manufacturer and Dealer in Cabinet Furniture, Cass City, Mich. Terms cash. All work warranted, and strictly on price.

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Abstract, Notary and conveyance office. Money Loans Procured on Improved Farms. State Street, Opposite Court House, Caro, Mich.

JOHN D. MCARTHUR,

Real Estate, Insurance and Collection Agent,

CASS CITY, MICH.

NELSON L. ROBERTS,

REAL ESTATE BROKER,

East Saginaw, Mich.

ABSTRACTS FURNISHED OF THE

Counties of Tuscola, Sanilac, Huron, Midland, Roscommon, Gladwin, Saginaw, Clare, Ogemaw, and Isabella.

6,000 Acres of Land in Tuscola, Sanilac and Huron Counties.

NOTARY PUBLIC & CONVEYANCER.

JOHN STALEY, JR.,

Has the most perfect

Abstract of Titles

IN TUSCOLA COUNTY.

—ATTEND TO—

Buying and Selling Real Estate

—AND—

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Real Estate Agent and Abstract office. Office, Court House, Caro, Mich.

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VETERINARY PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

—OFFICE AT—

Cass City Hotel, where can be found at all hours and ready to attend to all calls.

LIVERY STABLE,

R. Clark, Prop.

First-class Horses and Carriages for the accommodation of the public.

CASS CITY, MICH.

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CENTRALLY LOCATED.

FIRST-CLASS.

FRANK THOMAS, PROPRIETOR

TUSCOLA COUNTY BANK

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Drafts sold on NEW YORK and DETROIT; also upon Principal Cities of Foreign Countries.

Bank Drafts bought on all points in America and Europe.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTGAGES.

—CALL AT—

SEELEY'S NEW BLOCK, CARO, MICH.

JOHN F. SEELEY, Proprietor.

S. C. ARMSTRONG,

THE UNDERTAKER,

Has a fine stock of

BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS

Which he is selling as reasonable as any house in the Saginaw Valley.

Hearse in Attendance when Required.

Sale Rooms 2nd door East of Post Office.

CASS CITY. - - MICH.

A New Face in an Old Place,

AT THE NEW TEN SHOP.

Come and see a full stock of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET IRON WARE

Ovens lined on short notice.

Name plates cut to order

Have-troughing and Job Work a Specialty.

Frank E. Austin,

CASS CITY. - - MICH.

Townsend & Aplin,

DEALERS IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

State St., Caro, Mich.

Our stock is Large, Fresh and of the very best quality. We warrant all goods Strictly First-Class, and to be as represented. You are cordially invited to call and get our prices before buying elsewhere.

TOWNSEND & APLIN.

Caro, Sept. 1, 1881.

FRANK HENDRICK

The Cass City

Jeweler,

Has on hand a fine Stock of CLOCKS

WATCHES and JEWELRY, SILVER

PLATED WARE, SPECTACLES, etc.

Special attention given to fine Watch repairing.

CALL AND SEE.

Cass City Hotel,

Geo. Tennant, Prop

First-Class Accommodations for Travellers.

A full stocked Bar and good Stabling for horses, in connection.

Cass City, Mich.

W. L. PARKER,

CARO, MICH.

Manufacturer of Fine

MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES,

AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE

—AND—

AMERICAN AND SCOTCH GRANITES.

Executed in Plain and Ornamental Designs. Do not go abroad for your monuments and Tombstones before seeing our work and getting prices.

Samuel Dellaree,

TONSorial ARTIST

Tuesday and Friday's specially devoted to Ladies' Hairdressing.

Next door Post-office, Cass City, Mich.

DEMERITS.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the college halls there passed
A teacher, she carried in her hands a book,
Of which the greatest care she took,
For it contained

"Demerits."

Her brow was sad, her eye beneath,
Flushed like a fuchsia in the sheath,
And like an old brass cannon rung
The accents of that well known tongue,
"Demerits."

In many rooms she saw the light
Which from the gas gleamed warm and bright;
Above the spectral ceiling shone,
And from her lips escaped a groan,
"Demerits."

A step was heard upon the stair,
A knock was heard upon the door,
A warning cough preceded the whole,
While through the open door there rolls
The single groan,
"Demerits."

"Hold on!" a merry voice replied,
"I really thought I should have died;"
A tear was in her searching eye,
And still she answered with a sigh,
The same old word,
"Demerits."

Beware the pencils pointed edge;
Beware the aggregate I will send
Home to your father;
This was the teachers good night call.
While echo answered up the hall
"Demerits."

At break of day the girls in lines,
Were slowly coming down the stairs;
They heard a voice on the second landing,
Which brought them to a sudden standing;
It was the same old voice that always said,
"Demerits."

—Brantford Young Ladies' College, Oct.

ALL AROUND.

(CLEANED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.)

TUSCOLA COUNTY.

A "band of hope" has been started at Millington.

Fairgrove expects to have eight saw mills, within a few miles.

The demand for school teachers in Tuscola greatly exceeds the supply.

At Reese, hotels and boarding houses are full and more boarding houses are needed.

The paymaster of the S. T. & H. railroad has been at Reese making glad, not a few.

Two car loads of brick from the Vassar works were shipped to Bay City parties yesterday.

Wild turkeys are seen every few days in the vicinity of Arbel, but seldom hear of any being killed.

Mayville takes the cake. She has more mud to the square inch than any other town in the state—for money.

A large number of railroad ties which recently floated down the Cass river are being banked near the bridge at Vassar.

Mrs. Luce, of Fairgrove, who died last week, had her life insured for \$3,000 in the Northwestern Mutual Benefit association.

M. F. Holten, recently in the employ of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee road, is now night operator at the depot in Vassar.

R. Whiteside of Caro, pension agent, has lately succeeded in getting for J. Q. Adams of Flint \$13 per month and \$1,831 back pension.

Timber for the new depot at Vassar of the P. H. & N. W. R. R., is being hauled on the ground. The building will be 30x70 feet in size.

Another locomotive has been added to the Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron railroad. It is what is termed a Mason machine, something unlike those in use in this section, and was on exhibition at the centennial.

The new mills at Unionville are now enclosed and the grist mill is painted a light blue. The new engine and boiler have arrived and are being placed in position.

Much sickness in Unionville and vicinity. Four children have already died in the family of Wm. Miles during the past two weeks. Disease, diphtheria. The same complaint has prevailed in other families in the village, but no deaths recently.

P. B. Richardson returned to Tuscola from his eastern trip on Friday last. He has not yet fully recovered from the effect of the injuries which he received in Rochester some time since.

The S. T. & H. railroad is putting in side tracks to the gravel pit near Reese. They are ballasting the road to Saginaw, and will go on with track laying soon. They have put in the "diamond" for crossing the D. & B. C.

The stage and mail route between Tuscola and Vassar will be run hereafter by Elwood Potter, he having taken the contract for the same from David Bigelow, who has heretofore had charge of the line. Mr. Bigelow will move to Clio, and after November 1st commence running the route between that place and Tuscola.

The track is now laid within a mile of Vassar on the P. H. & N. W. railroad, and on Monday next it is expected that trains will commence running regularly, and two express trains will be put on which will make the run from there to Port Huron in 24 hours.

There is a little jar between the village authorities of Vassar and the P. H. & N. W. railway company, relative to the depot grounds, the company having staked out the depot grounds right across the head of the street. The understanding was that the street should be opened to the section line, and Mr. McMorran has been written to in regard to changing the location of the depot so as not to interfere with the street, which can be done without detriment to the interests of the company.

The war between the Michigan Central and Grand Trunk railroad companies has resulted to the inconvenience of the latter, the agents of the Michigan Central having been instructed to suspend selling Grand Trunk tickets. On Friday last Mr. Wade, the traveling agent of the Grand Trunk, was in Vassar for the purpose of establishing an agency, and appointed C. R. Baker ticket agent at that point. Mr. Baker's headquarters for the present will be at the relief rooms, where tickets to any point on the Grand Trunk or its connection lines may be obtained.

HURON COUNTY.

A number of the citizens of Oliver indulged in a panther hunt lately.

Two of White Rock's citizens contemplate a trip to Kansas. They expect to start next week.

The roads between Sand Beach and Bad Axe are horrible. The teachers complain bitterly of the holes and have asked for steps to be taken to repair them.

The ware-house of Thompson Bros. of White Rock was broken open a few evenings ago and some freight abstracted therefrom. Since then various depredations have been committed in that vicinity. Shot guns are being loaded, and persons are on the watch.

SANILAC COUNTY.

Relief business is rushing at Minden.

Diphtheria is raging about York station. A number of deaths are reported.

The post office and telegraph office at Crosswell are united by telephone.

W. H. Doyle left with a large force of hands for the north Saginaw lumber woods on Wednesday morning.

The school house in the Newman district is nearly ready for occupancy. It is a fine building and reflects great credit on the designers and builders.

The fire sufferers in the vicinity of Minden are getting in more comfortable quarters for the coming season than was anticipated, but some are very needy yet. A good deal will have to be done to keep them from suffering from the cold.

Typhoid fever is raging in Minden. Mr. Henry Lloyd, harness maker, died with the above, on Sunday, Nov. 6th. His wife died last spring and now three small girls are left orphans. Mr. Lloyd's death cast a gloom over this place, as he was a good citizen and well liked and highly respected by all. A number of others are down with the above fever and one or two are in a very critical position.

On Wednesday, while running a threshing machine at Jerry O'Connor's, north of Carsonville, John Kinney met with a sad accident. He was oiling up the machine, having on a pair of mittens when the tip of the mitten caught between two cog wheels and in an instant his hand was drawn through, mashing every finger and the thumb. Drs. Smith and Loop were called and the mangled members were amputated, leaving the stub of the hand.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

The St. Clair city hall has been condemned as unsafe.

The dry kiln at Bousfield & Co.'s wood-ware factory in Bay City burned Saturday. Loss \$10,000.

Oxford Globe: Almont is ready to come down with \$50,000 if the Oxford and Caseville road goes to that place.

A little daughter of August Behm was fatally buried by her cloths taking fire from a log heap near Imlay City, yesterday.

The Michigan Central railroad company has nine telegraph operators in Bay City. A few years ago one operator did the work.

The new depot of the narrow gauge at Port Huron is about completed and trains will soon arrive and depart from the foot of Court street.

The jury at Saginaw disagreed in the case of Geo. Stapleton, one of the men implicated in the Chesaning riot and murder case, and he has been released on bail. The jury stood eleven for acquittal, and the case is not likely to be tried again.

Toledo parties have incorporated themselves unto the Ohio and Northwestern R. R. Co., to build a road from Toledo through the counties of Monroe, Washtenaw, Livingston, Shiawassee, Gratiot, Isabella, Ocola, Wexford, and Benzie to Frankfort, on Lake Michigan.

MOVED AT LAST!

Mr. A. L. Keiff, the Caro Clothier, wishes us to announce to the people of Cass City and surrounding country, that he has moved into his elegant new store near the Medler House, where he is showing an

Immense Stock of Ready-Made **Clothing** and Gent's Furnishing Goods at Prices Astonishingly Low. When you are in Caro drop in and see Kieff. He will be glad to see you, and show you

through his new store, whether you wish to purchase or not. He is bound to do the Clothing trade of

Tuscola County, if **GOOD GOODS** and **LOW PRICES** will do it. Don't forget the new location,

next door to E. O. Spaulding & Co.

A. L. KEIFF.

BUSINESS IS BOOMING!!

DRY GOODS.

SILKS,

VELVETS,

CASHMERES,

COTTONS

AND

DOMESTICS.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Gent's Sewed and Pegged Fine Boots.

Ladies " " Fine Shoes.

CASS CITY MICH. ANGUS D. GILLIES



TOILET SOAPS.

TEAS, COFFEES,

SUGARS,

CANNED GOODS,

SPICES,

TOBACCO'S AND

CIGARS,

LUCE & MOSHER,

(Successors to Washburn & Cooper.)

—Jobbers & Retail Dealers In—

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints,

Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c.

OPERA HOUSE DRUG STORE,

—Headquarters for—

SCHOOL BOOKS, WALL PAPER,

Stationery and School Supplies.

We are Agents for the Penix Brand

PURE WHITE LEAD,

And authorized to Guarantee every package to give entire satisfaction.

Caro, Mich. Luce & Mosher.

HARDWARE!

STOVES.

STOVES.

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THE CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

CASS CITY, MICH.

GITTEAU'S TRIAL.

Gitteau was brought before the District criminal court at Washington on the 14th for trial, Judge Cox on the bench. The prisoner looked to be in better health and spirits than at the time of his arraignment. His brother from Boston, his sister from Chicago, and several of his old-time friends, were in the court room, and Gitteau evidently felt strong and hopeful, albeit he had that same furtive, uneasy manner.

As soon as the prosecution had announced a readiness to go on with the case, Mr. Robinson, for the defense, asked for a continuance, giving as a reason for the request the statement that eminent counsel could be obtained to conduct the defense if time were given. Judge Cox decided that the case must go on, but promised that when the evidence for the prosecution should all be in he would give the defense time for preparation. Five jurors were secured, many being rejected. The names and occupations of those sworn in are as follows: John P. Harlin, restaurant keeper; Fred. W. Branderberg, cigar maker; Chas. G. Stewart, flour and feed dealer; Henry J. Bright, retired from business; Thos. H. Langley, grocer.

During these proceedings Gitteau took an active part. The motion of Robinson for a continuance was a surprise to Scoville and Gitteau. The lawyer protested that he should be consulted in matters of such importance; and the prisoner jumped up several times and addressed the court saying that he desired to be heard in his own behalf; that he did not want Robinson in the case at all; did not want him to make any more speeches; but wanted him to get out of the case altogether.

Gitteau in one of his harangues informed the court that he would like to make a speech to-morrow morning, but he was ordered by the court to take his seat. He then passed the manuscript of his speech to the newspaper reporter, but before the latter could leave the court room Scoville called him back and compelled him to return it. This raised the anger of the prisoner, who excitedly declared he was not under the control of his counsel; that he was a lawyer and knew the law himself; that when he wanted help he would ask for it, and that he desired his speech to be published for the purpose of influencing public opinion. He was again silenced by the court.

Gitteau's speech which he wanted to deliver was a rebash of the matter published by him heretofore—that Garfield was a good man but did not make good use of official patronage, and that he (Gitteau) was an instrument of the Lord's to remove him; that not being a good marksman he did not succeed in making the shot a fatal one; the doctors killed the President and not himself, etc.

On the second day of the trial, Gitteau, while still nervous and restless, made no disturbance in court and did not interrupt the proceedings. Four more jurors were sworn in; Michael Sheehan, an Irishman; Samuel F. Hobbs, a native of Maryland and a plasterer by occupation; G. W. Gates, a native of Washington and a machinist; Ralph Wormley, a colored plasterer. After the ninth juror had been sworn in the list of seventy-five talesmen was exhausted without securing another.

School Law.

OFFICIAL RULINGS AND DECISIONS.

1. It is generally understood to be a rule of law that in all corporations, where some other basis is not especially prescribed, a majority of all the votes cast is necessary to the election of an officer, or the decision of the question. Under our statutes, a school district is a corporate body, and as the law nowhere specially provides for any other basis, it is held that a majority of all the votes cast is necessary to the election of a district officer.

2. Votes taken at a school district meeting directing the board to employ a certain teacher, or specifying the grade of certificate the teacher must hold, or naming the wages to be paid the teacher, must be considered merely as advisory, and not obligatory upon the district board.

3. Except in a case of a judgment against a district, a township treasurer has no right to pay school moneys to any one but the assessor, on a warrant properly drawn on him in favor of the assessor; and he cannot pay such warrant to any other person, even on the assessor's order. The warrant is not negotiable, and a receipt from a third party will not relieve the treasurer from his liability to the district.

4. Whenever the board of school inspectors alter the boundaries or change the number of a school district, it is the duty of the township clerk to deliver to the director of every district affected by the alteration a notice in writing, stating what alterations have been made, and a diagram showing the boundary lines of the district as thus changed.

A learned Swiss has pointed out that a poplar or other tall tree may, if its roots strike into the damp soil, serve as a lightning conductor to protect a house; and he thinks he has verified the conjecture by examination of a number of individual cases of lightning stroke. In the case, however, where the house stands between the tree and piece of water, a pond, well or stream, the shortest path for the lightning from the tree to the wet-conductor may be through the house!

