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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 trusting their orders to us are pretty likely to be satisfied.

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Has a fine stock of

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Which he is selling as reasonable as any

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DR. C. MATTHEWS,

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Caro, Mich.

LONGFELLOW.

In Memoriam.

A shadow resting on familiar places;

A sense of loss in hands that clasp and part;

A tender sorrow touching all men's faces;

A dear possession missed in home and heart.

This word was flashed along the mystic wires

"Our poet's gone." 'Twas told by household fires,

And, requiem-like, was borne on every breeze.

The seer whose pure and consecrated vision

Shed golden halo o'er our common days

Has passed beyond our ken to realms of Elys-

ian. Has found the clew to life's entangled maze

Here, dwelling higher than the souls around

him. Time swept his harp and sweetened every

string. In that far country now his peers have found

him. The tuneful few whose songs the ages sing.

The grand old bard, whose sightless eyes, up-

lifted, Discerned the gods, and read their hate or

love. Who caught the splendor when the clouds were

lifted. And dared to wield the thunder-bolts of Jove.

Great Homer, matchless minstrel, and no other.

Is first on this new tomb in wreath for?

He in Valhalla claims this lot of brother.

Fit wearer of the laurel and the bay.

And he whose numbers told Æneas' story

In stately rhythm, silvery and bold,

And he whose sun-gate pierced Purgatory.

Then, rapt and dauntless, scaled the gates of

gold—

These, too, and many a glorious master-singer,

Entered close to meet him when, death-

feed, he came. To enter life and youth. The true light bringer

The poet, whatever planets flame.

All poets keep the child-heart, sweet as Heaven:

Child-like, they walk amid the worldly-wise;

And so their gentle talk, like angel-leaven,

Attracts us to the beauty of the skies.

And therefore when they leave us we have

Though still their accents linger in the air,

And from their legends every day we borrow

Armor of proof against the earth's despair.

A shadowy host of great and good have blessed

thee.

O man whose manhood was above thy art,

To-day, by thousands mourned, O poet, rest

thee.

Thy In Memoriam is in every heart.

—Margaret E. S. Angier, in Harper's Bazar.

The Great Hat Question.

The hat in the House of Commons is

likely in time to come to be dated back

from the week that has just passed. Mr.

John Bright's hat has become famous in

the House of Commons. You may possi-

bly be aware that in that house it is

customary for members to remain cov-

ered except on certain occasions. When

they speak before the Speaker they must

take their hats off; they retain them

when the chairman of committee is pre-

siding. They take them off whenever

the speaker enters the house, and only

resume them when the door is passed.

They must take them off for prayers.

They must uncover whenever a royal

message bearing the sign manual of the

sovereign is brought up, but they may

keep them on when any other royal

message is delivered. Altogether it is a

most intricate question when to wear and

when to doff the hat. One ought to be

drilled in it for a week or so before

taking part in the business of the House.

And even then he might blunder as Mr.

Bright did last Monday night. The

House had only just begun business when

Mr. Gladstone was seen standing at the

table before the Speaker with a paper in

his hand. Directly he announced that

he had a message from the Queen about

Prince Leopold, all the members except

Mr. Bright and another Birmingham

man, Mr. Jesse Collins, M. P. for Ips-

wich, and about three Irish members

took off their hats. Mr. Bright appeared

to be in the land of dreams, and paid no

attention to the cries of "Hats off!"

which rose from all parts of the house.

The message was read when up jumped

a conservative member to demand what

Mr. Bright meant by keeping his hat on.

The speaker ruled that Bright was out of

order. But more was to come. When

next day the minutes of the House ap-

peared, it was seen that the report ran:

"The message was read, all being un-

covered." This again was brought be-

fore the House, and again the Speaker

ruled that Bright ought to have taken his

hat off. But, strange to relate, when

presently another royal message was

brought in, though it bore the sign man-

ual; not only did Bright but several other

radicals, keep their hats on. So that

now it would appear that the hat ques-

tion was raised purposely, and that in

future the radicals of Parliament don't

intend to pay ancient reverence to roy-

alty. Many strange things have come

of hats. Can it be that the retention of

Mr. Bright's broad brim is the signal of

a change in the attitude of a large se-

ction of English politicians toward the

throne?—London Letter.

Strange Beads in Africa.

Both Aggry and Popo beads are glass,

the former opaque, the latter clear but

rough. There are many varieties of

Aggry, some more treasured than others;

only one of Popo, I believe. Both are

dug from the earth, where the corpse

with which they were interred is thought

to have long since perished, but I am

not aware that the circumstances of any

such treasure-trove have been recorded

by white men. The Aggry is found, as

they say, all along the west coast, far

into the interior. The Popo is rare in

Ashanti and Fanti-land, becoming more

frequent near Lagos. It must not be

understood, however, that either sort is

common; quite the reverse, as prices

show. Our Birmingham manufacturers,

and more especially the Venetian, have

been trying these many years to imitate

the Aggry bead. To an English eye—

superficial and untrained—their suc-

cess is perfect, but the youngest negro is

not deceived. For all their science and

study, for all the wondrous effects of the

same kind which they have produced in

transparent glass, our people cannot find

the secret of running a colored pattern

through and through the opaque sub-

stance exacted. They can make a fac-

simile of the surface, and that is all.

The Popo bead, I am informed, has

defied all attempts of imitation, but I

speak with diffidence. Its peculiarity is

that the glass looks blue in light, yellow

in shadow. This change puzzles our

crafty workmen, who could turn out blue

beads or yellow, exactly like it, 10,000

of them, for a less sum than a single tiny

cube of the real sort fetches. To con-

clude this dissertation—not uninterest-

ing, I hope, to any reader, though he be

not connected with the African trade—it

may be added that the best authorities

suppose them to have been Egyptian

manufacture

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

W. S. Gerrish who died of small-pox at Ewart was one of the most widely known and successful of Michigan lumbermen.

The fire in Beach's foundry and Haggart's wagon shop, Grand Lodge, did \$10,000 worth of damage and no insurance.

Ernest Webb was run over by a dummy engine at Battle Creek Saturday noon and fatally hurt.

An injunction has been served against paring west Main street Hudson, with cobblestones.

The Muskegon lumber companies have secured three car loads of men and quartered them at the companies boarding houses. The booms will all be booming hereafter. Pinkerton's guards will preserve order. The recruits came in on special trains.

Congregationalists in session at Greenville voted to raise \$12,000 to aid state mission work or the current year.

Detroit butchers complain of an old law which prevents them from bringing into that market Texas cattle.

Col. J. O. Hudnutt of Big Rapids has received a government contract for the survey of the whole of Montana territory.

Mrs. Craig, of Port Huron, late of Flint, was found dead in bed by her two little boys on Saturday morning. She was a poor, hard working woman. Her husband is in an insane asylum.

The booms on the Muskegon, closed for nearly two months by reason of the strikes were reopened Monday morning, under the protection of Pinkerton's men. Some of the strikers joined the new arrivals and worked with them. Others hung around as if wanting to work, but for fear of violence did not.

N. Tremain, whose relatives reside in Forest, fell into the canal at Lake George, near Farwell, Sunday, and was drowned.

It is reported at Grand Rapids that the D. L. & N. railroad is soon to build a branch line from Grand Lodge to the former city.

Judge Green sentenced John D. Farrent, the murderer of Mr. Michie, to the penitentiary for life.

Rev. Lewis M. North, of Pittsfield, a resident of Washtenaw county for 50 years, died of paralysis Monday, aged 73.

Wm. Nieuhaus of Grand Rapids, has been put in jail charged with killing his wife. She was found in bed Sunday morning with her nose broken, and other evidence of violence used. One of the children testified at the inquest to the father's beating the mother.

The Marshall city authorities have settled with Mrs. Mary McHugh for damages from injuries by a defective sidewalk, for \$1,400 and costs of suit.

The work on the Muskegon boom continued Tuesday without interruption or disorder. The turbulent element of the strikers is quieting down; some of the men have applied for work, but this was refused though some of the old hands have quietly gone back to work.

The annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union for Michigan met at Kalamazoo on Tuesday, about 200 delegates were present.

Five cases of small pox were reported at Battle Creek on Tuesday in one family. The names of those reported are N. E. Townsend and wife, Harvey Halliday, wife and little child.

The propeller Michael Groh, having been rebuilt, was relaunched at Whitehall, Monday night.

N. DeLong, Prosecuting Attorney for Muskegon, has resigned, and Attorney C. W. McBride of Grand Haven has been designated to prosecute the cases that may require the services of such an officer, and which DeLong is said to have been likely to refuse to prosecute.

John Carmichael of Pontiac, while watching the unloading of Forepaugh's circus on Wednesday, accidentally fell under a train and was instantly killed, twelve cars passing over him. He had been subject to fits.

The frost of Tuesday night did immense damage to fruit in Kalamazoo and Van Buren counties.

A brigade encampment of instruction has been ordered for 1882, at a place hereafter to be designated, commencing Monday, August 10, to continue five full days.

E. G. Persson was run over and killed by a south-bound train between Cheboygan and Mackinac City on Wednesday. The body was taken back to Mackinac City.

East Saginaw has two mysterious disappearances—that of John McArthur, a well-known lawyer, who has not been seen since Friday night, that of James Miller, who has likewise been missing since that night.

P. L. Mitchell's store in Chesaning was robbed of \$280 in currency Wednesday night.

Ex-Coroner T. J. Ludlow of Adrian, while talking with an acquaintance on Main street, Wednesday, suddenly fell to the sidewalk and expired.

At Grand Rapids, Thursday, John Van Dan died of small-dox, and John Blany of delirium tremens.

Robert Graham, foreman for Smith & Graham of East Saginaw, on their Cedar river log drive, was shot and killed near Gladwin, Wednesday, during a quarrel with John Anderson about wages.

At Spring Lake, Thursday afternoon, between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 feet of lumber belonging to Kelly, Rathbun & Co. of Chicago, was burned. Loss over \$180,000; insured for \$68,450.

Major Charles Burdette, a dwarf who has been on exhibition with Forepaugh's circus, died Thursday morning at Pontiac, of congestion of the lungs. He took cold at Detroit while on exhibition.

Two of the small-pox patients at Battle Creek, N. Townsend and his father, have died. Four patients are yet down, and one of the ward schools has been closed as a matter of safety.

The examination of Rev. Mr. Dawe formerly M. E. pastor at Deerfield who had been accused of arson, and came from England to force his accusers, resulted in his acquittal.

Although four men swore that they entered Mrs. Melhoon's saloon in Marshall on Sunday, some of whom were furnished with drinks, yet the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." The prosecuting attorney threatens to try future cases arising from violating the liquor law in Marshall, in Battle Creek.

The clothing house of Fred Mabley of East Saginaw, has been closed under a chattel mortgage for \$7,000, and an attachment by Rosenthal of Rochester, N. Y. Liabilities \$34,400; assets \$7,000.

The strike at Muskegon is ended. At a meeting of the Laborers' Union Thursday, a

resolution was passed releasing the members from any and all obligations, and allowing them to work as long and at what price they pleased. The men are at work again.

Fred Straight committed suicide in the jail at Grand Rapids Thursday night. He had loved a pretty girl, and his suit being rejected, he threatened her life, and was arrested in the very act of peering through the window into her room, with deadly weapons on his person.

Chauncy Farr, an inmate of the poor house at Flint, was run over and killed, Friday, by a hack returning from the circus.

Louis P. Gale, the Grand Rapids journalist, was found guilty of forgery in the superior court of that city, Friday.

Authority has been granted for the establishment of a new National bank at Flushing, with a capital of \$50,000.

Wm. H. Fernal, a prominent real estate dealer in Bay City, disappeared some time ago and has not been heard from.

At Quay's shingle mill in Cheboygan, on Friday, a boy named Brooks fell backward on a circular saw, and was literally cut in pieces.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Henry Darrington of Youngstown, O., was run over by the cars near Ashtabula, O., and portions of the body scattered along for half a mile.

A boiler explosion in Mansfield, O., killed Engineer Geo. Bower.

The Washington grand jury has returned additional indictments against star routers John W. Dorsey, J. B. Minor, John M. Peck, Harvey M. Vall, Montford C. Rerdell, Thomas J. Brady and W. H. Turner.

A committee which has been investigating the books of ex-treasurer, now Governor Churchill, of Little Rock, Ark., filed a report to the effect that the deficit foots up \$114,828.57.

Whitlaw Reid of the N. Y. Tribune has an heir.

The comet will be visible to the naked eye on the 31st.

One hundred men, employed by a tannery firm of Chicago, struck for higher wages. They returned at old prices to find their places filled by others.

It cost nearly \$10,000 to recover the stolen St. Joseph, Mo., bonds as follows: Pinkerton Detective Agency, \$5,000; Neville, for legal services rendered, \$2,500; W. N. Coler, for services, \$1,500; Donnell, Lawson & Simpson, for expenses incurred, \$2,000. The matter was referred to the City Council and the bill will be allowed.

Shipper proposes to let the investigating committee alone, but is willing to be heard from through the papers, with all the Peruvian facts.

Near Muscatine, Iowa, a girl aged 15, aided by her brother, aged 18, killed their father, aged 65. The children were impatient to control the family property.

The Cleveland bridge and car works suspended with heavy liabilities. They claim, however, to have assets over and above indebtedness aggregating \$250,000.

A. T. Stewart store in Chicago is closed, and 150 clerks are out of employment.

A man who gave his name as Finnigan was arrested on the steamer British King, on her arrival at Philadelphia, on suspicion of being one of the Cavendish murderers. He was found stowed away in the vessel two days out from Liverpool.

The Pacific National Bank of Boston suspended on Monday, for the second time within six months, and will now go into liquidation.

The Postmaster General is in favor of abolishing postage on second class matter, which amounts to \$1,500,000 a year. He thinks the increase in the revenues of the Department will more than offset this.

The court en banc in the Guiteau case declare that his crime is punishable under the Maryland law where the murderous blow was struck; that a new trial be denied, and that the judgment of the court below be affirmed. One point was that the government of the United States has exclusive jurisdiction in the District of Columbia, and that a murder committed therein is a crime against the United States. Reed thinks now of applying for a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Moses Taylor, president of the City Bank of New York, and a well-known operator in railroad and commercial enterprises, died Thursday morning. He was at one time largely interested in the Michigan Central.

The final conference between the iron manufacturers at Pittsburg and a committee of the amalgamated association of iron and steel workers, relative to signing a wages scale for the ensuing year, was held Monday, without coming to an agreement.

The Chicago Board of Trade have adopted a rule which provides that, unless otherwise specially agreed, contracts for future delivery shall be taken as for No. 2 spring or winter variety, but that the tender of a higher grade shall be deemed a sufficient fulfillment of such contracts.

The President and cabinet are expected to be present in New York on Decoration day, and Bob Ingersoll is to make the address.

Senator Sewell will report a bill authorizing the President to nominate Fitz John Porter to his old position in the regular army.

