

The Cass City Enterprise.

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WORK AND WIN.

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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 by mail or other trinkets to induce people to read the paper, and we carry no dead head subscribers. Advertising rates as low as any other paper in the county having an equal circulation, and no lower. A new and thoroughly equipped Job Office in connection, in which we will have none but competent workmen. Business men intrusting their orders to us are pretty likely to be satisfied.

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Ensilage.

This word, which is only a few years old, grows out of the discovery made by a Frenchman, Auguste Goffart, that green crops, when stored in water-tight pits called silos, under a heavy pressure, do not rot, but are preserved fresh and sweet, and retain all their nutritive juices for a year or more; and that, when offered to cattle in this condition, in the winter, are preferred to any dry food. It is not surprising that the discovery made a sensation among farmers and cattle feeders in this country, and that there is exhibited a keen desire to know all about it; for, not only can a great deal more in weight, of green food than dry, be raised on an acre, but ensilage possesses the advantage of supplying cattle with succulent summer feed in the winter—an advantage of great value to milk cattle. Any green crop that stock are fond of when in a growing state is good material for ensilage—grass, clover, rye, young corn, sorghum and vegetables; but corn, clover and the grasses are most generally used, because when growing they are full of juice, which is lost in curing into hay or fodder, but preserved in the silo. Several kinds of green crops may be packed in the same silo, and the ensilage is said to be improved by the variety. Corn, either drilled or cultivated or sown broadcast, and cut in its most juicy condition, is the basis of most ensilage experiments in this country; it may be packed in the same silo with clover or grass of any kind cut green, and successive crops of corn may be planted for mixture with different kinds of grasses in their season. As it is estimated that ten to twenty tons weight of green crops may be cut from an acre of good soil—five to ten times as much as the weight of a dry crop of grain or hay—it is easy to see how much more profitable it is to save green crops in the form of ensilage than to allow them to mature and dry. Col. J. W. Wolcott of Boston, who owns a farm near that city, raised 400 tons of ensilage on thirty-four acres—being fourteen tons to the acre—last year. By raising two crops on the same soil he has gathered as much as twenty-one tons per acre. On one piece of ground he gathered thirty-one tons per acre, but "that corn was fourteen feet high," he says. He adds: "I am satisfied that an acre of ground will keep a cow twenty-four months."

When the silo is opened in winter the contents are found in a sort of cheesy condition, and require to be sliced off with a sharp axe. They have undergone a slow and slight fermentation which does not impair their nutritive value and is not offensive to cattle. Indeed, the first smell of ensilage is said to "set cattle wild for it," and they prefer it to any other kind of feed.

Silos are variously constructed. The usual plan is to dig pits ten feet wide, fifteen feet deep and as long as may be desired, on sloping ground, and make them water-tight with cement. Mr. C. W. Mills of Pompton, New Jersey, prefers to build a strong frame, boarded up tight and close with thick lumber, entirely above the ground, something in the fashion of an ice house. The green crops may be packed into them, either whole or cut up with a cutter; each plan has its advocates, though the weight of opinion is in favor of cutting, as it allows of closer packing. As the crops are thrown in they are tread down as closely near the edges as possible, and when the silo is full it is covered and weighted with heavy rocks or earth, and then shedded over to protect it from the weather. In a few weeks the ensilage is "ripe" and ready for use. One end of the silo, if built along the ground, may be opened and the ensilage cut out and fed as it is wanted. Its quality will depend on the crops of which it is made and the care with which they are packed away. Nearly all animals will eat it; cattle like it and thrive on it, and for milk cows it is particularly valuable, as it increases their flow of milk and keeps them in cheerful, healthy condition.—St. Louis Republican.

Curious Patents.

