

The Cass City Enterprise.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

WORK AND WIN.

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VOL. 1.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1882.

NO. 18

OUR OWN OFFICE.

THE ENTERPRISE is published every Thursday Morning, at our office in the Opera House block. It aims to be a live local paper, and is devoted to the advancement of the Agricultural, Commercial and Social interests of the people of Northern Tuscola. The subscription price is One Dollar and fifty cents per year. We give no paper covered books or other trinkets to induce people to read the paper, and we carry no dead head subscribers.

Advertising rates as low as any other paper in the county having an equal circulation, and no lower.

A new and thoroughly equipped Job Office in connection, in which we will have none but competent workmen. Business men intrusting their orders to us are pretty likely to be satisfied.

THE MAILS.

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.

Marquette Route: Arrives Tuesday and Friday at 4 P. M. Departs Wednesday and Saturday at 7 P. M.

Tyre Route: Arrives at 6 P. M., and departs at 7 Thursday Morning.

OUR CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Sabbath services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., alternate Sabbaths. Sunday School at 12 M. Prayer and teachers meeting every Wednesday evening at 7. John Kelland, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., every Sunday evening. Class Meeting immediately after morning service, and every other Sabbath evening. Sabbath-school at 3 P. M. Praying meeting Thursday evening. Rev. Benj. Reeve, Pastor. Theo. Fritz, S. S. Superintendent.

BAPTIST.—Services every other Sabbath morning at the Methodist church. James McArthur, Pastor. Methodist Protestant.—Service every other Sabbath evening. C. England, Pastor.

LEGAL.

M. JUDGE, Attorney & Counselor.
Office over Tuscola County Bank, Caro, Mich.

HURST & RANSFORD, Lawyers, Caro, Mich.

A. T. WOOD & MARKHAM, Attorneys, Counselors, and Solicitors in Chancery, Caro, Mich.

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

MEDICAL.

N. Graduate of the Michigan University. Office and residence over Post Office, Cass City, Mich.

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

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

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

W. M. MORRIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Gagetown, Mich.

H. G. BERRY, Dentist. All work Warranted. Office next door to J. H. Hunt's grocery, Main Street, Cass City, Mich.

MECHANICAL.

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

W. H. Masters, Contractor and Builder, Gagetown, Mich. Estimates furnished on short notice.

M. MICHAEL STEINHAUSER, Stone and Brick layer, Cass City, Mich.

REAL ESTATE.

J. S. GILLESPIE & SON,
REAL ESTATE
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 uscola, Sanilac, Huron, Midland, Roscommon, Gladwin, Saginaw, Clare, Ogemaw, and Iosco.

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—
LOANING MONEY.
Real Estate Agent and Abstract office.
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HUGH McALPIN,
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First Class Companies Represented.
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Cass City Hotel, where can be found at all hours and ready to attend to all calls.

HOTELS.

Caro House
CENTRALLY LOCATED.
FIRST-CLASS.
FRANK H. THOMAS, PROPRIETOR

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.

Samuel Dellaree,
TONSORIAL ARTIST

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

Next door Post-office, Cass City, Mich.

David Tyo,
TONSORIAL ARTIST.

Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing and Dyeing done in the best of style, opposite C. E. Hinkle's store. Give him a call.

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.
Sole Rooms 2nd door East of Post Office.
CASS CITY. - - MICH.

A New Face in an Old Place,

AT THE NEW TIN SHOP.

Come and see a full stock of
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET IRON WARE

Ovens fixed on short notice.
Name plates cut to order
Have-troughing and Job Work a Specialty.
Frank E. Austin,
CASS CITY. - - MICH

A FINE LINE OF

Holiday Goods

— AT —
TOWNSEND & ALPIN'S,
CARO, MICH.

Call in and see them.

FRANK HENDRICK
The Cass City
Jeweler,

Has on hand a fine Stock of U. S. S. WATCHES and JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE, SPECTACLES, etc.

Special attention given to fine Watch repairing.
CALL AND SEE.

LIVERY STABLE,
R. Clark, - Prop.

First-class Horses and Carriages for the accommodation of the public.
CASS CITY, Mich

The Bumptious Boy.

It seems to be pretty well agreed upon by dome tie critics that the boy as a household institution is not an object of unalloyed delight, although he is to be endured as a necessary evil. Of course that applies to everybody's boy but our boy. Our boy is not the ordinary boy at all, but a hero born, an incipient demi-god, the young St. George himself—although the neighbors may declare him to be St. George and the Dragon too, since nothing in his path is left alive.

It is in boy-nature inevitably to be active, leaping, laughing, living; the growing bones and muscles will have full play, the healthy lungs full cry. A boy that is any sort of a boy must be gay and noisy, and must make an atmosphere of commotion about himself and his boots, his dogs, his toys, his guns or his want of all those and like things. If he sat still and talked under his breath we should know something was the matter with him, and expect but poorly for his future; and so, if our nerves are in tolerable health and nobody is really ill in the house, we welcome all his racket and stir, and would not have one sound, one echo the less of his calling, and jumping, and whistling, and bounding, and slamming, and if other folks object to him we congratulate ourselves that his affairs are none of other folks' business, and look forward to the time when they will regret their inability to perceive the greatness of the man that was folded in the boy to await its timely development.

But this is merely the common boy in North America, as Aunt Jane in Malbone would say—this is only our boy and your boy. There is something about this one differing from the normal and generic boy. He is not the evil-disposed boy, the bad boy, or, worse than any of the others for daily use and comfort, he is not the bumptious boy. For of all things in a family, short of shrews and scolds and busybodies, the bumptious boy is the most intolerable.

The bumptious boy is always several years older than the family Bible registers him, and he impresses the circumference upon you every day by means of his sublime effrontery. While you consider him the veriest youth, he considers himself already a man, and as far as he can acts up to the assumption. His tongue is in every dialogue; his opinion is proffered on every point; his advice is forced upon you, whether the affair be momentous or trifling. He receives your guests for you before you can do it yourself; he takes the burden of their entertainment; he criticises the cookery with the air of Dr. Kitchener; he is gallant to the housemaids, who humor him because it is so laughable; he affects the airs of society, makes calls on amused ladies, has engraved cards if he can get them, makes a fuss about his linen; his correspondence becomes voluminous, and he is overrun with occupations and engagements. He apologizes for appearing to neglect you; he offers to do you services with his superior facilities; he pretends to the confidence of people that he knows you respect; he comments on their peculiarities, too; he opens the morning paper and peruses it, whether his elders wait for it or not, and knows all there is to know on politics, being sure not to espouse his father's side lest he be thought to take the "old man's" opinions ready made. He tosses off a glass of wine at table, when he knows no one will like to dispute it, and calls for another, to let you see what a man he is, and what a head he has; he swaggers into a gentleman's room and helps himself to cigars; into a lady's boudoir and busies himself with her work-basket, while affecting a knowledge of the world that would make her laugh in her sleeve if it were not so exceedingly offensive. He hints darkly; he assumes to have had affairs and experiences; if it were not unmanly to boast, he would tell you of how many women that are in love with him—with him, just out of his pinafore! He practices for future love-making with his aunts and girl cousins, and kisses them in a manner that makes their fingers tingle to box his ears a dozen times over, if it were not for their Christian kindness in hesitating to amaze him, and hurt his surprised feelings by repulsing his affections.

In short, he is an urchin just in his teens, with an overweening and colossal conceit of himself, who is a scourge and a nuisance, but who amuses everybody so much that he hardly kindles lasting indignation, while the family hope concerning him is that he may one day have sense enough to see what a fool he has been.

You feel, nevertheless—if not so closely bound to him as to feel nothing of the sort—that the acquaintance of this bumptious boy is detrimental to every other boy with whom he comes in contact, and for the sake of the human race in general, and of affording it as little injury as possible, rather than let loose upon it this hurtful species, you endure his well-meant insolence, and the liberties he takes, yourself, and long for the years to come that shall put an end to his forth-putting airs and graces, and make him a man, perhaps not any the more disagreeable for having at the early age graduated in his bumptiousness, and cast it off with the things that are behind.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Bogus" Pictures.

Few persons are aware of the extent to which the "bogus" picture business is carried on in New York. There are whole stores where only such pictures are sold, and into which visitors to the city are allured by the continual cry of

the auctioneer. Entering, they see ranged about the walls pictures which attract the eye by their gaudy brilliancy, and, having but a limited knowledge of paintings, they become possessed with the idea that here they can buy something of real merit for a small part of its value. "What am I offered now for this masterpiece?" exclaimed an auctioneer in one of these stores not long since to a crowd of persons who stood before him. The picture in question was called "A Scene in Venice, by Ralazzi," whoever he may be, or have been. "Five dollars!" shouted a man, whose large felt hat showed that he was a stranger. "Five dollars!" repeated the auctioneer, in apparent surprise. "Why, gentlemen, I'm not selling the frame only, but the picture, too." And he continued repeating the bids until they had increased to fourteen dollars and fifty cents, when the picture was knocked down to a young man who wore pomatum on his hair. Subsequent investigation showed that this picture, with the frame, could be bought down town for three dollars and fifty cents.

Up a rickety flight of stairs is the attic, and here are the rooms where the pictures are made. Do you remember the gaudy painting you must have seen in restaurants adjoining railway stations?—the docks of shaggy sheep and the obese cows rambling beneath incredible trees and over brooks flowing above their sources? They were painted in this attic, or, if not, then in some place of the same character. Here there is no romance. The artists sit about the three small rooms in the front of the garret and work like beavers. They have the knack of the brush and the mahl-stick, and they keep the "pot boiling," so to speak. Here is a marine picture on the easel of the nearest man as you enter. The ship in the background seems to have partaken of the rim and energy of the artist and skims the waves with no laggard prow. But the pennant at the fore is streaming one way and yet her sails are boomed out in just the other direction! It is unfortunate that the artist in his haste to complete the picture has overlooked the fact that the wind never blows from opposite points of the compass at the same time. "Is that so?" he says, when his attention is called to the fact; "oh, they don't mind little things like that out West!" On the broad beach in the foreground are strewn surprising kinds of seaweed, and climbing over the rocks here and there are red lobsters! But what of that? If they don't object out West to the wind being represented as blowing from opposite directions in the background, surely they will not object to lobsters crawling over the rocks in the foreground. A notable thing about these "commercial" artists is their preference for large brushes, such even as are used by house painters. Their rapidity is not less noteworthy. They literally "sling" the paint on. Stencil pictures are also now made in great quantities and sent West, where there is a large demand for them on account of their cheapness. It is only by a careful examination that they can be distinguished from the ordinary cheap painted pictures, and if the parts where the several different stencils join have been carefully painted over with a brush, it is said to be impossible to tell one kind from another.—*Art Amateur.*

Young Man, Come West.

Once there was a poor boy who came West to grow up with the country, with no money or clothes or friends. He got tired of walking and borrowed a horse in an absent-minded kind of way. The neighbors saw that the boy showed signs of genius, and they met and promoted him.

From being a poor unknown lad he rose to a cabinet position in a few years. On the top shelf of a Laramie cabinet there is a smiling skull with a vacant look about the eyes and a bald look on top. That is what is left of the poor boy who came West to grow up with the country.

At first he rose to the top of a barrel. From that proud eminence he rose rapidly to a height of about twenty feet, and now he is on the top shelf of a cabinet, a cabinet position of which any one might well be proud.

Of course he would feel more contented if he had the rest of his system with him, but we can't have everything to please us.

This only goes to show, however, that no boy in our whole broad land is so poor and so utterly worthless that he cannot by perseverance and persistent grand larceny rise among his fellow men with such rapidity that when he straightens out and looks over the top limb of the tree the weight of his over-shoes will break him in two.—*Billy Nye, in Boomerang.*

—A gentleman sent a copy of Browning's first acknowledged work, "Paracelsus," to Tom Hood, who was then confined to his bed by illness, thinking that it might "amuse the patient." The story is told that Hood took up the volume, and, having perused it for a few minutes, handed it to his wife. "Read, my dear read," he exclaimed, with a wild look in his eyes. Mrs. Hood soon appeared to be absorbed in "Paracelsus." "Well," asked Hood, anxiously, after a pause. "Well?" "Why," replied, in doleful tones, Mrs. H., "I can't make out a word of it." A sigh of relief burst from her husband. "Thank Heaven!" he cried, "then I have not lost my reason."

The Friendship, N. Y., Oil Refinery burned to the ground on Friday morning the 6th inst.

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.

AND

DOMESTICS.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Gent's sewed and Pegged Fine Boots.

Ladies

CASS CITY MICH.

GROCERIES.

TEAS, COFFEES,

SUGARS,

CANNED GOODS,

SPICES,

TOBACCO'S AND

CIGARS,

TOILET SOAPS.

AND

DOMESTICS.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Gent's sewed and Pegged Fine Boots.

Ladies

CASS CITY MICH.

AND

DOMESTICS.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Gent's sewed and Pegged Fine Boots.

Ladies

CASS CITY MICH.

LUCE & MOSHER,
Caro, Mich.

—Jobbers & Retailers of—
Pure Drugs, Chemicals, White Lead, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Books, Stationery Wall Paper and SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR
Burrill's Compound Cheery Balsam, Hill's Peerless Remedies, Parmelee's Standard Preparations, AND PROPRIETORS OF
Luce & Mosher's Cholera Preventive, Cough Mixture, Worm Tea, VanKeuram's Ointment,

Our own preparations are sold and guaranteed by all Dealers. Respectfully,

Luce & Mosher.

HARDWARE!

Nails, Glass,

Putty, Pain's,

ails, Frushes,

Iron Stoves,

Hardware,

Powd Shot,

Lead.