Despatches from Davenport and Marshalltown, Iowa, say that a snow storm occurred there early Tuesday morning, after which the weather grew clear and cold, and a frost followed, killing most of the small fruits and doing much damage to vegetables. Snow fell to the depth of three inches. In Kansas, Wisconsin and Illinois the frost was less severe.

Not to be outdone by Russian bigots, the Gentle vandals of North Carolina on Sunday defaced the headstones in the Jewish cemetery at Columbus in that state.

At the Kohinor colliery, in Shenandoah, Pa., a terrific explosion took place on Wednesday. At noon four had been taken out dead, and twenty more were yet in the mine. The explosion was caused by the careless use of oil lamps instead of safety lamps.

The Harmony mills corporation, Cahoes, N. Y., opened their mills Wednesday morning and promised to keep running if a sufficient number of operatives reported for work, at the company's terms, to pay for running the machinery. No such number reporting, the mills again closed.

A remarkable find of relics of the mound builders is reported in the Red River valley, the only deposit yet found of this extinct race in that region. A skull of immense proportions and singular formation has been turned over to the historical society at St. Paul for examination. The skull is a perfect specimen, and shows conclusive evidences of a race of giant stature.

The steamer Peruvian was towed into Quebec Thursday, after a long and perilous passage of 26 days, during much of the time imprisoned in ice fields. She had 800 passengers, who had suffered terribly for lack of food and fuel. Blasts were served out every other morning, and oatmeal gruel wholly dispensed with.

A heavy snow storm occurred on Balsam Mountain, on the line between North and South Carolina, and that within one week of the first of June, a thing unheard of before. Travelers on the highway nearly perished with cold.

James C. Fitzgerald, principal in the bunko case in which Charles Francis Adams was swindled, has been found guilty. Exceptions were taken.

A reign of terror exists in St. Martin's Parish, La., where Jenkins and Ayroz were recently lynched. Ayroz was not arrested for murder and was out on \$800 bail. Sixteen lynchings have been arrested, and negroes are going about in bands swearing vengeance for Ayroz's death.

The Denver extension of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, the construction of which has been pushed with almost unexampled rapidity, is completed.

The town of Tombstone, in Arizona, suffered a fire Thursday which destroyed a large portion of the place, including the principal hotel, two newspaper offices, the telegraph office, &c. Loss \$400,000; insurance \$250,000.

The Union Pulp and Paper Co.'s property at Haverhill, Mass., has been purchased by New Hampshire and Massachusetts capitalists for \$250,000, who will continue it as the Haverhill Fiber Company.

During a sham-battle at Kingston, Ont., on Queen's birth-day, a young man was thrown from his horse and under the wheel of a gun-carriage, by which he was instantly killed. He had been married only six weeks, and his young wife on hearing of it, jumped into the river and was drowned.

Congressman Russel Errett of Pennsylvania, in alighting from a carriage at the capital on Friday morning fell and broke his nose.

CONGRESS.

May 22.—In the Senate, Mr. Miller offered a joint resolution, authorizing the President to declare martial law in Alaska. Referred. Mr. Hoar addressed the Senate on the Geneva award question, the House bill on that subject being under consideration. The bill makes provisions for the claims of the exculpated cruisers, and war premium men, to the exclusion of the insurance companies.

In the House, Mr. Calkins called up, as a privileged question the contested election case of Mackey vs. Dibble. A call of the House being ordered, no quorum responded. The doors were closed and the sergeant-at-arms was directed to go in search of absent members. He returned in the afternoon with one man. Mr. Calkins then gave notice that he would call up the election case to-morrow, and the House adjourned.

May 23.—The committee on invalid pensions have agreed upon a bill to secure pensions to soldiers' children by prohibiting the paying of the same to soldiers' widows guilty of immoral conduct.

The house committee on naval affairs have unanimously agreed to report adversely on Calkins' bill for another arctic expedition.

May 24.—During the discussion in the house of the Mackey-Dibble case to-day, Mr. Calkins denied the allegation of Mr. Hewitt in a newspaper interview that the committee had refused to hear the truth in the case, and had declined to investigate the charge of forgery. Mr. Atherton, of Ohio, sustained Mr. Hewitt, and added that Mr. Dibble had offered the committee the original papers with Mackey's interlineations and alterations, Mackey having made changes in every one of the original 14 depositions, and that the committee refused even to look at them. Mr. Calkins replied that the depositions were taken stenographically, revision being common in such cases. The stenographer had sworn that the depositions received by the committee had been compared with the original notes, which had never left his possession, and were found correct in every particular. The committee had refused to receive any papers with interlineations. Before concluding Mr. Calkins read Mackey's affidavit.

Mr. Randall then began filibustering again, by moving that when the house adjourn, it adjourn until Friday, and demanded yeas and nays: result, 143 yeas, 1 naye. The bill to supply the deficiency in the appropriations for army pensions, amounting to \$16,000,000, was reported favorably from the military committee and passed.

May 25.—In the Senate the bill appropriating \$15,000 for a lighthouse at Little Traverse harbor was passed.

The house wasted the day on the Mackey-Dibble contest, the democrats filibustering. In the senate the Creek orphan fund bill went over and the Japanese indemnity bill was taken up. The house committee on commerce have agreed to report favorably Mr. Townsend's bill for a board of railroad commissioners as a bureau of the interior department.

May 26.—In the Senate the Creek orphan fund bill was discussed until 2 p. m. and then went over. The bill to provide for the removal of obstructions in navigable rivers passed. The Japanese indemnity bill was taken up and Mr. Jones continued his speech.

In the Senate Mr. Bayard, from the finance committee, reported as a substitute for the House whisky bill one which he stated had been prepared at the treasury department. The substitute is the same as the House bill except the 1st, 10th and 11th sections. The latter is stricken out. The period of the bond is made five years with interest at the rate of five per cent, on the tax after three years. The substitute allows the present bonded period of three years to be extended on a written request and renewal of the bond.

Business in the House was a repetition of yesterday's scenes—delays and filibustering to prevent action on the contested election case of Mackey-Dibble.

FOREIGN.

Evictions of tenants for non-payment of rent have been resumed in many parts of Ireland. The sadness and astonishment following the assassination of the Irish Secretaries had the effect of stopping for a time the work of agitation. Taking advantage of the situation process servers again prepared to oust tenants in arrears. In County Galway alone 300 tenant farmers have been evicted inside of a week, and the work goes on.

Advice from Lyon state that a \$500,000 fire destroyed a number of workshops and other buildings. Three thousand persons are out of employment.

Parnell hopes the land league agitation will end with the passage of the arrears bill.

Ten thousand Jews are without shelter at Brody, Austria.

The steamer Celtic, with Danenhower and party on board, has left Queenstown. Cole was violent on leaving Liverpool, but was quiet here.

The Mansion House Jewish relief fund, London, aggregates nearly half a million dollars. The ship Western Belle, commanded by Capt. Frew, ran into an iceberg, smashing in her bows and in twenty minutes afterwards sunk. The captain and thirteen of the crew went down with the vessel. The survivors, nearly frozen to death, were picked up by the schooner Antwerp and brought to Quebec.

Parnell gave notice that he would move that Gladstone's resolution in regard to the repression bill shall also apply to the arrears bill. Gladstone then moved a second reading of the arrears bill.

A dispatch from Tilsit May 22 states that at the council of the Russian Imperial family at Peterhoff Palace it was decided, because of the receipt of alarming information touching the projects of the Nihilists, to defer the coronation of the Czar for a year.

The French Chamber of Deputies has resolved, despite the opposition of Say, Minister of Finance, to consider the proposal for substituting the duty on alcohols for the duties on wines and beers. At the close of the sitting Say tendered his resignation.

The names of eleven persons who lost their lives by the burning of the steamer Manitoulin, on Georgian Bay on the 18th have been ascertained. The loss may be yet worse, as some who jumped overboard did not reach shore, and have not been accounted for.

In the House of Commons, May 23, on motion to go into committee on the Repression bill, Cowen, Radical, moved an amendment, declaring that while the House is desirous of aiding the government in the detection of crime, it disapproves the restrictions on the free expression of public opinion in Ireland.

In the crush of Jewish refugees at Brody yesterday, applying for assistance to go to America, one man was killed. More refugees are coming. Three hundred students from Brody for Canada. The Russian press has been ordered not to report the massacre of Jews, and not to discuss the question.

A despatch from Montreal, May 23, says: Six steamers are coming up the river with 5,000 immigrants. Advice state that every ship this season will be crowded.

A St. Petersburg despatch, May 24 says: The czar has publicly approved regulations which forbid the Jews in the Russian empire to settle outside of any towns, cities or villages, except in districts already inhabited exclusively or nearly so by Jews; provisionally suspending all pending contracts with Jews, in which the latter acquire either title to real estate or to tenancies; and forbidding Jews to transact any commercial business on any Sunday or christian holiday on which Christians keep their shops closed.

The English and French governments have sent an identical note to the port stating that the naval demonstrations on the coast of Egypt will cease when order is restored. The French and English consuls have advised their governments that all efforts for an amicable solution of the Egyptian instructions before proceeding to force. The religious institutions at Cairo have voted Ourali Bey a half million sterling war credit.

Virulent smallpox is raging in Bosnia killing hundreds.

Leading firms at St. Petersburg and at Moscow are petitioning government to stop the persecution of the Jews, as ruining business.

The following changes have taken place in the Dominion cabinet: Rufus Stephenson, of Chatham, inspector of colonization and crown lands in the northwest. Assistant Clerk Mr. Gee has been appointed clerk of the privy council. Hon. John Carling, of London, succeeds Hon. John O'Connor, of Windsor, as postmaster general. Mr. O'Connor retires to recuperate his health and get ready for a fresh pull at the government task in some other position. John Costigan, M. P., succeeds Hon. J. C. Aikens as minister of inland revenue. Mr. Aikens retires to take a better berth soon. Hon. Joseph Alfred Mousseau will not retire from the cabinet at present, and will again enter the contest for the seat from Bagot, P. Q.

DETROIT MARKETS.

THE PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS supplied at rates as follows: Mess pork, \$20.25; family, \$21.25; clear, \$22.50. Lard, 11½c. for tierces; 12c for kegs; hams, 12½c; shoulders, 9½c; bacon, 13c; dried beef, 13½c; extra mess beef, \$13.25. Chickens were sold at 12½c per lb, white fish and trout 7½c.

VEGETABLES.—Jobbing prices were as follows: Per doz bunches asparagus 65¢; 70¢; cucumbers, 70¢; onions, 35¢; 40¢; pie plant, 45¢; 50¢; radishes, 45¢; 50¢; vegetable oyster, 45¢; 50¢. Per box string beans, 32¢ 50¢; peas, 32¢ 75¢ per bu; lettuce, 60¢ 65c.

FLOUR.

White wheat, roller process, \$6 75 @ 7 00
White wheat pastry " 6 00 @ 6 25
Secoeds " 4 00 @ 4 50
Minnesota brands " 7 25 @ 8 00
Minnesota patents " 8 00 @ 8 25
WHEAT—white " bu. 1 25 @ 1 37
CLOVER SEED—" bu. 4 00 @ 4 70
CORN—" bu. 70 @ 78
OATS—" bu. 50 @ 57
STRAWBERRIES—" qt. 25 @ 25
BARLEY—" bu. 1 95 @ 2 25
CHEESE—Ohio & Mich. " lb. 14 @ 15
DRIED FRUIT—Apples " lb. 5 @ 6
" evaporated " 12 @ 13
" Peaches " 18 @ 23
" Pitted Cherries " 20 @ 21
ONIONS—" bu. 2 25 @ 2 50
BRANS—" bu. 2 75 @ 3 45
BUTTER—" lb choice " 18 @ 20
BEEF—" lb " 20 @ 22
EGGS—per doz. " 14 @ 18
HAY—per ton " 14 00 @ 15 00
HIDES—green " 6 @ 7
" Cured " 7 @ 8
HOPS—" bu. 20 @ 25
POTATOES—" bu. 1 00 @ 1 30
SHEEP PRITS—each " 75 @ 1 75
TALLOW—" lb. 5½¢ @ 6½¢
WOOD—" cord " 4 00 @ 6 00

Live Stock Market.

CATTLE.

Steers extra per cwt. \$6 50 @ 6 50
Steers shippers " 6 00 @ 6 50
Steers butchers " 5 00 @ 6 50
Steers common grades " 4 00 @ 6 25
Milk cows " 35 00 @ 55 00

SHEEP.

Per 100 lbs, clipped " 4 00 @ 6 50
HOGS.

Per 100 lbs. " 6 50 @ 7 50

The receipts of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions last year were \$411,056.

Instincts of Elephants.

If nature has not given intellect to these animals, it has given them an instinct very much akin to it. A man has only to hunt them in their wilds to learn how wonderfully Providence has taught them to choose the most favorable ground, whether for feeding or encamping, and to resort to jungles, where their ponderous bodies so resemble rocks or the dark foliage, that it is very difficult for the sportsman to distinguish them from surrounding objects; while their feet are so constructed that not only can they tramp over any kind of ground, whether hard or soft, thorny or smooth, but also without emitting a sound. Some of their encamping grounds are models of ingenuity—some of them perfect fortresses. I once followed up a herd, and found them in a small forest surrounded on three sides by a tortuous river, impassible for ordinary mortals by reason either of the depth of water, its precipitous banks, quicksands or entangling weeds in its bed, while the fourth side was protected by a tangled thicket, further protected by a quagmire in front. To get at them without disturbing them was impossible; at last, when I did get within shot of the forest, the elephants retreated by the opposite side to that by which I had approached, and after following them for several hours I did not get a shot. The damage done to rice crops, Mr. Sanderson thinks, is exaggerated. It may be so in Mysore; but in Burmah, in many places, it is excessive. While employed on survey work in the Tharawaddie district, I have been followed by villagers pointing out the damage done and asking for a remission of tax, mistaking me for a revenue officer. No one suppose elephants have the reasoning powers possessed by man; if they had, we should be their slaves, and not they ours, but their instinct is wonderful. I will give a couple of instances:

When war broke out with Burmah, a lot of elephants were sent across from Bengal to Proms by land, under the charge of Capt. Baugh, of the Bengal Twenty-sixth. Among them was a magnificent tusker. He took a dislike to this officer, who was not exactly known. Some said it was because he had knocked off the elephant's neck his mahout, but be the reason what it may, this brute tried to kill Baugh, and him only, several times. I have seen him thrashed for this several times by other elephants armed with chains, who wielded them much as a drummer does the lash at the halberds, but it was of no use, his dislike was inveterate, he got must, would take no food except from a pet female (he had two lashed along-side of him) and eventually died at Shooydoug. As a rule, elephants are timid, quiet and inoffensive, but when wounded and closely followed up, or when must (periodical fits to which male adult elephants are subject) or females with young, their fury knows no bounds. They dread fire more than anything else, but one elephant belonging to the battery in Assam was an exception, and would assist in putting out a fire. This same elephant would do what I never knew any other to do, viz., when a beast's neck was cut through, all but the vertebra (it did not matter whether the beast was a buffalo, a deer, tiger, or anything else) it would, when ordered, put a foot on the neck, twine the trunk round the head, and, with a wrench, separate it from the body and hand it up to the mahout. I have seen one or two elephants that would hand a dead bird up, but most of them will not touch anything of the sort. Nor would they intentionally tread upon a fallen man or beast—those used for executions in the Gurcor's territories—Baroda—have been taught to do so. Some foolish men teach their elephants to trample upon a dead body, and by so doing ruin them for sport. An elephant, unless vicious by nature, will only do so at first with the greatest reluctance, but after a time, if anything falls before it, it is apt to charge, and if it does not kneel down suddenly and throw the occupant out of the howdah, it gets the animal between its legs, and plays a sort of football with it, throwing it backward and forward between the front and hind legs until it is of the consistency of a jelly. Men are occasionally thrown off the back of an elephant; what would their fate be mounted on a beast who had been taught such tricks? An elephant I bought from Mr. Tye had once been cut by a rhinoceros. Nothing would induce her to enter a jungle where one of these animals was; the very slightest scent of one would send her flying. A splendid female muckna belonging to my department cared nothing for a tiger; would kick one out of her path without showing the slightest signs of uneasiness, but if she met a pony nothing could hold her.—*The London Field.*

Sold by his Sons.