FROM WASHINGTON.

PREPARATION FOR THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

The capitol is being thoroughly cleaned and some slight alterations are being made in preparation for the approaching session. The White House has been renovated, and President Arthur, having attended to his private affairs and the election, has taken up his residence in the national homestead. Many members have already arrived and some with their families are making arrangements for housekeeping. Considerable interest is felt in the new cabinet to be formed, and in the forthcoming message.

THE TRIAL OF GITTEAU.

Gitteau's sister has arrived from Chicago, and his brother from Boston, and both have visited him at the jail. Nearly two hundred witnesses have been subpoenaed, and it is expected the trial will occupy several weeks. District Attorney Corkhill, Judge John K. Porter of New York, and Wm. Davidge of the District bar represent the government, and Geo. Scoville of Chicago, brother-in-law to Gitteau, and Leigh Robinson of Washington, assigned by the court, appear for the prisoner.

HEALTH IN MICHIGAN.

Reports to the State Board of Health, Lansing, for the week ending October 29, 1881, by fifty observers of diseases in different parts of the state, show causes of sickness as follows:

DISEASES, IN ORDER OF PREVALENCE.	Number and per cent. of observers by whom each disease was reported.	Number. Per cent.
1 Intermittent fever.....	47	94
2 Rheumatism.....	37	74
3 Remittent fever.....	36	72
4 Typho-malarial fever.....	34	68
5 Diarrhoea.....	34	68
6 Consumption (of lungs).....	34	68
7 Neuralgia.....	30	60
8 Bronchitis.....	25	50
9 Tonsillitis.....	25	50
10 Diphtheria.....	21	42
11 Typhoid fever (enteric).....	21	42
12 Pneumonia.....	14	28
13 Dysentery.....	16	32
14 Influenza.....	9	18
15 Cholera morbus.....	11	22
16 Erysipelas.....	10	20
17 Inflammation of Bowels.....	8	16
18 Scarlet fever.....	8	16
19 Whooping cough.....	5	10
20 Membranous Croup.....	5	10
21 Cholera infantum.....	3	6
22 Puerperal fever.....	3	6
23 Cerebro-spinal Meningitis.....	3	6
24 Pharyngitis.....	2	4
25 Inflammation of Brain.....	2	4
26 Measles.....	2	4
27 Continued fever.....	1	2
28 Diphtheritic Paralysis.....	1	2
29 Laryngitis.....	1	2

For the week ending November 7, 1881, the diseases shown to have most increased in area of prevalence are pneumonia, influenza, tonsillitis and typhoid fever. Scarlet fever has slightly increased in prevalence during October; it is reported by the same number of observers as for the preceding week. There has been a decrease in the area of prevalence of diphtheria, cholera morbus and cholera infantum.

HENRY B. BAKER, Sec'y State Board of Health, LANSING, Mich., Nov. 3, 1881.

Industrial Mortality.

An English statistician has lately brought out the following fact, which, it is claimed, is a discovery and a fit subject of legislation. It appears that 107,000 men, women, and children have lost their lives or been injured in English mines and factories, or railways, and by boiler accidents during the four years preceding 1877, and on this basis, it is estimated that half a million workmen will lose their lives in ten years—300,000 in mines, 70,000 on railways, and 130,000 in factories.

Another writer sets the figures at a full million, or 100,000 persons per annum in England alone, killed from causes in connection with the industrial occupations in which they are engaged. As much as six-tenths are ascribed to mining accidents. This aggregate is sufficiently appalling, and ought to be inquired into in this country as well as in England, but it is difficult to prescribe efficient legislative measures to meet the case.

It is probable that the diffusion of technical knowledge among all classes of laborers and artisans, and especially the foremen and managers of industrial establishments, would do more than laws, not only to decrease the number of violent deaths, but to ameliorate the sanitary condition of all establishments where tools or machines of any kind are used. The well lighted, well aired, and roomy work-shops or factory, moreover, promotes the production of more and better products than can be expected from dark, damp, and dingy cellars and crowded, ill-ventilated, dirty shops in densely packed neighborhoods. Even the dismal mine may be much improved by the electric light and more efficient ventilating appliances, and the natural result is more safety, better health, and a greater yield, so that once understood no thoughtful manager will need to be driven by law into the adoption of sanitary means.

The greatest sugar refinery in the world is now under construction on tidewater, San Francisco. The brick building facing deep water in South San Francisco will be 400 x 150 feet, and thirteen stories high (140 feet). A salt water supply of 3000 gallons a minute is drawn from the bay, by a tunnel, for the monster condenser. By March next it will be finished at a cost of \$1,250,000. Its yearly capacity will be 60,000 tons of refined sugar. Claus Spreckles is the master spirit. It is a result of the reciprocity treaty, by which Sandwich Islands raw sugars are admitted free of duty. He has now thirty vessels employed (all built there) plying between the islands and San Francisco. He planted sugar cane on a large scale on islands hitherto wild and uncultivated. He has tapped the mountains, and every acre is irrigated. He buys all the native production.

The Condor.

The condor is a native of the mountain chain of the Andes, and is one of the largest birds of prey. The average expanse of the condor's wings is from eight to nine feet, and the length of the body from the point of the beak to the extremity of the tail three feet and five or six inches.

The color of the condor is a grayish black; the wings are marked with white, and there is a collar of downy white feathers about the neck. The crest of the male is quite large. The internal structure of the condor presents some curious features; the gizzard is provided with longitudinal rows of horny spikes, which are supposed to assist the bird in the rapid digestion of its food.

These birds often attack cows, bulls and deer, and as their assaults are chiefly directed upon the eyes, they blind their victims, and they soon fall by the blows which are inflicted upon them by the beaks of the birds.

The condor is very strong, and even when wounded a powerful man is no match for one of these creatures.

The Indians have a great dislike to these birds, and if they capture one of them alive they torture it very cruelly. Their mode of capture is as follows: They kill an animal and expose the body in the open air. The condors soon assemble in large numbers and feast upon the flesh. As soon as they are gorged to the full the Indians dash in among them and capture them with their lassos. When they feel the noose around their necks they endeavor to reject the meal which they have swallowed, but are made captives before they are able to rid themselves of the food.

The flight of these birds is grand and beautiful; they seem to fly by moving the head and neck rather than the wings.

Very little has been known of the habits of these birds until lately, as they live at the height of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet, and only come down to the lower points in search of prey. The Indians assert that the eggs are laid upon the bare rock, the bird making no nest whatever.

Although there have been condors in the Zoological Gardens at Dresden since 1874, it is only recently that anything has been found out in regard to the length of the brooding season, their habits at the time, their manner of feeding their young, etc.

The condors in Dresden commenced laying in April, 1877, and, after that, laid from two to three eggs yearly in April or May, but unfortunately they crush their eggs immediately, or after playing with them several days. Last year a nest of dried branches, feathers and wool was made in the top of the cage, about two meters from the ground, and it was thought that the birds would avail themselves of it. Loose material for nest-building was also put in the cage, but the female laid her eggs in the sand as before, and both the eggs were soon destroyed. The same thing happened this year in the middle of April. Shortly after the birds were removed into the large summer quarters of the birds of prey, and the female laid an egg on the 9th of May, in a dark corner of the cage. The next day the male commenced to brood. All the materials for a nest that the keeper laid under and about the eggs were rejected and scratched away, and the brooding went on upon the gravel bottom of the cage. The male devoted himself to the brooding the greater part of the time, the indolent female only setting upon the egg about a third of the time.

On the seventh of July, after nearly eight weeks, the keeper announced that he had discovered life in the egg, and on the same day a rent was perceived in the shell. The next day the bird had almost escaped from the shell, only the head and neck remaining in, and on the following day the bird was entirely freed. Since then the old birds have been very busily employed in giving the little one the necessary warmth, and have manifested equal anxiety in feeding it with horse flesh and small pieces of cat and dog flesh. The little fellow, with its grayish feathers, looks something like a young owl. Its head and neck are quite black. If any one approaches, it commences already to utter angry cries, and the old birds are so ugly that the keeper can only enter the cage armed. The brooding continued for eight weeks less one day. Cassel says, in his "Natural History," that a condor's egg was hatched in six weeks and two days by a hen. This may be on account of the nest which the hen had.

The young bird, on the first day, measured ten centimeters in length, and on the twentieth day twenty-eight centimeters. The condors are fond of bathing, and often sit upon their eggs with their wet feathers.

The Land Slip in Elm, Switzerland.

In the recent disaster at Elm—otherwise known as Unterthal—a great mass of earth and rock from the Plattenberg or Tschingler Alp, 1,500 feet wide, at least 2,000 feet high above the valley, and, according to the engineers, from 60 to 100 feet deep, fell over upon the village, its farms, gardens, and meadows, covering several thousand acres. Tons of rock were dashed entirely across the valley, and now rest quietly 800 and 400 feet high upon the hillside. The air pressure was so great that houses were lifted up from their foundations and carried a distance of 1,000 feet. A barn built of heavy logs, and filled with hay, was carried entirely across the valley and overturned 200 feet high on the mountain opposite the Plattenberg. An iron bridge which crossed the Sernf was torn up, carried scores of feet away from its abutments, and now rests on end more than half buried in mud and loose stone. The whole valley, as far

as it can be seen from the village inn, which is still standing, very closely resembles the bed of a glacier which has receded.

The river Sernf has made for itself a new channel through the debris, and has flooded and ruined much of the land below, land which was not directly harmed by the avalanche of stone. So in one way or another the whole valley has been injured beyond all hope of repair. The loss in property will reach not less than 2,000,000f.; at the lowest estimate 123 people have lost their lives; other estimates make the number 150 or more. The state engineers, fearing further land slides, have forbidden those who escaped to return to the houses which remain standing, and in consequence more than 300 men, women and children, who but a few days before were prosperous and well-to-do, are now almost without a roof to cover them.

The chief cause of the disaster, after the heavy rains of the past summer, is said to have been injudicious quarrying for slate, whereby the mountain was in part undermined and so rendered unsafe. Some three years ago ominous signs of danger were observed, and the cantonal forest master, Herr Seeli, warned the proprietors of the quarries that they were carrying on their excavations beyond the bounds of safety. The work went on without interruption until Thursday, September 8, when the premonitions of disaster became so alarming that all the men were withdrawn from the quarries; yet no one seems to have thought the village was in danger until Sunday afternoon, when, as the people were coming from church, a quantity of stones, rolling from the Tschingler, crushed several houses in Unterthal nearest the foot of the Alp. Ten minutes later came the great catastrophe; a thunderous noise rent the air, a black dust-cloud overspread the valley, and all was still. In those two or three seconds Unterthal had disappeared, and with it were buried nearly every one of the unfortunates, who, a few minutes previously, were worshipping in the village church. Scarcely any, in fact, who on the first alarm crossed the Sernf, either out of curiosity or fear, to lend a helping hand to those whose houses had been struck, escaped, and they include nearly all the manhood of the village. Forty dwellings, the best in the village, were buried.

This is not the first disaster of the sort in Switzerland, nor anything like the worst. On the 4th of September, 1618, the rich though small town of Plurs, in the Grisons (near the Engadine valley), was entirely buried by a land slip. Over 2,400 persons lost their lives. The site is now occupied by a fine forest of chestnut trees. No remains of the town have ever come to light, with the exception of a bell which belonged to the church, and which turned up twenty years ago. On the 2nd of September, 1806, the Rossberg, a mountain some miles to the north of the Righi, gave way on its eastern side, and slid down into the lake of Lowerz, which is half filled up, converting the once picturesque slope, studded with chalets, pasturages, and herds of cattle, into a chaotic mass of mud and rock. One hundred and eleven houses and four hundred and fifty-seven persons were overwhelmed and seen no more.

The occurrence of all these catastrophes in September points to a common cause, the overcharging of the steep mountain slopes with water after periods of unusual rain.

HOW BROWN MARRIED OFF HIS DAUGHTERS.—Brown, I don't know how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry.' 'Oh, that's simple enough: I marry my girls off on the buckwheat-straw principle.' 'But what is that principle?' 'I never heard of it before.' 'Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely, and built a high rail fence round it. My cattle of course concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times; but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw; and eat it they did—every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls, I encourage him in every way I can; I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around—a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law—I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house; I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders not to speak to him again. The young folks begin to pitch into each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.'

To make a cement for repairing glass: Dissolve fine glue in strong acetic acid to form a thin paste. Sportsmen visiting the woods where poisoned ivy and other noxious vines abound, should bear in mind that citric acid, diluted with ten times the amount of water, is a sure specific against serious results. One application is generally sufficient to kill the effect of the poison, and a bottle of the liquid should always be one of the et ceteras on a trip in the wilderness.

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A LITANY OF PAIN.

At times, when my pulses are throbbing
With currents whose feverish flow
Sets all the strong spirit a-sobbing
With nameless, yet passionate woe,
I question with feelings that falter,
I murmur with lips that complain:
"What profit to lay on God's altar
Obligations of pain?"

"Can he, in the infinite gladness
That floods all his being with light,
Complacently look on the sadness
That dares to intrude on his sight?
Can he, in his rhythmic creation,
Attuned to the chant of the spheres,
Bear the discord of moans, the vibration
Of down-dropping tears?"

"Would I, a mere woman, foreseeing
Some anguish my dearest must face,
Not guard, at the risk of my being,
Its onset or die in his place?
And yet, on the Father, who loves me
With love that's the supreme, for a know
The soul-wrenching impeding above me
Nor ward off its woe?"

Be quiet, poor heart! Are the lessons
Lies these too hard to be taught?
That thou knowest not their potent essence
Lies wrapped in the problem of pain?
Even nature such rudiments teaches;
The birth-throe preaches the breath;
The soul so high-determined, reaches
Its highest through death.

No beaker is brimmed without bruisings
The clusters that gladden the vine:
No gem glitters star-like, refusing
The rap that uncovers its shine;
The diver must dare the commotion
Of billows above him that swirl,
Ere he from the depths of the ocean
Can bring up the pearl.

And he who is molding the spirit,
Through disciplines changeable and sore,
That so it be fit to inherit
The marvellous inheriting store—
He measures the weight he is piling,
He tempers the surge with a touch,
There'll not be a grain of his filing
Too little, too much.

O, heart, canst thou trust him? For sake of
Attainment the noblest, the best,
Content thee awhile to partake of
These trials so wisely impressed;
Nor question God's goodness, nor falter,
Nor say that thy service is vain,
If he bids thee bring to his altar
Obligations of pain.

—Independent.

RUTH'S THANKSGIVING

"You see just how we're fixed!" said Deacon Obed Carey to Mrs. Elam Skinner.

The gray November twilight was closing, like the misty shadows of a dream, over the desolate valley that lay between the rock-crested hills, fringed with hemlocks and white pines, while the gray-green foliage of cedar copes gave a ghostly shimmer to the distance. Just at the mouth of the valley the mirror-like gleam of Lake Champlain reflected the dull firmament, and beyond, the peaks of far-off mountains lost their outlines in the low-hanging vapors of the sky—the Adirondacks themselves!

But Deacon Carey, who had been cradled, as it were, among their gardeners, never thought of the Adirondacks, except as a very unprofitable investment of land. Familiarity breeds contempt, and even the Colossus of Rhodes ceases to inspire awe to its next-door neighbor.

"Folks come a dreadful ways to look at them hills," said the deacon, irreverently; "and, after all, they ain't no great shakes. Give me a good medder lot, or a field where the yaller pumpkins is a-shinin' out among the shocked corn! That's my notion of beauty! Guess it would be a pretty long while afore anybody raises a crop o' yers out of the Adirondacks."

And, after all, there was an inkling of common sense in the deacon's view of things.

Mrs. Elam Skinner lived in a brown farmhouse whose overhanging eaves made you think of a boy who had pulled his cap too far over his eyes—a farmhouse upon whose shingled roof the gold and scarlet maple-leaves rained down in rustling drifts at every sound of the melancholy wind. There were not two such maple-trees along the whole shores of Champlain as those Mrs. Skinner's grandfather had planted in the Revolutionary days, when he never knew, coming home at night with his ax over his shoulder, whether he should find with his home a heap of smoldering cinders, with the cry of the savage redskin where his babies' cooing voices had sounded at the morning-tide! He was in his grave, dust and ashes long ago, but the maples renewed their youth with every year.