Some investigating person has furnished the New York Times with a brief list of patents on small things—such as any man or boy have thought of, but didn't, and which in many instances have proved mines of wealth to the lucky discoverer. For, inasmuch as so many minds might have hit upon these things, they ought properly to be called discoveries rather than inventions, and are the outcome of luck or chance, or whatever one may choose to call that arrangement of circumstances which is not the result of much forethought or logical process. The steam engine, the steamship, the locomotive, the telegraph, the sewing-machine, the telephone, the cotton gin, the telescope and scores of similar machines or instruments are truly inventions. They require a logical and philosophical combination of laws and principles. But there are hundreds of smaller things, chiefly pretty conveniences and contrivances for domestic use, or amusing and entertaining toys, which are more in the nature of discoveries. These last have been only found—the others were found out.

Among those trifles is the favorite toy—the "return ball"—a wooden ball with an elastic string attached, selling for the sum of ten cents each, but yielding to its patentee an income equal to fair returns on a capital of \$500,000. The rubber tip on the end of lead pencils affords the owner of the royalty an independent fortune. The inventor of the gummed newspaper wrapper is also a rich man. The gimlet-pointed screw has evolved more wealth than most silver mines, and the man who first thought of putting cop-

per tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him \$2,000,000 in United States bonds. Although rollerskates are not so much used in countries where ice is abundant, in South America, especially in Brazil, they are very highly esteemed and have yielded over \$1,000,000 to their inventor. But he had to spend \$125,000 in England alone fighting infringements. The "dancing Jim Crow," a top, provides an annual income of \$30,000 to its inventor, and the common needle threader is worth \$10,000 a year to the man who thought of it. The "drive well" was an idea of Mr. Colonel Green, whose troops, during the war, were in want of water. He conceived the notion of driving a two-inch tube into the ground until water was reached and then attaching a pump. This simple contrivance was patented after the war, and the tens of thousands of farmers who have adopted it, have been obliged to pay him a royalty, a moderate estimate of which is placed at \$2,000,000. The spring window shade yields an income equal to an investment of \$1,000,000; the stylographic pen, with which this article is written, also \$1,000,000; the marking pen for shading in different colors, \$100,000; rubber stamps, the same. A large fortune has been reaped by a Western miner who, ten years since, invented a metal rivet or cyelot at each end of the mouth of breaches and coat pockets to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. Fortunes have been made out of the dead as well of the living. The torpedo grave, which will explode when body-snatchers meddle with it, is one bonanza; another odd, but probably not lucrative one, is an open tube, running from the top of the ground to the coffin-lid, just over the face of the corpse. If the person is in a trance and has been buried alive, he draws himself up through the whole and returns to the surface by means of a rope ladder in the tube. If he prefers, however, to send for assistance, he pulls a cord which rings a bell near the top of the tube. After lying there long enough to assure his friends that he has no intention of coming back the tube is pulled up, drawing as it comes a glass-plate over the face of the inmate of the coffin.

Every time a woman picks the shell of an egg preparatory to boiling it she violates a patent right, this having been secured by some genius who discovered that it would prevent their breaking during the process of boiling. It having been said that chickens hatched by artificial heat do not thrive as well as others because they miss the maternal affection expressed in the "cluck, cluck" of the natural hen, an inventor has taken out a patent which imitates that sound, soothing and charming the tender-hearted but bereaved offspring with its artificial croon and consoling the young orphan with its mechanical solicitude. This is based evidently upon another patent for babies of a machine operated by clock-work and producing a low and melancholy murmur which no child, however wakeful, can successfully resist, but to which it succumbs in profound slumber. There is also the false bottomed nest which deludes the hen into the belief that she has not laid an egg, and combined with her conscientious devotion to duty, persuades her to a continuance of her work until she is exhausted or undecieved. A patent hen roost, by the action of the hens, closes the doors of a bee-hive at night and opens them in the morning, protecting the hive against the ravages of the bee-moth. A wire frame strung above a horse's head is also patented. It is meant to persuade the animal that it is the top of a fence too high for him to overleap. This, of course, presumes that the horse is an ass.—Detroit Free Press.

"Give It to Him, Old Gimlet Eye."