A New Jersey miller who had become old and rheumatic one day called his sons about him and said:

"Boys, I am growing stiff in the knees and faint at heart. My liver is out of order, and I can no longer distinguish between a peck and a half bushel when taking toll. This mill is worth ten thousand dollars. In order to form a stock company, and render my own burdens the lighter, I shall give Reuben two-tenths, Samuel the same, and Henry, who is my first born, three-tenths. Bless you, my children, bless you. You may now go fishing for half a day."

The three sons took the papers which the old man had made out, and instead of going a-fishing they went down to a lawyer's office, called a meeting of stock-holders and proceeded to business. The first born was elected president, Reuben treasurer, and Samuel secretary, and the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That we bounce the old man, and run the mill after our own ideas!"

Hon. Geo. Bancroft is to preside at the centennial anniversary celebration of Phillips Academy, at Exeter, N. H., next month.

Mr. Emerson left an estate valued at \$200,000, but this was largely due to the thrift of his admirable wife.

A Telling Law.

Mr. Charles Law, Jr., in conversation with one of our representatives, recently said: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and neuralgia for the past ten years, and tried all kinds of remedies. Having heard so much about St. Jacobs Oil, I tried a bottle and found it truly wonderful.—*Pottstown (Pa.) Ledger.*"

There are not fewer than ten European countries which must buy a part of the grain they consume, and nearly as many are compelled to buy a part of their meat.

Mr. Ed. Trickett, the celebrated oarsman, Kingston, Canada, says: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a sure and certain cure for rheumatism, etc.—*New York Clipper.*"

Duluth has never seen so many arrivals to date as this season. On one day there were in port sixteen propellers, barges and schooners, most of them of the larger class.

"Golden Medical Discovery" (words registered as a trade mark) cures all humors, from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.

Very little hope is expressed of finding the Cavendish-Burke assassins.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland invokes the sympathy and support of all loyal inhabitants of the island, in his efforts to punish evil doers and restore tranquility.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of It."

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those

THE FARM.

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

I wonder what he is thinking
In the ploughing-field all day;
He watches the heads of his oxen,
And never looks this way.

And the furrows grow longer and longer
Around the base of the hill,
And the valley is bright with sunset,
Yet he ploughs and whistles still.

I am tired of counting the ridges,
Where the oxen come and go,
And of thinking of all the blossoms
That are trampled down below.

I wonder if ever he guesses
That under the ragged brim
Of his torn straw-hat I am peeping
To steal a look at him!

The spire of the church and the windows
Are all ablaze in the sun;
He has left the plough in the furrow,
His Summer day's work is done.

And I hear him crooning softly
A sweet and simple lay,
That we often have sung together,
While he turns the oxen away.

The buttercups in the pasture
Twinkle and gleam like stars;
He has gathered a golden handful,
A-leaving over the bars.

He has shaken the curls from his forehead
And is looking up this way;
Oh, where is my sun-bonnet, mother,
He was thinking of me all day.

And I'm going down to the meadow,
For I know he is waiting there,
To wreath the sunshine blossoms
In the curls of my yellow hair.

Vermin on Domestic Animals.

We stated in our last issue that it was said that a stronger solution of common salt was an effective remedy for lice on cattle. While we never tried the remedy spoken of, we found it recommended by one who appeared to have experience in its use, and who recommended it without equivocation. It also looked reasonable to us, and besides, it was so cheap and easily applied that even failure could not entail much loss either in money or time. There is no question that so often comes to us, touching domestic animals, as how to rid them or protect them from vermin, which are not only exceedingly disagreeable to have about, but are of serious detriment to the animals which they attack. The worry alone which the preying of such pests cause cattle, sheep, dogs, fowls or other living creatures, is very injurious to the general condition of the animal, and they are, besides, often liable to cause disease. In regard to lice, while the solution of salt, if it prove what is claimed for it, recommends itself on account of its simplicity, there are some other remedies which are as easily available, reasonably cheap and said to be certain in their action. Among these is Little's Chemical Fluid, which is advertised in our columns, and which enjoys an excellent reputation as a remedy for lice on cattle, fleas on dogs, and even as a remedy for the aphid on peach, apple and rose trees. This preparation can be had of L. W. Lawford, Baltimore, Md.

Poultry is frequently troubled with lice, and the following is recommended as a remedy: Dampen the skin under the feathers with water and then sprinkle a little sulphur on the skin. In the course of twelve hours the lice will disappear, however thick they may be on the bird; and in this connection we would urge cleanliness about the premises. Thoroughly white-wash the hen houses, inside and out, and sprinkle carbolic acid pretty generally over the floor and on the poles. Lack of cleanliness is a cause of a great deal of disease among poultry.

As the time will soon be here now when that great tormenter of the brute creation, the fly, will begin to operate with its usually tantalizing vigor, perhaps, it would prove profitable to consider what remedies for it can be used. If chloride of lime is scattered on a board in the stable, it will drive out all flies. It is not best to use anymore of it than is absolutely necessary, for it is disagreeable in itself, and so far as the habitations of man is concerned, while it is a most excellent disinfectant, it is about as disagreeable as anything which it may be intended to remove. Animals may not be so sensitive to it, but they would doubtless be pleased to have as little of it used as may be consistent with the object sought to be accomplished by its employment. It is harmless, however. To keep flies from provoking horses, we have heard the juice of smart weed recommended. The weed is bruised, causing the juice to exude, and then rubbed thoroughly over the animal. A very convenient way of using this remedy is to make a strong infusion by boiling the weed for a few moments, and when cold apply it with a sponge or brush. It is said that if this is thoroughly applied every day neither flies or any other insect will trouble the horse.—*Western Rural.*

Grooming Horses.

Every horse owner ought to know that good grooming is a great saving of feed. This is demonstrably true, if not in actual economy of oats and hay, at least in the horse's feeling, spirit, action, and ability to travel or labor. It is real economy if we can get more go and labor by the use of a certain quantity of food with good grooming than without, for then with the same grooming the feed can be reduced. This is understood among horse men the world over. I seldom groom my own horses, though I like to do it, as does every man who loves a horse, but it involves so much changing of clothes, and bathing and disguising of odors by scented soap, etc., that I prefer to clean horses and stables by proxy. Lately, however, my good man-of-all-work was down with pneumonia, and I took hold. Of course I meet with new experiences. One is the knowledge of the value of an old stub-

broom. One of the horses was very nervous about having his hind legs cleaned, and the stub-broom seemed almost as efficacious as a curry comb and brush; indeed, the horses liked it. Within two days I could use brush or comb, or anything else I presume, without their flinching unless actually hurt. The broom was prepared by cutting off the corn about four inches beyond where it was corded.

Some months ago I picked up a wire "maae brush," made of steel wires about an inch long, set in a rubber plate in some way. They are quite stiff, but mobile in their setting. The men have not used it, or very little if at all. They prefer a "root" brush for the mane and tail, and it is certainly very good. I notice that most men in grooming a horse, draw the brush across the curry comb to remove the dust, with a little more vigor than they draw it across the horse. The result is, that the brush is soon worn out down to the back. I substituted the wire brush above noted for the curry comb, and the result is very satisfactory. The dandruff and dust are removed more thoroughly, and the brush hardly worn at all.

A horse which has been badly treated may be inclined to lift his foot viciously against the groom when working about his legs. When a cow kicks, we put a strap around her just in front of her hips. If she lifts her foot, the action of the stifle-joint is to cause a tightening of the skin in the flank, which is quite painful, and so she does not do it. Now if a man takes a horse's tail (provided it is long enough), and draws it through between the hind legs, and holds the end firmly in one hand just over the stifle, a horse can be controlled on the same principle. It makes a horse a little nervous and restless, however, and should be done so as not to give the animal any needless pain.—*Agriculturist.*

A Pest of Rabbits.

New-Zealand has suffered grievously from the ravages of these gentlest of furry foes. About 20 years ago a colonist brought seven rabbits from the old country to his new home at Invercargill in the southern isle. It was thought that to turn these adrift on the bleak sand-hills along the coast could not fail to prove a benefit to the colony. For some years this answered capitally, and the colonists enjoyed excellent shooting on the links, (as such a sea-board is called in Scotland). But ere long the rabbits increased to such an extent that they cropped every blade of grass and even devoured the roots, which alone bound the light sand-hills and prevented them from blowing over the better soil inland. Very soon this evil occurred, and the land was greatly injured. Then the farmers on the sea-coast began shooting and trapping in earnest; but by this time some more rabbits had been imported to Otage, and from these two centres the mischief rapidly spread. Considering that each rabbit breeds eight times a year, and produces an average of six young at each litter, it is easy to perceive how rapid must be their increase. On the other hand, their human foes are few, the settlers in the interior living eight or ten miles apart—a lonely life, in truth, where perhaps half a dozen men herd the flocks which range over 50,000 acres. It became evident that these shepherds could never check the progress of the evil without assistance, so men were hired to ferret, trap, shoot, or worry the invaders. These men traveled with large packs of dogs, numbering from one to two dozen. They were paid at the rate of 2d. a skin. It was, however, soon found that the sale of skins fetched less than they cost, while the presence of strange dogs disturbed the sheep and often resulted in their being worried. The sheep-runs being in general tracts of Crown land, merely rented by the farmer for a limited term of years for the purpose of rearing stock, it was found in many cases not to be worth the expense of attempting to cope with the mischief. One cure after another was tried, such as stopping the burrows with cotton-waste saturated in bisulphide of carbon, but all were successfully given up as useless efforts to meet so wide-spread an evil. In many cases it was found that the land could no longer support one-fourth of its former number of sheep, so the holders were absolutely compelled to throw up their leases and abandon their runs. The extent of the ravages could hardly be credited were it not for the cut-and-dry statistics on the Rabbit Nuisance Committee. I may quote a few items from the evidence of many gentlemen owning large sheep-runs in the Provinces of Otago and South Canterbury. Many begin by stating how incredulous they were at first that rabbits would even take to the new country sufficiently to afford them sport. All too quickly their eyes were opened. For instance, in South Canterbury, Messrs. Cargill and Anderson killed 500,000 rabbits by poison a year ago, but in the following Spring their sheep-run was as densely peopled by them as though not one had perished. Mr. Kitchen states that he kept nearly a hundred men working as rabbit-killers for four months, and succeeded in clearing his land. Now they are worse than ever. Mr. Rees says that he killed 180,000 last year, and his employer, Mr. R. Campbell, expended £3,000 in one year in attempting to keep down the pest on his runs of 168,000 acres. Still the plague spreads, and the whole land from Wai-taki to Foveaux Strait is more or less infested with rabbits. Many districts are just a vast warren, on which it is impossible to keep sheep at all. Mr. R. Campbell alone has been compelled to abandon 250,000 acres. Chiefly in Southland and Wallace Counties and on the North Maira Lake Greenstone Valley several other sheep farmers have

also been forced to abandon runs of 15,000 to 16,000 acres. Many estates, though less seriously injured than these, have still suffered so greatly that their value is immensely deteriorated. Eight runs, which formerly brought in a rental of £1,000 per annum, now let for £170. The Burwood Run is instanced as one which which used to carry 80,000 sheep, but now barely provides food for 24,000. In 1878 the total number in the colony was upward of 13,000,000; in 1879 it was reduced to about 11,500,000, and this decrease, though now considerably checked has continued. The loss on the exports of wool and tallow is estimated at £500,000 per annum. On the other hand, in 1879, there were exported from New-Zealand upward of 5,000,000 rabbit skins—value £46,759—and in the following year upward of 7,000,000 rabbit-skins sold for £66,976.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

Poultry in Large Flocks.

For a given amount of capital invested there is more profit in poultry when rightly managed than in anything else on the farm. It is well known, however, that small flocks pay a greater proportional return than larger ones. This is partly because small flocks receive more attention, and partly because fowls will not thrive when kept together in large numbers. In venturing into the poultry business beginners should understand that if it is intended to keep the fowls in large flocks, even when well attended, bountifully fed, and the full range of the farm given, success cannot be assured. This experiment has been tried over and over again, and to-day there is but one farm in the United States devoted to poultry in large numbers, and that one is conducted on a different plan from that to which farmers are accustomed.

Poultry raising should be encouraged. It can be so arranged as to give light employment to women and children, and is within the reach of those with limited means. Long before Americans discovered that there was a great secret in poultry raising, the French put in operation a method that enables them to ship eggs to England, Germany and Austria, as well as to supply a large demand at home. It is often remarked that the French are the most successful poulterers in the world, but we can do all they can do in the matter, and more too, for they have no home-raised Indian corn to assist them. They divide their fowls into flocks of not more than one dozen. Each flock has a small fowl house, 10x10 feet, and a yard of about 100 feet deep, divided in the middle. The houses stand separately in the center of the yards, which are 30 feet wide. Each house thus has a 50x30 feet yard in front, and the same in the rear.

An acre of ground will allow 14 of these houses and yards. The 14 yards, with one dozen fowls each, will accommodate 168 fowls. This is large number for an acre of ground, but they are kept healthy by changing them frequently from one vacant yard to another. The partition fences are built very cheaply, sometime of wire, and again of lath. To make this system plain to the reader, it should be known that two flocks of fowls are never in adjoining yards, as perfect seclusion from other flocks must be enjoyed by each of the small flocks. Thus, while one flock is running in the yard at the front of its house, the adjoining yard on the left and right is empty, as the next lot of fowls will be running in the rear of their quarter; or, to illustrate by means of a checker-board, the dark spaces representing the occupied yards, and the white spaces the vacant ones.

As soon as the fowls are placed in one of the yards, (the front one, for instance), the rear one is spaded up and seeded to grass, oats, rye, quick-growing vegetables having good large tops, or anything else that will afford plenty of green food. When a fair growth has been secured, the fowls are turned into the rear yard, and the front one is in turn spaded up and seeded down. The frequent spading of the ground not only keeps the yards fresh and clean, but their fertility is greatly increased by the rich droppings of the fowls.