Rubber

—and—

Hemp Packing,

etc. - - - etc.

Crockery,

Glassware,

Lamps, Brooms,

Tubs, Pails,

Bird Cages,

Baskets,

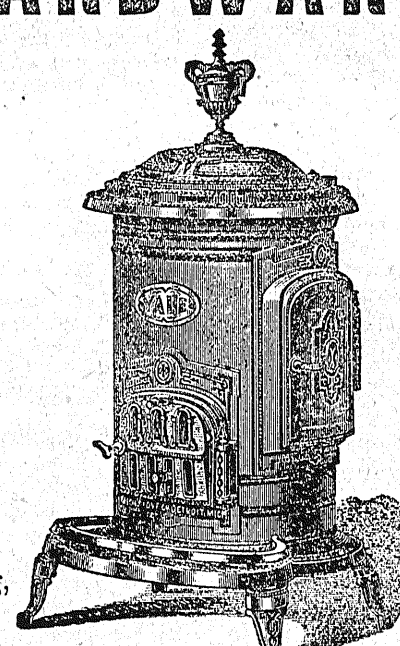
Mop Sticks,

Washboards,

Churns, wood

and stone,

etc. - - - etc.



Come and see our Stock, now Full and Complete.
We are doing business on a cash basis, and our goods are marked low.
Cass City, Mich. P. R. Weydemeyer.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Board of Health of Detroit reports that city is now affected with 28 cases of scarlet fever and 14 of diphtheria. One sufferer from small-pox has died. The establishment of a pest house is recommended.

Tuesday morning, at Lexington, a boy named Dawson, aged 12, was found dead in his bed. Frank Brant of Ludington, has been fined \$15 for using obscene language in a passenger car.

Thursday night, during the northeast gale, the sea broke over the breakwater at Sand Beach its whole length, destroyed the light house jawl, and moved an anchor, on top of the breakwater, weighing a ton and a half, several feet.

The Rea, R. W. Burgess of White Rock, offers a reward of \$50 for the recovery of articles taken by burglars from his house and conviction of the thief.

The baggage room of the F. & P. M. depot, at the Midland crossing, was entered by burglars on Thursday night and one or two trunks are reported taken.

J. H. Bartlett of Flint, was one of the members of the crew of the ill-fated Jeannette, which was crushed in the ice, June 22, off the coast of Siberia. His name appears among the list of saved.

St. Hanser struck himself with his ax, back of the right ear, cutting a gash six inches long in his head and chin, while chopping in Orono, Wednesday. A small limb which caught his ax made him do it; but it couldn't be done on purpose by the best India-rubber man who ever performed in a circus.

An injunction was served Friday, stopping the building of the new mill in Jackson. This throws many men temporarily out of employment. The injunction was sued out by Alonzo Bennett, in behalf of the estate of the late Alen Bennett, to restrain the Purifier company from using their funds in building the new mill.

The Ovid Register states that Thursday, in Fairfield, Wm. Arnold was beating his wife, when a Mr. Sawyer came to the rescue of the woman, whereupon Arnold drew a revolver and shot Sawyer, the ball glancing from a rib, inflicting only a flesh wound.

December 31, Martha Heals, a young woman living with her parents at Flint, left the house in her night clothes, without shoes or stockings, and went to the river and drowned herself, her body being found about two hours later. The deceased has for some time been subject to fits of temporary insanity, and it is supposed that while in this condition she committed the deed.

John Dunn and another man were poisoned at Springfield park, six miles northwest of Parma, on the 30th ult. While attending a shooting match they ate mince pies sold on the ground, and were taken suddenly and dangerously ill. The physician called pronounced both suffering from poison.

Isaac Clark and Dan'l Graham, convicted of the Norris murder, made a desperate effort for liberty on their way to Jackson. When near Ann Arbor they both pulled loaded pistols from their breasts and attempted to shoot the officers in charge. A close watch had been kept, and they were immediately taken in hand, when a desperate struggle ensued. Although both pistols were fired, the wounds, it is thought, will not prove fatal. When overpowered the prisoner Clark was still very defiant, but Graham declared the wish that he had committed suicide. Both were lodged in jail. It seems that heretofore prisoners have not been searched before starting for prison, and in the farewell greeting of friends the secreting of weapons would be easy, as in the present case, prisoners will hereafter be searched.

The barn of Milton Reynolds, near Saline with its contents, was destroyed by fire Tuesday evening, the work of an incendiary. One horse was roasted, and two fatally injured.

A young man named Goodnow, a little west of St. Johns, committed suicide Wednesday morning by hanging himself in a barn.

Samuel Bickley of Flint, and a native of Middlesex, Eng., died on Wednesday, aged 109 years. He was served in the British navy when a boy, pressed in many historic engagements, and came to this country in 1836.

The receipts of the water board of Detroit for 1881 amounted to \$503,473.08, and the disbursements to \$488,605.18.

Francis Palmer, Jas. McMillan, J. S. Newberry, Hugh McMillan, Geo. Hendrie, H. B. Moran and Frederick Driggs of Detroit, have formed themselves into a land company, with a capital of \$400,000 paid in, under the title of the "Peninsular Land Company, Limited." The object is the purchase of and speculation in lands in the Upper Peninsula.

Hon. C. T. Gorham, of Marshall, caused the arrest of Frank T. Rowley, of Fredonia, on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences, in that he used an incorrect abstract of a piece of land in obtaining a loan from Mr. Gorham.

A freight train of nine cars was wrecked on the M. & L. S. railroad Wednesday night, a little west of Hudson. No one was hurt.

In the Supreme Court, sitting at Lansing on the 5th inst., the following decisions were made: Reversed—Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad vs. Charles Pierce; Richardson vs. Stebbins; Ledyard vs. Phillips et al.; Knapp vs. Woolverton; Chicago & Grand Trunk railroad vs. Campbell; McKenzie vs. Sykes; Continental Insurance Company vs. Phelps; Adams—Way et al. vs. Stebbins; Stamp vs. county of Cass; Durand vs. the People; Curtis vs. Sheldon et al.; Holtofer vs. Holtofer; Porter vs. Throop et al.; Crooks et al. vs. Whitford. Decree modified—Henderson vs. Sherman et al.

L. L. and E. R. Fosdyth's store in Ypsilanti was entered Wednesday night by some one who blew open the safe and robbed it of \$622, of which \$608 belonged to Mrs. Gaze, an employee of the Lewis hotel, and a widow with one child.

Oscar Byrne, who robbed the fur store of Kidder & Co., of Grand Rapids, to the amount of \$5,000, has been sentenced to 10 years in the Ionia prison.

Two vagrants coming down with small-pox, and who swore that they had been forwarded to Detroit by the Toledo authorities, have been sent to the Wayne County pest house this week.

The Supervisors of Eaton county submit to the voters the proposition to tax themselves \$40,000, for the purpose of building a new court house.

Grand Haven mourns the death of Mrs. James Armstead, a much loved lady, the daughter of Ebenezer Barnes, of Grand Rapids.

Scammell & Rich's slaughter house, near Ionia, was burned to the ground Thursday night. Loss \$2,000—insurance \$1,000.

Charles Alexander, an old and respected citizen of Marshall, fell dead of paralysis on Friday.

Mrs. John Howland, who came to Ypsilanti in 1843, died Wednesday aged 82.

Charles Buck, who carries Mail between Jackson and Liberty, in climbing to the seat of his vehicle on Friday, lost his balance and fell to the ground, and the frightened team dragged and kicked him much to his injury. A farmer took his mail pouch to Jackson.

FRIGHTFUL TRAGEDY AT THE KALAMAZOO INSANE ASYLUM.

Dr. Adams, assistant superintendent of the insane asylum at Kalamazoo, was on Friday assaulted by a patient named Winans, who had a fancied grievance against him. The assailant had got possession of a jack knife which an attendant had mislaid some days previous, and had sharpened it with a stone outside the windows until it was a most effective weapon.

When Dr. Adams entered the ward the patient attacked him with the knife, stabbing him in the abdomen. Attendant William Hill, who was present, was also stabbed in the leg above the knee, making a painful but not dangerous wound. The other attendant in this hall is just recovering from sickness, and there was difficulty in getting the patient secured; but it was done, and he was confined. Dr. Adams' wound was at once seen to be a serious one, and everything was done that could be, and the best medical assistance in the village was in a few moments at his side. Telegrams were sent to his friends, announcing a fatal injury. He was in a state of collapse this afternoon and not expected to live the day out. Should the wound prove fatal, as is apprehended, the loss of Dr. Adams will be deeply felt. He was a most valued officer of the institution in every particular, esteemed by all who ever met him, and the people of the village deeply regret the tragedy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Men from Memphis have bought the Pratt coal and coke company property in Alabama, paying \$1,000,000 therefor.

Fire in Philadelphia, at the corner of Fourth and Race streets, caused damages to the amount of \$150,000.

An exodus of colored plantation hands from South Carolina, which is said to embrace several thousand workers, causes fear of a loss of crops in several counties.

One convict at Sing Sing prison murdered another Saturday morning, without any preliminary conversation or quarrelling. Nobody seems to know why.

Atlanta's cotton exposition closed with imposing ceremonies. A farewell address was delivered by Director General Kimball.

Bennett of the New York Herald is in St. Petersburg conferring with Russian officials about another polar expedition.

Immigrants to the number of 440,000 arrived at New York in the year 1881, being 130,000 more than in 1880.

Missouri river is closed by ice at Sioux City. The re-called representatives of China bade President Arthur farewell last evening, and the new minister was presented and his credentials accepted.

During the year 1881 business failures in the condition of trade in different sections of the country show a very encouraging state of affairs for the current year.

The men concerned in the murder and brutal outrages upon three women at Ashland, Va. have confessed their crime.

Capt. Howgate, confined for embezzlement, was let out of jail on New Year's day, to have a good time with his friends.

By the breaking of a bridge on the Boston & Maine railway on Monday, a train was wrecked, causing the death of an aged man, and the wounding of a large number.

United States numbered 5,582, involving liabilities of about \$81,000,000. Detailed statements of a train on the Union railway at Indianapolis struck a team while crossing its track on Monday, and killed a passenger, a Sister of Charity of that city.

D. O. Groesbeck, of Kalamazoo, is chosen clerk of Mr. Barrow's committee on territories.

Congressman Burrows recommends Dr. L. O. Woodman for Postmaster at Pay Paw.

The object of Gov. McCray's presence in Washington is to give his views as to the need of further legislation for Utah.

Swaine, Judge Advocate General, thinks the court martial which tried Whittaker was illegally called by President Hayes, and that its proceedings are void.

Plymouth church sittings rented this year for \$38,000.

The Vine St. theatre of Cincinnati, run by Col. Snellbaker, was burned Wednesday. Loss \$8,000.

By virtue of a general strike among the lasters in the shoe factories of Cincinnati on Wednesday, 400 lasters went out and 7,000 persons were thrown out of employment.

By a majority of 109 votes, Princeton, Ill., was decided in favor of license.

J. F. S. Lloyd, the map manufacturer, of Tennessee has been arrested upon a requisition from the Governor of Tennessee, charged with obtaining from \$15,000 to \$20,000 under false pretences.

Wm. Fox, one of the Keokuk medical students, has died of small pox.

Cincinnati reports arrests during the past year 13,000, making an average of almost thirty-six per day.

CONGRESS.

Jan. 5th.—In the Senate a number of executive communications were laid before the body, and numerous petitions were presented for legislation regulating inter-state commerce, and for increased pay to life-saving services; referred to committees. In the House a point of order was raised as to the right to introduce a bill through petitions. The chair decided that the only right method was to introduce bills openly. The House then adjourned until Monday next.

The House met at noon. Mr. Orth, rose to a question of privilege, saying he had been a member for 12 years and thought he was entitled to a better recognition than that given him by the speaker in his committee appointments, and declined to serve on the committee on rules. He was excused. Bills were introduced as follows: Requiring manufac-

turers of oleomargarine butter to label it according to its character; to amend the rules so that the committee on the Mississippi levees may originate appropriations for all works and improvements of the river without reference to the appropriation committee. Mr. Hewitt introduced a resolution of thanks to the khedive of Egypt for the presentation to the United States of the obelisk (Cleopatra's needle); passed.

Dec. 6th.—President Davis called Mr. Garland to the chair. Resolutions were offered, instructing the Secretary of the Interior to furnish reports of survey of the United States and Texan boundary commission; also, instructing the Secretary of Treasury to give reasons for not complying with the instructions in regard to the tariff dues imposed in English and American goods by France.

The resolution of Mr. Hale, for a special commission on the mode of electing the President and Vice-President and of counting and certifying the vote was disposed of by reference to the committee on Privileges and Elections. Mr. Sherman gave notice of his intention to bring up on Monday his bill for the issue of three per cent. bonds. The Senate, after a brief executive session, adjourned until Monday.

FOREIGN.

London's contribution for the relief of Vienna theater fire sufferers somewhat exceeds £10,000.

Two sisters named Croughan have been shot near Mullingar, county West Meath, by an unknown assassin who entered their mother's farm house early in the morning and after greeting the family drew a revolver and fired killing one sister and fatally wounding the other.

A dispatch from Panama Dec. 24 says: The municipality of Lima has been suppressed by order of commander Lynch, of the Chilean forces. Col Caesar Canavear, the alcaide, when the order was served upon him, refused to turn over his department to the Chileans until compelled to do so by force. He has been subjected to no indignity, and the municipal affairs of Lima are now managed by a Chilean officer.

In suppressing the kidnapping of the South Pacific islands, Great Britain asks the co-operation of France, Germany and the United States.