Within you saw a low-ceiled room, with colored prints hanging on the wall, a mist of asparagus over the clockshelf, and white and yellow chrysanthemums blossoming between the net-fringed curtains of the three little windows. A rag-carpet, woven in dazzling stripes of red and blue covered the floor, while the bricks of the clean-swept hearth could not have glowed brighter if they had been carved in Neapolitan coral, and a fire of splendid chestnut logs blazed and crackled, wreathing the polished brass firegrates as if they had been a pair of John Rogers at the stake, suffering continual martyrdom. Mrs. Skinner herself, a wiry compact little woman, in a green gingham dress and winking spectacles, sat darning stockings by the blaze; for she was a thrifty dame, and while she begrudged the wasted moments of twilight, she had no idea of lighting a candle until it was fairly and squarely dark.

Obed Carey occupied the cushioned rocker opposite, tall and brown and loose-jointed, with here and there a silver thread in his dark hair, and hands where the veins stood out like cord. A hard-working man, and a man who accepted his inheritance of toil with a sort of grim satisfaction, he would have afforded no inappropriate type of the New England farmer of the past generation, as he sat there, erect and thin and uncompromising.

And while her elders talked, Ruth Skinner sat close against the chimney-jamb, a tin-pan full of apples in her lap, paring diligently away, with the firelight glinting on her sunny brown hair.

Ruth was small and dimpled, and

exquisitely fresh, like the rosy peach which hangs on the south wall after the first frosts, and she had violet-grey eyes darkening to blue around the edge of the irides, and dewey, scarlet lips, and a slender throat, circled with a string of red wood-berries; and, as she worked, there was an unconscious grace in her motions that made you like to look at her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Elam Skinner, answering the deacon's remark; "I see. It was a dreadful unfortunate dispensation that Mrs. Cary should be taken away."

"Four years ago this very month," said the deacon, meditatively; "four—years—ago. A houseful of boys is a tryin' thing, Mrs. Skinner."

"I should think it must be," said the widow.

"And it's a remarkable orderin' of Providence that I should have six boys and you six gals."

"Yes," said Mrs. Skinner, breaking off a needful of gray yarn; "but my gals has all done well. Malindy, she's married, and lives in Burlington, and Sophrony is teachin' school 'cross the lake, and Sarah's at the factories in Lowell, and Alethea's lived to Squire Hall's these two years, and Kate's doing well at the millinery business, and Ruth, she kind o' makes herself generally useful to hum. Ruth ain't like the others; she ain't good for much."

The deacon hitched his chair, with a grating noise, across the hearth, to get a better view at the little figure bending over the pan of apples.

"She's good to look at, pretty anyhow," he said, with a cumbersome attempt at a joke.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Skinner, whose respect for the merely ornamental was extremely limited.

"I s'pose Sarah and Sophrony's comin' home to Thanksgiving?" hazarded Mr. Carey.

Mrs. Skinner nodded briefly.

"Wall, that's sort o' providential too," said the deacon, somewhat embarrassed. "Bein' you've got so many gals, mebbe you'd spare one."

"Spare one?"

"We hain't no women folks to our house since Hepsibah Duckett stole the spoons and went to Canada; and I set my foot down not to have no more hired help, and it was sort o' forlorn last Thanksgiving Day, and the boys, why, they missed the turkey, and so I kind o' thought if Miss Ruth wouldn't object to come over and generally hev an eye to things, it would be a sight o' accommodation."

"I'm willin', if Ruth is," said Mrs. Skinner, compositely.

"We've got as fine a turkey as ever squawked," went on the deacon, "and Jared he fetched in a pumpkin off the side-hill lot, bigger'n a half-barrel, and I bought a peck o' cranberries from Haldy Simons, so there ain't no lack o' things to do with. What d'ye say, Miss Ruth?"

Ruth hung her head, and blushed like the pink-cheeked apple she had just taken up.

"I—I have no objection, if mother thinks it proper."

"Proper!" echoed Mrs. Skinner. "Why on airth shouldn't it be proper? Of course it's proper!"

"Wall," said the deacon, rising to his lanky fullness of height, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Ruth, and to you, too, marm."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mrs. Skinner, hospitably.

"I guess I'd better be goin'," decided Mr. Carey. "There ain't no tellin' what mischief the boys may be gettin' into afore I get back. Boys will be boys, and they need a dreftful sight o' watchin'."

"Dear, dear!" sighed the widow.

"Jared he wants to wear his Sunday clothes to singin' school, and John wants spendin' money of his own, and Josey he sticks out for't he's got a right to burn a candle arter ten at night of he's a mind to, and Lewis he buys picter papers every week, as if money growed on blackberry bushes, and I do feel to get 'most discouraged sometimes. There ain't nobody but a father knows what a father's trials is, Mrs. Skinner."

And the deacon went out with a groan.

"The deacon don't seem to realize that his boys is men growed," said Mrs. Skinner, as she rose to light a candle. "Ain't you most through with them apples, Ruth?"

And Deacon Obed, plodding homeward through the deepening dusk, with the dead leaves rustling under his feet, and the raw air biting like the stings of a million infinitesimal gnats, thought of Ruth Skinner's rosebud face, and wondered how it would seem to have her at the Carey farmhouse for a perpetual blossoming of brightness!

"I ain't so very old, arter all," thought Deacon Carey, "and there ain't no law against a man's marryin' again, as ever I heered on. But she's young and skeery, and I must drive kind o' slow at first. It was a good idea, that o' mine, borrowin' her for Thanksgiving." Ruth, Ruth, it's the prettiest name goin', and she's the prettiest gal! I couldn't think o' nothin' but the little strawberry apples on the gnarly tree by the well every time I looked at her cheeks. Besides, she is a savin' creeter, I know, for I watched her parin' them apples, and she never wasted a grain, and she's worn that brown caliker ever since last March."

And the deacon chuckled as these thrifty meditations passed through his brain.

It was Thanksgiving morning, chill and raw, with the summits of the Adirondacks veiled in slowly drifting snowflakes, and Lake Champlain shining up with steely glimmer where the bend of the valley revealed its far-away surface. The leadless trees seemed to stand shuddering in the blast—the pines and hemlocks, their needlelike foliage transformed into a thousand meaning wind-harps, tossed their green crests to and fro, like human creatures

groping blindly for help in some awful strait. Nature was chanting her Miserere, and the grand mountains seemed to listen in silence.

But the Carey homestead was all alive with warmth and cheerfulness and red firelight. It was a huge, old-fashioned house, with great, smoke-browned rafters crossing and recrossing overhead, and curious wooden wainscoting half-way up the walls, and odd little three-cornered cupboards built, as if by malice prepense, in the most inconvenient places, and fireplaces that gave you the idea of the rooms being mere afterthoughts and appendages. Nor was the furniture a whit more modern. The chairs, tall and claw-legged, tipped you inhospitably forward; the looking glasses warped and twisted your features into a deathblow to all vanity; the chest of drawers stood in a high-shouldered manner against the walls, with Argus-eyes of brass, and the old clock on the first landing of the stairs ticked a slow, mournful monotone, which would have driven a hypochondriac mad.

Little Ruth Skinner stood at the kitchen table, a white apron tied over the brown calico dress which had awakened Deacon Carey's admiration, and the sleeves rolled up above her round, white arms, stirring some fragrant compound of spice and raisins and orange peel, while five of the six 'Carey boys' stood around surveying her, as five tall barn-door fowls might stare at a tiny golden pheasant, or a Seabright bantam.

"Boys, boys!" croaked the deacon, emerging from his room, in the glories of a blue suit with brass buttons, and a pair of shirt collars that held his chin up at an angle of forty-five degrees, "ye haven't no more manners than a pack of gypsies! Miss Ruth, don't mind 'em."

"Oh, I don't, I assure you, sir," said Ruth, laughing. "Lewis, please give me the iron spoon from the nail by the dresser."

"I wish you wouldn't call me sir," said the deacon, with what would have been a tender glance if the shirt collars would have admitted of it.

Ruth arched her pretty eyebrows.

"What shall I call you?"

"Call me Obed," was trembling on the deacon's lips, when he caught the ten eyes of his sons fixed wonderingly on him, and the words never found utterance. The deacon looked into the oven instead, and coughed sonorously.

"You won't go to church, Ruth?"

"Oh, I can't, sir—Mr. Carey, I mean. The turkey must be looked after, and it won't do to risk burning the pies."

"Well, boys," said the deacon, "come along."

"Can't I stay and help Ruth?" questioned Lewis, a young giant of nineteen.

"No, you can't," said the deacon, brusquely. "Pretty way o' spendin' the Governor's Proclamation 'Thanksgivin', to be home round under Miss Ruth's feet. You'll go to church, every skin on ye, or my name ain't Obed Carey. No son o' mine stays home from church on such a day as this. Where's Joe?"

"He was out a-fodderin' the creeters," suddenly answered John, the second son.

"Joseph! Joe!" bawled the deacon, but there was no answer.

"I guess he's gone to church," observed Jared, who was giving his cowhide boots a last tender application of candle-end in front of the fire.

"He needn't ha' been in such a hurry," grumblingly commented the deacon; "but he al'ays had a way of his own of doin' things. Ruth, my dear, don't stand so near the fire—you're burnin' your face the color of a cabbage rose."

Ruth murmured some scarcely articulate answer as the deacon tapped her cheek with clumsy espièglerie, and bent more closely than ever over her work.

"Where's my woolen comforter?" next demanded the deacon. "Hosea, go back in the big corner cupboard for't."

Hosea left off tormenting the cat to obey, but he presently lifted up his voice aloud:

"Door's locked, father."

"No, 'tain't locked nuther," sharply responded pater familias. But he went to inspect the 'cupboard' for himself, nevertheless.

"Well, if I ever!" cried the deacon. "Which o' you young mischiefs has got the key?"

There was a shout of unanimous denial. The deacon looked round with lowering brows.

"If that 'ere key's lost—Ain't them the church bells?"

And, postponing the judicial investigation until the religious services of the day should be over, the deacon caught up a stray muffler, twisted it round his parchment-like throat, and sped upon his way, with the five sons following in long array.

And Ruth Skinner was left alone, with the crackling wood-fire, and the ticking clock, and the soft clicking of the snow-flakes against the window-panes, and the plaintive strain of a hymn-tune she was murmuring under her breath as she arranged the cranberry tarts on the dresser-shelf and filled up the oven to its very mouth with paste-shells full of golden, trembling custard.

Only for a moment, though. There was an ominous grating as of the wards of a rusty lock in the corner cupboard-door, and a smothered laugh, and the next instant Mr. Joseph Carey, a tall, handsome young fellow of three or four and twenty, burst out, like a magnified 'Jack-in-the-box'.

"Joe!" cried Ruth, turning scarlet.

"Don't!"

"Don't! You mean do," said Joe, unceremoniously taking Ruth round the waist and lifting her fairly off her feet.

"Why, I thought I should have staid among the old hats and boots."

"But Joe, it's so wrong!"

"It would have been a deal wronger, little Miss Morality, to sit pretending to listen to Elder Longsentence when my heart was in the old kitchen at

home with you. Now, see here, Ruth, I'm not going to stand this any longer. Give me the big iron spoon."

Joe tied a towel deftly round his slim, well-molded waist, and commenced stirring vigorously at the saucepan he took from Ruth's hands.

"Isn't that right?"

"Yes," said Ruth, dubiously; "but you mustn't spatter so."

Mr. Carey accordingly relaxed somewhat of his over-zealous earnestness, and looked at Ruth over the top of the table.

"Come, Ruth, you promised to give me an answer to-day."

Miss Skinner shook out the folds of a snowy mass of table-napery, and eyed it thoughtfully.

"Is this the best table-cloth?"

"Yea—no—I haven't an idea. Hang the table-cloth! I'm not talking about table-cloths. Is it to be Yes or No, Ruth?"

"Oh, Joe, we are both so young."

"Nonsense."

"I suppose the napkins are the right ones?"

"Do you suppose I stood a mortal hour in that cupboard, with my nose up against the buffalo robes, to decide the question of napkins with you? I will be answered!"

"Well—but—what shall I say?"

"I should say 'Yes,' if I were in your place."

"But, Joe—"

"Look here, Ruth," and Joe overturned the saucepan in his enthusiasm. "Here's where it is. Would you rather be my wife, or my stepmother?"

"Joe!"

"As if you hadn't suspected it all along, you little, demure kitten! Come, don't keep me in suspense!"

He put both his hands, with a sort of imperative tenderness, on her two wrists, looking with his full, brilliant hazel eyes into her shrinking, rose-red, smiling face.

"Let me go, Joe, quick! The turkey is scorching—I smell it!"

"Not one step," was the firm reply.

"But is burning?" cried Ruth, pitiously. "Oh, Joe, please!"

"Not until you have decided my destiny. Yes or No!"

"Yes, then, you provoking fellow!"

And Ruth, highly resenting the kiss of affection which Mr. Joe stooped to possess himself of, ran to the oven.

"It's burned! I knew it would be!" she breathed.

"Not a bit of it," said Joe, critically surveying the royal bird over her shoulder. "It's just beautifully browned."

"No thanks to you!" said Ruth, petulantly shrugging her shoulders as she redressed the oven, after basting and turning its contents in a most scientific manner. "Now, help me set out the table, for I'm getting dreadfully behindhand; and what will your father say when he comes home from church and finds dinner not ready?"

"It shall be ready!" said Joe, solemnly.

"I tell you, Ruth, you don't know half the resources of my character as yet!"

"That was a proper, good sermon," said Deacon Obed Carey, pulling down the brim of his fur cap to protect the extreme tip of his nose from the driving snow. "Boys, walk along straight, and don't be loitering behind like a lot o' Sandwich Island heathens. Yes, an edifyin' discourse—apples o' gold in pictures of silver. I do wish Ruth had a heard it."

"I hope the turkey'll be ready when we get home," said Hosea, smacking his lips.

"You needn't be afraid, Hosea," answered the sire, complacently. "Ruth Skinner understands her business as well as the next one. She is a stirrin', smart gal as ever I see, and economical too! I never shall forget how bad I felt the Fall arter your mother was took away, seein' Hepsy Duckett dress chickens—slingin' the gizzard and liver away like a wasteful huzzy as she was. I watched Ruth last night. I tell ye my heart jumped up into my mouth she came to the gibbets! But she washed 'em clean, and she chopped 'em up fine, with bread-crumbs and pepper and salt, to make the stuffin', and says I to myself, 'Many darters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!' To see the way she wrings out her dish-cloth, too—it would melt a heart o' stun!"

Hosea looked at his father with the slightest suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes, and began to whistle under his breath. The deacon walked on, lost in his own blissful reflections.

The Thanksgiving dinner was ready—a culinary triumph—as the church-goers came in, bringing a whiff of keen northern air with them, and a plentiful powdering of snow on their broad shoulders. The turkey himself brown, glistening and unctuous, lay in the centre of the board, with wings meekly folded and breast distended with aromatic stuffing, while ranged round him, quivered pink and amber jellies, and crimson cranberry tarts blushed through their lattice-work of puff-paste, while mince-pie and pumpkin, custard and suet puddings, sent up an odoriferous appeal to the senses. Apples, red and russet, flanked either end of the board, while stone pitchers of cider, freshly drawn by Joe, foamed and sparkled brighter than the champagne of any fair vineyard of France.

And the deacon, propitiated by this burnt offering of savory meats, forgot to reprove Joe for his delinquency in the matter of church.

"Ruth," said the deacon, mildly, as he looked at the turkey, and the chicken-pie beyond it, "you're a good cook—a very good cook, my dear. I wish we could keep you here al'ays!"

Ruth colored, and looked at Joe.

Joe set the chairs around the table with very unnecessary emphasis.

When, toward twilight, Ruth put on her scarlet shawl and hood, protesting that 'she must go home,' the deacon rose up to escort her.

"Sit down, Joe," he said, waving his hand authoritatively. "Take your seat

again, Jared. You're nothin' but boys. I'm the proper one to see Miss Skinner safe hum!"

"I—I would rather go alone, sir!" faltered Ruth.

But the deacon tucked her arm protectively beneath the sleeve of his shaggy, butternut-colored greatcoat, and they set forth together.