Sharks' fins, dried, are sold in every Chinese shop in New York. They are imported from China. There are three kinds, of which the best are the fins of the white shark. These are worth \$3.50 a pound. The poorest kind, which is known as black shark fins, is sold for half as much and even less. Sharks' fin is a popular dainty among Chinamen. It is salted and dried for export, and looks like a section of whalebone, when raw, but boiled in water, a gelatinous substance is extracted which is esteemed very savory. A species of stew made of sharks' fin, dried oysters, rice and peppers is a champion Chinese dish. Dried oysters are ordinary bivalves, extracted from the shell, dipped in salt, and strung on strings to dry in the sun. They come from China, and look for all the world like figs. John Chinaman infinitely prefers them to the freshest of fresh oysters he can buy here. Mussel, conks and clams are preserved by him in the same way.

"This continent, it turns out, is the original home of the sunflower cultus, and Oscar Wilde finds out that the conventionalized sunflower is one of the oldest forms of decoration in the art of the Zuni Indians, it having been in existence among them for centuries. We kind of suspected when the Zunis were here that they were aesthetic, for they wore knee breeches and long hair and nobody could understand their poetry."—*Boston Post.*

Dr. Goodrich, of Coldwater, who spent the winter in Prescott, Arizona, met there a young lawyer who passed under the name of Stanford, whom he now identifies as Navin, both by a description of his person, and a comparison of his writing with Navin's.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Moths in Furniture—Important.

Taken as a whole, throughout the country, housekeepers suffer more annoyance and destruction of furniture, carpets, and woolen garments by moths, than from any other pest. The little red ant is a great nuisance in some localities, but it is not destructive and not very prevalent. Moths are universal, and whole sets of costly upholstered furniture fade away, losing their beauty and substance, even after days, weeks, and months of watching, beating and picking, with painstaking care. Latterly, establishments have been opened in leading cities to kill moths. First it was done by removing the upholstery from the wood and thoroughly baking it. More recently liquid preparations have been used. But the necessity of transporting furniture to these establishments, and the large expense, have been serious obstacles. Some parties advertised to sell a moth-killing secret for a certain sum of money. We are happy at being able to announce an easy, simple process, that we have tried the past season, with what appears to be a complete success. (We mentioned it to a furniture dealer and repairer to-day, and he said he had practiced it for some time, and that it was a sort of "trade secret.")

The process: A set of furniture that seemed to be alive with the larvae, from the month it came new, and from which hundreds of those pests had been picked and brushed, was set into a room by itself. Three gallons of benzine were purchased, at 30 cents a gallon, retail. Using a small watering pot, with a fine rose sprinkler, the whole upholstery was saturated through and through with the benzine. Result: Every moth, larva, and egg was killed. The benzine dried out in a few hours, and its entire odor disappeared in three or four days. Not the slightest harm happened to the varnish, or wood, or fabrics, or hair stuffing. That was months ago, and not a sign of a moth has since appeared. The carpets were also well sprinkled all round the sides of the rooms with equally good effect. To have known this two years ago would have been worth at least \$50 in the saving to a single set of furniture, and would have saved many days of most annoying labor. If this is not worth much to multitudes of housekeepers, we shall be greatly mistaken. For furs, flannels, indeed all woolen articles containing moths, benzine is most valuable. Put them in a box, sprinkle them with benzine, close the box tightly, and in a day or two the pest will be exterminated, and the benzine will all evaporate on opening.

Caution: Never use benzine, naphtha, or ether where there is a fire or light, or a match that can be fired on; nor where its vapor can escape into any room where there is any possibility of any fire or light—whether through a door, stove-pipe, or chimney hole, or any other opening—even a crack. Such an occurrence as that above named might not happen once in a thousand or ten thousand times, but it is best to be safe. Except when needed in carpets, it will be better to apply it to furniture out of doors, or in an out-house. This substance is used for various purposes in the arts, and the above caution is always needed.—*American Agriculturist.*

Dinner and After-Dinner.

Some time since we met with an anecdote of a man exceedingly distressed by a nightmare, so much so that he applied to a physician, and he accounted for his distressing visitations in a singular manner. "If you'll believe me, sir, my supper is usually nothing particular; perhaps one blood pudding, then a trifle of pickled salmon; usually after this I have a beefsteak and onions and then only some Derbyshire toasted cheese, which I relish exceedingly, and not one drop do I drink only a jug of egg-flip. I think it must be all owing to the 'Stomach and its Difficulties' says very truly:

"The world's mode of living is preposterous; mixtures and spices and wines are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see: you take at a dinner party soup (say turtle), a glass or two of fine punch, perhaps, turbot, and a rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, say an oyster pate or a sweetbread to amuse yourself with while your host is cutting you a slice of Southdown haunch; this, with jelly and kidney beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or sauterne are added. A wing of a partridge or the back of a leveret, soiced with a red hermitage, succeeds; then you at once ease and chill your stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of new wine or some other liquor; if you are not seduced to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are certain to try a bit of stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. A dessert, port, sherry, and claret fill up the picture. Now, I ask you," continues our author, warming with his description, "if this is not about the routine of the majority of dinner parties one goes to? One man may give ox-tail for turtle, or another venison for mutton, but such is the usual order. Let us take all these things—soup, punch, turbot, and lobster pate, haunch and sweet sauce, partridge and port, jelly, ice and new wine; and, instead of putting them into your stomach, throw them all into a basin, infusing a couple of glasses of champagne to make them ferment, and what a noxious looking mess you will have. Depend upon it, until modern dinners are altered, there will be no health; the man, in fact, who asks you to a dinner party, instead of being your friend, is your mortal enemy. He makes a hospitable attempt on your life."

WELL BEHAVED.—Almost every body smiles and is happy when the oysters are served up. On the New-Jersey coast two oysters have been lately found that Professor Lockwood says are thirty, if not forty years old. He also says that they have not yet got their growth. The general oyster, however, is quite an infant by the side of these patriarchs. Fifty thousand people are at work in the oyster business. These people use 4,000 vessels and 12,000 boats. In 1880 the oyster-men sold over 22,000,000 bushels of oysters, and they have a capital of over \$10,000,000 in their business. So the Oyster family is getting to be very important, after all, yet they don't make any fuss about it. They just get as fat and white as they can, and when the oysterman says "Come, get out of bed and go to market," they never sulks or strike the nurse. They are a nice quiet family, indeed, and they make a great many people glad.

Cottage Cheese Profitable.

A kind of cheese recently coming in demand in all our chief towns and cities, would soon have an immense consumption, if there was an adequate supply. In some localities it is called "Pot," or "Cottage Cheese," in others, "Dutch Cheese," or "Sour Curds." It is simply the curd of sour milk drained from the whey, molded into small fancy shapes, and eaten while fresh, or soon after.

The manufacture is quite simple. The milk is allowed to become loppered, when it is gently heated to facilitate separation of the whey. The curds are then gathered and salted or otherwise, to suit the taste, and pressed into small molds, or formed with the hands into balls or pats of suitable shape, when it is ready for the table. In cool weather when the sour milk does not readily thicken, it may be put into a suitable vessel set in hot water over the range, and stirred a few minutes until the whey begins to separate. It is then removed and treated as before described. It is usually made from skimmed milk, and fresh butter or sweet cream is often added to the curds while manipulating and pressing into form. This improves the quality and flavor for many.

In summer some use large cans having a spigot near the bottom. The sour milk is allowed to stand in these in the sun, or in warm water, to thicken, en. The heat separates the whey which is drawn off through the spigot. The curds are then removed to a sink having a slatted bottom, covered with a strainer cloth. The curds thrown upon this cloth are soon drained, and ready to be pressed with the hands or molded into forms.

Sometimes this cheese is potted and left to turn into a pasty mass, having a strong disagreeable odor, when it is esteemed most acceptable to those who have acquired a taste for eating it thus, as it has some characteristics of "Limburger."

Cottage Cheese, when fresh and well made, finds a ready market in cities, and certain butter makers realize quite a profit by turning their skimmed milk into this product. I know leading butter makers in the Northwest who thus dispose of all their skimmed milk, sending the curds regularly to the receiver, who finds a quick sale at good prices. A very extensive milk dealer near Washington, D. C., informed me that so great was the demand in that city, that it was impossible to supply half his customers. Even in small towns there has of late sprung up a demand for the article, and I have no doubt that with proper effort large quantities of milk could thus be turned to good profit. These sour milk curds are not only healthful, but nutritious, and the great liking for them among all classes of people, indicates that they supply some elements in the animal economy, and which nature with unerring instinct craves as an easy way of repairing the waste of the body.—*Agriculturist.*

MEASURE FOR CREAM ADOPTED IN IOWA.—At the annual meeting of the Iowa Butter and Cheese Association a committee was appointed to report on the size of milk-setting cans and the relative depth of cream necessary in said cans to produce a pound of butter, from milk set twenty-four hours, in order to secure as far as possible a uniform system in handling gathered cream. A circular just issued by the secretary of the association contains the resolution presented by this committee and adopted by the convention: "Resolved, That as it requires 113 cubic inches of cream on milk when set 24 hours and set in deep setting-cans to make one pound of butter, the measurement of cream should be as follows: For cans 12 inches in diameter, 1 inch depth of cream; for cans 8 inches in diameter, 2 1/4 inches depth of cream, and for cans 5 1/2 inches in diameter, 2 inches depth of cream to make a pound of butter; the milk to be set in a temperature not below 50 ° nor above 60 ° Fahrenheit, and not less than 24 hours before being skimmed. The standard of measurement shall be as here recited, and it is recommended that all cans be made to conform to these dimensions. This measure for cream does not in any way apply to the shallow-setting system."

THE WELLAND AQUEDUCT.—The Tribune says: Work on the aqueduct contract is being prosecuted as rapidly as possible in the preliminary stages. The retaining crib—185 feet in length, one of the largest ever constructed in this country—has been completed and sunk in position, in 20 feet of water, and so accurately have the calculations been made, that there is but five inches out of level from end to end of the whole structure. The first crib for the entirely new coffer dam has also been framed and will be put in place next week. Timber, stone, cement, and other materials are rapidly being accumulated; horse powers and other machinery being placed in position; and a large blacksmith shop and carpenter shop and tool house have just been constructed.

Smiles.

School-houses should have lightning rods on them, for if you spare the rod your children may be spoiled.

A young married man, whose house rent is paid by his mother-in-law, alludes to her as his darling pay-rent.

A wag suggested that a suitable opening for many choirs would be, "Lord have mercy on us miserable singers."

"A babe," says a writer, "is a mother's anchor." We have often heard that the first thing she does is to weigh it.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady.

A young man in this city, who practiced in the gymnasium one afternoon only, was enabled to jump his board bill the very next day.

We see an article in the papers about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who won't whistle on his fingers and yell on the streets at night.

"December is as pleasant as May," 'This is a proposition that no one has disputed this year. But it is an open question if May is as pleasant as December.—*Indianapolis News.*

A wag, who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this man three pig's feet."

There is a man in Newark, N. J., so close that when he attends church he occupies the pew farthest from the pulpit to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plates for contributions.

"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was about getting married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."

Little Gracie had been told that it was impolite to take the last biscuit on the table. The other morning at breakfast, she was observed to gaze long and earnestly at the solitary biscuit on the bread plate. The temptation at last proved too great. Reaching for the coveted morsel, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've almost 'tarved'! I dess I won't be polite to-day, I'll wait till some day when I ain't too hungry."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Contortionist.

Mr. Charles H. Warren, an American acrobat and contortionist of some fame in his own country, is at the present time, says the *Lancet*, in London, exhibiting his remarkable power of dislocating many of his joints by voluntary muscular action. He is the child of healthy parents, and the first indication of any abnormality was that he was frequently tripped up by some displacement of the hip joint, when quite a young child; the fall, however, served to replace the bone. After two or three years he grew out of this tendency. At eight years of age he began to train as an acrobat. He does not make use of his power of dislocation to aid him in his performances, nor does dislocation now ever occur involuntarily. He is the father of two children, a son and a daughter, both of whom showed the same peculiarity, so far as the hip joint is concerned. He is a tall, well-developed, finely-proportioned man. His muscular development is uniform and great. By voluntary muscular contraction he dislocates forward either or both condyles of the lower jaw, downwards (partially) the head of each humerus, forwards or backwards (partially) each carpus, upwards and backwards (completely) the head of each femur, and backwards and forwards (partially) each of the phalanges of the fingers and thumb. With the aid of his hand he partially dislocates to either side the carpus, and forwards and outwards the ankle joint; when the knee is flexed he can rotate the tibia very freely, and make the inner condyle project an inch in front of the femur. Each of these displacements is accompanied by a distinct snap, but the replacement of the bones is noiseless and without effort. The most remarkable, as also the only complete, of these dislocations, is that of the hip. He stands at ease with the toes turned further out than is usual, and has unusual freedom of eversion of the lower limbs. When the femur is displaced, the great trochanter is raised and drawn back on the pelvis, and is still very prominent; the limb is shortened and inverted, and knee and hip joints are flexed; the head of the bone cannot be felt.

The explanation of these facts is that the man's ligaments are unusually lax, while his muscular power is very great, and probably also the rim of the acetabulum is less prominent than usual. In addition, Mr. Warren shows other illustrations of his remarkable power over his muscles, which are of fully as much interest as the foregoing. Thus he can contract at will the two pillars of the fauces, the platysma myoides, and the pectoralis minor, and can fix the elbow joints by strong contraction of either the arm or forearm muscles, or of both simultaneously. He voluntarily produces the deformity of talipes equinus and talipes equinovarus. Equally interesting is his control over the muscles of the trunk. Thus he can contract his recti abdominis in a wave-like manner, and illustrate capably the formation of phantom tumors. He can contract his abdominal muscles quite back on the spine, so that the abdominal aorta is seen, as well as easily felt, pulsating. He also expands his chest to an enormous size, and can contract it so completely that the front becomes quite concave. These are merely examples of muscles unusually developed, and brought under the influence of the will to a most remarkable extent; they do not betoken any congenital peculiarity.

THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1882.

The trouble between the employers and employees in the Pittsburgh iron works is not subsiding, and may cause bad results.

The Survivors of the Jeannette were received and welcomed by the Mayor of Liverpool on the 18th of May, and escorted them to their ship, as they started homeward bound. They will probably form the nucleus of a new party of exploration.

AND still they come. More than 20,000 immigrants arrived at New York from Europe last week. What an accession to our population does this mean in a year? Had we not better petition congress to pass a law prohibiting emigration from Ireland to Germany for ten years? No, not hardly. Yet it would be quite as consistent as that lately passed in regard to Chinamen. The common sense, progress, and christianity of the country sit badly under this suppressive enactment.

The repression bill moves on toward its completion in the British House of Commons, and with it, important legislation tending to relieve the oppressed tenants on the large estates of home and foreign lands. There is too much strength in the government of Britain under the magnificent leadership of Gladstone to allow reactionary measures to take the place of those remedial measures which were in contemplation before the assassination of Cavanish and Burke. The present administration will hold them firmly, and whip the refractory, but carry on needed measures of amelioration and reform.