Refugees from Tunis are arriving at Tripoli by the thousands.

A London Committee of prominent Jews, including the Rothschilds, is collecting information regarding the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Poland.

The Roman Catholic Bishops and clergy of Montreal have withdrawn their opposition to the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage bill, and it will be introduced into Parliament in a modified form.

Iroquois and Foxhall, the famous American racers, will, it is said, be matched for a race early next season at Newmarket.

In a recent speech at Birmingham Mr. Bright attributed the discontent of Ireland to a long course of Tory misrule, and justifies present coercive measures by the government on the ground of absolute necessity.

A London correspondent says that France and England have agreed to support the Khedive of Egypt in the maintenance of his authority over his own troops or subjects.

The Emperor of Germany has celebrated the 75th anniversary of his admission to the army.

Cardinal Ludovico Jacobini, the pontifical secretary of state, has made a startling movement. He has addressed a note to all the powers which now have their representatives at the Vatican, asking them what steps they would take if the Pope were compelled to leave Rome.

These Powers are Austria, Belgium, France, Brazil, and nearly all the South American states. The same question has also been asked in a more indirect manner of the German and English representatives. The cardinal asks whether the representatives of the catholic church would follow the Pope if he was compelled to leave Rome, and whether they would undertake to guarantee the safety of the Pope's churches and palaces after his departure.

A London dispatch, Jan. 5, gives an account of a terrible outbreak in Kuldja. The Chinese authorities there asserted authority over the conquered people in a very cruel and impressive manner, and the native Khizghis concerted a scheme in retaliation, and carried it out by attacking the Chinese villages and massacring all the inhabitants, sparing none.

Forster publishes a letter denying that secret instructions were given by the government to the sub-commissioners under the land act—as charged by the landlords' convention.

Earl Derby made a speech yesterday announcing his resignation as a thorough liberal, and comparing the trouble in Ireland to the secession movement in America; in which he declared England would be as successful as was the north in the conflict for union.

The entire tenantry of the town of Land Lacks, North Tipperary, was evicted Thursday. The military were present. One hundred guardsmen were sent to Clare and Limerick on requisition of a magistrate. Guardsmen will be distributed in parties of five through the country in small garrisons to protect the persons and property of landlords and others whose lives are threatened.

DETROIT MARKETS.

POLTRY.—Turkeys have been scarce and have been wanted at 15c, chickens were quite plenty and the market somewhat depressed, but later they were more in demand because of the scarcity and high prices of turkeys, selling at 728c. Choice geese and ducks have also been in good request. Geese have been worth about the same figures, and ducks 11 1/2 to 12 1/2 c.

GAME.—Partridges and turkeys have been in good demand, with limited supplies. Partridges, 50¢ per pair; ducks—mallards, 50¢ to 55¢; common varieties, 20¢ to 25¢; turkeys, 12¢ to 15¢; squirrels, 50¢ to 60¢ per doz; quail, 81 50¢ to 75¢; rabbits, 25¢ to 30¢ each.

APPLES—choice, per bbl. 85 25 3 50
BEANS—per bu. 2 50 3 00
BEEF—per lb. 20 22
BUTTER—Best grades 24 25
CRANBERRIES—per bu. 50 64 10
CHEESE—Ohio and Michigan per lb 13 14
COAL—per bu. 64 66
DRIED FRUIT—Apples per lb. 05 07
Peaches. 20 25
EGGS—per doz 20 22
FLOUR—White Wheat brands 7 00 7 25
HAY—Choice 14 00 15 00
HIDES—Green 6 7
HICKORY NUTS 51 61 25
HOES—State, new 23 25
OATS—White 45 46
ONIONS—per bbl. 2 75 3 00
POYABOIS—per bu. 50 55
SAFON—Onion 1 35
Sardines 1 35
TALLOW—per lb. 5 5
WHEAT—No 1 white 1 25 1 31
No 2 white 1 25 1 31
No 2 red 1 25 1 35
WOOD—per cord 4 00 4 50

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the *Democrat and Chronicle*.

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death; and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of a grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught in a snare at this position and to warn others against wearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June 1881, I lay at my bedside in this city, surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times neuralgic pain in my head, but as it would come only once and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a most serious disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar cold about the joints. I was very nervous, and also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for I had been these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my family became wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with epinephric disease; another, nervousness; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the names of which I had to repeat to me every way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had nearly become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into a terrible and consistent disorder. The little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 297 to 180 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach and lived wholly by the kindness of a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutching the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. I was sick and nervous. I had the death premonitions haunting constantly. My urine was filled with white casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard, but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the College of Physicians, and a student of the medical and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the best beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally consented to give it a trial. I began to try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one who had been so long in bed. I began to take it; the sickening sensation departed, and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known the mysterious good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Cornish Academy of Music of this city, stating in full all my symptoms and almost hopeless condition, and the remarkable means by which I had been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe, owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of Kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe MORE THAN ONE-HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms, it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads

these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of Kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unequalled statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession, and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements base upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1881.

What to do with Sewage.

They have invented a plan in England, not only for the deodorization of sewage but of converting it without annoyance into a source of use and profit. The first part alone would be of incalculable value, of comfort and healthfulness to the populations of our cities and towns; especially, would it be a great relief to the people of Chicago, with its many producers of "Bridge-port smells," which do so greatly annoy us. There is a large farm in the vicinity of London which is fertilized by this deodorized sewage. At the recent session of the International Medical congress, about one hundred of the members accepted an invitation to visit this farm and investigate the processes there going forward. It receives the sewage of Croydon and Norwood, which contain about 65,000 inhabitants. The doctors were taken first to the fields of rye-grass, which had been cut the fourth and fifth time this year, so much had the growth been promoted by the artificial application of the deodorized sewage water. The effect upon the water itself is thus described in the report to the Medical Convention:

"They were first taken to the fields of rye grass, which had been cut the fourth and fifth time this year. The flowing water from this sewage, after passing over these fields, was so well purified from all organic matter and fetid smell that it was fit for cattle to drink, and some of the visitors became so enthusiastic as to its purity as to sip a little, and pronounced it tasteless and without a sign of unwholesomeness. This water empties into the river Wandle without injuring the trout, and other fish of that stream, or rendering a residence injurious on the banks of the river."

Any one who has taken the trouble to stand upon the banks of the Illinois river, while the water from Chicago has been passing, will realize the difference. Besides, he will discover myriads of fish which have not fared as well as those of the Wandle, but which have been killed by the foreign element injected into the river. The benefit which such a system would confer upon our cities would consist mainly in its effect upon the comfort and health of the people. Chicago's stench is at times almost unendurable; and it would also destroy the deadly exhalations from the sewers and kindred sources, which increase so largely the death rate and unhealthfulness of cities. In Croydon and Norwood this has been decidedly lessened since the sewage was thus disposed of. As a source of profit in its application to agriculture, the sewage is valuable. It stimulates largely the yield of nearly every crop, but its greatest results are with the grasses and roots.

The American cities are having an immensity of trouble with sewage. No plan has yet been devised to satisfactorily dispose of it, or to remove its offensiveness. This question has been discussed year after year for a long period, but so far as we have learned has not been brought any nearer a solution than in the beginning. But if—and there seems to be no doubt of it—complete success has been obtained in these English towns, it would be a good idea to send a "commissioner" over to investigate, that the process may be introduced into the United States. It is a subject of great importance both in a sanitary and economical point of view.

The *London Times* in a financial article commenting upon the general aspect of trade during the year just ended, notes the quiet but steady improvement in railway traffic. The returns show an increase of three to four per cent. in the latter half of the year. The enormous production of iron in 1880 has been exceeded in 1881. On the Clyde alone 100,000 more tons of shipping are being built than in the most active previous year. The probable out-turn of ships this year has been 800,000 to 1,000,000 tons gross. The prosperity of other trades is shown by the increase up to the end of November in the aggregate of value of exports of British produce and manufactures by from three to four per cent.

A CONDEMNED MAN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.—"Papa, dear papa, I'm glad you're going to die, for you know, papa, that if you were not going to die you would be taken away off into a dark prison when I could never see you any more, and you know papa, that would grieve you so much that you would not live long anyhow, so I think everything is best as it is, don't you papa? And I will grow up to be a big girl, and I will be so good, papa, that every one will love me, and I will never forget you, papa, nor how much you loved your little Mary." This strangely affecting speech was made in the St. Louis jail the other day to a man who is to be hanged within a few days.

When a lecturer has worked the ladies of his audience so near to the weeping point that they have gotten out their handkerchiefs, and then suddenly changes his tone and speaks of the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, he is bound to rouse a feeling of indignation.

The Habits of the Beaver.

A contributor to a recent number of *Forest and Stream* gives the beaver credit for a trifle more intelligence than I have observed it to possess, although it is a very knowing and ingenious animal. He said in substance, that it understands the direction that a tree will naturally fall, and cuts down only those which will serve its purpose by falling where wanted for the construction of a dam or house. This is a mistake. A family of beavers will attack a grove of cotton-wood trees on the brink of a stream, and if not interrupted, or otherwise diverted from their purpose, will cut them all down, regardless of the direction in which they may fall. But a few days ago, while fishing in Williams river, Middle Park, I was attracted by "beaver work" in a clump of cottonwoods too far from the stream for any of them to reach it in falling. There were ten or fifteen trees altogether, ranging from one to two feet in diameter. All were girdled; some were cut half through, but yet standing, while several had fallen. One of the largest of the group had fallen directly away from the stream, its top breaking to pieces against the foot of the mountain. Another of the large ones after falling a few feet had lodged against another tree—an inevitable result to man's intelligence. Furthermore, most of the branches of this tree were either dead or had been carried away by the wind, so there was very little object to cut it down for. At another tree, standing within six feet of the above, the curious miscalculation had been made of cutting one side about two feet higher than the other, occasioned by the fact that a log lay against it on the up-hill side, from which they worked, while on the other side the work was from the ground. In this instance a dry, seasoned branch, several inches in diameter had been cut away in order to make room to work. The tops and branches of all the fallen trees had been cut off and taken away, but there was no dam near, the stream being too large and rapid for them to manage in that way.

Rocky mountain streams are nearly all occupied by beavers. In many small creeks their dams are so frequent as to create continuous "slack" or dead water for miles. As the higher altitudes are reached the timber growth becomes more and more limited and dwarfed. The cottonwood disappears at about eight thousand feet. For the next two thousand feet the quaking aspen becomes his favorite food, but in this range there are many streams that are fringed only by low willows or flow through meadows without any shrubs at all. So long as the beaver can find willows twenty inches long and as thick as the finger he can build an effective dam. When these fail he must resort to burrows in the banks. Thus there are two emergencies that make him a burrower for the time being: first, a stream too large and impetuous for him to dam, and second, lack of material for a dam. I have seen in sluggish, meadow bordered streams, at high altitudes, obstructions placed by beavers that appeared to be composed entirely of grass, grass roots and bits of sod, but they could not be called dams. The animals lived in the banks and there was no very apparent use for the meek dams. Perhaps this construction was from instinct, or mere force of habit. To illustrate this trait I will relate an instance. A friend who followed trapping some years ago caught a young beaver very soon after its birth, carried it to his cabin, and it soon became a great pet. As it approached maturity it got to building dams, and each morning he found his cabin floor divided by a dam that reached from wall to wall, and was composed of firewood, boots, articles of clothing, and all other movable articles in the house that it could reach and transport. It could not have known from observation what a stream of water was like, or what a dam was for.

The beaver will go several hundred feet from a stream to cut down small aspen trees; will then divide them into convenient lengths and transport every portion to the water. He will climb up a steep mountain side for such purpose. I once noticed a pitch pine, fifteen inches through, that they had cut down. It was on a mountain slope some distance from the stream, but they had not removed the branches, and I suppose it was cut for an experiment to see what kind of "fruit" it bore.—*Forest and Stream*.

Edward W. Harris, retiring Judge of the Sixteenth Circuit, was, on Saturday night, at Port Huron, presented with a gold watch and chain valued at \$175, by the members of the bar of St. Clair county.

VEGETINE.—It extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing with its foundation, correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy termination and purification of the blood driving out disease and leaving Nature to perform its allotted task.

YOUNG MEN

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AGENTS MAKE THE MONEY SELLING THE

THE FARM.

When the mountains are covered with purple mist,
And the apples glow 'mid the orchard green;
When the grapes drop low on the clambering vine,
And the morning air is frosty and keen;
When the maples are blazing with scarlet flame,
The gorgeous flame of the quivering leaves,
Oh, then do we gather the golden corn
And bind it close in its ample sheaves.
We gather it in, our priceless hoard,
Ripened and crisped by the summer's glow
And up to heaven we lift our thanks
For this gift of grain ere the winter snow.

FARM NOTES.

The work of the farmer during this season may be summarized under these headings: preservation and utilization of the products of the past season; care of his stock; preparing for another year.

The due care of live stock implies perfect cleanliness, good ventilation, with sufficient warmth, good wholesome food, and (for horses especially) moderate exercise. This care farmers cannot afford to neglect.

Prepare your plans for your spring work; each year's experience should make you a better farmer. Be guided by this experience in your programme of work for the ensuing year. Experience is by no means the least important educator of the farmer.

The grain crops are all in the barn or granary, or turned into hard cash, and the farmer has had another lesson on the important fact that the thorough cleaning and preparing of wheat or other grain for the market, is well paid for by the increased price. The inferior grain should be fed in the stock yard, in this way only does it pay. The root crops also stored for the winter, in the cellar, or root-house, or in the pit. We must bear in mind that frost is not the only state we have to guard against. Too high a temperature as well as too low must be avoided; in order to preserve roots in good condition we must keep them from growing. The cooler we can keep them without exposing them to the risk of freezing, the less liable they are to sprout; if the temperature is too high, roots are liable to injury from sprouting; if it be too low there is the certainty of their being frozen; if too dry they are liable to be wilted, while too much moisture rots any roots.