"Ruth, my dear," said the deacon, breaking a silence that was beginning to be embarrassing, after they had walked a little way beneath the creaking boughs of the snow-fringed hemlocks.

"Sir," fluttered Ruth, softly.

"It seemed very pleasant to have you to our house to-day, among them rough cubs o' boys."

"Joe isn't a rough cub, please, sir," said Ruth, plucking up a momentary spirit, and feeling herself color like pink cream-candy.

"Wall," said the deacon, somewhat surprised at this unexpected partisanship, "I dunno but Joe's the best of the lot; but that's neither here nor there. I was going to ask you how you would like to stay there for good and all?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said Ruth, stopping short in the midst of snow and darkness.

"To come there and live—to be my wife—Mrs. Carey the second!" exclaimed the deacon, beginning to feel uncomfortably warm about the regions of the nose and cheekbones. "Don't you understand now, Ruth?"

"Oh, sir," uttered Ruth, withdrawing her arm, and trembling all over, "I cannot!"

"Oh, yes, you can," said the deacon, benignly. "I know you're young and inexperienced, but I'm willin' to overlook all that, and—"

"But, sir," interrupted Ruth, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, "I—I've promised to marry Joe!"

And, breaking away from her escort, Ruth ran away, through the blinding snow and sleet, toward the far-off red light of the Skinner farmhouse.

Deacon Obed Carey walked silently back, chewing the end of his own meditations; and from that moment to this he has never once alluded to his matrimonial aspirations and their untimely blight. But the next Thanksgiving Day he ate his turkey at the hospitable board of son and daughter-in-law, with a little cherry-cheeked grandchild tied in a high-chair close to his elbow.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Mr. E. Purcell, No. 11 Ann street New York, used St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism with entire relief.—*Writes a New York Journal.*—*Richmond (Va.) Christian Advocate.*

By the Portuguese ship Marianna, which arrived at New York Sunday, information was brought of the wreck of the bark Rosina in mid-ocean on the 21st of October, whereby 11 lives were lost, one man only surviving.

It would be supposed from its popularity that only one substance is now known to the world for the relief of rheumatism, and that is St. Jacobs Oil.—*St. Louis (Mo.) Dispatch.*

It is feared that a great calamity has overtaken six fishing boats with 119 men on board. They went out to sea from Boulogne Sur Mer, and it is believed that they perished in the terrible storm of October 13.

We Mean to be Honest.

All cough, cold and lung diseases can be cured and health restored. In what way? Why, by using James' Cough Pills. Try them and see whether this is not a fact.

JAMES' COUGH PILLS CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

n April Last,

twenty-four members of Arlington's minstrels were taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It made them happy.

Piles! Piles!! Piles!!!

Sure Cure Found at Last. No One Need Suffer.

A SURE cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 and 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, Instruments, and Electrolysis do more harm than good. Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment: "I have used scores of pile cures, but it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment."

For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price \$1.00.

F. S. HENRY & CO., Proprietors.

Cleveland Ohio

FARRAND WILLIAMS & Co., Agents Detroit Mich

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of our readers. He says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a VIOLENT BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over a hundred dollars in doctors and medicines. I was so argone at one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I laughed at my friend, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and satisfaction, I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years."

"I write this hoping you will publish it, so that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I have taken two bottles and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared and I shall soon be able to go to work."

JAS. E. DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Drugists, Detroit, Mich., Agents.

A TOUGH HORSE STORY.

The Cincinnati Enquirer lately published the following horse story, which we give just as it appeared: "A curious instance of sagacity in the horse occurred recently in the stables of Mr. A. Toughman, situated on North Elm street. Mr. T. has for a long time been in the habit of using St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, in his extensive stables. Among Mr. T.'s many horses is a great, powerful Canadian draught horse. This animal in course of time got so that he knew the St. Jacobs Oil, and bottle very well; so well, in fact, that one day recently on Mr. T.'s return from business, upon entering the stables he caught him licking the sore shoulder of a beast which stood beside him; the animal, giving a wise



survey to his licking work, turned his head and caught up with his teeth from the box used as its receptacle a bottle of St. JACOBS OIL. He threw the bottle on the floor with violence enough to break it, and then deliberately licked up the St. Jacobs Oil, and applied it to the cut. Readers, we have seen the laws of association belied by beings with less sense than Toughman's horse. The word has passed among us, and when we see a man who won't try the Oil, we say, 'He is worse than Toughman's horse.' To many this may appear as a very 'tough' story; and were there not proofs innumerable of the efficacy of the Great German Remedy they would be justified in so designating it. The testimony, however, is plentiful and pointed, and is from people whose long experience in matters appertaining to horsemanship entitles their opinions to profound consideration and respect.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
common to the Female Sex.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the common Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous tumors thereby checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists. "C"

Farrand Williams & Co., Agents, D 1 Michigan.

PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE
REMEDY FOR
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Gramps,
Cholera,
Diarrhoea,
Dysentery.
Sprains
AND
Bruises,
Burns
AND
Scalds,
Toothache
AND
Headache.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who value their health. It is a simple, safe, and sure remedy, and is freely used internally or externally, without fear of harm and with certainty of relief. Its price is within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00 per bottle. Directions accompanying each bottle.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Comparative Edition of the Revised New Testament
Contains the full text of the Revised Version in Parallel Columns. From the Revised Version, which renders many repetitions into plain English. Changes shown at a glance. Only one book required. Saves time, space, and labor. Issued by the American Bible Society, New York. Bound in cloth, leather, or fine paper. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00 per copy. Address, American Bible Society, New York.

THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1881.

It is now said that congressman Keifer, of Ohio, has the inside track for the speakership.

It is said that Chancey I. Filley, of St. Louis, will be the successor of Col. James in the postoffice department, as soon as the star route cases are finished. Filley is the original third-term.

THOMAS GARFIELD, the oldest brother of the late President, is a farmer in moderate circumstances, living sixteen miles southwest of Grand Rapids, and was the other day interviewed at his home by a reporter. "I have been all my life as you see me now," said the old man, "grubbing roots and splitting rails. I have had to do the best I could in a humble way."

In reply to our question as to "how" the terrible scourge of Mormonism could be removed from our country without seeming to act inconsistent with the spirit of republican institutions, the *Caro Advertiser* says, "make them obey the laws of our country, and if they refuse, put a little of old General Jackson's 'by the Eternal' into the matter, and compel them to do so."

The scare about punched silver coins has started the inquiry as to who does the punching, and the singular statement is made by a government detective that nine-tenths of the work is done by Cubans in New York city. A number of coins are clamped together and a hole drilled through the lot, taking away about one twenty-fifth of their weight. The same Cubans also carry on the business of "sweating" gold coins by shaking them in a bag. It is said that by this operation 100 eagles will in three hours yield \$20 in dust without being obviously injured.

The last statement of Mayor Carleton, chairman of the Port Huron relief committee, contains at least one error—we hope no more. It says, "The Saginaw and Tuscola district is not included in the above, which is mainly supplied by the Bay City committee." The error lies in this, that the Bay City committee is not supplying any portion of Tuscola or Saginaw counties, but has sent all its supplies and money to Mr. Thompson at Bad Axe, and Mr. Whitney at Port Crescent, having assumed the care of the northwestern portion of Huron county. If Port Huron has been supplying the same district, it has been doing so because its committee has declined to co-operate with the other committees.

The *Detroit News* is of the opinion that the recent removal of Mayor Russell, of Mt. Clemens, by the governor, appears to have been the result of a personal quarrel between Edgar Weeks and Mr. Russell. The *Press*, of which Mr. Russell is editor, published something that Mr. Weeks did not like, so he went for Mr. Russell's official scalp—and got it. The current issue of the *Press* contains the testimony given at the examination before the commissioner, and the law bearing on the question, from which it appears that Mr. Russell was only technically guilty of a very slight offense, and that the governor strained the law to the utmost in making the removal.

GUITEAU has been all his life a very proper person, according to the statement which his brother-in-law and attorney has prepared to be read in his defense. According to this, he has been often hungry and an outcast, but never a thief, even for food or clothing. He never drank intoxicating liquors, smoked or used tobacco in any form, nor visited saloons or gambling places, nor used profane, indecent or improper language. He has never engaged in any personal combat or affray; never joined in the sports of young men or men of mature years; never played a game of cards, checkers or chess; never rowed a boat or went fishing, and never fired a gun or pistol until he bought and practised with the one that was the unoffending cause of the nation's woe. He would spend hours and days even, meditating upon some passage of the New Testament, and yet his mind would apparently be a void.

MAYOR CARLETON, of Port Huron, has issued a statement of affairs in the burnt district, showing great prospective necessity and says in conclusion: The Port Huron committee from the first worked as rapidly as possible toward a cash distribution and would have reached it some weeks earlier had it not been for the interference of the Governor, the Detroit committee and the Detroit newspapers. They regarded the indiscriminate purchase and distribution of supplies after the first needs were covered as wasteful, demoralizing to the recipients and retarding the building up of the country. The fears of the committee are being realized, as acts of lawlessness are increasing in the burnt district, and a general demoralization is imminent. The Port Huron committee now earnestly, but emphatically, on behalf of their stricken neighbors, demand of the Detroit committee the immediate distribution of the balance of the money in their hands. We cheerfully gave them the use of our statistics, and if they are not prepared for a cash distribution at once we will further offer them the use of the whole machinery of our office, and also place our general agent at their disposal, but for humanity's sake we ask that they place the money where it belongs.

Early History of Elkland.

We are indebted to our friend, Geo. C. Peterhans, for the following interesting history of our township. Mr. P. is quite a historian, and we should be glad to hear from him frequently:

Elkland township was first settled in the year 1855, by Hugh Cooper. In 1856, Hugh Seeds, Wm. Edgar, Andrew Walmesley, John H. Bird and William Winton settled here. In 1859, John Striffler, Jacob Striffler and John Anyon became residents of the township.

The township was organized in the fall of 1857. The first township meeting was held at the house of Hugh Cooper, in June, 1858. Fourteen votes were cast; John H. Bird was elected supervisor, Andrew Walmesley, treasurer; Hugh Cooper, clerk. The first highway was chopped out in 1858. The first white child born was John Bird, in the spring of 1859; and the second, Ben Jacobs, who was born in the fall of the same year.

The first school house built was in the Bird district, in 1860; the second was built in the same year, on the ground now occupied by George Tennant's hotel.

In 1860 the county seat was located one mile south of Cass City, and was named Moon-line, although the county records were never moved there. The population of Elkland, in 1870, was 515; in 1874, 726; and in 1880, 1,249.

GAGETOWN.

Whooping cough and croup is going on. John, son of Robert Armstrong, aged 2 years and 10 months, died on Saturday and was buried on Sunday. He died of membranous croup; he had good medical treatment and the best nursing that a fond mother and friends could give, but all to no purpose. Johnny will be missed as he was a net with all who knew him.

N. A. Waugh & Co., gave a dance Nov. 18th. They had a fine company. Friends that were visiting N. A. Waugh & Co., have gone home.

Mr. Howard, and chief engineer on the Pontiac & Caseville railroad, is boarding with N. A. Waugh & Co.

N. A. Waugh & Co., have a fine sample room in connection with their hotel.

N. A. Waugh & Co., have got the school house in Grant well underway to have it finished by Dec. 1st.

School Reports.

Monthly report of the Gagetown school for the month beginning Oct. 17th, and ending Nov. 11th, 1881. Number of pupils enrolled, 40; whole number of days attendance, 690; number of days of school, 19; average daily attendance 31.5.

Branches taught during the month.—History, reading, arithmetic, geography, physical and descriptive grammar, writing and spelling.

Number of scholars studying history, 8; reading, 38; arithmetic, 26; geography, 24; grammar, 15; spelling, 40; writing, 28.

C. F. DOVING, Teacher.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The estimated amount of money to be raised by the London School Board this year is about fourteen dollars for each child instructed.

—The Methodist Episcopal Church will establish a magnificent university in Chattanooga, provided that city will give the ground for the structure that is to be built.

—A rich Italian who lately died in France has bequeathed \$40,000 to Esloeben, the birthplace of Luther, as a testimony of his personal veneration for the great reformer.

—The King of Sweden last spring ordered collections taken up in the fatherland to aid a feeble Swedish Lutheran church in Philadelphia in paying a debt of \$10,000. The result is the handsome little sum of \$1,500.

—The friends of the Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Cal., have raised \$40,000 of \$50,000 which are required to secure a conditional gift of \$50,000 more from Mr. Moses Hopkins to the institution.

—The London *Truth* says of the Rev. Ponto Sooter, the negro clergyman who has attracted some attention in England that he preached "in well chosen language and with a purity of intonation that would shame many of our Oxford curates."

—Of two hundred and six ministers of the Northern Presbyterian Church who died last year, two were over ninety years old, nineteen were between eighty and ninety, thirty-five were between seventy and eighty, and one hundred and fifty were under seventy.

—In the current number of a monthly review a list is given of the productive property and income of the principal American colleges. Columbia College has the greatest resources; property valued at \$4,763,000, with an income of \$315,000. Harvard is second with productive assets of \$3,165,000, with an income of \$231,000. Johns Hopkins University has \$3,000,000 of property and an income of \$180,000. Yale has property to the amount of \$587,000, with an income of \$136,000. Most of these institutions have been liberally endowed, and a large amount of money has been given to institutions which are scarcely mentioned in the list of our principal educational establishments. One of the greatest of American colleges, an institution which possesses more claims to the title of university than any other American college, the University of Michigan, which instructs nearly 1,500 students for a merely nominal tuition, has received scarcely any aid from individual benefactions.

WM. JONES, charged with shooting Guiteau, is in jail in default of \$5,000 bail.

GARFIELD.

Garfield so loved his home to rest; His sufferings are o'er,
Now, he is where the true are blest; Fate can torture him no more.
Seventy-nine sad, dreary days, Enduring untold pain—
At last, our Father called him home, Where joys forever reign.

The nation's heart with grief was riven,
And every cheek turned pale;
When o'er the land the tidings rang On every passing gale,
That he whom we had chosen chief Of this free, happy land,
Teachorously was stricken down By an assassin's hand.

And in a few brief, weary hours, Physicians said he'd die,
Then fifty million voices cried To him who rules on high:
Oh, God of mercy, in thy love, Let Garfield's life be spared;
Soon fifty million hearts rejoiced, And hoped their prayer was heard.

Both North and South, with grief are bowed;
Our tears together fall,
Co-mingling on Garfield's shroud. The man beloved by all,
Though fervent prayer and human aid Has been of no avail,
We must not lose our trust in God— His love will never fail.

We bow before omnipotence, Thy will be done, oh God;
Though mysterious are thy ways, Still boundless is thy love.
The stroke which gave us so much to be in Has by some wondrous art
Linked all our lives in one vast chain Around the Nation's heart.

The bitterness of party strife, Thank Heaven, has no deep root;
The sufferings of our President Have yielded richest fruit.
From North and South, from East and West, Pure sympathy ran o'er,
Proving that in our heart of hearts We're one forever more.

No faction in the land so moan, To perpetrate the deed;
None so regardless of our fame, Or of our country's need,
Then shame upon the puny mind Who would lay ought of blame
To any other source on earth Than Guiteau's crazy brain.

—[A. Scholes.]

A Close Shave.

Mr. Jones was shaving; he had twisted his face into that expression of blank idiocy which men's countenances assume at such times, and was scraping off the hirsute growth with considerable energy, when he suddenly stopped proceedings and turned to Mrs. Jones, who was fitting on her new bonnet with a hand-glass and vainly trying to get a glimpse of the congregation side.

"Mawrta," said he, with his mouth full of soap-suds, "what have you been doing with my razor?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. J., faintly, turning her back to get the full effect of the plume.

"Yeth, you haf; ith ath dull ath a toe!"

At that moment the razor cut for the first time; it took a slice out of Mr. Jones' cheek; he caught the lace top off the toilet cushion and stucked the blood, then he turned a scrutinizing gaze on Mrs. J., who felt impelled to speak.

"You see the razor is too sharp now, Jephtha; I never used it for a single thing, except to cut some hooks and eyes off an old waist I had."