The troubles in Egypt have called forth decided action on the part of the English and French governments, and their authority must be obeyed. The commerce of these countries has given them practical control of much of the east, and although they claim to which not to interfere with the integrity of the nations, yet in effect they are masters of the situation, and dictate terms as they will. Eastern sloth and superstition have added brain and heart of these orientals, and they soon must go down before the push and intelligence of the West, or rise and shake themselves from the sleep of ages, and whip themselves into an energy equal to the demands of the competition with which they are surrounded.

It is time the courts, and the public were done with the "Christianity case," as it is called. It is demoralizing to the country to have this case of divorce made so much of in the public papers. The actors in the case having lost all sense of shame or propriety, should not lead the public press to conclude that the public taste is so depraved as to relish such disgusting fare being served up to them perpetually. This couple should never have been married. Marriage, where a home, and money are the chief considerations should never take place. It is a misnomer to call them by this sacred name. They ought to be called bargains and sales, and announced with such commercial transactions. Enough of this demoralizing garbage only fit for the sink of the slums of the vilest corners in our worst cities.

AGRICULTURE is receiving more than ordinary attention, not only among the scientific both practical and theoretic, but among legislators and jurists of the highest order. The importance to humanity of this great productive industry, fully justifies all the attention which has been or may be bestowed upon it. It is the foundation industry in this, and in most countries, and cannot be too earnestly and intelligently prosecuted. Organizations, whether national, state, county or township ought to be encouraged and no effort should be spared to make this industry *par excellence*, the most respectable profession of our land. In Michigan especially, where our facilities in the excellent quality of our soil, the character of our climate, and easy modes of transportation are so marked, a strenuous effort ought to be put forth to gain a first position in this respect. No business, trade or profession should be allowed to stand higher in the minds of our youth than farming. Our cereals, grasses, roots and stock are more valuable to us than our mines of gold, silver and copper. In the latter a more rapid success may be secured, in the former respectable success is certain to follow intelligent plodding industry.

Our correspondent Revd. J. F. Berry flourishes quite a lengthy and interesting article on Arizona in the "Michigan Christian Advocate" of Detroit. These letters will do much to throw light upon the extent and resources of this vast and interesting territory. Think of it. "The estimated area is 111,050 square miles," or about 72,000,000 acres. The states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, which together contain more than one third of the population of the United States, might be set down inside her borders, and then would still have plenty of room to spare." What colossal proportions our great territories assume, when compared with our states which have assumed a governmental form? and what a responsibility devolves upon the populated and governing parts of the Union, in giving tone and consecration to the masses who are yearly throwing themselves into these boundless openings! Utah is an example of bad principles, and consequent bad morals, and danger to the body politic, from allowing base and ignorant masses

to throw themselves together, without the leavening influences of American institutions to mold and control them. Let us take care for Arizona and other territories, and let our own sons and daughters, as far as possible mingle with the flowing tide of emigration, and thus, as in Kansas and elsewhere, hold the helm of State firmly to law, order, and a healthy morality.

Our common schools are in a very large degree the hope of our country, the depository of general knowledge, knowledge of letters, science in its various departments, arts in their various applications. Men in the past and present, in their capacities and doings, and in their possibilities for the future, the diffusion of knowledge can only be accomplished by the securing of a sound rudimentary basis, a base which is sought best in our common schools. Much, almost everything, depends upon the character, tone, and thoroughness of our common schools, to say whether our youth shall be really intelligent, industrious and thrifty or whether they shall be ignorant, shiftless hewers of wood and bearers of water for more progressive and energetic men who will gather in around us. Intelligence, character, virtue, will take and keep the ascendant in our communities. If our sons and our daughters keep the farms or products of the industry of their fathers and mothers; if they would not be driven backward before advancing civilization they must lay broad and deep and strong the foundations for that culture which the present and coming days demand. Largely, as are the teachers of our schools so are the schools which they organize and control, and as are the teachers and school, so are the minds trained there. You cannot reasonably expect children to be better, wiser, nobler, than their instructors. The stream will not raise higher than the fountain. A spiritless, low, vulgar, teacher is sure to have a following wherever they are, of a class formed of this model. The example of a teacher will tell on any community. Hence the responsibility which rests upon school boards to be discriminating in their selection of teachers. A great and important trust is reposed by the people in them, and they do well who properly weigh it, and act accordingly. The season is now drawing nigh when many boards will be making their selection and engagements for another term. Two great attributes cannot be paid to teachers or nobility of character, whether in male or female teachers. To be acquainted, fully, with the branches to be taught to the children in their classes is important, but surely this ought not to be thought sufficient. There should be beside this, and added to it a breadth of the culture which, incidentally, in the intercourse of the teacher with the pupils, will impress them, elevate them, and give them aspirations after something more than the rudiments of an education. These rudiments are only means to an end, the end is intelligence, refinement of character, a preparation for usefulness and happiness in the world. No consideration of a pecuniary kind should influence our school board in the selection of teachers. True, all other things, being equal, a teacher at \$300 per annum may be preferred to one at \$400, but a poor bargain is made, when a comparatively inefficient and weak teacher is preferred before an efficient and thorough one on account of merely financial considerations. A poor teacher is dear at any price, while a good one is worth the highest compensation which is usually given. Let us never lose sight of those potent matters. The children well directed, and our future is sure.

Satinette Suits retailed at wholesale prices at the Boston.

Worsted suits way down to \$5 at the Boston.

Farm For Sale.
Eighty acres, 3 1/2 miles north of Cass City, and 80 rods east, good frame house, good orchard and good well, 35 acres cleared and 15 acres fitted in good shape for logging. Apply to
JOHN LANDRIGAN.

For Sale.
In the village of Cass City, two houses and three lots, pleasant situations. Enquire at this office.

Notice.
On and after June 10th, the undersigned will be prepared to do all manner of building in first-class style and workmanlike manner, and prices to correspond with the times. Give me a call, all work guaranteed, good references given.
M. S. PHETPLACE.
Evergreen, May 10th.

Strayed
From the premises of the subscriber, on the night of 21st inst., a small light red cow, with some white markings and the tips of both horns cut off. Any person giving information as will lead to her recovery will be rewarded.
D. J. McArthur,
Box 127, Cass City.

To My Customers.
I take pleasure in advising you that I have placed in my store a fine line of furniture of all kinds, and feel assured you will find our Goods suitable to your wants. I buy nothing but first-class goods and you will always find them just as represented. We shall at all times endeavor to please both in style and workmanship, and by prompt attention to business merit a continuance of your patronage.
Thanking you for many past favors, I remain, Yours Very Respectfully,
S. C. ARMSTRONG.
The Cass City Undertaker and Furniture Dealer.

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT.

Our Mottoes.

We mark our goods plain.
We adhere strictly to One-Price.
We carry a large stock.
We sell no shoddy goods.
We keep only the best makes.
We misrepresent nothing.
We have the latest styles.
We sell at the LOWEST PRICES.
All this at the BOSTON.
Call and see those beautiful dolmans at A. D. Gillies.

The New York store, Cass City, has just received the finest line in cotton and flannel thread gloves ever brought into this market.

The present demand for Tan-ill's Punch" 5c. Cigar is greater than ever before. Weydemeyer & Predmore, Sole Agts.

Gents' Fine Calf Cap Toe Hooked Bala Low Shoe \$1.75 at the BOSTON.

I have used Luce & Mosher's Cough Mixture with good effect and can cheerfully recommend it to all who are suffering with Coughs, Colds or Lung difficulties.
J. P. Westfall, Caro.

One spoonful relieved and half a bottle of Luce & Mosher's Cough Syrup completely cured me of a severe and disagreeable cold and heartily recommend it to the public as a reliable remedy.
W. F. Berry.

Sold and guaranteed by Adamson & Fritz, Cass City, Mich.

See those men's \$1.25 Shoe at the Boston.

Have you read those side-splitting burlesque circulars furnished free with "Tan-ill's Punch" 5c. Cigar, by Weydemeyer & Predmore, Sole Agts.

Feed always on hand at Dubois Bros. grocery.

Gents' Fine hand made "Elixir" at the BOSTON.

For the nicest line of Ladies' lace collars ever viewed in this country call at the New York store, Cass City.

Black, brown, maroon, drab and cream colored cashmires, and all goods in the latest style, at A. D. Gillies.

2 Practical watch makers at Knickerbocker & Co's, Caro.

But Oh! those 20cent Slippers at the BOSTON.

The universal popularity of "Tan-ill's Punch" 5c. Cigar is accounted for from the fact that no labor or expense has been spared in obtaining the choicest stock, thus securing a degree of perfection and evenness seldom equaled. Sold by Weydemeyer & Predmore.

T. H. Hunt has a full line of everything usually kept in a first-class grocery. For linen dusters call at Lwenberg & Hirschberg's.

Ladies, examine the fine stock of Shoes and Slippers at the BOSTON.

J. L. Hitchcock has just received a heavy stock of Tea from New York. He guarantees them to be the best quality for the least money in town. Try and be convinced.

Ball's Health Preserving Corsets, the only corset pronounced by the medical profession not injurious to the wearer. For sale at A. D. Gillies.

"It's the boss," is what the smokers say of Tan-ill's 5c. "Punch" Cigar. Try it. Weydemeyer & Predmore, Sole Agts.

Children's Shoes in all qualities and styles at the BOSTON.

You will find A. C. McGraw hand made boots and shoes at J. L. Hitchcock's.

Why do all the ladies buy their embroideries of Lewenberg & Hirschberg? Because they have the largest stock and the lowest prices in the county.

Sash Ribbons imported from John Burl, London, at A. D. Gillies.

Ladies' fine Kid Shoes at the BOSTON.

We have about 75 second hand Watches which will be old cheap at KNICKERBOCKER & Co's, Caro.

Wood, stove wood delivered by J. L. Hitchcock.

"Rich," "Fragrant," "Fine," are the expressions of those who smoke "Tan-ill's Punch," the old reliable 5c. Cigar. Sold by WEYDEMAYER & PREDMORE, Sole Agts.

For the Drive! See the "Rive" Boots at the BOSTON.

Our stock of Ladies' summer underwear is now complete. Lewenberg & Hirschberg.

Caroshaka Buttons in all shades and styles at A. D. Gillies.

Now is the time to get a good watch for the least money at Knickerbocker & Co's, Caro.

Farmers, see those \$1.75 Plough Shoes at the "Boston."

For lace curtains, lace bed spreads, lace shams, lace neckties, lace ties Irish linen ties, call at the New York Store, Cass City.

The poor as well as the rich, the old as the young, the wife as well as the husband, the young maiden as well as the young man the girl as well as boy, can find just what they want at S. C. Armstrong's furniture warehouses. Chairs of all kinds, Bedsteads, Comodes, Bureaus, Spring Beds, the best in the market, Mattresses, Upholstered Furniture, Perambulators, new styles, Cabs, Boy's Express Wagon, Carts, Baskets, Looking Glasses, all kinds, Crown Pictures framed to order. Everything fresh and new and warranted first-class in every particular. Remember the place, at Armstrong's.

Don't forget that fine Clothing Stock at the BOSTON.

Still Something New.

The BOSTON Clothing House have put in a fine stock of Boots and Shoes.

Fine Worsted Suits equal to Custom make at the BOSTON.

Fancy Plaids never excelled for style and beauty, at the Boston.

These Cashmere Suits will open your eyes, at the BOSTON.

The Hat and Cap Department is now complete in all the latest styles in Fur, Felt, Woolen and Straw. Give the "Boston" the lead in that line.

Children's Suits in endless variety of color quality and style, at the BOSTON.

Youth's Suits are the attraction at the "Boston."

They are still cutting in prices of Clothing at the Boston.

Hamilton's Oriental Balm.
Or Maical Beautifier, removes all pimples freckles and skin blemishes, and gives a clear, transparent complexion, while its naturalness of operation is such that the use of a cosmetic is not suspected. It is the only preparation that meets the wants of refined ladies. Price 50 cent. per bottle. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

The Human Locomotive.
Should be carefully engineered, other wise it may run off the track of life, at any moment. To keep its delicate internal machinery in perfect trim, or put it in good working condition, use Parmelee's Dyspepsia Compound. The tone and vigor which it imparts to the stomach, its appetizing effects, the relief it affords in headache, its anti-bilious properties, and its superior merits as a general corrective, make it the most valuable family medicine of the age. Price per bottle \$1; sample bottles 15 cents. Sold by Cass City druggists and Geo. H. Dann, Greenleaf.

Farm For Sale.
Located 4 and three-quarters of a mile north of Cass City cemetery, containing 128 1/2 acres, 65 cleared, 19 in wheat and 20 acres of green hard wood timber, no pine stumps, 90 fruit trees, frame house and out buildings, land is high and dry, and front on two good roads and could be divided. Personal property for sale. Enquire of the undersigned owner who lives near the premises
JOHN G. WHEELLOCK.

Notice.
A Farm of 40 acres to rent or sell. A job of logging 30 acres or more. One span of horses for sale. For further information enquire of
J. L. Hitchcock.

Dissolution Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership of the firm of Weydemeyer & Predmore is this day dissolved by mutual consent. O. C. Predmore retiring. The business will hereafter be carried on by W. Weydemeyer, who assumes all indebtedness of the firm.
W. Weydemeyer,
O. C. Predmore.

WANTED.
1,000,000 feet of Pine, Cherry, Ash and Cedar Logs, and Cedar Posts, for which will be paid the highest price, to be delivered on the bank of Cass river.
Asa White,
Cass City.

A Common Mistake.
To consider a consumption what is really and affection of the liver. To keep your liver healthy and your blood pure and thus avoid many distressing complaints, use Parmelee's Great Blood and Liver Purifier. It cures sick and nervous headache, and indigestion, and removes all unhealthy bilious secretions of the stomach and bowels. For constiveness no medicine is so effective; also for bad breath, sour stomach, etc. A positive guarantee of no cure, no pay. Price per bottle, \$1; sample bottles, 15 cents. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

W. WHITNEY & CO.,
Manufacturers of—

Italian and American Marble Monuments,

TOMBSTONES Etc.

—And Deal in—

Scotch and American Granite,

Flint - Mich.

Wm. Walker, Agt.

Cass City, - Mich.

ADVERTISE !!!

or the regular reader will

FORGET YOU

OR MAKE UP HIS MIND YOU

HAVE PUT UP YOUR

SHUTTERS.

Trying to do Business

WITHOUT ADVERTISING,

IS LIKE RUNNING A STORE WITH

THE SHUTTERS ON.

It is SLOW—very slow, and not Very Sure.

It is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark—you may know you are doing, but no one else does.

THE WEEKLY

"ENTERPRISE"

NEVER ENJOYED SO

LARGE A CIRCULATION

AS NOW,

And consequently was never before in a position to do as much good to its advertisers.

Notwithstanding which its advertising rates have not varied, while its

CIRCULATION HAS DOUBLED.

No pains will be spared to make

THE "ENTERPRISE"

A Welcome Visitor in Every Household.

—AND THE—

LOW RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION

Things it within the reach of all.