Vegetation is now dormant in our climate; there is therefore little outdoor work this month. There is, however, in gardening as well as farming much of preparation for the coming spring, as well as care of the garden products for the winter supply. If there are any days of open dry weather vacant ground not yet turned up to the frost, should be dug, and, when necessary, for deepening the soil and renewing it, trenches from 12 to 20 inches deep. Trenching, it is true, is expensive, but there is no labor more remunerative. Manure can be brought by sleigh or wheeled carriage with greater ease than at any other season; it should be put in large heaps on the plots to which it is to be applied. A mixture of plaster will prevent its being fire-fanged and a covering with plaster and earth will save it from being frozen. None of our various root crops will bear the frost so well as parsnips and horseradish, and if any of these have been left in the ground they would keep there in better condition by being mulched with litter or earth; they will then keep uninjured till spring. The vegetables in the cellar or root-house should be carefully hand picked occasionally, and decaying ones, if there be any such, removed.

CLEANLINESS IN MILKING.—The manner of milking in the Channel Islands, the home of the Alderney, is peculiar, and has the merit of cleanliness, at least. Milking and straining the milk are done at one operation. The milk-maid with her tin pail, linen strainer and sea-shell proceeds to the pasture. Seating herself beside the cow, she thus completes her arrangements. The strainer is securely tied over the narrow-mouthed bucket, and placing the large shallow shell on the strainer she vigorously directs the streams into the shell; overflowing the shallow brim, the milk passes through the strainer into the receptacle beneath, the shell being used simply to prevent wearing a hole in the linen strainer.

SOOT FOR FERTILIZING.—*The Gardener's Chronicle* contains the following on soot as a fertilizer: "I have long had great faith in soot as a manure, and have here a covered box placed near the castle, into which the sweep puts all the soot from the chimneys and flues, from time to time; this, in the course of the year, amounts to an incredible quantity of manure, and very handy and useful we find it. When a piece of ground is dug we give it a dressing with soot, and then, in gardening phrase, 'break it down' for the crop; this really means turning a harrow or rough rake over it, and it mixes the soot with the soil nicely, and the result is always satisfactory in the crop. Last year our onion crop showed unmistakable signs of the maggot; I immediately had the piece dressed with soot. Heavy rains set in just after, and soon the onions were on their legs and the maggots gone."

OVER-FEEDING WITH HAY.—Now that cows are about going into winter quarters, a hint about feeding hay may not be out of place. We often hear dairymen talk as if the height of skill in taking care of cows in the winter, was to get all the hay down that it is possible to cram into them. "I give my cows all the good hay I can get them to eat," is the boastful remark often heard from a spirited and aspiring dairymen, though in doing so he is wasting good provender without promoting the best welfare of his animals. It is a good thing to feed cows well, and to be sure that they have food enough to sustain them fully; but it is neither wise nor economical to crowd

them with a great bulk of hay of any quality. It is not wise to crowd any animal with a great bulk of hay of any quality. A horse will do more work and do it easier, on moderate feeds of hay than he will to crowd him with all that can be got down him. It is burdensome for him to move or exert his muscles with an over-distended stomach, and the too large ration will not be digested so well as a smaller one. These objections are more emphatically true with cows. It is the nature of ruminants to hurry down large meals when opportunity occurs, and then to lie by a long time to grind it over, a cud at a time, till it is well pulverized. If palatable food is offered to them, they will take in one meal after another in quick succession, as it gives very little time for mastication, and the successive meals of half-ground food will be crowded out of the rumen, one after another, imperfectly digested for the want of being properly pulverized. In this course of feeding, the double loss from discomfort and imperfect digestion is forcibly felt. Cows should have no more hay than they have time to remasticate; and if this is not enough for their necessities, they should have easy-digesting concentrated food along with it. The quantity of hay given should never exceed what they will eat up clean; and twice a day is often enough to give time for properly ruminating.

THE MILK OF THE COW TREE.—Alexander Humboldt remarks that among the many very wonderful natural phenomena which he had during his extensive travels witnessed none impressed him in a more remarkable degree than the sight of a tree yielding an abundant supply of milk, the properties of which seemed to be the same as the milk of a cow. The adult Indians would go each morning with their slaves from the village or station on the slope of the mountain chain bordering on Venezuela, where Humboldt was stopping, to a forest where they grew, and, making some deep incisions into the trees, in less than two hours their vessels, placed under these incisions, would be full. All present would then partake of the milk, on which the slaves grew fat, and a quantity would be carried home to be given to the children and to be mixed with cassava and maize. The tree itself attains a height of from forty-five to sixty feet, has long alternate leaves, and was described by Lindley as *Brosimum galactodendron*. The milk which flows from any wound made in the trunk is white and somewhat viscid; the flavor is very agreeable. Some time ago, on the occasion of M. Boussingault going to South America, he was requested to take every opportunity of investigating this subject. At Maracay the tree was first met with, and for more than a month its excellent qualities were daily tested in connection with coffee and chocolate; but there was no opportunity for a chemical analysis. Nor does such appear to have occurred till recently, when, amid the many curious things exhibited by the Venezuelan Government at the Paris Exhibition, there happened to be several flasks of this milk, and after a long period M. Boussingault has been enabled to complete his analysis of this substance, which is unique in the vegetable world. In a memoir laid before the Academy of France he gives a detailed analysis, and concludes by stating that this vegetable milk most certainly approaches in its composition to the milk of the cow; it contains not only fatty matter, but also sugar, casein, and phosphates. But the relative proportion of these substances is greatly in favor of the vegetable milk, and brings it up to the richness of cream, the amount of butter in cream being about the same proportion as the peculiar waxy material found in the vegetable milk, a fact that will readily account for its great nutritive powers.

Four years ago Mr. S. O. Osborn, of Stuart, Iowa, planted several acres of forest trees, mostly of maple and black walnut, and he notes that though the seeds of the latter, even when put in the ground fresh, sometimes remain in the earth one or two years without germinating, but when they do germinate the plants soon catch up with the maples which started promptly. Mr. Osborn's trees now measure from four to ten feet in height, according to quality and richness of soil. Some of his four year old trees made this year a growth of five feet by actual measurement.

The refuse salt from the Onondaga salt works is used quite commonly in western New York on wheat lands, with beneficial results. It is applied sometimes on the growing crop in spring, but usually on the field and worked into the soil previous to seeding. F. P. Root, of Monroe county, in that state says, a much larger quantity may be used when worked into the soil than when applied directly to the crop; 300 or 400 pounds per acre may be sown broadcast on the crop, through one barrel of 280 pounds is about the usual quantity used, and three or four times that quantity may be worked into the soil with safety. Used in this way it is beneficial in destroying insects and worms in the soil, as well as to promote growth and early maturity of the crop. It is not claimed that salt is a direct fertilizer, for sodium is not found to be an element of plant food to any great extent in the cereal crops, but a mechanical effect is somewhat produced which is beneficial to vegetation to a limited extent.

It is reported that Queen Victoria wants to marry her daughter Beatrice to President Arthur. No doubt it would be a good match, so far as looks are concerned, for Beatrice is said to be uncommonly handsome; but if President Arthur wants to marry, there are plenty of American girls quite as good looking and quite as capable of making him a good wife, even if their mothers never wore a crown.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

An exchange says: "Lint dipped in nettle juice and put up the nostril, has been known to stay the bleeding of the nose when all other remedies have failed. Fourteen or fifteen of the seeds ground into powder and taken daily, will cure swelling of the neck, known by the name of goitre, without in any way injuring the general health."

Croup, it is said, can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater, and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

The Family Doctor says: "When much pressed with work, and feeling an inability to sleep, eat two or three small onions, the effect of which is magical in producing the desired repose. Such a remedy has a great advantage over the stupefying drugs commonly resorted to for this purpose, and is even preferable to the liquor opii sedat, and chlorodine, of medical practice."

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

Medical Brief.

LOCKJAW.—Take a red hot coal from the fire and pour sweet oil (olive oil) on it; then hold the wounded part over thick smoke, as near as possible without burning. It will be necessary to repeat the operation two or three times a day. This remedy has been known to cure after the jaws had commenced to get stiff.

EGGS—HOW INCREASED.—If an increase of eggs be desired in the poultry yard, before large sums of money are expended in the purchase of everlasting layers, we would recommend the system of keeping no hens after the first, or at most, after the second year. Early pullets give the increase, and the only wonder is that people persist, as they do, in keeping up a stock of old hens, which lay one day and stop the next. In some parts of Europe it is the invariable rule to keep the pullets only one year. Feeding will do a great deal—a surprising work indeed—in the production of eggs, but not when old hens are concerned; they may put on fat, but they cannot put down eggs. Their tale is told, their work is done; nothing remains to be done with them but to give them a small of the kitchen fire, and the sooner they get that the better.

Eating Before Sleeping.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable, and the pig squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew their own cud have their own provision for a late meal just before dropping off to their nightly slumbers.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless: two will wake it; and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug, it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a babe to sleep on an empty stomach.

We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults long hours after partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not after the type of infantile repose. There is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion.

To sleep well the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the brow that lately throbbled with such vehemence. To digest well this blood is needed at the stomach, and nearer the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows a well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this inter-dependence.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

TRUNDLE-BED TRASH.

Dear little, queer little trundle-bed trash;
Sleeping and walking, and smelling the trash
And coffee for breakfast, and wanting to know
If sugar is made of pretty white snow;
And how many grasshoppers all in a row
Can make enough syrup for dear little Jo
To eat on his own buckwheat pancakes. Ho! not
You dear little, queer little trundle-bed trash.

Strang, philosophical trundle-bed trash;
Hearing the thunders and watching the flash
Of lightning, as thwart the black heavens it shoots,
"I think all the angels have got their new boots;
And likely enough there is one of them tools
A monster big horn, just as did the recruits'
Last summer, when p'radin' all in their new suits.
That strange, philosophical trundle-bed trash.

Wise little spies ye are, trundle-bed trash,
Finding the pies. What a terrible crash!
Hark! there are mice on the very top shelf.
"The queen's in the pantry a helpin' her self,
In the parlor, a kingly young elf,
From mamma's portmanteau is counting the pelf,
"Des free an' twenty, dat's very dreat weal."
Oh! wise little spies ye are, trundle-bed trash.

Rad little, glad little trundle-bed trash,
Killing a fly on the low window-sash;
And soon in a flower-pot burial ground
Reposes the dead, "neath the thickest mound
And doming monument. Then the low sound
Of weeping and wailing is heard to resound.
Such dolours would Solomon's wisdom confound.
Thou sad, precious, bad little trundle-bed trash.

White little figures kneel there by the bed.
Tiny clasped fingers and reverent head.
Art children or angels, I question, as low
From seraphic lips a petition doth flow:
"Oh! bless my dear papa and mamma" and
"Just please to send Santa Claus down here below."
With oranges, biggest that ever did grow."
My darlings still art thou, sweet trundle-bed trash!

—Independent.

The Drummer Boy.

One cold December morning about eighty years ago, a party of tourists were crossing the Alps—and a pretty large party, too, for there were several thousands of them together. Some were riding, some walking, and some of them had knapsacks on their shoulders, like many Alpine tourists now-a-days. But instead of walking-sticks they carried muskets and bayonets, and dragged along with them fifty or sixty cannon.

In fact, these tourists were nothing less than a French army; and a very hard time of it they seemed to be having. Trying work certainly, even for the strongest man, to wade for miles through knee-deep snow in this bitter frost and biting wind, along these narrow, slippery mountain paths, with precipices hundreds of feet deep all round. The soldiers looked thin and heavy-eyed for want of food and sleep, and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.

But there was one among them who seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching, and tramped along through the deep snow and cold, gray mist—through which the great mountain peaks over-head loomed like shadowy giants—as merrily as if he were going to a picnic. This was a little drummer-boy of ten years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and and awoke all the echoes with the lively rattling of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge black rocks around were all singing in chorus.

"Bravo, Petit Tambour!" (little drummer) cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line, with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow. every now and then, to see how deep it was; "Bravo, Pierre, my boy. With such music as that one could march all the way to Moscow."

The boy smiled, and raised his hand to his cap in salute, for this rough-looking man was no other than the general himself, "Fighting Macdonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment.

"Long live our general," shouted a hoarse voice, and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.

But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind—a strange, uncanny sort of whispering far away up the great white side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

"On your faces, lads!" roared the general, "it's an avalanche!"

But, before his men had time to obey, the ruin was upon them. Down thundered the great mass of snow, sweeping the narrow ledge path like a waterfall, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stones and gravel and loose earth, and uprooted bushes, and great blocks of cold, blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night; and when the rush had passed, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down over the precipice, and either killed or buried alive in the snow.

But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen, what had happened, one cry arose from every mouth:

"Where's our Pierre? Where's our little drummer?"

Where, indeed. Look which way they would, nothing was to be seen of their poor little favorite, and when they shouted his name there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many a hard old soldier, who had looked without flinch at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start that that face would never be seen among them again.

But all at once, far below them, out of the shadows of the black unknown gulf that lay between those tremendous rocks, arose the faint roll of a drum, beating the charge. The soldiers started and bent eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the air.

"He's alive, comrades! Our Pierre's alive after all!"

"And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the last!"