This court-room scene occurred in the early days of the State of Vermont, when school houses were used for court houses, and log stables were used for jails. The Circuit Court was held at Berkshire Center, when old Judge Hammond, who was remarkable by his having a crooked eye, presided. The case on hand was one of trespass, and had attracted a full house. Everything went on smoothly until the old Judge began to charge the jury, when he was rather severe on the defendant. An eccentric person in the crowd, who did not realize the dignity of a court-room, jumped up and said: "Give it to him, old gimlet eyes." The old Judge rose, and in a voice of thunder, said: "Who is that disturbing this court?" The eccentric person replied: "It's old hoss." Then says the Judge: "Here, constable, take that old hoss and put him in the stable." The consequence was the court had to adjourn till afternoon in order to straighten the faces of the officers and jury.

This story was told me when I was a boy by a venerable Judge who had in his younger days studied law with the "gimlet-eyed" Judge.—Cor. Chicago Journal.

—English missionaries have begun to work in the peninsula of Corea—a land from which almost all Europeans have heretofore been jealously excluded. The area of Corea is 90,000 square miles, and the population about 10,000,000 souls. The language is quite unlike both Chinese and Japanese, and much difficulty has been experienced in learning it. Some progress has, however, been made in this direction, and a translation of the New Testament has been begun by a Presbyterian missionary named Ross.—Chicago Times.

—It is an uncommon thing in Lapland for a person to have two Christian names. One is all they can live under,

BUSINESS IS BOOMING!!

DRY GOODS.

SILKS,

VELVETS,

CASHMERES,

COTTONS

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DOMESTICS.

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SUGARS,

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SPICES,

TOBACCO'S AND

CIGARS,

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Fine Shoes.

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EVERYBODY!

that has seen our new

SPRINGSTOCK

and Styles in

CLOTHING,

say it is the nobbiest and best selected stock in town and the prices, Oh! so low. Yes the stock is large and the prices low, and they must be sold. Since my removal my business has increased more than double, so that it enables me to buy cheap for cash and sell at very low figures.

Furnishing Goods.

We have just received the latest spring styles in Hats, Neckties, Fancy Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, etc, etc.

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Yours Etc.,

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Caro, Mich April 27, 182.

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Iron Stoves,

Hardware,

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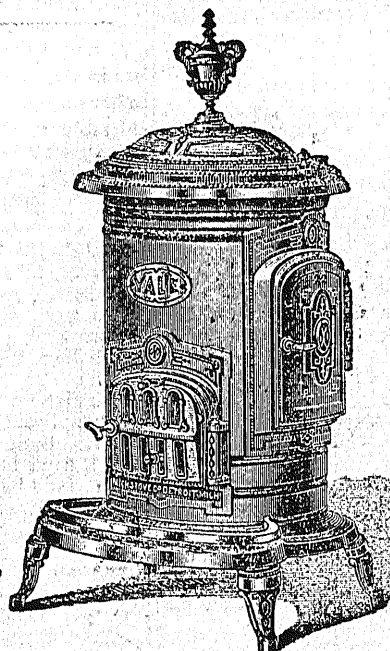
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Come and see our Stock, now Full and Complete

We are doing business on a cash basis, and our goods are marked low.

Cass City, Mich.

P. R. Werdemeyer.



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Mrs. Thos. Halladay, when her son and family were taken with small-pox, determined to stay by them and care for them. The son, wife and child died, but Mrs. Halladay has not taken the disease, and was allowed to leave the post house on Saturday.

The Niles plow company goes down the river to Benton Harbor, where it will consolidate with another institution, and be known as the Niles Chilled Plow Co. of Benton Harbor.

Assistant Secretary New and Supervising Architect Hill will visit Detroit in a few days to look over the matter of the purchase of additional ground for the site of a new post-office building.

A daughter of Mrs. Warrant, who died at Kalamazoo of small-pox, is now quarantined in the country, varioloid having been developed in her case.

The schooner Industry, from St. Joseph to South Haven, in the heavy gale of Saturday night, became water-logged and was capsized within ten rods of shore, under the high city banks just north of South Adams. All on board were lost, including Capt. John King, a navigator on the lake 40 years, his son Edward, Charles Davis, Louis Manichew, mate of the tug E. M. Peck, and David Plant, were drowned in the Saulte. Ste. Marie, off Sugar Island, as they were putting out in a boat to encounter a bear which was swimming from the island.