GROCERIES FURNISHED
CROSS & PARSON'S.
Care, Mich.

PURE DRUGS
AT THE
City Drug Store.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH
AMERICA'S FINEST 5c CIGAR
PATENT MEDICINES AND STATIONERY.
W. Weydemeyer.

A WHIRLWIND!
FURNITURE FOR EVERYBODY.

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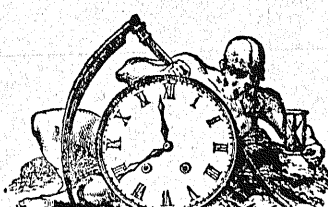
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First-class Horses and Carriages for the accommodation of the public.

CASS CITY, Mich.

THE CASS CITY ENTERPRISE

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

CASS CITY, - - - - - MICH.

THE CROPS.

Reports Respecting Prospects in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Texas.

From over 200 reports received by one of the leading and most reputable grain commission houses of St. Louis, respecting the crops, the following condensation is made: With three or four exceptions the reports indicate that never before were the wheat prospects so promising in Missouri at this season of the year. The late cool weather has checked the rank growth and at the same time put a stop to the chinch bugs, of which there are quite a number, but they have thus far done no injury. Army worms have appeared in the southeastern counties, but have done no damage. At one point Hessian flies have shown themselves, but in too small numbers to cause damage, nor has the rust done injury. Wheat is now heading out and the generally expressed opinion is that wheat is too far advanced to suffer by insects of any kind, even if young chinch bugs should appear, which seems very improbable, after the recent cool, wet weather. The acreage of wheat sown is much larger than was harvested last season. Harvesting begins early in June, if the weather is favorable. Corn is about all planted, and the southern and central countries show a very good standing for the time of the year. In some sections it has received two plowings.

Cool weather has kept it backward somewhat, but on the whole it looks very well. The acreage is larger than in 1881. No fears of damage by chinch bugs are anticipated, unless the weather during June should be very hot and dry. The acreage of oats is larger, and the crop looks well. Small fruit and apples promise very well. Peaches appear less plentiful. The meadows and stock are doing well. Farmers are well up in their work, and in fine spirits.

From Kansas the reports are numerous and universally good, and while the area sown is probably fifteen to twenty per cent. less than sown last season, a larger yield per acre is expected. Chinch bugs have decreased considerably since cool weather set in, but are still numerous. No damage seems to have been occasioned by them, however, in the northern counties. If hot, dry weather occurs, wheat may suffer somewhat by their work. Harvesting will begin in the southeastern counties from May 25 to June, if the weather remains favorable. The acreage planted with corn is fully twenty-five per cent. greater than that planted in 1881, and the stand is generally good. In many sections the plant had an unhealthy, yellow appearance, but has recently greatly improved under the influence of warm, bright weather. No damage to corn by chinch bugs is anticipated. In the event of the eggs not having been destroyed, the new crop of bugs may turn from the dry wheat field to the young and tender corn. Oats look well. Harvest begins about July 1. Altogether the prospects were never more favorable to an early and beautiful yield in Kansas, and farmers consequently are in excellent spirits.

In Arkansas wheat is looking extremely well. Some fields sown early have already been harvested, showing a very good yield. The standing wheat fields are looking very fine. A few chinch bugs have appeared, but have done no damage. No other insects and no rust are reported in wheat, and the acreage is thirty to forty per cent. higher than last season. The acreage of corn is about the same as in 1881. Owing to the recent cold weather, corn is backward, but bids fair to do well with warm weather. Oats are looking well and will be harvested about June 5. Fruit prospects are promising.

In Texas the harvest is now progressing. Wheat is of good quality and the field will be above the average. The area sown was fully fifty per cent. greater than that sown the previous year. Army worms appeared early but have done no damage to wheat. No chinch bugs. Some red rust, but no injury, being beaten off by rains. The acreage of corn and oats has been largely increased. Corn looks well and is now from knee to waist high. The oat harvest is now in progress in the central and southern portions of the state. The yield of oats is estimated at from sixty to 100 bushels to the acre.

THE RAIN TREE.—Some travelers in South America, in traversing an arid and desolate tract of country, were struck (says "Land and Water"), with a strange contrast. On one side was a barren desert, and on the other, a rich luxuriant vegetation. The French Consul at Loreto, Mexico, says that this remarkable contrast is due to the presence of the tamai caspi, or the rain-tree. This tree grows to the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, and possesses the power of strongly attracting, absorbing and condensing the humidity of the atmosphere. Water is always to be seen dripping from its trunk in such quantity as to convert the surrounding soil into a veritable marsh. It is in summer, especially, when the rivers are nearly dried up, that the tree is most active. If this admirable quality of the rain-tree were utilized in the arid regions near the equator, the people living there, in misery on account of the unproductive soil, would derive great advantages from its introduction, as well as the people of more favored countries where the climate is dry and droughts frequent.—*Am. Rural Home.*

Better Protection of Innocent Purchasers Against Patent Frauds.

The thanks of the entire country are due Hon. J. C. Burrows for his able address before Congress in favor of the bill to protect innocent purchasers of patented articles. Many more examples of grossly unjust extortions of money from innocent purchasers might easily be added to those given. In the debate in the House pending the passage of this bill Mr. Burrows said:

Mr. SPEAKER.—The brief time allowed for debate upon this motion to suspend the rules and pass this bill is wholly inadequate to permit a recital of the outrages which this measure is intended to remedy, much less to reply to the numerous criticisms urged against it. This is the second effort to bring this matter to the deliberate consideration of this house, and it is a little remarkable that, whenever it is sought to give protection to the innocent purchasers and users of patented articles, there are always some gentlemen to be found prolific of objections, to prevent, if possible, the passage of any measure for relief. Another peculiarity is that these same gentlemen have no suggestions to make by which their objections may be overcome. They simply abound in criticisms.

Even now, when certain modifications are proposed by the friends of the measure, to avoid antagonisms and make it conform, if possible, to the views of its opponents, even that is objected to, and the conclusion is forced upon us that it is the purpose to prevent, if possible, all legislation upon this subject. Now, sir, what I desire, what the people of the state which I have the honor in part to represent demand, what the farmers of this whole country insist upon, is that the purchasers of a patented article in good faith for a full consideration, and in the open market, shall be protected from the bands of patent-right inquisitors which infest the country and plunder our people? I demand for the purchaser in good faith of the barbed-wire fence, the drive-well, the Birdsell clover-huller, and the hundred other articles necessary to the farmers of the great west, that they shall be exempt from the unjust persecutions to which they are now subjected. I ask to embody in my remarks some well-authenticated instances of outrages to which the people of my district and state have been subjected.

S. L. Bently of Eaton Rapids reported that on the Birdsell clover-huller the following persons in that vicinity paid royalty on a huller valued at \$450: W. S. Smith, W. H. Ford, J. Horner, Delos Smith and James Rorabeck—the fee demanded and paid being \$100 by each.

On circular saw guide, valued at \$50 \$50 was demanded of R. Perrin, and \$45 was paid. From H. Griffith and J. M. Allyn the same amount was demanded and the same paid. From Fred Spicer \$50 was demanded and the case litigated, and a judgment of \$91 50 rendered with costs.

For circular saw-dogs with attachments, valued at \$75, from Fred Spicer \$50 was demanded and \$40 paid. The same demand was made of J. M. Allyn and H. Griffith for the same device, and same payment made.

W. A. Luman of Elsie writes that on a Glen & Hall clover thresher, valued at \$260 when new, nine years after purchase a royalty of \$125 was demanded, which, with the expense of 200 miles' travel and attorney fee, he paid. He also reports that Mr. W. H. Davidson, for a Wooster huller valued at \$230, a royalty of \$125 was demanded and judgment obtained. George Davidson had the same experience. J. Buesenger, A. E. Rockold, M. S. Hamilton and E. Thompson each paid the \$125 royalty demanded for using a Glen & Hall clover-huller. B. B. Davis of Fowlerville reports that from Oscar D. Weller, on a clover-huller valued at \$400, a royalty of \$100 was demanded and paid. From J. R. Dait & Co., for use of head block valued at \$125, a royalty of \$100 was demanded. It remains unsettled. David Connell reports that Jeremiah Ramsey of Monterey used a cider-strainer made by himself, on which he paid a royalty to one J. D. Hampton of Detroit of \$20. Henry Hawley of Burr Oak reports that from Wm. W. Teal for using several cider-press racks, valued at \$12, that to his certain knowledge had been in use 30 years, one dollar for each ten was paid as royalty to avoid litigation. A much larger sum was demanded.

J. M. Failing of Tekonsha, got an old Birdsell huller in a trade, calling it worth \$100; never run it an hour; was sued for infringement, and refusing to pay the royalty of \$100 demanded, learned at a cost of \$417 that the United States district court for the eastern district of Michigan knew more of the value of a patent than he did, and we came very near adding the disrespectful remark—less of equity. Jacob Willett of Ingham county was made to pay a royalty of \$200 on the guide and arbor of a saw bought five years before, and valued at \$75. Isaac S. P. Pound paid John C. Birdsell \$100 for infringement of patent on clover-huller bought by him in 1871. From Henry Kline of Nottawa, \$100 royalty was demanded and paid on account of use of clover-huller.

From Joseph Dean of Colon, for clover-huller, a royalty of \$100 was demanded and \$50 paid. The case of Mr. Dean was one of peculiar hardship. After using the machine long enough to earn \$40, his arm was caught in the machinery and he was crippled for life. Selling the machine afterward, the purchaser was sued for royalty, and at the end of a suit found that his education in patent law had cost him \$500. In behalf of Mr. Birdsell or his agent it should not be forgotten that on account of the poverty and crippled condition of Mr. Dean his liability was discounted 50 per cent. These are samples of the

persecutions to which farmers are subjected. In some instances the vendor and the owner of the patent seem to be in collusion. For instance, a set of men go through the country with wagon-loads of gates and dispose of them to the farmers, who pay a full consideration and have no knowledge that they are patented, and after they are set up and in daily use another set of men scour the country and notify the purchasers of these gates that the hinge or some other portion of it is patented and that they are the owners of such patent, and thereupon a demand is made for five ten, fifteen or twenty dollars' damages for infringement, and if payment is refused suit is threatened in the United States court. To avoid this they frequently submit to outrageous exaction; and so, under threat of judicial inquisition, our people are being plundered without stint or mercy. I hope this measure will receive the prompt approval of this house, that the people who purchase patented articles in the open market in good faith and for a full consideration shall not be hunted down by these insatiate vampires.

A \$200,000 Bet.

In 1859 St. Joseph was the western terminus of railroad communication. Beyond the stage coach, the saddle horse and the ox-trains were the only means of commerce and communication with the Rocky mountains and the Pacific Slope. In the winter of 1860 there was a Wall street lobby at Washington trying to get \$5,000,000 for carrying the mails overland one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was extremely cheeky, and Wm. H. Russell, backed by Secretary of War Floyd, resolved to give the lobby a cold shower bath. He therefore offered to bet \$200,000 that he could put on a mail line from Sacramento to St. Joseph that should make the distance—1,950 miles—in ten days. The bet was taken and the 8th of April fixed upon as the day for starting. Mr. Russell called upon his partner and general manager of business upon the plains. Mr. A. B. Miller, now a citizen of Denver, and stated what he had done, and asked if he could perform the feat. Miller replied: "Yes, sir; I will do it, and do it by a pony express." To accomplish this Mr. Miller purchased three hundred of the fleetest horses he could find in the west, and employed 125 men. Eighty of these men were to be post-riders. These he selected with reference to their light weight and their known daring and courage. It was very essential that the horses should be loaded as light as possible; therefore the lighter the man the better. It was necessary that some portions of the route should be run at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The horses were stationed from ten to twenty miles apart, and each rider would be required to ride sixty miles. For the change of animals and the shifting of the mails two minutes were allowed. Where there were no stage stations at proper distances, tents sufficient to hold one man and two horses were provided. Indians would sometimes give chase, but their cayuse ponies made but sorry show in their stern chase after Miller's thoroughbreds, many of which could make a single mile in a minute and fifty seconds.

All arrangements being completed, a signal gun on the steamer at Sacramento proclaimed the meridian of April 18, 1860—the hour for starting—when Border Ruffian, Mr. Miller's private saddle horse, with Billy Baker in the saddle, bounded away toward the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, and made his ride of twenty miles in forty-nine minutes. The snows were deep in the mountains; and one rider was lost for several hours in a snow storm; and after the Salt Lake Valley was reached, additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph on time. From here on, all went well until the Platte was to be crossed at Julesburg. The river was up and running rapidly, but the rider plunged his horse into the flood, only, however, to mire in the quicksand and drown. The courier succeeded in reaching the shore, with his mail-bag in hand, and traveled ten miles on foot to meet the next relay. Johnny Fry, a popular rider of his day, was to make the finish. He had sixty miles to ride, with six horses to do it. When the last courier arrived at the sixty mile post, out from St. Joseph, he was one hour behind time. A heavy rain set in and the roads were slippery. Two hundred thousand dollars might turn upon a single minute. Fry had just three hours and thirty minutes in which to win. This was the finish for the longest race, for the largest sum, ever run in America. When the time for his arrival was nearly up, at least five thousand people stood upon the river bank, with eyes turned towards the woods from which the horse and its rider should emerge into the open country in the rear of Elwood—one mile from the finish. Tick, tick, went thousands of watches! The time was nearly up! But nearly seven minutes remained! Hark! a shout goes up from the assembled multitude: "He comes! he comes!" The noble little mare, Sylph, the daughter of little Arthur, darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in one minute and fifty seconds—landing upon the ferry boat with five minutes and a fraction to spare.

A Philadelphia bull-dog rushed out and tackled a tame bear, under the impression that it was a Newfoundland dog. After the bear wore out about half an acre of Belgian pavement with him, they got the dog away, and he limped painfully back into the butcher shop, merely remarking to the gentleman whose meat cart he sleeps in that that dog looked like a Newfoundland, but if he wasn't born in the north of Ireland there wasn't no snakes.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Skillful Captain.

It was noticed in our news columns that the steamer Rio Grande was discovered on fire when 90 miles beyond the Delaware breakwater. Capt. Burrows has accomplished a feat which seafaring men say is not only brilliant and unusual, but unprecedented. When his steamer was discovered to be on fire he overhauled an Italian bark, the Beppino A., successfully and safely, and without the slightest panic, transferred his passengers to her, navigated the burning vessel to a shoal near the Breakwater and sank her to the deck beams. This was the only means of putting out the fire, which was in the hold of the ship among 800 bales of cotton. It was impossible to reach the fires on the Rio Grande or to successfully battle with it in the usual way by pouring water through the hatches. To completely submerge all of the steamer below the main deck hatches was the only recourse. To accomplish this without serious injury to the steamer was no easy task. But Capt. Burrows managed it in 27 hours after the conflagration was first discovered; and not only this, but in 24 hours more he had extinguished the flames, pumped out and raised the ship, and was once again ready to start the engines and steam for New York. At the Delaware Breakwater the Rio Grande again overhauled the Italian bark, retransferred the passengers to the steamer and resumed the voyage to New York with the steamer as sound as a dollar and no other injury except that to the cargo. A passenger describes the scene as follows:

"There was no panic or confusion, and the most careful preparations were made, not only for the safety of the passengers, but for innumerable little comforts and luxuries. For instance, when we were to be transferred to the Italian bark every one was told to take his blanket and pillow from his berth, to put on the heaviest and warmest clothing he had and to take whatever comforts could be stowed in the pockets. After 90 of us had been put aboard the bark, seven passengers, who were seafaring men, including Captains Brown and Shepard, determined to take their chances on the burning steamer with Captain Burrows. The bark then made sail, and at 10 o'clock on Tuesday night, with many misgivings and sad forebodings, we saw the burning steamer, with dense smoke pouring from her hatches, drifting away from us. I never again expected to see alive the brave captain who had saved us, but who himself remained on board the vessel, which was being consumed beneath his feet.