"But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"

"He shall be!" broke in a deep voice from behind, and the general himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.

"No, no, general!" cried the grenadiers with one voice; "you mustn't run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all of ours put together."

"My soldiers are my children," answered Macdonald, quietly, "and no father grudges his own life to save his son."

The soldiers knew better than to make any more objections. They obeyed in silence, and the general was swinging in mid air, down, down, down, till he vanished at last into the darkness of the cold, black depth below.

Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his appearing, for they knew well that he would never come back without the boy, and that the chances were terribly against him.

Meanwhile, Macdonald, having landed safely at the foot of the precipice, was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.

"Pierre!" shouted he, at the top of his voice, "where are you my boy?"

"Here, general!" answered a weak voice, so faint that he could hardly distinguish it.

And there, sure enough, was the little fellow's curly head, half buried in a huge mound of snow, which alone had saved him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks as he fell. Macdonald made for him at once; and although he sank waist deep at every step, reached the spot at last.

"All right now, my brave boy," said the general, cheerily; "put your arms around my neck and hold tight; we'll have you out of this in a minute."

The child tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers had lost all their strength; and even when Macdonald himself clasped the tiny arms around his neck their hold gave way directly.

What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing cold of that dismal place would make rescue as powerless as him whom he came to rescue. But General Macdonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to haul up.

And when the two came swinging into the daylight once more, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unhurt, cheer upon cheer rang out, rolling far back along the line, till the very mountains themselves seemed to be rejoicing.

"We've been under fire and snow together," said Macdonald, chafing the boy's cold hands tenderly, "and nothing shall part us after this as long as we both live."

And the general kept his word. Years later, when the great wars were all over there might be seen walking in the garden of a quiet country house in the south of France a stooping, white-haired old man who had once been the famous Marshal Macdonald; and he leaned for support upon the arm of a tall, black-moustached, soldier-like fellow, who had once been little Pierre, the drummer.

The Praying Little Cripple.

I once knew a little cripple who lay upon her death-bed. She had given herself to God, and had distress because she could not labor for him actively among the lost. Her clergyman visited her, and hearing her complaint, told her that there from her sick-bed she could offer prayers for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write the names down, and then pray earnestly; and then he went away and thought of the subject no more. A sense of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nightly. The little cripple heard of the progress of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the saved. A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her pillow was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had in the revival been converted. By each name was a cross, by which the poor crippled saint had checked off the converts as they had been reported.—*Moody's Child Stories.*

SMALL POX REMEDY.—The following will cure not only small pox, but also scarlet fever. It is harmless when taken by a person in health: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; fox-glove (digitalis) one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a teaspoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If countries would compel their physicians to use this there would be no use this there would be no need of a pest-house.

Some peach trees in Allegan county were partly in bloom last week and others nearly ready to bloom.

The Government Chemists Report on Baking Powders.

To the Editor:

The recent publication of the report, giving the comparative merits of various Baking Powders, according to tests made by the Government Chemist, has induced some of the manufacturers of brands, whose inferiority was thus brought to light, to resort to various means and publications, in order to rid themselves of the results of that unfavorable exposition of their inferiority. That the public may fully understand the matter, and to avoid any misconception arising out of statements of our competitors, seeking to break the force of the report, I therewith subjoin the main part of the report, in which the comparative values are correctly given.

Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder.

Name of Baking Powder	Available Gas, Each Once Powder per lb.	Comparative Worth per lb.
Royal (cream tartar powder).....	127.4	48 cts.
"Stirling" (tartaric acid powder).....	125.12	48 cts.
"Famous" (alum powder).....	125.5	48 cts.
"Rumford" (phosphate) fresh.....	122.5	48 cts.
"Famous" (phosphate) old.....	122.7	48 cts.
"Hartford's None Such," new.....	121.6	47 1/2 cts.
"Hartford's None Such," old.....	81.35	33 cts.
"Redhead's".....	117.0	46 cts.
"Charm" (alum powder).....	116.9	46 cts.
"A masson" (alum powder).....	114.9	45 cts.
"Cleveland's" (short weight 1/2 oz.).....	110.8	43 cts.
"Case".....	108.8	42 cts.
"Dr. Price's Cream".....	102.4	40 cts.
"Lewis" (condensed).....	98.2	39 1/2 cts.
"Courtesy" (yeast).....	97.6	39 cts.
"Andrew's Pearl".....	95.2	38 1/2 cts.
"Hick's Perfect".....	92.5	38 cts.
"Gillett's".....	86	33 cts.
"Baker's".....	80.5	30 cts.

* The Government Chemist also adds: "I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and tartaric acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

It is proper to state that all the powders examined were from the open market, and that the original labels were in every case broken by Dr. Love himself. He also informs me that he, himself, purchased the can of Royal Baking Powder at the store of Park & Tilford.

I have only to add, that for 20 years the Royal Baking Powder has been before the public, and it is to-day the standard for purity and excellence throughout the world. Because of its intrinsic merit, and by virtue of honorable enterprise, the Royal Baking Powder has taken this rank, and I am therefore not surprised to find advertisers in the business anxious to assume their preparations to be its equal.

J. C. HOAGLAND,
President Royal Baking Powder Company.
New York, Dec. 6, 1881

What Would You Like For a Holiday Gift.

As the holidays approached boys and girls were every where thinking what they would like as a Christmas or new year's present. The boys wanted sleds, bi-cycles, bats and balls, a pony and no one knows what all.

Little girls could find no end to the things they would like, especially as they went down town and gazed in at the shop and fancy-store windows. New dresses, dolls and beautiful things of every description made it hard to decide what was wanted most.

You all remember reading a few days ago about the terrible fire in Vienna, when the Ring theatre was destroyed and almost a thousand persons were burned to death. Many little boys and girls went to bed having kissed papa and mamma good night and woke in the morning orphans. The glad holiday season brings no joy to them. But a very little girl thought of a very beautiful thing to ask as she grieved in sympathy with the fatherless children. "May, aged 15 years, the youngest daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the other morning when at breakfast, was asked what she desired most as a Christmas present, said she, "I would like to have permission to adopt one of the children made orphans by the "Ring Theatre fire." Her request brought tears to the eyes of all present, and greatly affected her imperial father.

Was not that a beautiful request for a princess to make when we have many blessings, how Christ-like to desire that they be shared by others.

The New Haven Register gives the following graphic description of the fire in Michigan, being a letter from a little girl to a lady of that city who had sent her a winter sack:

"The fire was terrible. It got dark at noon, and so hot that the window panes were as hot as lamp chimneys, and the wind was so strong that it blew the building over forty acres. The fire sparks flew as big as fists, and so thick; thicker than snow flakes. It was hard to save the lives. There were two of our neighbors who got burnt to a crisp on the road as they were escaping. The fire overtook them, each mother with five children, and the father was left. There was one family of six children with their parents, and all in a group. The whole number of lives lost was thirty-one in our town. It got so dark that everybody was running, and they did not know where to save their lives. Some had to tear their clothes from them to save their lives, for they were burning on them, and some children suffocated in their mother's arms. One girl's clothes caught fire on her, and she was burnt before she could tear them off. She ain't well yet. Next morning you could see cattle, horses, hogs, sheep and human bodies all around lying burnt. This fire was a great deal worse than the fire in 1871, but I do not remember that one."

THE NEW YEAR.

A flower unbloomed; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the year that for you waits,
Beyond to-morrow's mystic gates.

—E. W. Powers.

THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1892.

THE CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.

Don. Henderson, the great stalwart Republican statesman, has made a new distribution of Michigan's congressional districts, on the basis of eleven instead of nine as at present. Of course, the territory is sliced up so as to give good, sure Republican majorities in every district, and, therefore, Don. thinks it about as perfect a piece of work as anything human can be. Notwithstanding this, however, the plan has not been received with very general satisfaction, and some people in Tuscola county are not highly elated over the place assigned to in the new creation. We have been taken from Macomb, Lapeer, St. Clair, Sanilac and Huron and grouped with Saginaw, Clinton, Gratiot and Shiawassee, giving the district a population of 167,000, and a Republican majority of about 500. Now take it all in all, we rather like the re-arrangement proposed. The treatment we have received at the hand of the Republican managers of the seventh district has not been of such a character as to greatly endear them to us. While we have furnished the largest Republican majority in the district, and several times rendered the election of a Republican candidate possible, yet their has never been a disposition shown to give Tuscola county a fair share of the honors, or even to spend a moment in consideration of her claims. We see it stated that the counties to which they propose to unite us have become somewhat proverbial for furnishing almost limitless congressional aspirants, and that for this reason we will preclude the possibility of ever having a Tuscola county representative. We don't know whether this is true or not, but supposing it is, we certainly can't fare any worse than we have under the present arrangement. It has seemed for years to have been the settled purpose of the St. Clair county folks to control the choice of representatives, and in fact the whole three shire counties have conspired to deprive us of a recognition which has been well earned by our fidelity to the Republican cause, and one has only to recall the scenes at the last congressional convention to satisfy himself of what appeared very much like a well-defined antipathy of the counties named. As long as Tuscola remains with St. Clair, Sanilac and Huron she need expect little consideration, unless indeed a really radical change should take place. We can fare no worse with the Saginaw group, even if, as the Vassar Times intimates, the Saginaw valley breeds congressional candidates as freely as Georgia and produces jiggers. And it may be that the folks to the west of us possess a little finer sense of justice than our present allies, and would be disposed at least once in a generation to deal generously with the most stameth and reliable Republican county in Michigan.

MR. CANNON.

We are very glad indeed to notice the determination on the part of many of the house of Representatives to prevent Cannon, the Mormon delegate, from occupying a seat on the floor of the house. His exclusion by a decided vote would do more to call the attention of the American people to the iniquities of Mormonism, and inaugurate a movement for the suppression of the glaring vice, than any other one thing we think of. There is a sufficient amount of good, healthy public sentiment on this question, and there has been for years, but we have needed some organized movement to direct that public opinion, and make it patent. In dealing with the matter in Congress it should not be made a party question, as we fear it will be. No Republican should vote to reject Cannon because his party affiliations are with the Democrats, and no Democrat should champion his cause and insist upon his continuing to occupy a seat to which he was never legally elected and in which he would disgrace the nation in the eyes of the civilized world, simply because he is a tried and loyal Democrat. It ought surely to be expected that in the regulation of questions of this kind, questions that concern moral principles, and the deciding of which most necessarily be influential in subsequent discussions of this matter, our representatives will rise above party passions and party selfishness, and decide the controversy on its merits. But notwithstanding this, it is quite certain they will not do so, but if the matter comes to a division of the house, we shall expect to see Democratic representatives moving off in a so id mass, and thereby declaring to the world that in their estimation the married adulterer from Utah is a clean and worthy man, quite clean enough to sit and vote and hold fellow hip with the respectable and high toned members of the party. We say nothing in relation to the question of Cannon's eligibility and that, of course, is an important question in the case, for that will be carefully enquired into, and can be easily settled. If he is not a regularly qualified American citizen, and the fact can be shown, of course that will summarily determine the controversy. What we do earnestly protest against is the public sanction given polygamy and all its disgusting, loathsome and death-breeding associations, by permitting Mr. Cannon, or any other of the low lived libertines and adulterers, to occupy a seat upon the floor of the American House of Representatives, and we believe this is the voice of the great masses of our people.

EASTERN senators say Wm. E. Chandler soon will be secretary of the navy.

GUITEAU.

As we go to press the closing scenes of the Guiteau trial are being enacted. It has been considered a good deal of a farce from the commencement, but if the ends of justice are reached, we are not disposed to grumble at the leniency with which Judge Cox has been pleased to treat the prisoner. If there were any doubts of the assassin's sanity a month ago, there can be none today. The conduct of the prisoner in the court room furnishing convincing evidence of this. It appears to be generally anticipated that when the jury return they will not find occasion to deliberate long, but will soon agree on a verdict. It is difficult to imagine how there can be a disagreement. And yet such a thing is very possible. If such should be the case, the disagreeing juror or jurors are certain to be called some pretty uncomplimentary things. We hope to be able to announce in our next issue that the fellow has been found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Any other result will fail to satisfy the ends of justice, and the demands of the American people.

LEXINGTON'S CHANCE.

The pleasant and whilom busy village of Lexington had a chance of securing railroad communication with the outside world. That chance she lost. Ever since she has felt that the last chance was a serious matter is every day forcibly reminded of it in the trade that is diverted from her door to the neighboring village of Crosswell. But Lexington has another chance to get a railroad, and she will get it too. The projected road is from Detroit to Lexington touching at Romeo, Almont, Capac, and Brockway. It will traverse a magnificent farming country every foot of the way, and the road will pay handsomely from the very start. Assurances have been given that active measures will at once be taken to inaugurate the enterprise, and the thing will be pushed vigorously. The right men are at the helm. It will, of course, require a bonus of twenty or thirty thousand dollars here and there along the route, but those folks have got the money, and it will be forthcoming. Lexington is not dead now by any means, but will be a good deal less like a corpse in twelve months. Shake, Lexington.

AS WE SUPPOSED.

The Advertiser of last week quoted our article of two weeks ago entitled "Why is it?" and adds the following note. It is as we supposed. We hope the sentiments expressed will continue to exist, and that nothing will in the future transpire to mar the good feeling existing between the two villages:

In regard to the above, we would assure our Cass City friends that the feeling of the people of Caro, was not correctly reflected in the paper referred to. On the contrary, nothing but the very best of feeling exists in this community for our enterprising neighbor up the Cass. The greater portion of the inhabitants of Caro are not as greedy and grasping as one might infer from the quotations given, neither are they so constituted that they must needs tear down or assault other places or other people, in order to advance their own interests. On the contrary, our people, as a general thing, rejoice over anything that tends to build up any portion of our country, believing that what benefits the people of this section, helps the whole country, even though it be indirectly in some instances. There is a sentiment existing among the business men here, and a strong one, too, in favor of the extension of our railroad to Cass City, and it would be not at all surprising if our merchants and property owners put their hands in their pockets to help the project along.