"Hooks and eyes!" gasped Jones, with fire in his eye and blood on his chin. "Hooks and eyes! h-o-o-k-s and e-y-e-s! and with my razor that I paid—"

"There's the second bell," urged Mrs. Jones, putting her bonnet on. "we'll be late; I wish you would not have on Sunday, Mr. Jones, it's a dreadful example to the children. I heard of a man once who dropped dead while shaving on Sunday."

"Perhaps his wife had used his razor for a lawn mower; mine is beautifully arranged for a saw; you can call it fat iron. Maria, and buy me a Christ mass present!" and Mr. Jones went to church with the air of a martyr, while Mrs. J. said to herself:

"What various things men are, any way; I could have cut my head off with that razor, it was so sharp!" then she dismissed the subject from her thoughts and gave her undivided attention to her new bonnet.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

SOME STARTLING FACTS.

Cheap! cheap for cash. You will always find boots and shoes at a bargain if you call on Parkhurst & Johnson, Caro.

Business is solid, and those Michigan Pumps sold by P. R. Weydemeyer are business too.

Santa Claus has made Knickerbocker agent for Christmas presents as usual, with a larger stock than ever at Caro.

J. L. Hitchcock carries a full line of A. C. McGraw's coats and fine Boots and Shoes. A. C. McGraw warrants his goods.

Boots, Shoes and Slippers for the holiday trade. Remember Parkhurst & Johnson keep them.

New goods in every department just received at J. L. Hitchcock's.

Just think! If you buy any kind of a present or have any repairing done to the amount of \$1.00, you will receive a Ticket which may draw that beautiful Cuckoo clock at Knickerbocker's.

Standard brands of Canned Goods at T. H. Hunt's.

J. Staley Jr., well known to almost every body in this part of the county, is doing an immense abstract business. The reason for this is that real estate owners have found out that his abstracts are perfect.

When you are in Caro, don't fail to drop in and see Cheap John.

Green Apples for mince pies, at D. M. Houghton's meat market.

A perfect and thoroughly reliable abstract is a most important thing to owners of real estate, and the best place to get an abstract of Tuscola county property is from John Staley Jr. at the Court House, Caro.

Notice.

On and after November 1st, I will positively not sell goods on credit.
J. L. HITCHCOCK.

Frank Hendrick, the Cass City jeweler, has a fine stock of Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Come and try them.

A good assortment of Stoves at the lowest prices at J. L. Hitchcock's. Call, examine and buy.

Broad Gaug Boots at Wickware's cheap store.

This is the season of the year when every one should be well shod. No man in Tuscola county can do it so well and cheaply as Cheap John, the Caro Boot and Shoe dealer.

Blank Books at Weydemeyer & Predmore's.

Large numbers of stoves just received at P. R. Weydemeyer's.

J. Staley Jr. has the most reliable abstract of lands in Tuscola county. When you want an abstract, call on him at the Court House, Caro.

Nice fat Turkeys, for 10 cents per pound, at D. M. Houghton's meat market.

The Magnetic Soap, manufactured by McCullough Soap Co., is by all odds the best that has yet been introduced into the market. By using it, you do away with washboards and boiling, and you are through your washing in one-half the ordinary time. Try one bar, at 10 cents. For sale by Adamson & Fritz.

Farmers, are you sure that you have a perfect title to your farms? Make assurance doubly sure by getting an abstract from J. Staley Jr., at the Court House, Caro.

Before you buy a dollar's worth of boots or shoes, drop in and look over the immense stock kept by Cheap John, Caro.

Fresh Oysters at Wickware's cheap store.

If you want a first class gold pen and holder you will find them at Frank Hendricks.

VanKeuren's Ointment, a sure cure for Salt Rheum, Scalds, Burns, Old Sores, Itch, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, etc. Prepared and sold by Luce & Mosher, Caro, Mich.

A. D. Gillies, of the noted Cheap Emporium, Cass City, keeps all the latest styles in Dress Goods and Trimmings.

Six pounds of Japan Tea Dust for \$1.00 at T. H. Hunt's.

A. D. Gillies' 50 cent Tea still takes the lead.

All the old lot of Michigan Pumps having been sold, P. R. Weydemeyer has purchased a new lot, which will be on hand immediately.

J. H. El, of the New York Bazaar has just received a new stock of fresh Candies among which can find "Taffy on a stick."

Say, friend! If you want a hat or a cap call at Wickware's cheap store.

Are you acquainted with Cheap John, the Caro Boot and Shoe dealer? If not go in and see him the next time you are in town. It will be to your advantage.

If you want calling cards they can be found at the ENTERPRISE office.

Why does everybody call J. M. Young, cheap John? Because he has satisfied everyone that he sells boots and shoes cheaper by several per cent than any other dealer in Tuscola county.

Sixteen cases of Boots and Shoes just received at Wickware's. Call and see them.

A large, neat and attractive line of ladies' and gent's Chains and Lockets on sale at Frank Hendrick's.

Adamson & Fritz have now a complete stock of Children and Ladies fancy and plain Hose, which they are selling at a bargain.

Something nice and warm for the ladies, at the Peoples Shoe House, Caro.

The highest market price paid for 10,000 pounds of Butter, at A. D. Gillies'.

P. R. Weydemeyer has just received two loads of stoves of all descriptions to which he invites your attention.

Weydemeyer & Predmore have just received a lot of Beautiful Bound Books. Have one?

The young ladies smile, and the old ladies chuckle at the beautiful display of Jewelry found at Frank Hendrick's.

Sherman S. Jewett's stoves of every description may be found at J. L. Hitchcock's.

Examine those A. C. McGraw Boots at J. L. Hitchcock's.

Wickware sells Boots and Shoes as cheap as anyone in Tuscola county.

If you want to see a fine assortment of Silks, Satins, Velvets and Fringes call at the New York Store, Cass City.

Do not forget that Knickerbocker has one of the finest lines of Jewelry and Watches in this part of the country, at very low prices; Citizen's block, Caro.

Best value in Tea for the same money at T. H. Hunt's.

A fine line of new Bird Cages just received at J. L. Hitchcock's.

Call and see that new stock of Boots and Rubber Goods at Wickware's.

You will find a good assortment of Clocks at Frank Hendrick's.

Tea Dust for 15 cents per pound at Wickware's.

Horse Gossip.

To hear horses talking, It did me surprise,
One said to the other With tears in his eyes:

I wear short straw collars, Made in factories, you know,
And my shoulders are so sore, That I scarcely can go.

The other stood listening, And then did reply: I'll tell you a cure,
If you will but try.

It never has failed, Wherever I've been, So without hesitation, I can recommend
Smith's long-straw collars, They are hair-faced, you know,
And they are made to fit neat, In Cass City, too.

So give him a trial! His leather is oak-tanned,
His harness is made strong; They're well stitched, you understand
He repairs very nicely, His charges are low;
He has just started business In Cass City, too.

MONEY SAVED!
BY BUYING YOUR
DRY GOODS,
Notions. Hats, Caps,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Groceries, Millinery and Fancy Goods at
WICKWARE'S CHEAP STORE!

Where you can always get the Highest Market Price for Butter, Eggs, Onions, Potatoes, Corn, Oats, Timothy and Clover Seed, Wood and Lumber.

Our Stock is now Complete, New and Fresh, and we Guarantee Prices to be as Low as any House in Tuscola Co.
Yours Respectfully,
WM. WICKWARE.
Cass City, Mich.

—GO TO SHOETTLE'S—

Drug Store
—FOR—
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded, and orders by mail promptly filled at the Lowest Prices.
G. F. SHOETTLE.
Opposite Caro House, Caro, Mich.
Mrs. R. E. GAMBLE
Keeps constantly on hand a full stock of
MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS.
RIBBONS & LACES.
GLOVES & HOSIERY.
ZEPHYRUS & YARN.
CORSETS, ETC., ETC.
A Five and Ten Cent Counter.

Sewing Machines and Needles of all Kinds. Prices low and terms easy. Cass City

R. A. LUTZE,

BLACKSMITH.

Horse Shoeing and Custom Work a Specialty

AGENT FOR

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

of all descriptions.

Call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Cass City, Mich.

FOR THE FINEST

McKenzie & Duck,

Caro, Michigan

SPITLER & SON,

CARRIAGE & WAGON SHOP,

—Next door East of Weydemeyer's Hardware—

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Repairs on Woodwork done promptly All work warranted to give satisfaction.

Prices Moderate.

CASS CITY, MICH.

THE HOLIDAYS.

We have just received a large assortment of

FANCY PRINTING STOCK.

—Consisting of—

Invitation Cards, Visiting Cards, Envelopes, etc.

Call and Examine Samples

Removed!

New York Bazaar

To the store lately vacated by Ingersoll & Oldfield.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

BERLIN ZEPHYR, GERMANTOWN

WOOLS, LADIES KNIT JACKETS.

JAS. H. ELLIS.

STATE STREET, CARO, MICH.

L. A. DEWITT,

Will say something in reference to his

PLANING MILL

—AND—

Furniture

Wareroom,

In our next issue.

At N. A. Waugh & Co. Gagetown,

is the place to go for everything kept in a

GENERAL STORE.

Our stock consists of Dry Goods, Ready Made

Clothing, Millinery, Fancy Goods, Hats

& Caps, Gloves & Mittens, Boots

and Shoes, Paints

& Oils, Patent

Medicines, School Books,

Groceries, Hardware, Crockery & Glassware.

Highest cash price paid for Wheat, Oats, & all kinds of Produce.

N. A. Waugh & Co.

Gagetown, Mich.

THE TRAVELLERS GUIDE.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Detroit and Bay City Division.

TRAINS SOUTH.			TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	pm	am	pm	am
7 10	5 40	10 40	1 40	9 15	6 45
7 38	6 08	11 27	1 05	8 43	5 45
8 00	6 30	12 10	12 45	8 25	5 05
8 13	6 43	12 40	12 33	8 12	4 40
8 26	6 56	1 10	12 19	7 58	4 20
8 36	7 06	1 40	12 08	7 48	4 00
7 55	4 10	3 25	7 05
8 55	7 25	3 10	1 50	7 25	3 10
8 57	7 33	3 20	1 46	7 21	2 55
10 50	9 50	7 15	4 15

CARO BRANCH.

TRAINS NORTH.			TRAINS SOUTH.		
am	pm	pm	am	pm	pm
Yassar	8 15	12 55	8 35
Watrousville	8 46	1 26	9 02
Wahjunga	9 00	1 40	9 15
Caro	9 00	1 40	9 15

SAGINAW BRANCH.

Leave Yassar at 5 10 a. m., 12 50 p. m., and 8 30 p. m., Arriving in East Saginaw at 6 30 a. m., 1 40 p. m., and 9 15 p. m.

Leave East Saginaw at 7 10 a. m., 6 40 p. m., and 10 40 p. m., Arriving at Yassar at 7 55 a. m., 6 25 p. m., and 12 00 p. m.

Trains daily, Sundays excepted, and by Chicago time.

W. A. VAUGHAN, Division Supt. Bay City
H. C. WENTWORTH, Gen'l. Pass'g and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

PORT HURON & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

MARLETTE DIVISION.

Time Table No. 10, Taking Effect Sept. 21, 1881.
All Trains run by Port Huron Time.

GOING WEST.			GOING EAST.		
a. m.	p. m.	STATIONS.	a. m.	p. m.	STATIONS.
7 30	5 15	Ly. Port Huron. Ar.	10 25	6 25
8 12	6 00	Marlette Junction.	9 45	5 40
9 05	6 35	Brookway Center.	9 05	4 55
10 25	7 40	Marlette.	7 50	3 35
10 45	7 58	Clifford.	7 37	3 17
11 55	8 45	Ar. Mayville. Lv.	6 50	2 30

Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal.

SAND BEACH DIVISION.

GOING NO. TIL.			GOING SOUTH.		
p. m.	a. m.	STATIONS.	a. m.	p. m.	STATIONS.
4 15	10 31	Ly. Port Huron. Ar.	9 50	7 11
4 55	11 04	Marlette Junction.	9 21	6 18
5 02	11 05	Brookway Center.	8 42	5 58
7 05	12 04	Carsonville.	8 05	4 45
7 45	1 05	Deckerville.	7 37	4 10
8 25	1 35	Minion.	7 00	3 40
9 30	2 12	Ar. Sand Beach. Lv.	6 11	2 20

Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal.

For Dinner. Stop for Supper.

HENRY McMORRAN, I. R. WADSWORTH, General Manager, Superintendent.

THE ENTERPRISE.

—Coldish.
—Thanksgiving day.
—Services at M. E. Church, 10:30.

—Get your dinner at the M. E. church to-day.

—Pamphlets and magazines bound at this office.

—Where will the new school house be situated?

—There will probably be some game killed to-day.

—Mr. Frank Dyer of Caro, made us a pleasant call on Friday last.

—Mr. Forbs, agent for the Banner Tobacco Company, was in town yesterday.

—Rumors of several industries being started in the village in the near future.

—Remember the Thanksgiving services and dinner at the M. E. Church this morning.

—Col. Whiteside and wife, of Caro, eat their Thanksgiving dinner with Prof. Beach, to-day.

—A wagon load of tables and chairs made their appearance in town last week for the sufferers.

—Mr. J. A. Fritz of Caro, spent several days in town with his brother Mr. Theo. Fritz, this week.

—The first load of railroad ties was brought into town last Friday. So much for the railroad.

—The band boys are practicing in real earnest now, having been re-enforced by several new members.

—The roads have frozen up, and in their present state manage to give the teamster a regular shaking up.

—The social at S. C. Armstrong's was a grand success. Everybody reports having had an enjoyable time.

—If you care at all for music, attend Dr. Smith's musical association, which organizes to-morrow (Friday) evening.

—From the appearance of our poetry copy book it would appear that the poets have done more than their share in contributing to the relief of the sufferers.

—Although the roads are in such a bad condition for teaming, our merchants are still receiving large quantities of goods which give evidence of prosperity.

—The person who was whistling softly in under that window, one night last week, but rather suddenly walked off, will be grieved to know that that gun was not loaded.

—Mr. Joseph Englehart, from the county of Elgin, Ontario, has bought 200 acres of land in Novesta, for his sons, from J. D. McArthur, land agent at this place.

—Mrs. I. B. McKinney, of Ellington, left on Tuesday morning for New York State, where she will visit relatives, among whom is an aged mother now over ninety years old.

—George S. Farrar butchered and packed one ton of pork last week, besides lard, etc. Mr. Farrar goes to Lansing this month, as the delegate from this county to the State Grange meeting.

—Mr. Newton Belden, of Shtawasee county, has been here for the past week, looking for land. He returned to his home on Tuesday, having purchased eighty acres from J. D. McArthur, agent.

—Mr. Adamson, of Delta, O., was expected here on Tuesday, to make a visit of several days with his brothers James and Robert. Mr. James Adamson drove to Caro on Monday to meet him, but somehow or other he failed to connect.

—The Vassar Times says: [Rev. H. Palmer, the new pastor of the M. E. church, at Reese is well received and seems pleased with his new field of labor.

—The Bay City Tribune comes to hand this week, cut and pasted. This makes a decided improvement to this excellent journal, lately polished by a new garb of type.

—Mr. Hirshberg, of the firm of Lewenberg & Hirshberg, leaves to-day for Detroit to make new purchases for their already well filled store. Look out for goods when he returns.

—Rev. J. Kelland has received a donation of a quantity of bibles for distribution among the sufferers, from the American Bible Society. Any giving evidence of need can have one by applying at Mr. Kelland's residence.

—Mr. Geo. Tennant reports his saw mill between here and Bad Axe as being crowded with work and expects to have a rushing business.

—Parties were in town last week prospecting for a clothing store but found it impossible to procure a building for their business. Will not some capitalist help the village in this respect.

—In this issue appears the new advertisement of Parsons and Cross of Caro, who have entered into the business of dealers in flour, feed and confectionery. These gentlemen are worthy of a good patronage.

—If some of the parties who have nothing else to do but to write poetry and hunt deer, would take off their coats and cut and deliver us a few cords of wood we would be everlastingly obliged to them.

—The Cass City musical association is in shape and will meet every Friday evening until further notice. Dr. W. H. Smith as director is a competent leader and this organization should be well patronized.

—What is left of the Minden Post is to be transferred to Port Huron and come to light once more under the head of the Tribune. There seems to be quite a mania for journalism on the St. Clair river.