The bark was then to make for New York if possible, but in case of bad weather was to sail for the nearest port. We were 90 miles from Cape Henlopen when we started, but we had baffling winds, and the captain decided to try and reach the Delaware Breakwater rather than steer for New York. On Wednesday we sighted the steamer Gulf Stream. She responded to our signals, and yielded to the Italian captain's request to take us in tow for the Delaware Breakwater. She got out two cables and towed us until Thursday morning, at half-past twelve, when we passed the Five Fathom Bank. She then parted company with us, and we proceeded under sail to the harbor.

ON THE RIO GRANDE AGAIN.

At seven o'clock last evening just as we anchored in the Delaware Bay, we saw a small boat coming alongside. To our great amazement and joy it proved to be Capt. Burrows and four of the crew of the Rio Grande. If you had been anywhere within five miles you might have heard the joyous shouts of welcome with which we greeted our hero. And when we found that not only was he and all his crew safe and sound, but that, astonishing to say, the old ship was actually waiting to receive us on board again, you might have thought we were all crazy with delight. The wonderful cleverness by which Capt. Burrows saved his ship uninjured from the fire you have heard all about, but you ought to have beheld the scene when we went back on board last night. It was like getting home again. There was such a jollification. Nobody slept much. But the task of getting us back aboard the steamer was not an easy one, especially with the women and children. The Delaware Breakwater is an open roadstead, and the water was very rough. The steamer was anchored three miles away, and we had to be taken off the bark in a tug. But Capt. Burrows' cleverness came into play again. We were each tied up into what the captain called an irresponsible bundle, and lowered carefully into the rolling and pitching tug. Then we were carried over to the steamer, and hoisted over her side pike so much baggage.

Capt. Burrows says that he is satisfied that the steamer is not in the least injured by the dangers from fire and flood through which she has passed. Her engines are none the worse for being submerged, and worked to perfection in the trip from the Delaware Capes. The extent of the injury to the cargo it is impossible to estimate until it is discharged from the ship.

Mrs. Melville and Mrs. DeLong.

Captain DeLong and Engineer Melville, it is well known, were warm personal friends, making no secret of their attachment. When they parted, DeLong directed Melville as to his movements in case he reached New York. Without waiting to search for others, he was to proceed to the nearest settlement and endeavor to send relief.

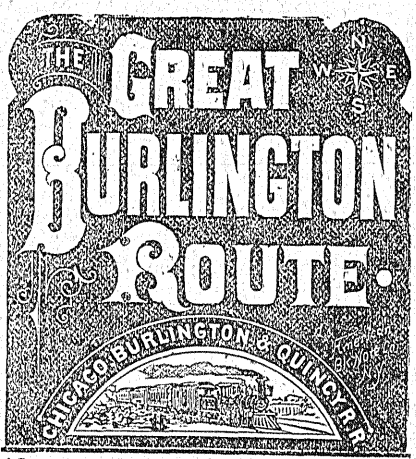
On Saturday morning, on hearing of the death of Capt. DeLong, Mrs. Melville placed over her cottage at Sharon Hill, near Philadelphia, a flag at half mast. Speaking of Mrs. Melville's relations to Mrs. DeLong, the Philadelphia Times says:

In the Saturday mail Mrs. Melville

received two packages. One was a letter from Mrs. DeLong, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of a piece of music which Elsie Melville, the intrepid engineer's little daughter, just 8 years old, had composed and dedicated to the lady. This piece of music is a weird march, very simple and sad, in which the child has expressed in music her ideas of her father's tiresome search for his lost comrades in the Siberian wilds. It was composed about a month ago, and since its publication under the title of "Melville's March to DeLong," has attracted great attention. Mrs. DeLong described how her own little daughter, Sylvia, who is partially blind, and has to be kept in a darkened room with her eyes bandaged, had played it over, and what pleasure and consolation it gave them. She expressed no hope of hearing from her husband alive, but said she trusted Melville would survive the search, whatever its end, and be restored to his family.

Mrs. Melville's sympathetic pleasure was turned to instant grief the moment she opened the next package, containing the account of the finding of the dead bodies of DeLong and his party by her husband. She burst into tears, and, going to her room, was overcome with grief. She sat down as soon as composed, and sent a dispatch to Mrs. DeLong, saying: "I would I could take you in my arms and share at least a portion of that great, unutterable sorrow which I feel must be in your heart." Even the children were in tears, and the family from whom the father has been separated for so many years knelt together and prayed for the other fatherless and husbandless ones to whom they were bound by such close and tender sympathy.

AN ARAB proverb: "All sunshine makes the desert."



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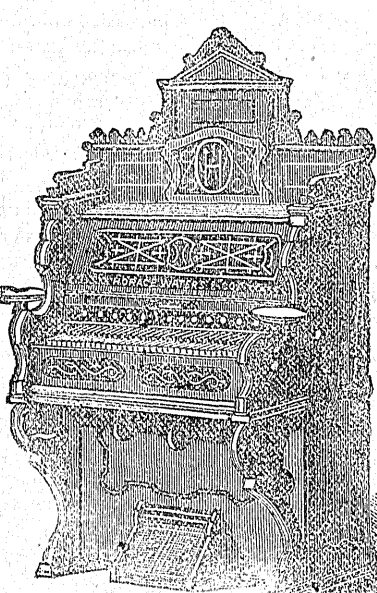
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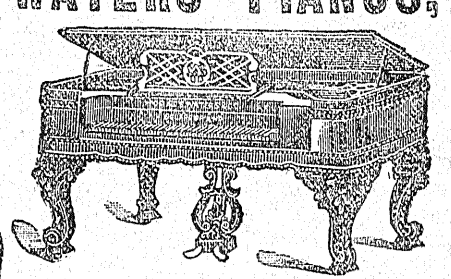
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Repairing in both Departments promptly done.

THE WAY-SIDE WELL.

He stopped at the way-side well,
Where the water was cool and deep,
There were feathered ferns 'twixt the mossy
stones,
And gray was the old well-sweep.
He left his carriage alone;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in the dusty road
To drink at the way-side well.
He swayed with his gloved hands
The well-sweep creaking and slow,
While from seam and scar in the bucket's
side
The water plashed back below.
He lifted it to the curb,
And bent down to the bucket's brim;
No furrows of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.
He saw but a farmer's boy
As he stooped o'er the brim to drink,
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his over the brink.
The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the brim of the old straw-hat
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.
He turned away with a sigh,
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that day
To drink at the way-side well.
—Good Company.

DE LAM' A STRAYIN'.

[Exhortation at a colored camp-meeting.
The dialect is that of a Mississippi plantation.]
Look out, backslider, whar you walkin'
Make a misstep, sho's yo' bo'n.
I tell you what, it's no use talkin',
Ef you slip up, chile, you gonel
De road is full er stumps an' stubble,
But an' sink holes everywhar,
I spec dey'll gib you heap er trouble,
'E you don't stop yo' foolin' dar.
It's dark ez pitch an' mighty cloudy,
Spec de debil's walkin' roun'.
Fus' thing you know he'll tell you "howdy,"
Lift his hoof an' stomp de groun'.
Man, can't you see a star's in a brewin'!
Hear de awful thunder peell!
Look! Blazin' lightnin' threat'nin' ruin—
Oh, backslider, how you feel?
Drap on yo' knees an' go to prayin',
Ax de Lawd to he'p you prayin'.
Chile, tell him you 's a lam' a strayin'—
Done got los' an' stum'lin' bout,
An' den you'll see de stars a gleamin'—
Luminatin' all de way.
Yea, 'bout ten thousn' twinkin' beamin'—
Snack untill de break er day.
But ef you fall de debil'll git you,
Fetch you slap! right in yo' eye,
You'll feel mos' like er grapeshot hit you,
Drap'd 'om half way to de sky!

TOM'S WIFE.

We had just finished breakfast. Tom laid down the egg spoon he had been playing with, and looked across at mother.
"Aunt Anne, I think I'll take a wife," he said, exactly as he might have said, "I think I'll take another cup of coffee."
"Take a wife?" repeated mother, by no means receiving the information as tranquilly as it had been given. "What for?"
"Well, I don't know," answered Tom, thoughtfully. "It's a notion I've got in my head, somehow."
"All nonsense!" said mother, sharply.
"Do you think so?" said Tom, apparently doubtful, but not in the least put out.
"Think so?" I know it. What in the world can you want of a wife? After all these years we have lived so comfortably together, to bring home somebody to turn the house upside down! And then, what's to become of that poor child?"
The "poor child"—that was I—red-denied at being brought into the argument in this way, was about to speak for herself when Tom interposed, warmly: "I'm sure May knows I would never have any wife who would make it less a home for her—don't you, May?"
"Of course," said I.
"And I'm sure she knows nothing of the sort," persisted mother, "nor you either. How can you answer for what a wife may take it into her head to do, once you get her fixed here? You can't expect her to forget, as you do, that May has no real claim on you."
"That I have no real claim on her, I suppose you mean," Tom put in for the second time, just as I was getting thoroughly uncomfortable. "But, for all that, I intend to keep her—that is," added Tom, with one of his short-sighted blinks sideways at me, "as long as she'll stay with me, eh, May?" And whoever has anything to say against that arrangement will have to go out of my house to say it—not that I'm afraid of any such result in this case—and, on the whole, Aunt Anne, I should like to try the experiment."
Mother smiled grimly, but Tom was so evidently bent on his "experiment," as he called it, that she gave up the argument.
"You can dance, if you're ready to pay the piper," she said shortly. "And, pray, how soon do you mean to be married?"
Tom's face fell a little at this question. "Well," said he, "I can't say exactly; I suppose we shall have to be engaged first."
"What!" said mother, opening her eyes; "why you never mean to say, Tom, you haven't spoken to her yet?"
"Not yet," answered Tom, cheerfully. "Time enough for that, you know, after I had spoken to you."
Mother, as a minister's widow, was not much given to the idle mirth that is as the crackling of thorns under a pot, but now she leaned back and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes. "Well," she said, "if it was anybody else, I should say he was cracked, but you never will be, Tom Dean. But, at least, you have fixed on the lady?"
"Oh, yes," answered Tom, "but, if you will excuse me, Aunt Anne, I would rather not say anything about her just yet; for, if—anything should happen, it wouldn't be pleasant for either party, you know." With which veiled allusion to his possible rejection, Tom took his hat, and left the room.
Our household was rather queerly put together. There was no particular reason why I should have been of it at all; for I was not really related to Tom,

nor even to "mother," as I called her, though I am sure we were as dear to each other as any mother and daughter could be. She was the second wife of my father, who, like most ministers, had been richer in grace than in goods, and left us at his death with very little to live on. Then it was that Tom Dean had come forward, and insisted on giving a home to his aunt and to me, whom he had scarcely seen a dozen times in his life before. That was exactly like Tom—"queer Tom Dean," as his friends were fond of saying, "who never did anything like any body else." I suppose, in spite of his clear head for business, there is no denying that he was whimsical; but I am sure, when I think of his unflinching generosity and delicacy, I can't help wishing there were a few more such whimsical people in the world. Naturally, at the time I am speaking of, my opinion had not been asked; all I had to do was to go where mother went, and, while she gave her energies to the housekeeping, gave mine to growing up, which, by this time, I had pretty well accomplished. But perhaps for that very reason—for one sees with different eyes at 12 and 18—my position in the house had already begun to seem unsatisfactory to me; and the morning's words put it in a clearer light, since it had been used as an argument against Tom's marrying. I knew mother had spoken honestly, believing that such a step would not be for his happiness; but was not he the best judge of that? I knew him, if reflection should bring him round to her opinion, to be perfectly capable of quietly sacrificing his own wishes for my sake, who had not a shadow of a claim on him, so it must be my part to prevent his own kindness being turned against him now. Still, it was not so easy to see how I was to provide for myself, in case it should become advisable. What could I do? Draw and sing and play tolerably, but not in a manner to compete with the hosts against me. Literature? I had read so many stories of whose heroines, with a turn of the pen, dashed into wealth and fame. That would be very nice, only—I was not in the least bit literary; I had never even kept a journal, which is saying a great deal for a girl in her teens. The "fine arts," then, being out of the question for me, what remained? There was some clerkship, or a place in some family, and—and then there was Will Broomeley!

That may seem like going away from the point, but it was not. I was matter-of-fact, but I could see well enough what was going on right under my eyes, and I had a pretty clear idea of what was bringing Will to the house so often as he had taken to coming lately. There was a "situation," then, that would give me the home-life I liked best, and felt myself best suited for; but—would it answer in other respects? I overcast the long seam I was sewing twice over, I was so busy trying to make up my mind whether I liked Will Broomeley well enough to pass my whole life with him; and even then I had not come to any decision, when I was called down stairs to see Letty Walters.

Letty was the prettiest, I think, of all my friends, and certainly the liveliest. Tom called her "the tonic," and used to laugh heartily at her bright speeches. I suppose it was this that made mother fix on Letty as his choice. When I came into the sitting room, I found a kind of cross-examination going on. It was amusing to any body in the secret as I was, to watch mother's artful way of continually bringing the conversation round, as if by chance, to bear on what she wanted to know. But it all amounted to nothing, either because Letty was too good a fencer, or because she really had nothing to betray. But, when Tom came home, mother took care to mention that Letty had called.

"What, the tonic?" said Tom. "Too bad I missed her."
"But for your choice being already made," said mother, with a covert scrutiny of his face, "I dare say you might have as much of the tonic as you liked."

"But I go on the homeopathic principle, you know," answered Tom, with a twinkle in his eye.

After that, mother's belief in Letty's guilelessness wavered. Her suspicions were transferred from one to another of our acquaintance, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.

"It passes my comprehension," she said to me, despairingly, one day. "I am positive I could tell the right one by Tom's face in a minute, and yet I have mentioned everybody we know."

"Perhaps it is somebody we don't know," I suggested; "some friend of his we have never seen."

"What! a perfect stranger?" said mother, sharply. "Never talk to me, child; Tom's not capable of that!"

I was silent, for I did not want to worry her, but that was my opinion all the same.