THE QUILL DRIVERS.

Tommy Hannah pushes his quill on the St. Clair "Republican" no more.

The Mount Clemens "Republican" has curled up its toes, and turned its face to the wall, as it were. 'Tis well.

The Caro "Advertiser" came to hand this week changed in form to a six column quarto. The alteration is a great improvement.

The "Sanilac Jeffersonian" has just issued its edition for January 6th, 1891. Sleepy lot, those Lexington fellows. Need a railroad awfully.

Rumored that Ed. Rodgers will hereafter run the job department of the Vassar "Times" on his own hook. He is a good printer, and will succeed.

In the Hugh Peoples libel suit, the Evening News has had the warm sympathy of the entire state press, and of every intelligent man and woman, as well.

The Pontiac "Gazette" has reached its thirty ninth birthday, and is as bright and sprightly as a yearling. The "Gazette" is one of the very handsomest newspapers in the State.

The Port Huron "Commercial," has hoisted the name of Grimes Thidden for Democratic candidate for President in 1894. Talbot sticks to the old chap with all the affection of a mother-in-law.

The Honorable Edgar Weeks has stepped down and out. Edgar would have made a bright journalist, but he lost his early infancy, his paper woodbined. The re-election of Spencer B. was more than it could stand.

We hear it rumored that Milo Marsh, the greatest Greenback fizzle of all the Greenback fizzes, is to start a Greenback paper at Pontiac. Poor Pontiac! What great sin hath thou committed to be so grievously tormented?

Deli Hutton has gone to Canada. Been appointed American Minister to Wallaceburgh. Hutton was a second rate lawyer, then a third rate editor, but we predict he'll make a first rate sucker at the Government tit.

Toland & Miller, of the "Vassar Times," notify every man, woman and child in Tuscola county that to deny that the "Times" has a circulation of 1,250 copies weekly will subject the denier to the pain and penalties of the law.

Park Green, of the Port Hope "Gazette," is an honest fellow, whatever faults and imperfections he may possess. He came right out like a little man in his last issue and owned up that he was born in the wrong time of the moon, and has been slightly lunny ever since. But all the same Park is a rattling good writer, and not so "green," by half as some folks might expect, owing to the unfortunate time of his advent upon this mundane sphere.

Several copies of Port Huron's new paper, the Saturday Tribune, have reached our table, but owing to the rush and confusion of moving, we have neglected to acknowledge their receipt. The new comer is a bright and newy little sheet, the best thing Shouls, its publisher, has done in the newspaper line. Port Huron has been over-dosed with little, one-horse papers for several years, and prices for job work have been cut so ruinously, that it is almost impossible to make any money. We wish the Tribune better success than a dozen of his predecessors have had.

E. O. SPAULDING & CO.

NEW YORK STORE,

CARO, - - MICH.

A GRAND HOLIDAY SALE OF

Cloaks, Dolmans, Circulars, Ulsters, Havelocks, Beavers, Mantle Cloths, FURS! FURS!

Single Wool Shawls, Double Wool Shawls, Moss Velvet Shawls, Double faced

Camel's Hair Shawls, Elegant Paisley Shawls.

Black Cashmeres—10 new packages, selling at old prices. Colored Cashmeres—New Shades.

Black and Colored Worst Dress Fabrics. A large assortment, from 10 to 35 cents.

Silks Satins, Passementeries, Ornaments, Fringes, Laces, Plaids, and Stripes for trimming.

Gents, Ladies and Children's Underwear. Carpets, Oil Cloths and Curtains.

Goods shown with pleasure. Everybody come.

Respectfully,

E. O. SPAULDING & Co.

L. A. DEWITT,

Will say something in reference to his

PLANING MILL

—AND—

Furniture

Wareroom

In our next issue.

NEW STORE! AND NEW GOODS!

Cross & Parsons

—have opened a—

FLOUR & FEED STORE

—AT—

A. L. Keiff's Old Stand.

Patent Flour,

Family Flour,

Bbl. Flour,

Ground Feed,

Corn, Oats,

Salt, Seeds, etc.

Also a Full Line of Candies, Nuts, Etc.

—We Buy—

Produce and Provisions

AND PAY CASH.

FREE DELIVERY!

Call and see us opposite Kelly & Stick-

and's market.

Cross & Parsons,

Boston Restaurant

—KEPT IN—

EUROPEAN STYLE

Warm Meals at all Hours.

OYSTERS.

MILK STEW.....25c.

SOUP.....20c.

RAW.....20c.

A first-class stock of Confectionery and Cigars kept in connection.

JEFFREY'S ANDERSON,

(First door west of Town Hall)

Cass City.

JACOB MAIER,

Photograph Artist.

Photographs, Tin-types, Copying, etc. Work warranted.

Call on Cass City, Mich.

FOR THE FINEST

Photographs

McKenzie & Duck,

Caro, Michigan

—IN THE STATE, GO TO—

WISCONSIN LANDS

5,000,000 Acres

ON THE LINE OF THE

WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R.

For full Particulars, which will be sent FREE,

Address,

CHARLES L. COLBY, Land Commissioner,

Milwaukee, Wis.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

AT THIS OFFICE.

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.

A WHIRLWIND!

FURNITURE FOR EVERYBODY.

Having just received a large and elegant stock of Furniture, at my wareroom in Caro, I take this opportunity to invite my numerous friends in the northern part of the county to call and inspect it. The stock consists in ELEGANT PARLOR SETS, BED-ROOM SETS, SOFAS, CENTRE TABLES, EXTENSION TABLES, ROCKING CHAIRS, EASY CHAIRS, and everything usually found in a first-class establishment. Customers will find it greatly to their advantage to examine my prices before purchasing elsewhere. I would call special attention to my

Undertaking Dep't.

My stock of Coffins, Caskets and Burial Robes is the most complete in the county, embracing all styles, from the plainest to the most elegant. I have the most perfect facilities for embalming the dead; will furnish hearse and take entire charge of funerals when required. I extend a cordial invitation to every one, with their friends, to call and look through my establishment.

JAMES H. HOWELL, Caro, Mich.

—GO TO SHOETTL'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. SHOETTL.

Opposite Caro House, Caro, Mich.

CASS CITY

Boot and Shoe Store.

FINE SEWED FRENCH CALF,

FINE PEGGED FRENCH CALF,

and RIVER BOOTS A SPECIALTY

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

As we have had 25 years experience in the business and keep first class workmen we will guarantee good work.

THOS. ROWELL & Co.

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.

SPITLER & SON,

CARRIAGE & WAGON SHOP,

—Next door East of Weydemeyers Hardware—

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Repairs on Woodwork done promptly

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

Prices Moderate.

CASS CITY, MICH.

Removed!

New York Bazaar

To the store lately vacated by

Ingersoll & Oldfield.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

BERLIN ZEPHYR, GERMANTOWN

WOOLS, LADIES KNIT JAKETS.

JAS. H. ELLIS.

STATE STREET, CARO, MICH.

At N. A. Waugh & Co. Saginaw,

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.

Saginaw, Mich.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Detroit and Bay City Division.

TRAINS SOUTH.			TRAINS NORTH.		
AM.	PM.	PM.	AM.	PM.	PM.
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9:30	11:00	1:18	4:00	11:36	9:06
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THE CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

CASS CITY, - - - - MICH.

THE BARTHOLOI STATUE.

One of the first steps taken toward carrying out this great project was the organization of what is known as the "Union Franco-Americaine," a committee consisting of some of the most eminent gentlemen of France and this country, to whom was intrusted the work of carrying out the details. The first thing thought of—in France, of course—after the making of the gift had been decided upon, was to raise the requisite funds. The expense of the statue was placed at 1,000,000 francs. All France, so to speak, took hold of the matter with great ardor. There were fetes and festivals, and musical concerts, and theatrical and operatic performances throughout the country to enlarge the contributions to the fund. The whole amount was raised, and all that remained was for Mr. Bartholdi to complete the statue, which, by the way, has since been christened "Liberty Enlightening the World." When the fact of this intended gift became known on this side Mr. John Jay, who was then president of the Union League Club appointed a committee to take charge of matters here, Mr. William M. Evarts being the chairman of this committee. Since then there have been several vacancies through death, and these have been filled by appointments of equally prominent gentlemen, so that the present committee comprises some of the representative men of the country, although more largely made up of prominent residents of this city. As its first step this committee laid the matter before Congress, which passed the requisite laws providing for erecting the statue on Bedloe's island, and for its future care and maintenance. A formal reception by the President on behalf of our government was also secured, and not only this, but President Grant wrote an autograph letter of thanks for the gift. During last October there was, as will be remembered, a grand ceremonial in Paris connected with riveting the first of the plates to join the statue to the pedestal, the first blow being struck by our present minister to France, Mr. Levi P. Morton. The artist then expressed his firm belief that he would have the statue entirely completed by July, 1883.

With the great work thus far advanced toward its finish the committee here have deemed it necessary to take immediate steps for the construction of the pedestal. This, as will be readily comprehended, has to be a gigantic piece of work, so as to form a fitting base for the great statue. The committee have had a great variety of designs submitted for their consideration; but as yet have been unable to agree upon a selection. This difficulty is not owing, however, to the poorness of the designs, but to the uniform excellence of very many of them, between which it is hard to discriminate. The fact, therefore, is settled beyond all doubt, that the pedestal will be a most appropriate companion work of the statue and reflect due credit upon our American art, for none but American artists are allowed to enter the list of competitors for its design. It is proposed also to expend upon it the same sum as the statue cost, and to solicit general subscriptions for raising the amount—that is to say, to give to every American, as was given to every citizen of France, an opportunity of adding his quota to the fund.

When completed, the statue—a representation of the Goddess of Liberty—will be one of the finest as well as one of the largest statues in the world. Some idea of its colossal grandeur can be gathered from the fragment of it that has so long adorned Madison square, brought here in August, 1876, on the French steamer Labrador, being simply the wrist and right hand holding the torch bearing a flambeau to be the future great beacon light of New York harbor. The height of the arm alone is 34 feet and the circumference of the thumb 12 feet. The entire height, including the pedestal, will be considerable over 200 feet. There is to be a balcony around the edge of the flambeau, to be reached by an inner staircase. The left hand is to hold a set of tablets upon which the Declaration of Independence is supposed to be inscribed. A tunic falls over the pepulum from the shoulders to the feet. The head is surrounded by a diadem, from which projects a circlet of prongs, which in the brilliant sunshine will glisten like so many diamonds in the sky. The statue is to be of imperishable bronze, and a more glorious souvenir of the friendly relations in the past and present between France and this country cannot be imagined. From her towering height the Goddess of Liberty will extend a cordial welcome to all coming to this land of liberty, and the light of her mighty torch will guide far away ships safely to our hospitable shores.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A GONDOLA PROCESSION.

W. A. Croffut thus describes, in the *St. Paul Pioneer-Press*, his experiences in a Venetian gondola: At eight o'clock we started in three gondolas for the rendezvous, half a mile off. Here we found innumerable boats surrounding the Queen's private bark, which was a clumsy, stately barge, sadly lighted up with a sort of Chinese lantern, having no ropes from the deck to the top of the stern mast. There was also a yellow canopy hung round with lights, which seemed to be tumbler of oil suspended in blue mosquito netting, perhaps 100 lights in all. It did not make the royal craft very bright, and

the radiance did not extend more than twenty or thirty feet on either side. In a few minutes we started, and, spite of the darkness, for, as usual, the unofficial gondolas were prohibited from carrying more than one light, and that required to be about as dim as a fire-fly, the scene was quite impressive. There were said to be about 1,500 gondolas in the crush—for crush it literally was, the black boats jammed tightly together and the musical gondoliers pushing their craft along at the expense of adjacent boats, or swinging their futile paddles high in air and dancing in rage on the prow, and swearing at adjacent gondoliers, and calling them dod-binged grandsons of the pestiferous emu in the sweet syllables of the South. After going half a mile in this way, our gondola, perhaps one hundred feet from the royal launch, suddenly stopped in front of the palace, and a slight form, clad in white silk throughout, stepped upon the overhanging balcony. It was the young Queen, first cousin of her husband, King Humbert. Her face was fairer than that of most Venetians, and the chestnut hair, slightly banged over the eyebrows, was drawn straight back and fixed in a Grecian knot behind. She bowed to the right and left.

Hawthorne's Wife on his Death.

A LETTER COPIED IN MRS. J. T. FIELD'S DIARY.

BELOVED: When I see that I deserved, nothing, and that my Father gave me the richest destiny for so many years of time to which eternity is to be added, I am struck dumb with an ecstasy of gratitude, and let go my mortal hold with an awful submission, and without a murmur. I stand hushed into an ineffable peace which I cannot measure nor understand. It therefore must be that peace which "passeth all understanding." I feel that his joy is such as "the heart of man cannot conceive," and shall I not then rejoice, who loved him so far beyond myself? If I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence? Ah, thank be to God who gives me this proof—beyond all possible doubt—that we are not and never can be divided!

If my faith bear this test, is it not "beyond the utmost scope and vision of calamity?" Need I ever fear again any possible dispensation if I can stand serene when that presence is left from me which I believed I must instantly die to lose? Where, O God, is that supporting, inspiring, protecting, entrancing presence which surrounded me with safety and supreme content.