—The Pontiac Gazette is endeavoring to wake up the inhabitants of that place to the idea that they need the P. O. & P. A. R. R. The sum of \$15,000 is required to insure the extension of the road from Oxford.

—The planing mill is now running with full force. The new boiler proves sufficient to make all the steam required without any difficulty. The machinery runs smoothly and from all appearance it is a grand improvement.

—The Bay City Tribune says: The many hunters who went to the woods fully armed and equipped to take advantage of the first snow are coming back again, to stay at home during the balance of the season, or to stock up with provisions enough to last till spring.

—Mr. Donahue sold out his meat market to Mr. D. M. Houghton, a gentleman well known to the citizens of Cass City and vicinity, on Saturday. Mr. Houghton will carry on the business in the old stand, and will at all times carry a well assorted stock of fresh meats. He has our best wishes.

—The state commission for the relief of the fire sufferers has organized a new district in the counties of Lapeer and Tuscola, embracing the townships of Vassar, Juniata, Millington, Arbia, Watertown, Rich, and the south half of Fremont. This will be known as the Vassar district.

—If we had had the happiness to have been keeping house before to-day we should have been in all probability unable to stow away the turkeys and other good things which compose a Thanksgiving dinner, that would have been sent in from all directions. However we will be thankful for them another year.

—Mr. W. H. Drehmer traveling agent with E. M. Parmelee, manufacturing chemist of Dansville, N. Y., was in town on Tuesday and made us a pleasant call. Mr. Drehmer has become practically acquainted with bad roads, as he has driven from Saginaw around the shore to Port Austin and through Bad Axe to this place.

—Rev. J. Andrews, of Tyre, denies that the people of the burnt district wish to sell their lands. He says: "I live in about the worst part of the burnt district, and being through and among the people I have failed as yet to hear of one who says sell out. On the contrary every man is trying to build up as fast as he can with all his might, and all are sending out their greatest thanks to the people of the United States and other countries for their kind contributions."

—A daily newspaper should, above all things, furnish information on the subjects uppermost in the popular mind, as concisely as possible and without regard to political, sectarian or personal relations. It should be intelligible as well as intelligent, and even its original comments should be more in the way of explaining its news than in enforcing favorite doctrines. This is the aim of the Detroit Evening News, and it seems to hit the bull's eye most of the time.

—Mr. Geo. Kolb, living about four and a half miles from this place, on Wednesday last while engaged in drawing logs out of

the swamp with his team, where the mud was a foot and a half deep, one of his horses mired in the mud and it seemed impossible for it to recover itself. Mr. Kolb tried all manner of means within his power to get the animal out but failed. The horse at last became exhausted with its continued exertions and fell down. With the help of nine men, two yoke of oxen, two dogs and four lanterns they finally extricated the beast more dead than alive. A plank walk twenty rods in length had to be built and the horse lead over it. It was in the mud from half-past three in the afternoon until half-past seven at night, and it was not until nine o'clock that it was safely lodged in the stable. The horse came out all right the next day. However Bro. Kolb has failed on the whiskey question.

—Physicians say that diphtheria is both contagious and epidemic. It appears, like other diseases, more general in some localities than in others. The blood may be poisoned by the filth and decaying matter of special locality, and the disease appear there. Then it is readily carried from one person to another. It is known that a father visiting a child sick with diphtheria in a neighboring town, brought back the disease, and communicated it to his child, though he was not himself stricken with the disease. When diphtheria appears, there should not be an hour's delay in battling with it. The best medical skill should be called at once. No child should be permitted to visit the sick room, and persons attending the patient ought not to come in contact with other children. Disinfectants should be used throughout the house—carbolic acid being among the best. Slacking of lime in the sick room (and other rooms) every hour is beneficial. Good medical authority asserts that the body of a person dying of diphtheria should never be exposed except through glass. No children especially, should come near, and the room, beds and clothing should be thoroughly disinfected. We think the attending physician should be very particular in instructing the family in the necessary details, and direct that the proper disinfectants be supplied.

—Of course we do not smile at every little joke which passes around, but it was impossible to refrain from allowing our face to broaden on Friday evening last. Delicacy leads us to omit names, but from certain facts we are lead to believe short turns, culvers, and deep ditches are very improper places to make and drive over on dark nights, that is if a person wishes to keep right side up. We have no objections to couples tipping over in winter time with snow two feet deep, but it is at this time in the year with mud three feet deep, that we decidedly object to.

—Guiteau was shot on Saturday as he was being removed to prison from court.

THE COUNTY CAPITAL.

Phillips Bros. have opened out a crockery store in the new Montague block.

It is rumored that the Rev. F. A. Chapman will soon close his labors with the Presbyterian church here.

A union service, under the auspices of the temperance ladies, will be held at the Baptist church next Sunday evening.

Mr. John Weal is confined to his house by a very severe attack of sickness.

The lecture course project doesn't crystallize very rapidly.

Friday and Saturday evenings, a lady (?) walkist from Chicago or somewhere else, held forth at the Opera House. The attendance was hardly sufficiently large to make it much of a financial speculation.

Mrs. Medler is in trouble again. This time it is for selling liquor to a minor.

Coal stoves are in good demand.

The social at the house of J. Staley last week, was quite a success. About fifteen dollars were cleared.

The Baptists rented the seats in their church Friday evening last.

The old well in front of the postoffice is being cleaned out, by order of the village council.

The new railroad boom grows in volume.

The young ladies returned from their Chicago trip Monday noon, and report a rather dismal and discouraging time. It rained and blew nearly all the time they were gone, and their concert were complete failures. They claim that the Chicago manager didn't do a good job of advertising, and did not act on the square. Mr. R. id, who hired the band, will probably lose four or five hundred dollars by the operation. It will probably be a long time before the band will make another such venture.

Preliminary steps towards the proposed lecture course have been taken. The following officers have been elected to take the supervision of the work, and assume the financial responsibility: President, C. P. Black; Vice Presidents, N. M. Richardson and Dr. S. F. Chase; Recording Secretary, Prof. Brower; Corresponding Secretary, George H. Pond; Treasurer, Charles Montague; Executive Committee, H. H. Markham, J. P. Sealey, J. Straley, Jr., George Ralston.

Dr. J. E. Parker, late of Cleveland, Ohio, has been in town for a few days, looking around with a view of settling here. The Doctor is a genial and intelligent gentleman, and brings excellent recommendations as to his character and medical skill.

A donation visit will be made to the Methodist parsonage next Wednesday evening.

Merchants are beginning to stock up in anticipation of the Christmas trade.

A QUESTION OF MONEY!

They say that **INGERSOLL & OLDFIELD** got their Trade by "Breaking Down Prices," and they are right, and we intend to maintain the lead we have in precisely the same way. We are not vain enough, nor foolish enough either, to suppose you will continue to trade with us when we cease to do the best we can and your trade is based on the fact that we **Clothe You Better and Charge You less.** We are now Offering Greater Inducements that ever in order to still increase our trade. Parents will find our

BOYS AND CHILDREN'S STOCK COMPLETE.

We have also taken the Lead in

Mackinaw Shirts and Drawers.

And Parties Fitting out for the Lumber Woods will find our Stock the Most Complete in Town.

INGERSOLL & OLDFIELD, State Street, - - - Caro, Mich. ATTENTION FARMERS!

Having rented the Reynick Block I have opened out of a full stock of Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Buggies, etc., which I ask the farmers of Northern Tuscola to call and examine. I will handle the Celebrated Jackson Wagons, Ovid Buggies and Cutters, Mason Spring Wagons, Corn Shellers, Wind-Mills, Pumps, Harnesses, etc.

All Goods Warranted as Represented and at the LOWEST LIVING PRICES!

W. S. COSSITT, - CARO, MICH.

LEGAL.

Chancery Order.

(First publication Oct. 20, 1881.)
STATE OF MICHIGAN, Twenty-fourth Judicial Circuit Court in Chancery. The Circuit Court for the County of Tuscola in chancery.

ELLA ANELIA TAYLOR, Complainant,
vs.
CHAS. ARTHUR TAYLOR, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Tuscola in chancery, at Caro, on this thirteenth day of October, A. D., 1881.

It is satisfactorily appearing from the affidavit of H. H. Markham, now on file, that the defendant, Charles Arthur Taylor, is a resident of the State of Michigan, but that a subpoena to appear and answer issued out of and under the seal of said court directed to him, the said defendant, cannot be served on him the said defendant, by reason of his continued absence from his place of residence.

On motion of Atwood & Markham, of counsel for said complainant, ordered that the said defendant, Charles Arthur Taylor, cause his appearance to be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order, and that in case of his appearance he cause his answer, to be filed, to the said complainant's bill, and a copy thereof to be served on complainant's solicitors within twenty days after service of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and in default thereof that said bill be taken as confessed by said defendant. And it is further ordered that within twenty days that said complainant cause a copy of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, and thereafter at least once in each week, for six successive weeks, or that she cause a copy of this order to be personally served on the said defendant, Charles Arthur Taylor, at least twenty days before the time herein prescribed for his appearance.

FREDERICK S. WHEAT,
Circuit Court commissioner,
Tuscola county, Mich.

Atwood & Markham,
Solicitors for complainant,
Caro, Mich.

Attest:
[A TRUE COPY.]
N. M. RICHARDSON, Register in chancery.

Christmas

COMING!

And the people all over the country will be buying their Confectionery.

This is to certify that the new firm of PARSONS & CROSS, which opens out this week in Keiff's old stand, Caro, will for the next thirty days make a specialty of Pure Confectionery. Their stock is large, well selected, and fresh, and it is just the place to try in your stock of candies for the holidays. When you are in Caro, don't fail to drop in and see us. It will pay you.

Respectfully,
Parsons & Cross,
Flour and Feed Dealers, Caro.

Special Announcement!

We have just passed through a fearful fire. Hundreds of our customers have had their homes swept away, and their farms devastated. Hundreds of loads of relief goods are coming in and being distributed among the people. All of the above would naturally have a tendency to depress trade.

Contrary to our expectations we are selling more goods than ever before. From early morning to late at night we are busy. Our store is crammed full, and still the Goods are coming in. To our Large Stock of

**DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS, CAPS AND CLOTHING,**

We are this week adding a large and well assorted stock of
Crockery, Glassware and Lamps.

**A New Lot of Trunks Just Received
Prices from \$1.75 to \$6.00.**

Realizing the fact that the country has just passed through a very trying ordeal and that the wants of the people are greater than ever before, we have marked our entire stock lower than ever before. To people coming from a distance we would invite you to make our store your **HEADQUARTERS**

Again we invite you all when you are in want of
GOOD GOODS, LOW PRICES
And Good Assortments to select from, to give us a call.
Yours Respectfully,
WILSEY & McPHAIL,

THE FARM.

Fall Ploughing.

The idea prevails that land is very much improved by ploughing in the autumn; but the fact that while in some respects it may be beneficial, in others, it may be injurious, does not seem to receive a passing thought. To draw conclusions, it must be evident to every one, that both sides of a question must be carefully examined. If to plough land in the autumn, it, in any way injures the soil, or increases the labor, it must not be overlooked, but taken into consideration and set down against the practice. No doubt, the advantages and disadvantages of fall ploughing depend very much on the location, as well as the character of the soil, and the nature of the crops to be grown. If the land has been planted several years, is entirely clean of growing vegetation, and the next crop to be grown be onions, or carrots, the advantages of fall ploughing would be far beyond that of a piece of sward land intended for a crop of Indian corn or potatoes, and the injury very much less.

In our efforts to improve our farms, we must never lose sight of the fact that nature has ways of her own to improve the soil; nor must we forget that oftentimes we may, without cost, avail ourselves of these ways, in our efforts for improvement; here lies one of the secrets of success which follows intelligent farming. Whenever we are to cross, as we sometimes must, nature's ways for improvement, there should be some strong reasons for so doing; the advantages to be gained should more than balance the losses. To plough the land, and turn under all living vegetation, is a violation of nature's well established laws, but this is done because man desires to change the product of the soil for one of more value, and although for a time the earth is deprived of its natural protection, man plants the seed for another crop that restores it even more extensive than before; so that in crossing the plans of nature, it is only for a time, and when her plans are again brought into action, she produces that growth which is more beneficial to man. What is more important for the farmer to keep in mind is, that whenever he interferes with nature's ways for enriching the soil, he must make the interruption as short as possible, unless there be some good reason why he should not.

The farmer who should plough his farm every two weeks during the growing season, would, in a few years, find that he had crossed nature's plans to such an extent that his farm would be greatly impoverished; but if he will plough but two or three times in a season, and immediately after ploughing, each time, plant seed that will immediately cover the land with a thick growth of vegetation, to be ploughed under to decay and furnish plant food for the next crop, he will find his land rapidly improving. From experiments like these, we learn that land which is bare of vegetation and exposed to the scorching sun, drying winds, and heavy rains, is rapidly losing its fertility; while land that is kept covered with a thick growth of vegetation, except the short time required to plough under one crop and re-seed with another, is rapidly growing richer. If this be correct, then to plough in the autumn land that is covered with a thick growth of vegetation and let it lie all winter exposed to the elements, it is only to put it into a condition to rapidly lose its fertility, and unless there is some special reason for it, it should not be ploughed until it is to be at once covered with growing vegetation. Land that is full of destructive insects may undoubtedly be improved by fall ploughing, if it can be done just as winter sets in. In some sections of New England, where the land is covered with snow most of the winter, the injury to ploughed land by exposure is almost comparatively light; but near the seashore where but little snow falls, the exposure is almost continuous, and the injury is serious; but in such localities, the injury to land ploughed in the fall may be avoided by sowing winter rye; this soon covers the ground and by the first of May is large enough to furnish a good green crop to plough under. We have sometimes thought that the value of a green crop, thus obtained, more than paid for the seed and the labor of ploughing and sowing.

The practice of turning over a piece of sward in the autumn, to lie exposed all winter and then plant it in the spring without cross ploughing, or pulverizing with a pulverizing harrow, because it is believed the sod will rot better, is not sound policy; such land turned over the last of May, when there is a good crop of growing grass on it, will rot much quicker, and the crop will not only grow much better but can be cultivated much easier.

We would not be understood as being opposed to fall ploughing, but that we are in favor of using judgment, in fact caution, that each farm and each piece of land, as well as each crop, be considered by itself, and that conclusions should be drawn according to the conditions of the farm, the particular piece of land, and the crop to be grown. When it is important that a particular piece of land should be thoroughly pulverized, and the manure well composted with the soil several months before the seed is sown, fall ploughing may be done to advantage, providing the land is ploughed once or twice more in the spring, or what is perhaps quite as well, thoroughly pulverized with one of the modern implements for pulverizing the soil. The preparation of the soil has more to do with the growth of crops than is generally supposed. Land that has been heavily manured, and planted several years with hoed crops, if it is of a heavy nature, it is improved by ploughing late in the autumn, and leaving it over winter in the furrow exposed to the action of the frost, which brings it to a condition to be more thoroughly pulverized before planting.

Land that is rocky or full of roots may be ploughed to advantage in the autumn when the farmer has more

time to dig out the rocks and stumps than he would have in the spring. For a crop of Indian corn or potatoes, carefully tried experiments prove that land ploughed but a few days before planted produce a better crop than if ploughed several months before, and the labor of cultivation is very much less.

Market gardeners find it for their advantage to plough in the autumn for their early spring crops; but they almost invariably plough again in the spring, but their crops are forced with such large quantities of manure, that the loss of fertility in the soil by fall ploughing is not felt by the crop.

The result of every action of the farmer depends so much on surrounding circumstances, that he should bring to his aid his best thoughts; and to make these thoughts of a high order, he should neglect no opportunity to gather in the most reliable information within his reach.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Agreeable Meals.

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon a household by the atmosphere of the family table. If it is true that one does not come out of a room the same person he went in, the mind ever after retaining the impress of what affected it there, what great results must be achieved from the meeting three times a day in the dining-room, from the conversation indulged in, and the sentiments habitually expressed there. A neat, well-covered table is in itself a lesson to the children.