The same evening—it was rather more than a week since Tom had hurried that thunderbolt of his at us—mother began about it openly. "When are you going to introduce your wife to us, Tom? I suppose you have come to an understanding by this time?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," Tom said, as he had said before; but this time he did not speak quite so cheerfully. "The fact is," he continued, with a little hesitation, "there—there's a rival in the case."

"A rival," repeated mother, with unfeeling briskness.

"Yes, a young fellow—younger by a good deal than I am," and Tom's face assumed an absurdly doleful look. "He is always there now. I confess I don't see my way clear; I'm waiting for her to make up her mind."

"And she's waiting, most likely, for you to make up yours," said mother, forgetting, in her propensity to right matters, that she was playing the enemy's game.

"There's something in that that never occurred to me," said Tom, his face

brightening. Mother saw her mistake, and made a counter-move at once.

"But the ways of my time are old-fashioned now; young ladies, nowadays, take matters into their own hands. If she cared for you, you may be pretty sure she wouldn't have waited till this time to let you know it, that is, I judge by the girls I am in the habit of seeing; but if this one is a stranger to me—" (here mother riveted her eyes on Tom's face; oh, dear, my unfortunate words!) "if she is an entire stranger, I cannot pretend to form any opinion of her, of course."

"Of course," repeated Tom, absently. "Not that I have any such idea," resumed mother, growing warmer; "I have said and I say again, that to bring a perfect stranger under this roof, is not my opinion of you, Tom!"

I felt mother's words like so many pins and needles; for Tom was looking meditatively across at me, and though that was just a way of his, it seemed now as if he were reading in my face that the opinion was mine and that, I had been meddling in what did not concern me. I felt myself for very vexation getting redder every moment, till it grew intolerable.

"It is so warm here," I said, for an excuse, turning toward the French window. "I am going to get a breath of air."

I went out into our little strip of garden ground; Tom followed. I thought I should never have a better opportunity to say what I had in my mind to say, so I waited for him by the bench under the old pear tree. "Sit down here, Tom," I said, "I've something to say to you."

"Have you?" said Tom; "that's odd, for I—well, never mind that, just yet. What is it, May?"

"Tom," I said, still surer now he had misjudged me, and more resolved to set him right, "I want a place."

"A place?" repeated Tom, puzzled, as well he might be by this sudden and indefinite announcement; "what kind of a place?"

"I don't know," I said, for, indeed, my ideas were of the vaguest. "I thought you might, being in the way of those things. Now, pray, Tom, I went on quickly, 'don't fancy I am discontented, or—anything of that sort; the truth is, ever since I left off school I have wanted something to do, and had it in my mind to speak to you about it.'"

With this I looked at Tom, fearing he might be vexed; but he did not look vexed, only preoccupied.

"I do know of a place, as it happens," he said after a while, "only I'm not sure how it would suit you."

"That's soon seen," said I. "What is it like?"

"Well, it's a sort of—of general usefulness."

"Why, it must be to run errands," said I laughing. "And where is it?"

"Well," said Tom, hesitating again, "it's with me."

"How very nice!" I exclaimed. "How soon can I have it?"

"The sooner the better, so far as I am concerned," said Tom, and with that he turned round and looked at me, and directly I met his eyes I knew somehow, all in a moment, what it was he meant; and I knew, too, both that I could not have passed all my life with Will Broomeley, and why I could not.

I am sure Letty Walters, who interrupted us just then must have thought my wits were wandering that evening, and indeed, they were; for I was completely dazed with this sudden turn things had taken. But Tom, who had the advantage of me there, took it quite coolly, and laughed and talked with Letty just the same as ever till she went away.

It was pretty late when we went in. Mother sat where we had left her, knitting in the twilight. "Wasn't that Letty Walters with you a while ago?" she said, as we came up.

"Yes," said I, with a confused feeling of an explanation of something being necessary; "she just came to bring the new crochet pattern she promised me."

"H'm," said mother, as much as to say she had her own ideas as to what Letty came for.

Tom had been wandering about the room in an absent sort of fashion, taking up and putting down in the wrong places all the small objects that fell in his way. He came up and took a seat by mother. I became of a sudden very busy with the plants in the window; for I knew he was going to tell her.

"Wish me joy, Aunt Annie," said he, "it's all settled."

"Settled, is it?" said mother, in any thing but a joyful tone. "So it's as I suspected all along. Well, you have my best wishes, Tom; perhaps you may be happy together after all, I'm sure I hope so."

This wasn't a very encouraging sort of congratulation, and Tom seemed rather taken aback by it.

"I'm sorry you're not pleased," he said, after a pause; "I had an idea somehow you would be."

"I don't know from what you judged. But, there, it's no use crying over spilt milk. You'll be married directly, I presume; I must be looking out for a house," and mother stroked her nose reflectively with a knitting needle.

"What for?" said Tom; "I thought of keeping on here all the same."

"I never suppose otherwise," said mother. "Of course I did not expect to turn you out of your own house."

"But what is the need of looking out for another, then?"

"Why, for myself?"

"For yourself!" repeated Tom, in a tone of utter amazement. "Going to leave us—just now? Why, Aunt Annie, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Now, Tom," said mother, speaking very fast, and making her needles fly in concert, "we might as well come to an understanding at once on this subject. I am fully sensible of your past kindness, now just let me finish—I say I appreciate it, and have tried to do my

duty by you in return, as I hope I should always be ready to do. I wish all good to you and your wife, and shall be glad to help her if ever I can, but to live in the same house with her is what would turn out pleasantly for neither of us, and, once for all, I can't do it."

"Aunt Annie!" said Tom, pushing back his chair, and staring in mother's excited face, "either you or I must be out of our wits."

"It's not me, then, at any rate," retorted mother, getting nettled. Amusement and a certain embarrassment had kept me a silent listener so far, but there was no standing this; I tried to speak, but could not, for laughing.

"I think you are all out of your wits together," said mother, turning sharply. "What ails the child? It's no laughing matter."

"You don't understand each other," I gasped; "oh, dear!—it's not Letty—oh—oh, dear!" and relapsed again.

"Not Letty?" repeated mother, turning to Tom. "Then why did you tell me so?"

"I never told you so," said Tom.

"Why, yes you did," persisted mother. "You came in and told me you were going to be married."

"Yes, so I am," said Tom, still at cross-purposes.

"Now, Tom Dean," said mother, rising and confronting him, "what do you mean? who is going to be your wife?"

"Why, May, of course," answered Tom.

"May!" and then, after a pause of inexpressible astonishment, it was mother's turn to laugh. "Do you mean to say, Tom, it was that child you were thinking of all the while?"

"Why, who else could it be?" said Tom, simply.

"Well," said mother, "I ought to have remembered you never did do anything like anybody else. But, still, why in the world did you go to work in such a roundabout way?"

"I wanted to see how you took to my idea," said Tom.

"And how do you suppose we were to guess your idea meant May?" mother asked.

"Who else could it be?" repeated Tom, falling back on what he evidently found an unanswerable argument. It was no use talking to him. Mother gave it up with a shake of the head.

"And you won't want another house then, Aunt Anne?" said Tom, suddenly. That set mother off again; Tom joined with her, and altogether I don't think we ever passed a merrier evening than the one that made us acquainted with Tom's wife.—Ez.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

—"Whether are we drifting?" asked a crank who has been tied to a single idea and stuck in the mud for a quarter of a century.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Mr. Partridge, the newly-appointed Minister to Peru, has been for many years a widower, and is now childless, his two daughters having died not long ago. He is fifty-four years old, and was graduated at Harvard. He has traveled much abroad, and has some literary tastes.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Dan Rice, tells with great gusto a story how he once played draw poker on Long Island with Count Louis, who was afterwards known to the world as Napoleon III. "I beat him," says the famous circus man. "He died in my debt. Peace to his remains! Like him, I too, have found my Sedan.—*N. Y. Post.*

—P. T. Barnum says: "Some people think it a fine social thing to say when they meet their friends: 'How are you, my boy? Let's take a drink.' It would be a more sensible thing for a man to go out with his pockets full of baked potatoes and say, when he meets a friend: 'How are you, my boy? Let's eat a potato.'"

—Near Blacksburg, Va., there was lately born a wonderful lamb, which has its heart on the outside of its body, where it may be seen throbbing and palpitating as normally as if it were in its proper place. The lamb apparently swooned away upon a man's laying his hand upon its heart, and when the hand was removed the lamb recovered again.

—In tearing down the old Postoffice building in Cleveland a copper box was taken from the corner-stone, but the contents, with the exception of a few coins of 1850 and 1855, were so decayed from mold and dampness as to be entirely illegible. The box had, however, not been properly sealed, and the place where it was deposited was nearer the roof than the ground.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—"Joaquin Miller's wife, 'Minnie Myrtle,' is dying over in New Jersey," says the New York correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal. "She wrote poetry after he left her, then lectured, then married (I have forgotten his name) but life has been too severe for her and she has succumbed. Miller still lives with his new wife (nee Leland) but he never speaks of her to his friends, never acknowledges that he is married, always goes into society without her, and has never been seen with her even on the street."

—In the winter of 1854, twenty-eight years ago, Dr. W. C. Avery, of Greensboro, Ala., while hunting, lost a gold watch, a hunting-case English lever. This watch was returned to him one day last week by a colored man, who found it on that day, about one mile from the house, in the woods. The watch is in good condition and, considering the length of time it has been exposed to the weather, is comparatively bright. It was identified by the initials of the owner, engraved on the outside of the case.

—One of the most singular of the many pistol accidents was that by which a woman was killed at Georgetown, Cal. Her brother was explaining how a friend had been shot with a weapon supposed to be unloaded. He illustrated the account by taking a revolver from his pocket. "But," he said, "I won't be foolish enough to point it at anybody." Then he turned round, and as he did so it went off, the bullet striking his sister. He declares that he had not cocked it, and did not touch the trigger.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A few days ago the ferryman at Neal's Ferry, on the Chattahoochee River, while putting some passengers over in his flat, discovered a box floating down the river. After the flat had landed its passengers, the ferryman seized a batteau and made his way to the box, which he soon overhauled, and was astonished to find that it contained a sweet little babe. It was a white child, well dressed, with plenty of good clothes besides. Some old people who live in the neighborhood have taken and will raise the little Moses.—*Chicago Times.*

—Miss Maggie Kingsley, of Bombay, Franklin County, New York, niece of William Kingsley, a prominent Brooklyn politician, apparently died a few days ago, and lay as if dead for nine days. While the body was being prepared finally for interment she came to life, having been in a trance, and is still living. She would have been buried, but that she had once before been in a similar trance, though for a less length of time. The original cause of her sickness is said to have been grief because of the departure of a brother from home.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Doctor and the Lawyer.

A smart young sprig of a lawyer had a grave old doctor on the witness-stand in a case of assault and battery, and he questioned him unmercifully.

"Ah, doctor," inquired the lawyer, did I understand you to say the cut in the man's head was dangerous?"

"Yes, sir," replied the doctor.

"Well, doctor, doesn't it sometimes happen that even a less cut than this one is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, doctor, is it not true that even a scratch is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir, and I have known of cases resulting fatally when not even a scratch was visible. Only recently a man died under such circumstances."

"Ah, indeed," quickly put in the attorney in a pleased and satisfied way, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury the facts?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"You say there was not a scratch on him?"

"Not one that I could find."

"And he died?"

"Yes."

"Now, Doctor, just tell the jury how it was."

"Well, you see, he had the colic, and he was dead before I could get him untangled."

The young attorney called another witness.—*Steuenville (O.) Herald.*

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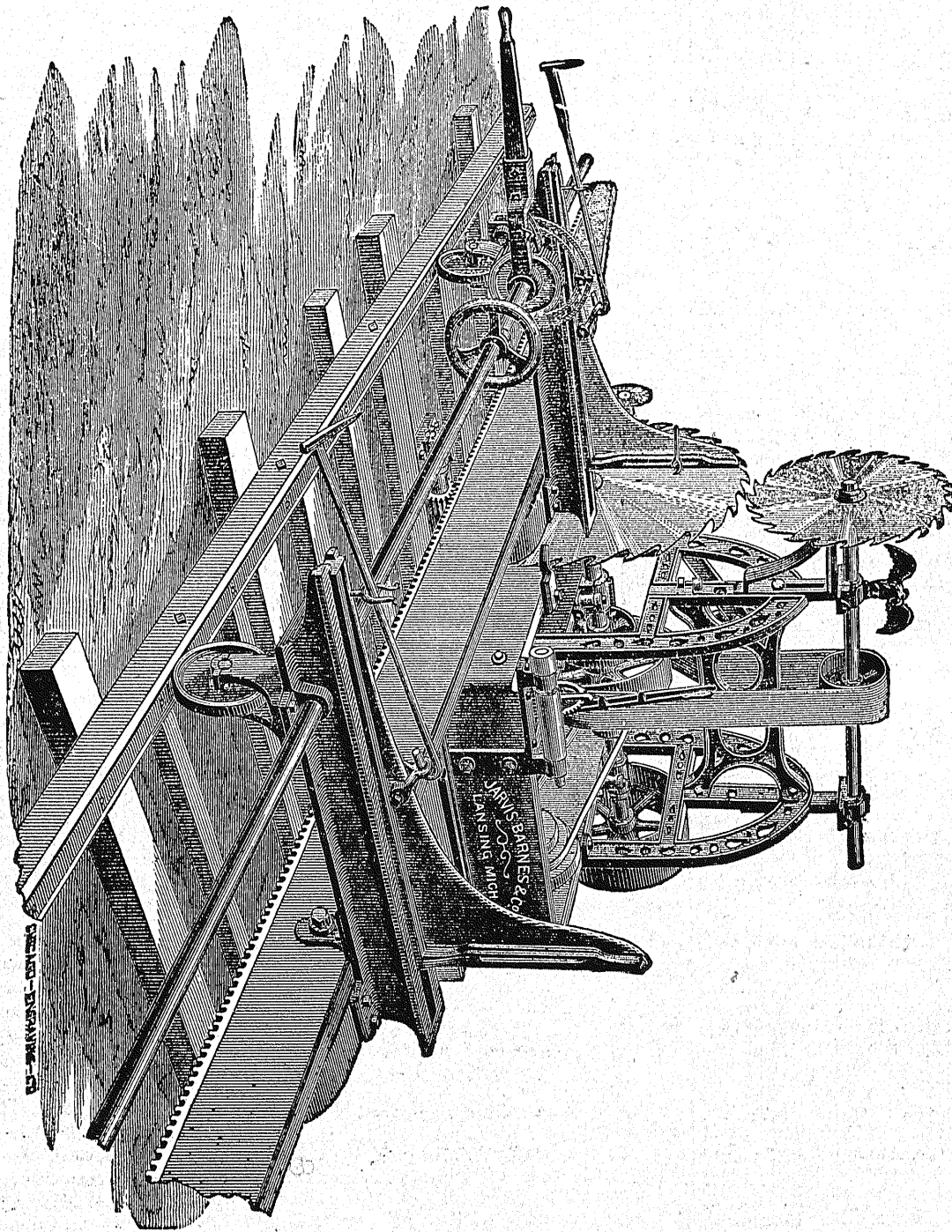
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