"It is with you, my child," saith the Lord, "and seemeth only to be gone!" "Yes, my Father, I know I have not lost it, because 'I still live.' I will be glad. 'Thy will be done.' From a child I have truly believed that God was all-good and all-wise, and felt assured that no event could shake my belief. To-day I know it. This is the whole. No more can be asked of God. There can be no death nor loss for me forevermore. I stand so far within the veil that the light from God's countenance can never be hidden from me for one moment of the eternal day, now nor then. God gave me the rose of time; the blossom of the ages to call my own for twenty-five years of human life.

God has satisfied wholly my insatiable heart with a perfect love that transcends my dreams. He has decreed this earthly life a mere court of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, yes, dear heavenly Father! "I will be glad" that my darling has suddenly escaped from the rude jars and hurts of this outer court, and when I was not aware that an angel gently drew him within the palace-door that turned on noiseless golden hinges, drew him in because he was weary.

God gave to his beloved sleep. And then an awaking which will require no more restoring slumber.

As the dew-drop holds the day, so my heart holds the presence of the glorified freed spirit. He was so beautiful here, that he will not need much change to become a "shining one!" How easily I shall know him when my children have done with me, and perhaps the angel will draw me gently also within the palace-door, if I do not faint, but truly live, "Thy will be done."

At that festival of life that we all celebrated last Monday, did not those myriad little white lily-bells ring in for him the eternal year of peace, as they clustered and hung around the majestic temple, in which he once lived with God? They rang out, too, that lovely incense that can come only from a lily, large or small. What lovely ivory sculpture round the edge. I saw it all, even at that breathless moment, when I knew that all that was visible was about to be shut out from me for my future mortal life. I saw all the beauty, and the tropical gorgeousness of odor that enriched the air from your peerless wreath in Paradise. We were the new Adam and new Eve again, and walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and there was not yet death, only the voice of the Lord. But indeed it seems to me that now again there is no death. His life has swallowed it up.

Do not fear for me, "dark hours." I think there is nothing dark for me henceforth. I have to do only with the present, and the present is light and rest. Has not the everlasting

Morning spread Over me her rich surprise? I have no more to ask, but that I

may be able to comfort all who mourn as I am comforted. If I could bear all sorrow I would be glad, because God has turned for me the silver lining, and for me the darkest cloud has broken into ten thousand singing birds—as I saw in my dream that I told you. So in another dream long ago, God showed me a gold thread passing through each mesh of a black pall that seemed to shut out the sun. I comprehend all now, before I did not doubt. Now God says in soft thunders—Even so! Your faithful friend,
SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.

FROM OREGON.

The *Chippewa County News* publishes the following interesting letter from Oregon:

CASCADE LOCKS, WASCO CO. OREGON, Nov. 26, 1881.

EDITOR NEWS:—On account of the work here being similar to that carried on at the Sault, and also from the fact of its being situated in the far west, a description of this place may be of interest to your readers. First, we will describe briefly the journey here.

Leaving Detroit at 11 p. m., we were due in San Francisco five days after the following morning. The fare from Detroit to San Francisco is \$123.30; from San Francisco to Portland via ocean steamer \$20. Added to this is the sleeping car fare, which is \$17 from Chicago to San Francisco. Only one overland train leaves Omaha each day. After leaving Omaha all meals are a dollar each. We stopped at Ogden and went down to Salt Lake City, returning the following day. We lost only one day on our trip.

The trip from San Francisco to Portland is a disagreeable one. The steamers are ocean built, and make, when on time, the trip in 54 hours. If, however, they are troubled with fog or gales they are sometimes delayed several days by the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river. Our own passage, although stormy, was a successful one, and we reached Portland on schedule time. From the Columbia river bar to the Willamette river is 100 miles.

Twelve miles above, upon the left bank of the Willamette, lies Portland, the metropolis of Oregon, and a place at present with a population of over 20,000. From Portland grain is shipped direct to England.

One hundred and fifty miles above the bar at the mouth of the Columbia are the Cascades; 45 miles above the Cascades are the Dalles. This distance of 45 miles constitutes the valley or canon by which the Columbia river breaks through the Cascade range of mountains. The Oregon railway and navigation company have a portage railroad situated on the Washington Territory side 6 miles long, in order to pass the Cascades. From the Cascades to the Dalles there is a line of steamers connecting with the system of railroads extending eastward. All transportation facilities are furnished by the Oregon railway and navigation company. This company is extending their track to Portland, but at present you take steamer to lower Cascades, W. T., there transfer 6 miles, and again take steamer to the Dalles. The railroad, when completed, will follow the Oregon side of the river; it is situated but a few hundred feet from the canal.

Upon the canal work is progressing slowly. At present a protection wall, some 40 feet in height, is built, and a dry revetment wall for the canal is in progress. The lock pit for low water is not completed. The foundation is not laid, nor are the detail plans of the masonry made out. Some stone cutting in the rough from boulders has been done. The appropriations are limited, and a reduction of force is now taking place. The force at present engaged is 200 men; this includes some 20 Chinese. Common labor is \$1.75 per day. All the men board and lodge in government quarters; their board costs \$3.75 per week.

High water begins about the middle of May and lasts until the end of August. The lowest stage of water occurs in January or February, although the water is very low. When it is not raining the wind blows incessantly from the east down stream.

The fuel used is Oregon pine. Eternal vigilance is the price of keeping warm. We have no snow yet. Between here and the Dalles the trees disappear. The country east of the Dalles is good for grazing and wheat. For general farming it requires irrigation.

The valley of the Willamette is an excellent country. Almost all fruits prosper; the Oregon apple is the finest I have ever seen. There is a large element here from the old western slave States. At the close of the civil war it is said that all of Price's army emigrated here bodily. The climate in summer is said to be very fine. There does not seem to be special attractions either for business men or farmers. Blankets, furniture and articles coming overland are high. Kerosene oil at retail in this place costs 60 cents a gallon; a package of matches 25 cents; at Portland, two pair of blankets cost \$13. On the other hand, both here and at San Francisco, food is as cheap as at Detroit, with perhaps more variety of fruit.

After leaving Omaha all railroads only allow 100 pounds of baggage, and weigh every trunk going over their lines in order to charge you for extra baggage. This is at the rate of \$15 per hundred from Omaha to San Francisco. Bank notes and legal tender, although accepted, are not in circulation. The merchants look upon every eastern man as legitimate prey.

The railroad and steamboat lines all belong to one company. Like every other place in the world there is room for able men. I have seen nothing superior to the fertile land along the Northern Pacific, near Fargo and Jamestown, Dakota, or the beautiful city of Salt Lake, situated in a valley

whose lands are made to spring fertile in fruitfulness, watered by the streams of the Wasatch mountains. D.

OCEAN STORMS.

The ocean storms of November and December were terrific. We do not remember when such a succession of hurricanes and tempests has been reported. If the vessels of Columbus had encountered such weather the discovery of America would have been indefinitely postponed. The average ships of even a generation or two ago would have sunk under such distress. The superior size and strength of modern steamships saved most of those lately at sea, but a list of steamers and sailing vessels reporting severe suffering and heavy losses would fill a column. The City of London seems to have been delayed indefinitely. The Bath City is reported to have foundered; she sprang a leak in stormy weather off Newfoundland November 17, lost her rudder afterward, and labored in the seas until December 13, when the captain and crew took to two boats. The captain and nine seamen are known to have been drowned or to have died of exposure. Seventeen men in one of the boats were rescued by the bark Foley and carried back to Liverpool. The Canada met the bark Anna in distress in a hurricane; her captain called for volunteers to attempt a rescue, and the crew and officers of the Anna (dog and all) were safely brought aboard the Canada, but the life-boat was swamped in endeavoring to hoist it in. One or two of the men were washed overboard, or crushed or beaten to death by the violence of the waves, from the Aragon, also from the City of New York, the Coptic, the Hibernian, the Malta, the Neckar, the Switzerland and the Lake Winnipeg; the Scotland lost her captain and a seaman; and dangerous injuries were sustained by men of the Arizona, Labrador, Pollux, Somerset, Waesland and Wisconsin. The boatswain of the Gladious had a narrow escape; a wave swept over the main deck and bore him away struggling in the water. No assistance was possible in the storm; but, at the moment, the ship gave a heavy roll, dipped her port bulwarks under water, and a counter wave washed the man back and flung him on board, giving him a chance to cling to the rigging. He called the account square. Passengers died of exposure, of fear, or of disease aggravated by the weather, on the Arizona, Celtic, Labrador and Pollux; but an item must be put to the credit side for the Arizona, on board which a baby was frightened into being born prematurely! The waves which swept the decks of the Anchoria, Arizona, Celtic, Coptic, Labrador, Marathon, Missouri, Neckar, Pollux, Somerset, Waesland and Winnipeg, carried away boats, wheelhouses, caboose, skylights, stairways, doors, nay, everything moveable, and deluged cabin and steerage; and the Missouri lost overboard 140 head of cattle. The Allemania and the Waesland broke their shafts, and the British Bing lost two blades of her fan. The new mammoth steamship Servia made her voyage in nine days and twelve hours, suffering little and exhibiting excellent sea qualities. Two or even three weeks time were consumed in the trips, between our coast and Europe, of the Australia, Belgenland, Berlin, Brooklyn City, Celtic, Circassia, City of Montreal, Egypt, Egyptian, Monarch, General Werder, Holland, Lake Champlain, Lake Manitoba, Marengo, Oder, Parthia, Persian Monarch, Pieter Coninck and St. Laurent, and they all suffered serious inconvenience and grave peril though they accomplished their voyages without loss of life or positive disaster. The Daniel Steinman, Gellew, Lessing, Ohio, State of Georgia, Suevia and Vandalia were compelled to turn aside to ports on their way for succor and repairs. Such is a resume of what the December journals have chronicled in detail of the voyages of steamships.

Such a month of ocean storms as has just passed may well cause a commercial people to rejoice in the progress which has been made in forecasting sudden and violent changes of weather. Storms are becoming better understood. It is observed that in this latitude they generally move from west to east and travel by paths somewhat definite. Their general cause has also been investigated. Fifty or sixty miles an hour is a common rate of speed for them; hence, before the days of telegraphing, even if observers had known the course and progress of a storm, they could not have foretold it to the inhabitants of a region about to be visited, for storms travel twice as fast as ordinary mail trains. But the telegraph has rendered Signal Service observations practicable. At chosen posts all over the continent observers note the force and direction of the wind, the height of the barometer (the thermometer is always low in a storm centre), and other weather indications. These enable the Bureau to predict pretty accurately the course and the severity of the impending hurricane or cyclone. The laws which govern the movement of a storm after it reaches the eastern coast and moves forth over the Atlantic are not well understood, for want of scientific observations; the log-books and vague reports brought by vessels that have come through a storm are the only materials for study, and these are inadequate. But the general fact that a storm-centre formed in the far west has been observed to move steadily across the continent and pass down the valley of the St. Lawrence to the coast and thence out to sea, at a steady rate of speed, and in a definite curve, affords means of judging as to its subsequent force and effects; and renders it possible to send word by cable to vessels about to start from the other side, warning them where they may expect to meet it. Sanguine scientists say that the system of observations might, by sufficient expense and labor, be extended to ocean stations.

Theoretically it would be possible to anchor vessels or floats, to be occupied by observers, at chosen places, and to connect each with mainland by an ocean cable; on which system weather reports might be received from the sea like those now gathered from the land. Practical difficulties have hitherto forbidden essaying anything like this. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE TRIAL OF GITEAU.

The 38th day of the Giteau trial, Wednesday, was occupied with an argument, on motion of counsel for defense, to reopen the case for the admission of new testimony to prove insanity. After a free discussion and a patient hearing, the court decided to hear no more witnesses on that subject.

Mr. Scoville called Dr. Beard, of New York, to testify as to the condition of the prisoner's mind at the time of shooting. The counsel got into a wrangle over a hypothetical question, and Giteau became noisy. When the guard attempted to quiet him he became defiant and said, "You can't keep me quiet—I want a fair showing—I don't care a snap for the past testimony."

James Brooks, chief of the secret service of the treasury department, detailed conversations with Giteau after the shooting. When he told the prisoner of Garfield's precarious condition, he said, "Poor fellow, I wish I had given him a third bullet and put him out of his misery." This made the prisoner restless, and he had further altercations with his guards, saying to them, "You sit down and mind your own business. You are nobody, and I speak to 50,000,000 people." Scoville asked to put in a photograph, showing Giteau's condition prior to the assassination, which was not admitted. The testimony being all in, court adjourned until Saturday, to give defense time for further overtures.

Both the counsel for the prosecution and for the defense, in Giteau's case, are engaged on "law points" during court recess. On both sides the opinion is expressed that next week will see the termination of the case. Giteau is confident of a triumphant acquittal, but his warden announces his purpose to exclude visitors hereafter, except his relatives and counsel. His sister, Mrs. Scoville, is giving his counsel much trouble with her suggestions and complaints, and interference with the details of the case. She seems impressed with the idea that Giteau will be found guilty, and throws all blame on her husband for mismanagement. Some predict that she will become insane, and try to induce her to return to Chicago, but she persistently refuses.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31.

This morning the cross-examination of Dr. Gray by Mr. Scoville only served to establish more firmly the position assumed by that expert and to expose more fully the empty pretense of insanity in Giteau. The prisoner

raised a great laugh in court by his abrupt announcement of the birth of a baby in the family of one of his guards, and at the close of the session he again made himself conspicuous by wishing his hearers and the world in general a happy new year. Counsel for the defense are preparing for the closing of their case and the argument, from which it would seem that the end may be hoped for soon.