I have noticed that a sensitive child almost invariably has better manners when dressed in his best, and have seen with surprise the effect produced upon a certain small boy of my acquaintance by handsomely dressed ladies who are polite to him. To the inviting table, where there should always be something attractive, however simple the meal may be, most children will come prepared to behave properly. It is really worth while, and, when philosophically considered, is a matter of great importance, to lay aside as far as possible all thoughts of hard work done before and to be done after the meal, and to allow no vexatious questions to be discussed at this time. The habit of brooding over our work, and exhausting ourselves by going all over it in our minds, is one to be studiously avoided. There is nothing takes from one's energy more than this, and it is a frequent cause of insanity.

Everybody knows that food digests better when in agreeable company. It was something more than pleasant, which made a friend remark that he could not have his wife and child pass the summer vacation away from him, as it gave him the dyspepsia. The poor child who comes to grief at the table, and is sent away from it with his dinner half eaten, and who suffers the whole afternoon with an undigested lump of food in his stomach, is to be pitied, and it is a wise plan to explain to children that in this way they will be punished for bad conduct at the table.

It follows, then, that pleasant surprises in the way of preparing favorite dishes, that good taste and painstaking in arranging all the appointments of the table and dining-room, rise above a mere ministering to the animal existence, and affect the fine issues of life. Good behavior and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unwaveringly as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from the brain, allowing the stomach to get its share, should be heard more frequently at our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word that is not kind and thoughtful, any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food. These facts need more careful consideration than they have usually received.—*The Household.*

The Law of Finding.

The law of finding is this: The finder has a clear title against the whole world except the owner. The proprietor of a railroad car, a coach, or a shop, has no right to the property which may be found on his premises. Such proprietors may make regulations in regard to lost property which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public.

The law of finding was declared by the King's Bench 100 years ago, in a case in which the facts were these: A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop-floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded the wallet from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to deliver them upon the grounds that they were found on his premises. The former then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held as above set forth, that against all the world but the owner the title of the finder is perfect. And the finder has been held to stand in the place of the owner, so that he was permitted to prevail in an action against a person who found an article which the plaintiff had originally found, but subsequently lost.

The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost unless those rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or for the finder. They have no power in the absence of special statute to keep an article against the finder any more than the finder has to retain an article against the owner.

Good flour is white, with a yellowish tint. Squeezed in the hand it will retain the shape given by the pressure.

The heaviest fall of rain on our globe takes place on the Khasia Hills, to the northwest of Calcutta, and amounts to 600 inches annually.

IVAN THE SERF.

A Story of Old Russia, by Tourgenoff.

Among the out-door servants was a certain Ivan, the coachman or coach-boy, as he was called, in consequence of his little stature, which was out of all proportion with his years. He was the veriest mite of a man, extremely nimble in his movements, with a pug nose, curly hair, a face perpetually on the grin, and eyes like a mouse. He was a rare buffoon, and lover of practical jokes, and his tricks and drolleries were infinite. He understood how to let off fireworks, could fly kites, and was a good hand at any game; could ride standing at full gallop, could leap higher than any one else at "giant's stride," and was quite a master at making the queerest shadows on the wall. No one could amuse the children better than he, and Ivan was perfectly happy if he was only allowed to spend an entire day playing with them. When he laughed the whole house shook, and he was always ready with a joke and an answer. There was no being angry with him, and you were obliged to laugh even whilst scolding him. It was a treat to see Ivan dance, particularly the "fish dance." The music would strike up, and then the fellow darted out into the middle of the group and began twisting, leaping, stamping with his feet, crawling on the floor, and going through all the antics of a fish that had been caught and then thrown on the dry ground; and performing such contortions, clapping his neck and his heels, jumping here, springing there, that the very ground seemed to tremble under him. Many a time Alexis Sergeivitch, though as I have already said, very fond of the choral dances, has interrupted the dancers and cried out: "Come here, Ivan, my little coach boy; give us the fish dance, and look sharp!" And then a minute later you heard him exclaiming: "Ah that's it; well done, well done!"

It was, then, during my last visit that this same Ivan came one morning into my room, and without saying a word fell down on his knees before me. "Ivan! what's the matter?" "Save me, sir!" "How? What has happened?" And thereupon Ivan related to me all his troubles.

About twenty years before he had been exchanged from the service of a certain Suchinski on the estate of the Teleguins; but simply exchanged, without going through any legal formality of being supplied with the necessary papers. The man in whose place he had been taken died, and his old master had quite forgotten Ivan, so that he remained with Alexis Sergeivitch, as if he had been born a serf in the family. In the course of time his masters died also, and the estate passed into fresh hands; and the new proprietor, who was cruel and brutal, informed the authorities that one of his serfs had been taken into the service of Alexis Sergeivitch without any legal sanction, demanded his immediate surrender, and in case of refusal threatened his detainer with heavy fine and punishment. Nor was the threat by any means an idle one, since Suchinski was a very high-placed official, a Privy Counsellor by rank with great influence throughout the district. Ivan in his fright appealed to Alexis Sergeivitch. The old man took pity on his favorite dancer and made an offer to the Privy Counsellor to buy Ivan of him for a good round sum, but the proposal was contemptuously rejected; and what made matters worse, he was a Little Russian—as pig-headed as the very devil. There was nothing to be done but to give up the poor serf. "I have lived here, made my home here, served here, eaten my daily bread here, and it is here I wish to die," Ivan cried to me; "Am I a dog, to be dragged by a chain from one kennel to another? Save me, I implore you; entreat your uncle never to give me up; do not forget how often I have amused you. And if I do go, the worse for us all; it can only end in crime! In crime! What do you mean, Ivan?" "Why, I shall kill him, I will go, and the first day I will say to him, let me return to my old master, sir; do not refuse me, or, if you do take care, I will murder you!"

If a chaffinch or a goldfinch had suddenly spoken, and threatened to swallow a large bird, I should not have been more astonished than I was to hear Ivan speak thus. Ivan, the dancer buffoon, and jester, the beloved of children, himself a child, this good-souled creature, to become a murderer! The idea was too ridiculous. Not for a moment did I believe him; but what I could not understand was that he should even talk of such a thing. I had, however, a long conversation with Alexis Sergeivitch, and employed every form of entreaty that he would somehow or other arrange the affair.

"My dear sir," the old man replied, "I shall indeed be very glad to do so, but it is impossible. I have already offered the pig-headed fellow a good price, 300 rubles, on my word of honor and he will not hear of it; so what can I do. Of course it is illegal, and the exchange was made in the old-fashioned way, as between men of honor, and now it promises to end badly. You will see, the man will take Ivan from me by force—he is very powerful, the Governor-General often dines at his house—and he will send soldiers to arrest him. And I have a mortal fear of soldiers! The time was, I would never have given up Ivan, let him storm as loudly as he chose; but now, only look at me, what a poor cripple I am. How can I fight against a man like that?" And in truth, Alexis Sergeivitch had of late aged greatly; his eyes now wore a childish expression, and in place of the intelligent smile that once lit up his features, there played around his lips that mild unconscious simper which I have remarked that very old people will preserve even in their sleep.

I communicated the result of our in-

terview to Ivan, who heard me in silence with his head bent. "Well," he at last exclaimed, "it is given to no one to escape his fate. But I shall keep my word; there is only one thing to do; and I will give him a surprise. If you don't mind, sir, give me a little money to buy some vodka!" I gave him some, and that day Ivan drank heavily, but in the evening he favored us with the "fish dance," and danced so that the girls and women were in ecstasies. Never before had I seen him in such force.

The next day I returned home, and three months later, when I was in St. Petersburg, I learned that Ivan had kept his vow. He was sent off to his new master who at once called him into his study and informed him that he was to act as coachman, that three of his bay horses would be given into his charge, and that it would be the worse for him if he did not look well after them, or in any way neglected his duties. "I am not a man to be joked with," added he. Ivan listened to all his master had to say, and then, throwing himself at his feet, declared that, whatever his honor might wish, he never could be his serf. "Let me go back, I beseech your honor; or if you like, send me to be a soldier; or before long evil will come upon you!"

His master flew into a furious passion. "Oh, you are one of that sort, are you? How dare you talk to me in that way? First, please to know that I am not your honor, but your Excellency; and next, do not forget that you are long past the age for a soldier, even if they would take such a dwarf; and lastly, pray, what is it that you threaten me with? Do you mean to burn my house down?" "No, your Excellency, I shall never set fire to your house." "What then, are you going to murder me?" Ivan made no reply. I never will be your serf," he muttered at last. "I will just show you whether you are my serf or not," roared his master. And Ivan was severely punished; but for all that, the three bay horses were put under his care, and he received the place of coachman.

Ivan appeared to submit to his fate, and as he soon proved that he understood his business, he quickly won the favor of his master, the more so because in general he was quiet and civil in his behavior, while the horses intrusted to him were so well cared for that everybody declared it was a treat to look at them. His master evidently preferred driving out with Ivan to going with any of the other coachmen. Sometimes he would laugh and say: "Well, Ivan, do you recollect how badly we got on at our first meeting, but I fancy we have driven out the devil after all." To these words never made any answer. But one day, just about Epiphany time, his master drove to town with Ivan as coachman, the bells jingling merrily from the necks of the three bay horses. They were just beginning to mount a rather steep hill at foot-pace, when Ivan slid off the box and went behind the sledge, as if to pick up something he had let fall. It was a sharp frost, and his master sat huddled up in a thick fur with a warm cap drawn close over his ears. Then Ivan took from under his long coat a hatchet, which he carried in his belt, came up close behind his master, knocked off his cap, and with the words, "I warned you once, Peter Petrovitch, so you have only yourself to thank," on a blow out his head open. He then stopped the horses, replaced the cap carefully on the head of the dead man, and taking his place again on the box drove into town straight up to the police station.

"I have brought you Gen. Suchinski's dead body. It is I, myself who killed him. I told him I would, and I have done it. So take me."

He was arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced to the knout, and then sent for life to the mines in Siberia. And thus Ivan, the gay, light-hearted dancer, disappeared forever from the world of light.

The Russian Post-Office.

The post-office is in the center of the town; and I am soon climbing the high stone steps, and push open the swing-door leading into the Parcels Expedition department. As I enter, a wave of heated air, laden with tobacco, leather, and the perspiration of many races, closes round about me, and almost stifles me. The office is crammed with people waiting their turn. There the Russian, the German, the Jew, the Leet, the Estonian, are represented. They are packed like bees in a hive; and the stove which covers half the side of one wall from floor to ceiling is heated to splitting, as it always is. A dead silence prevails, except for the curt questions of the official and the replies of the fortunate individual who is being attended to. I take my stand ruefully at the outside of the crowd, and relieve myself of as many wraps as I can. Meanwhile the swing-door behind me is in constant motion, until I am hemmed in on all sides by fellow-sufferers of both sexes. I can see nothing but the backs of those in front of me, and the staring white face of a clock which looks down on me from a corner. It affords me grim satisfaction to watch her spider fingers crawl from minute to minute with lagging pace, and feel that I am slowly nearing the goal; and oh, what comfort when the mass is parted, and one more makes for the door, and we surge on one step nearer! But the heat is insupportable, coming from the sharp, thin air into this thick, scorching atmosphere; and long before I have reached the counter I feel as if I must give it up and return whence I came with my business unaccomplished. My head is swimming, my senses dazed, and my feet aching with the prolonged stand. At length, when I can count those before me, I take courage, buoyed up with the hope of approaching release. Now the broad shoulders of the Leet who has been forming the last barrier between

me and that mighty dispenser of favors, the post-office official, have slid away, and I stand face to face with the official. I look up into his square-jawed, stolid face, with its bushy eyebrows, as I hand him my packet without a word. He receives it silently at first, and looks at it until gleams of malice shoot over his fleshy face.

"What is this?" he asks. "It is for England," I reply. "I have put it on the address."

He stuffs it roughly back into my hand. "We do not accept any such parcels," he says. "You must sew it in oilcloth."

"But it is quite safe," I remonstrate. He cuts me short with a wave of his hand. "It does not matter—such is the rule. Take it away, and sew it in oilcloth."

I still hesitate. All this waiting and suffering in vain—all to go over again. It is too bad.

He glares down upon me; "Now, then, make room, will you?"

I quail and move away, and my place is filled by another. I look up at the clock, which seems to mock me as she points to 12. I have been two long weary hours in this place, and all for nothing. As I hurry homeward I inwardly resolve that no power on earth shall induce me to sew my pocket in oilcloth and return to meet that official's leer on the morrow. No; I would rather throw the thing into the Embach—though I should have to make a hole in the ice to do it. But calmer thoughts come with the morrow, and I am now retracing my steps to the post-office with a broken resolve in my heart, and a small packet neatly stitched in oilcloth in my hand. But I am not the woman I was yesterday. My step is less elastic and swift; and, as I mount the stone steps and enter upon the scene of yesterday's humiliation, my spirits are chill and gloomy. I have a longer wait to-day than yesterday, for it is one day nearer Christmas, and as the great feast-day approaches the crowd at the post-office intensifies.

It is a long lane that has no turning; and behold me once more handling my packet over the counter with averted eyes, which fear to look defiance. The big unclean hand closes upon it, and it is turned and twisted on all sides. "Ah, there is no flaw this time!" I exultingly think. At length he holds out that other fleshy hand, and I look up startled and inquiring.

"Your sealing-wax and seal!" he demands, while the gleams of malignity spread and deepen from the crow's-feet in the corner of his eyes.

"What?" I asked confusedly.

"Your seal—your seal!—this time with brutal impatience.

"I have none," is my trembling rejoinder.

The parcel is thrust back into my hands. "It is no use coming here and troubling us with a packet like that; you ought to inform yourself of the regulations before you come here taking up people's time."

"What is the matter? I have sewn it in oil-cloth, and done everything!" I reply desperately. He turns from me insolently, and signs to the next comer to take my place.

This is more than human flesh and blood can bear in silence. I cast on my torturer a look which ought to have shrivelled him up like a leaf in the fire. "What do you mean?" I say, choking with anger. "Are you going to send this packet away or not?"

He has pulled a ledger toward him, and is writing something in it, or pretending to do so. But I know he is listening, for the hateful gleams spread thicker over his face. Presently he holds out his hand for the next packet. I turn round toward the sea of heated faces behind me, and inquire of the person nearest me: "Is it possible that what that man says is true, and that after waiting here hours for two days, I must again return home with my packet? It is a shame—a shame!"

It happens to be a gentleman whom I am addressing. I recognize him to be one of the German professors at the university. As I finish, he pushes his way to the counter. "Look you," he says, in a firm voice, "I would advise you to send off this lady's parcel!" He takes it from my hand as he speaks. "You know as well as I do that you can seal it with the government seal, if you choose."

There is no reply. The man is doggedly examining the packet which he holds. The professor waits a minute, his eyes fixed upon him. "Good!" he says at length. Then turning to me my champion continues in a clear voice, which may be heard all around: "I regret, young lady, that I cannot compel this man to send off your packet; but I hope I shall be able to punish him; it will not be my fault if I don't." He returns me my unfortunate packet; and as I take it I cannot help stealing a sidelong glance at my foe. His face is crimson. I thank my champion, and am going, this time with a resolve which shall not be broken; when to my surprise the huge hand is held out once more. I can scarcely believe my eyes.

"Give it here!" he growls, without raising his eyes.

I hand it back silently and exchange glances with the professor, who is smiling behind his hand. It is all the work of a minute; the government seal is stamped on the ends of the string with which my packet is tied; I pay an exorbitant sum for its transport to England, and my trouble is at an end—but not my story. Five years later when I am back in that smoky English town where I love to be, I learn that my packet for which I had so dearly paid, both in body and in hard cash, had arrived long after it was due, and that my roubles had found their way to the insatiable pockets of the Russian post-office official. The packet arrived at its destination—unpaid!

TWO LITTLE

A sorry little maiden
Is Miss Fuss-and-Feather,
Crying for the golden moon,
Grimacing at the weather;
The sun will fade her gown,
The rain spoil her bonnet,
If she ventures out,
And lets it fall upon it.

A merry little maiden
Is Miss Rags and Tatters,
Chatting of the twinkling stars
And many other matters;
Dancing in the sunshine,
Patting through the rain,
Her clothes never cause her
A single thought or pain.

—Wide Awake.

BANKS' BABIES.

I was detained over Sunday in Barnsbury, and on Sunday morning I resolved to go to church. The first church I came to, a small structure with a wooden steeple, had the doors and windows tightly shut, but there was a man sitting on the front steps whittling a stick, and I said to him:

"Are you connected with this church?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm the sexton."