After a further cross-examination of Dr. Gray, of Utica, in which he states that he found no evidence of insanity in Giteau, he was excused from the stand. Upon this the prosecution announced the conclusion of their evidence. Dr. Bawlar, of Kansas City, was called for sur-rebuttal. Said that when Giteau was divorced, his wife was in so much doubt as to his sanity, that she thought she ought to live with him. Clark Mills' the sculptor, was introduced to identify the plaster cast of the prisoner's head. Giteau undertook to read a letter from a friend of Garfield's, to show that public opinion is in his favor, but the Judge said that public opinion had nothing to do with the case, and ordered him to be silent. Silence was enforced by the manacles of Marshal Henry, after the prisoner had told the Court that when he speaks, he speaks to 50,000,000 of people, and not the little crowd in the court room. Counsel for the defense are preparing to submit a motion for the admission of new evidence.

NO DANGER FROM ELECTRIC LIGHT. —Capt. Tobin, of the great steamer J. M. White, is very much amused at the talk about the dangers of electric light. He has an electric lighting apparatus on his boat. The wires are uncovered and unprotected; they run along the light inflammable woodwork of the hurricane deck fastened with metal staples, and exposed to wet weather constantly. If there were one-half the danger that is claimed, the J. M. White, the Natchez, the Springer and a dozen other fine steamers would have been burned to a crisp months ago. The fact is that these boats carry enormous loads of freight, principally cotton, burning the electric light all night through the medium of naked wires fastened directly to wood work, and there has not been at any time the faintest suggestion of an accident in consequence. Knowing all this, it is a little surprising to steamboatmen to hear that awful calamities are predicted as the inevitable result of using the electric light in cities.—*New Orleans Times.*

The United States steamer Adams, carrying six guns and an effective crew, has been ordered to Sitka to relieve the Wachusett. The Adams is now at Callao, but is expected to reach Sitka about April. The Wachusett has been making an extensive cruise along the Alaskan coast for the past two months. She will soon go into winter quarters at Sitka, and await the arrival of the Adams.

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Repairing in both Departments promptly done.

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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, Alpaccas, 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.

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

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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.
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HARDWARE

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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.

A Word or Two to the Public.

We are able to show the largest stock of Winter Goods in this part of the State. Nothing like it has ever been shown by our own or any other house as regards quantity and low prices. Cash customers will find the greatest bargains ever seen in Domestic, Flannels, Blankets, Table Linens, Dolmans, Cloaks, Dress Goods, Clothing and Hats and Caps. Everything fresh and new.

Lewenberg & Hirshberg,
NEW YORK STORE,
Cass City, Mich.

The Cornet Solo.

(Continued)
gone to bed to dream of her lost boy, and Mrs. Skeele and Louise sat in the vine covered porch awaiting the sexton's return from a church meeting.

Not many words were spoken, but each felt sure of the other's thoughts, and there was comfort in the silence between them. How quiet it was. A far off whistle broke the stillness.

"Ten o'clock train comin' in," said the mother, "bringin' good or bad fortune to somebody, most likely. Wal, God help 'em all, whichever way 't is."

"Mis' Skeele," said Louise, quickly, "you don't suppose Nathan is coming to-night, do you?"

"Why no, child; we ain't heard from him yet, y' know, 'n' I shan't expect him for a week."

"But I hear the coach, 'n' it is coming up this way," persisted the girl, her pale face brightening in the moonlight. It came on slowly, rumbling up the hill like an approaching fate. It stopped before the house, and after an eternity of delay to the women at the gate, the door was opened and Nathan appeared.

"I wan't no use, Mis' Skeele," said the driver in a loud whisper, as he stood back to make room for the eager mother; "he ain't no better off 'n he was 'fore he went." Nathan's quick ears caught the words, and pressing the familiar hand, he said cheerfully, "He's mistaken mother, I am better off, for now I've nothing to expect." They went into the house together. Louise had not spoken, but had preceded them quietly, and now sat by herself in a distant corner.

When the young man found himself, as he believed, alone with his mother, all his forced courage departed. Her arms enfolding him as when he was a babe at her breast, and her mighty love and pity would fain have shielded him.

"O, mother, mother," he groaned; "I shall bear it after a while, but I did not know how hard it would be. I've got to say it all out to you. You hav'n't known how I love Louise, nobody can know. Why should she seem to belong to me so, and be so dear? I never can see her, no marry a poor blind fellow who can't make his way in the world. I must let her go, 'n' I've nobody but you, mother."

His head was on her shoulder, and for the moment a strange gladness filled her heart. What more could she ask than that he should be always her own boy, to be cared for and tended by her alone? But the unselfishness of her mother-love triumphed, for she had seen the end from the beginning, and Louise was already beloved for her own sake. The moon shone in a wide belt of brightness across the room, and as Mrs. Skeele looked up the girl emerged from her shadowy corner and came softly forward. A wonderful light was on her face, and her tearful, smiling eyes rested first on the peaceful countenance of the mother, and then on the son's bowed head.

"It's a'wful darkest before day, Nathan," said Mrs. Skeele. "We'll hope for the best."

"There's no day for me, mother, 'n' I might as well face it first as last," said the young man, rising from his seat, and throwing back his broad shoulders. "I'll try to be a good son to you, 'n' if I only knew that Lu didn't care—if I only knew that she could be happy—"

"But she does care, and she can't be happy," said a thrilling voice. "O, Nathan, I thought I should die if you didn't love me, and now that I know you do, there ain't anything that can keep us apart. What should I have been without you? You've opened my foolish eyes, and now they shall see for you all our lives. Here I am, Nathan; your mother knows;" and the blind man felt, in his bewilderment, a firm little hand on his arm.

Thanksgiving day came round apace, and the time was all too short for wedding preparations. When the cornet solo was finished that morning (and the instrument was played as it never had been played before), Louise came down from the choir and led the soloist forward. There was a brief pause before the ceremony began, during which time an elderly lady and a bright-faced lad, evidently strangers, entered quietly and took seats near the door. The bridal party remained through the morning service, and when afterward they were receiving the congratulations of their friends, poor Mrs. Raymond sat still in her pew, with her veil over her face. She was both glad and sorry for her daughter, but she could not forget the absent boy. "But I musn't stay here 'n' grieve when they're all so happy," she rose to leave the pew, and saw Mrs. St. John coming toward her. "I have brought Robert back to you," said the lady; "here he is to speak for himself."

The veil was thrown back from the wan, drooping face, and forgetful of time or place, the happy mother burst into a great passion of weeping, and clasped her son in her arms.

"Don't, don't mother," whispered Robert, with a boy's distress at a "scene"; "I'm awful sorry I ran away, but I'm all right now. Come, mother, put your veil down, and let's go home. Mr. Skeele says dinner'll be ready."

How a Suit of Clothes Was Made.

At an early hour the cotton was picked from a patch on the grounds belonging to Mr. D. U. Sloan, of Norcross. The cotton was of the variety known as the Ozier silk cotton, and was pronounced as fine short staple as was ever seen in this country. At seven o'clock it was ginned in a twinkling, and at once started upon the journey, which was to end so quickly, and in such an astonishingly changed appearance for the cotton. The ginning of the entire lot required less than twenty minutes. It was then taken at once to the picker, where it spent half an hour. The crowd that was watching the process of manufacture had grown to considerable proportions, and as the cotton passed from machine to machine the enthusiasm was intense. After leaving the picker the cotton went to the cards. These beautiful and remarkably perfect pieces of mechanism were watched with the greatest admiration. In half an hour it left the slubber, and in thirty

minutes more it was being spun into the filling. In twenty minutes more it was going to the loom. As the Compton loom, which was the one in use, started with its energetic clatter, there was enthusiasm enough to give a rousing three cheers. The material for the vest began to make its appearance at nine o'clock, and that for the coat and pants emerged an hour later. The cloth came through rapidly, and at 12:30 the first piece of goods for the suits was taken to Thomas' dye-house, and in twenty-seven minutes had been dyed, dried and was ready for the tailors. At 12:25 the cotton that less than six hours before was hanging upon the stalk was handed to the tailor, to be cut out. The sewing was done at the Wheeler & Wilson exhibit. At 6:05 the suits were completed, and at seven o'clock Governor Bigelow was encased in one, receiving a delegation from the Atlanta University at the residence of Director General Kimball, while Governor Colquitt, at the Executive Mansion, was admiring the first walnut picker coat that had ever fallen to his portion.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Helping the Party.

In the days gone by a Detroit Sheriff who had made a close shave of being elected, had the ill luck to lose a prisoner from the jail. The fellow made good his escape to the country, but the Sheriff overhauled him about eight miles out and drove him under a barn. The prisoner was captured and yet he was not. If he could not get out the Sheriff could not get in, and threats had no effect on him. In this emergency the officer called out:

"Say, Jim."

"Yes."

"You know I had a mighty close shave getting this office?"

"You did that."

"Well, I'm laying my pipes for a second term. If I lose you I might as well hang up. The opposition will hold it up in letters four feet high, and hundreds of men in my own party will slip my name. Do you hear me?"

"I do."

"Well, I ask you to come out, not exactly as a prisoner going back to jail, but more as a patriot bound to stand by his party. Come, Jim."

"I'll be hanged if I don't!" replied the prisoner. "The Judge was agin me, my sentence was unjust, and I hate your jail, but if it's going to help the party and crush the hydra-headed opposition out I come!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Canadians have a very big scheme on hand. It is no less than the construction of a railway to Hudson's Bay from Winnipeg, and utilizing the bay as an outlet for shipments to Europe.

An account of a Chicago funeral says that the burial casket "was made to conform as far as possible with the comforts the occupant was wont to surround himself with in the house he has left."

"Wild geese 'swarm like bees' around Washoe Lake, Nevada. The smokestack of a passenger engine, the other evening, knocked three fat old ganders out of a flock that was flying across the track.

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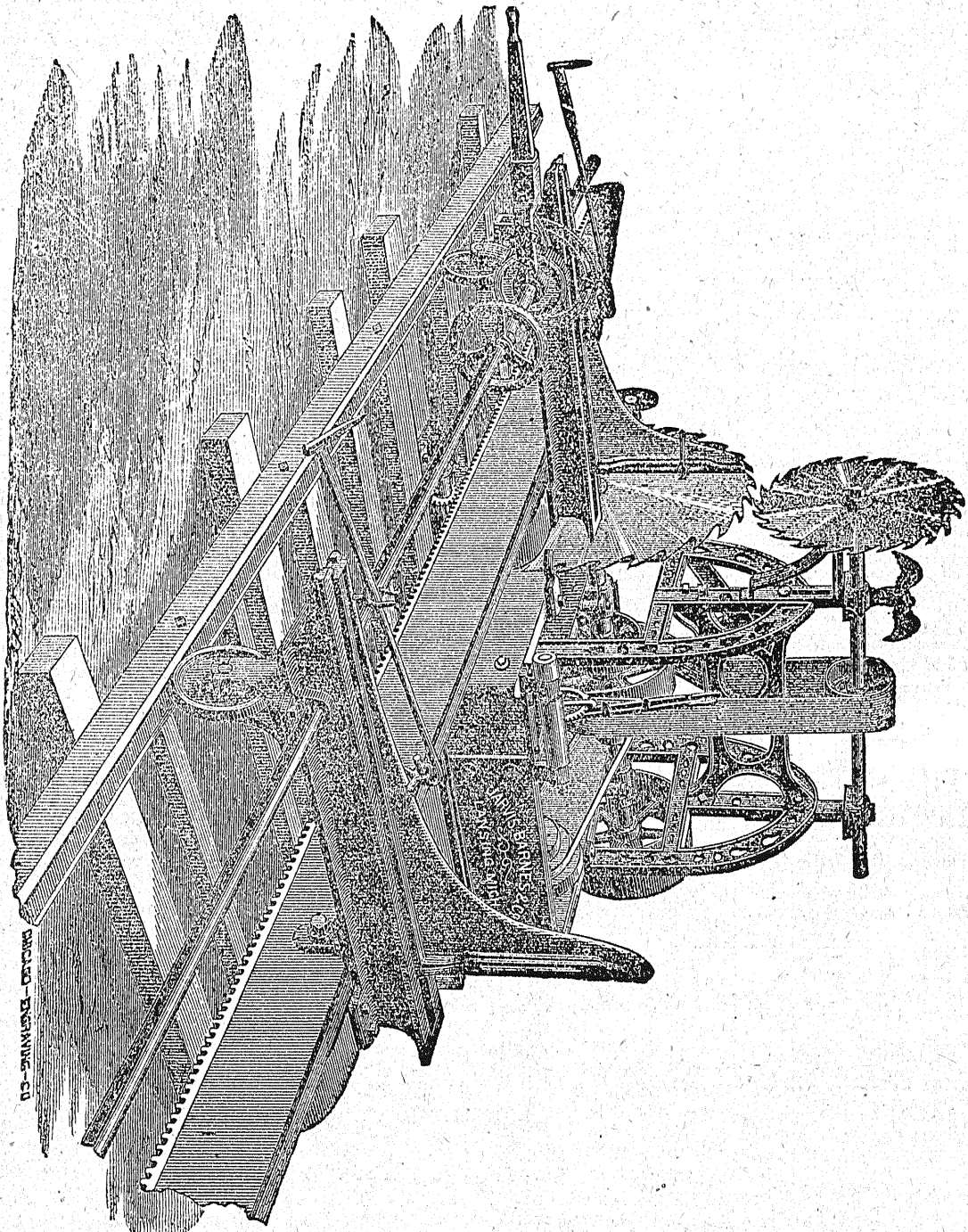
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