"What is it closed for?"

"Well, mostly on account of Banks' babies."

"Babies?"

"Sit down, and I'll tell you about it. You know Banks, he came to this town to live a few weeks ago a perfect stranger, and he rented a pew in this church. It seems that Banks had three little babies, triplets, not more'n two months old, and then, besides these, he had twins about a year old. So nobody knew about the babies; but Banks wanted to have the little darlings baptized, and he allowed to Mrs. Banks that to rush the whole five babies into church on Sunday might excite remark, you understand. So he settled it that he'd have 'em christened gradually," so to speak. Accordingly the next Sunday he fetched little Jimmie, one of the triplets, and all went off well enough. On the following Sunday he came a promenadin' up the aisle with George Washington, another triplet, and Dr. Binns, our preacher, he fixed him up all right. People thought it was queer, but when on the next Sunday mornin' Banks and his wife came into church with another baby, William Henry, crying like a Pawnee war-whoop, some of the folks couldn't help snickering. Howsomdever, nobody complained, and all might have been well if Banks hadn't come along the Sunday after with Elijah Hunsiker Banks, one of the twins. Everybody laughed and Mr. and Mrs. Banks were furious—mad as anything, you know; and when Elijah Hunsiker Banks hauled off accidentally with his hand and hit Dr. Binns—who was holding him during the ceremony—a smack in the face, and the doctor dropped him in the water, Mrs. Banks turned red as fire and looked as if she would like to murder somebody."

"Well, you know, we all thought this was the last, and public feeling kinder simmered down on toward the end of the week, when who should come booming up the aisle on Sunday mornin' but Mr. and Mrs. Banks, with 'Cumseh Aristotle Banks, the remainin' twin! Well, you ought just to've heard that congregation laugh! I never seen nothin' like it in all my experience. Even Dr. Binns had to smile. And the Bankses, they were perfectly wild with rage. Anyhow they baptised 'Cumseh; and after meetin' some of the elders got to jokin' about it. One said they'd have to apply to the town supervisors for an extension to the water works; another allowed that arrangements ought to be made to divert Huckleberry creek and run it down the middle aisle of the church; another made some kind of a joke about business being good because so many Banks were in town; another said that Banks would need about twelve pews when his family grew up. Somebody must have told Banks about it, for what does he do to revenge himself? He sends down to Clarion county to his two sisters to come and bring their children. So they had a couple of babies apiece, and as soon as they arrived Banks he begins to bring them to church gradually like the others. You never seen such meetin's as them! The church was jammed full and the people just roarin'. And when Banks came in on Sunday with the fourth and last of his sister's babies, the trustees thought it was time to interfere. Gettin' to be a farce, you know. So Deacon Smith he stepped up and said somethin' or other to Banks, and Banks, quicker'n a wink, laid down the baby and banged the deacon with his fist. And so, I dono how it was, but in a minute there was Banks and Deacon Smith and Deacon Hubbard, and Banks' sister's baby and me, all a rollin' and a bumpin' over the floor, hittin' and kickin' and whoopin' in a manner that was ridiculous to behold."

"And when we all come to and got straightened out, Banks picked up the battered baby of his sister and quit, and the trustees held an informal meetin' and agreed to close the church for a month so's to kinder freeze Banks out, and now we've shut up; but I reckon it is no use, for I hear Banks has got his back up and gone over and joined the Baptists."

So I said good day to the sexton, and went in search of another sanctuary.

A fund for the test of the bridge ordinance at Chicago has reached \$3,200. Copies of the headings of subscription lists have been forwarded to owners of floating property in Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and elsewhere.

Toledo is building an 800,000 bushel elevator.

The spicy breezes of Ceylon are perceptible to the sense long before the island is reached.

STILL AT THE FRONT!

J. C. Laing, General Merchant.

Is still to be found at the old store, where he is offering to the trade a full and complete stock of

DRY GOODS,
Ladies' Dress Goods, Alpacos, Cashmeres, Gingham, and the endless variety needed to supply his large trade.

In addition to a large stock of the celebrated Vassar Mills' Flannels, Cassimeres, and Satinets, AT MANUFACTURERS PRICES.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A large line of Mens' and Youths' Clothing, Underwear, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

I have a large stock of Custom and Sale Work from the well known establishment of A. C. McGraw & Co., embracing a complete line with styles and qualities to suit all.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

A Full Line, comprising everything needed in the line of a complete stock of Groceries and Provisions will be kept constantly on hand, with a line of CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, quite adequate to meet the demands of the trade. No trouble to show goods

Produce bought for Cash and taken in exchange for Goods.

CASS CITY
FLOURING MILL
A First Class Mill, lately repaired and improved to meet the wants of its many customers, where will be found constantly on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full stock of FLOUR, FEED, &c. Special attention given to CUSTOM WORK. Highest Market Price paid for Wheat and other grain.
J. C. LAING, Prop.

HARDWARE

—AND—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

The oldest Hardware House in central and north Tuscola, still "holds the fort" and offers his large and varied stock of Merchandise for

CASH OR BARTER.

What have you got Sir? I would Respectfully invite you to come and see.

Respectfully Yours,

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

Cass City, Mich., Oct. 6, '81.

—OUR STOCK IS—
NEW AND COMPLETE

And you will find us always ready to wait on you whether you wish to buy or not. We keep Strict

ONE-PRICE TO ALL.

We buy our goods for cash and sell for cash, and by paying

Strict Attention to Business

And by enforcing the above points, we hope to get a Share of your Patronage.

Thanking you most heartily for last week's Patronage and expecting to see you again, we remain,

Truly Yours,

LEWENBERG & HIRSHBERG,

New York Store, Cass City, Mich.,

Opposite Weydemeyer's Hardware Store.

WHAT IS THE GAIN?

What is the gain?
If one should run a noble race,
And at the last, with weary pace,
Win to the goal, and find his years
A harvest field of waste and tears,
Of turmoil and of buried trust,
Rich with dead hopes and bitter dust,
And strife and snarl and ceaseless pain,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
When, having reached a sunlit height,
Through barren sweeps of awful night,
Hoping to see beyond the crest
Fair lands of beauty and of rest,
There lies before, stretched far away
Unto the confines of the day,
A desolate and shadeless plain,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
To sail for months of cold and toll
Across wide seas, where winds recoil,
Only to gather strength and roar
A louder challenge than before,
And find, when through fogs thick and dim
The rocky coast at last is won,
No haven from the storm-vexed main,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
The race is won, we see the light,
We conquer where the storm winds fight;
We show the way to those who wait
With faint hearts by the walls of fate;
Our banners flutter in the van
Of battles fought for thought and man,
And ignorance and darkness wane,
This is the gain.
—Thomas S. Collier.

Sleeping on the Wall Side.

A physician was lately called to prescribe for a young lady who lives in one of the most charming villas in Learnedville.

"Nothing the matter with her," she declared, "nothing but terrible headaches." Every morning she waked with a headache, and it lasted nearly half the day. It had been going on for months—ever since they moved into their new house. The old doctor tried all the old remedies and they all failed. Riding and archery were faithfully tested, study and practice were cheerfully given up. Nothing did any good. "Will you let me see your bedroom?" asked the doctor one day, and he was shown up into the prettiest little nest imaginable.

Nothing wrong about the ventilation. The windows were high and broad and left open every night, the patient said. The bed stood in one corner against the wall.

"How do you sleep?" says the doctor. "On my right side at the back of the bed, with my face to the wall. Lou likes the front best."

"The dickens she does!" says the doctor. "So do I. Will you do me the favor to wheel the bed into the middle of the room and sleep so for a week? Then let me know about the headaches."

Doctors are so absurd! The middle of the room, indeed! And there were the windows on one side, and the two doors on the two other sides, and the gaudy with its Macrame lambrequin on the fourth side. There was no place for the bed but just where it stood, in the corner.

"Never mind! Sacrifice your lambrequin," urged the doctor—"just for a week, you know."

The lambrequin was sacrificed, the bed moved where it had free air on both sides, and the headaches disappeared. It may be only an exceptionally delicate system that would be induced to actual headache by breathing all night the collected air from a wall. Yet possibly some of the morning dullness we know of may be traceable to a like cause. At any rate, plenty of breathing space around a bed can only be an advantage to everybody.

In visiting three or four newly-built and beautiful houses recently, the lack of a good place for the bed was the most striking feature of the bedrooms. Some of these rooms were finished in shining mahogany, ebony, or walnut. Some were hung with rich modern tapestry. All were elegant and a few were airy. But in the most of the best of them, where was the bed to stand? A bay window, perhaps, would occupy the middle of one side, another window another, a door another, a mantel-piece another.—Christian Union.

Brain Development.

It is not surprising to find the unlearned in things medical unable to understand that brain development, which of course is generally a matter of heredity, determines character. Such, however, is, and must needs be, the fact. Whether the mind is something outside matter which acts through or by the brain, as a musician may use a musical instrument, or whether, as some think, what we call mind is simply brain function, it should be manifested on consideration that upon the quality and conformation of a man's brain must depend his mental capacity; and consequently, also, his characteristics both intellectual and moral. We are not disposed to urge specialties of development as excuses for conduct because, given an average degree of intelligence and fairly strong will power, the individual is clearly responsible for his action; but it must not be forgotten that his instincts of right or wrong, and the faculty of judgment with which he distinguishes between good and evil, will be acute or dull in proportion as his brain is developed.

The mind is in a large sense the character of the man, and as directly dependent on the physical growth of the brain as the speed of a race horse is dependent on its muscular development. This is not sufficiently recognized, and because it is not we every now and then find silly remarks in print such as the following: "The convulsions of the brain may have something to do with the difference between mediocrity and genius, but at present they are not recognized in the law courts, and it is difficult to see how they can be;" with such weak and wide moral reflections as that "it would be scarcely satisfactory to a pick-pocket to have his brain examined, in order to prove to those he left behind that he really could not help being a thief!" And yet the facts are sufficiently plain and simple, so plain and simple that any one should be able to understand them.—London Lancet.

Carvina has put lamps on several of her streets. They were lighted the first time Friday evening, and the delighted burghers sat up all night to see 'em flicker. Gasoline is used.

How Stages Are Robbed—A Lady's Experience in Nevada.

Mrs. Pratt, wife of Superintendent R. H. Pratt, who arrived home yesterday from Sierra Valley, in addition to the mountain air, had, while traveling in a stage between Randolph and Truckee, the enjoyable and impressive experience of capture by a stage robber. There were three men, two ladies and two children in the party besides the driver, who was taking in the mountain scenery and expatiating upon the climate, when a masked man, decorated with a double-barreled shotgun, which was at full cock, and with a sword bayonet attached at the muzzle, a revolver and a hatchet, stepped out from behind a tree standing by the track and demanded the driver to halt. His persuasive command was obeyed, when he told the driver to throw out the express box and open it. The driver replied that he couldn't, as it was chained down and locked. This was "too thin" for the party then in command, and with a show of compelling obedience in a summary manner the driver got the box out. The robber directed the inmates of the stage to get out and stand on the other side of the road, which they did. The driver then, under instructions, broke a large rock upon the treasure box in trying to break it open, but not succeeding the robber threw his hatchet to him, and after considerable effort with this he succeeded in getting it open. The robber then directed that he should bring the box under a tree by the roadside, which he did, and then returned, under orders minutely given, to the stage. The robber then coolly but cautiously laid down his gun by the side of the box, and getting down upon his knees took out what coin there was and went through the letters and papers with the utmost coolness and deliberation, not appearing to be in the least hurry. Coming across two Chinese checks he swore in a foreign dialect, and said: "These checks I can make no account." Having abstracted \$272 in coin and papers, he kindly replaced in the box all the papers and articles he did not want, and permitted the driver to take it into custody again and the passengers to resume their places in the stage. He then said, politely: "Good evening to you all," and ordered the driver to drive on, while he left the road and passed over the hill, stopping to see that the stage passed quietly along without instituting measures looking to his apprehension. The passengers were not molested as to their valuables, which was fortunate, as there were a number of fine gold watches in the party, beside several hundred dollars in money.—San Francisco (Cal.) Record-Union.

—A Walton County (Ga.) farmer cut off his old watermelon vines about six inches from roots, plowed and hoed the old stubs, and now has a finer lot of melons than were produced in the first crop.

—A cigar-dealer in Stockton, Cal., has a pet tarantula which he has kept for three years. When it stretches out it is at least eight inches in circumference.

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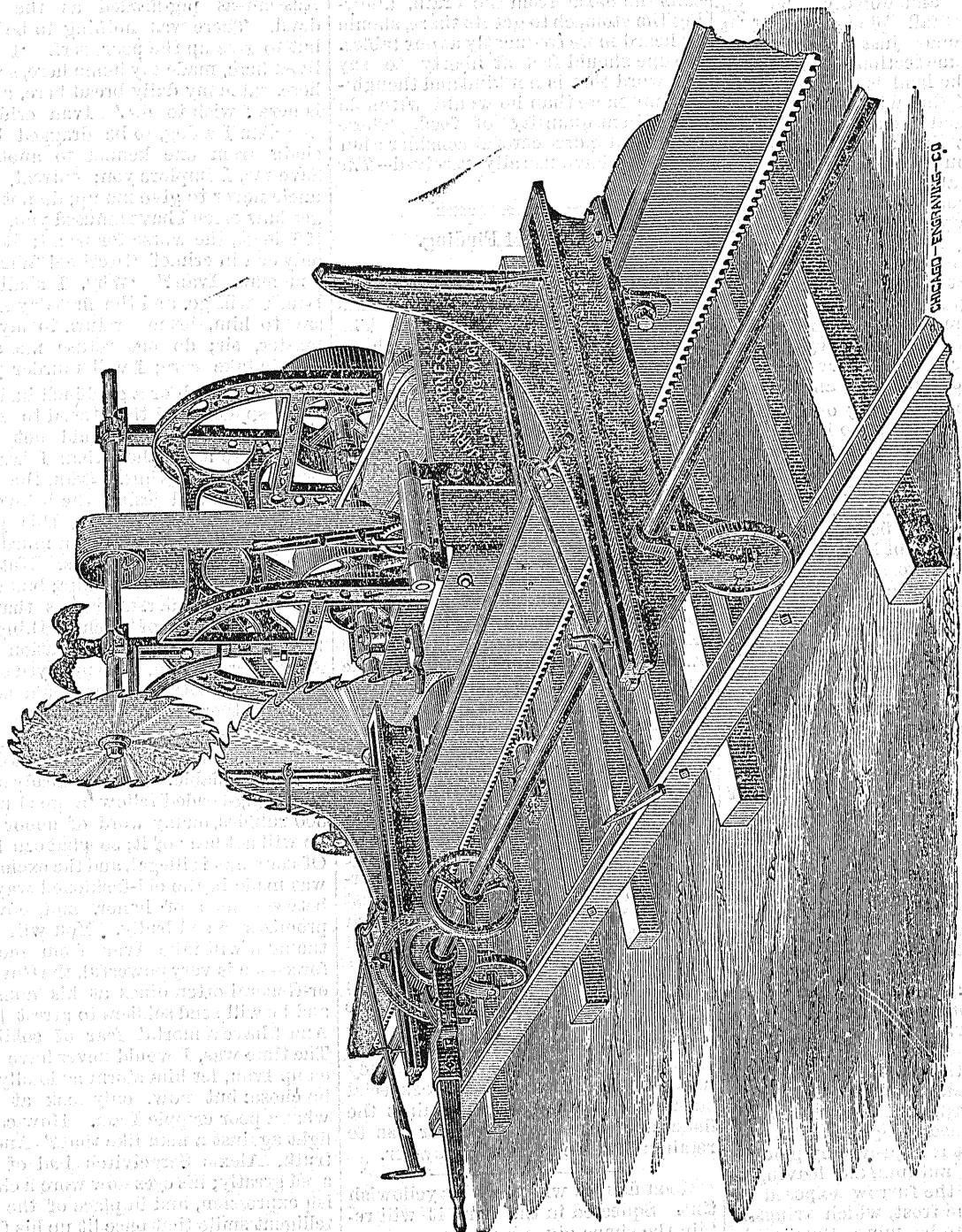
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