The long examination of Chief Drake of the Coldwater fire department, accused of arson in connection with the Armony fire, resulted in a decision by Justice Furlington to hold him for trial, bail at \$1,000.

Edward Washington, formerly of West Bay City, was murdered at Red Eye, Minn., while looking up land for Bay City parties. A comrade of his was also murdered.

William Stevenson of Billings, G. I. adwin Co. was shot by his wife, Anna Stevenson, as he was entering the house through a window. The ball entered his forehead, killing him instantly.

The Hillsdale boat club champion crew, which goes to Europe as the representative American four-oared crew, to meet and row with all comers, left home Tuesday. They received a good send-off by the citizens of Hillsdale, and a purse of \$550 as pocket-money.

The ceremonies connected with the dedication of the new chapel of the state reform school for girls at Adrian, were attended Tuesday evening, Gov. Jerome, with other dignitaries, being present. An elegant reception was tendered the Governor at the house of Hon. W. S. Wilcox the previous evening.

The rolling stock, etc., of the Gerish logging railway has been seized for taxes by the state, says a Farwell dispatch.

Michigan's salt product for May, 1882, is 311,042 barrels.

Lyman G. Wilcox, of Pontiac, has been appointed Receiver of Public Moneys at Detroit. The next Republican State Convention to nominate state officers, will be held at Kalamazoo, August 30.

John Laing, fireman and ex-engineer, company No. 3, Detroit, died of quick consumption. He was a skillful and ever faithful member of the department. His sickness commenced with a cold taken before, but increased at the fire of Horace Turner, last winter, when he stood at the dock exposed, and refused to leave his post.

Addison Mandall has resigned the clerkship of the United States circuit court at Detroit and Walter S. Harsha has been appointed his successor.

Two men at the mill of Stokes, Nelson & Secor, at Manistee, lately cut in one day, on two double-belt Challoner's machines, 301-000 star and six-inch gashings, all of which were packed.

The Boynton & Akely shingle mill of Grand Haven, owned by the G. H. Lumber Company, was destroyed by fire. The loss on the mill and machinery is \$125,000, and the insurance is but \$20,000. Some 240 men and boys are thrown out of employment. The company will at once rebuild.

At the trial of implements at the late trial fair in Grand Rapids, the improved Rix spiral spring harrow, made at Kalamazoo, took first prize.

Abram S. Peters, an old resident and pioneer of Lenawee county, fell dead on the street in Adrian. He was 84 years old.

The state band tournament, opened at Jackson Wednesday, 13 bands making their appearance and witnessed by a crowd of 10,000 spectators.

THE STATE PIONEERS.

The Michigan State Pioneer Association held its 9th annual meeting at Lansing, J. J. Holmes, President in the chair. Mrs. Tenny read her 8th annual report. Forty new members have been added the past year, and several names were received at the meeting. The deaths were reported by counties, and the number was large. Touching memorials, accompanied by appreciative remarks, were read of the late President Tappan and Gov. J. J. Bagley. About 200 ladies and gentlemen were present Wednesday evening.

Col. George W. Lee, Indian agent for the state of Michigan, who for some time has been an invalid, died at his residence in Ypsilanti Thursday morning. He was a native of Champaign Co., N. Y., but came to Livingston Co., Mich., in 1836. He had the position of quartermaster in the army throughout the war.

Some 200 Irishmen and Poles, on their arrival at Bay City, Thursday, from railroad work up north, got into a fight, flourishing knives and revolvers, but restricting their wounds to battered heads and bruised bodies.

Mrs. Byer, 65 years old, was killed by a ram near her residence in Ovid, Branch Co. She was found with her skull broken on both sides, one leg broken, and back and hip badly lacerated.

The fourth ward school house at Manistee, a new building which cost \$8,000, caught fire from a furnace Wednesday night, and was burned to ashes. Partially insured.

Fifty men have been discharged from the M. C. locomotive shops in Jackson, to reduce expenses.

Four new cases of small-pox are developed at Grand Rapids, making nine in all.

At the band tournament at Jackson Thursday the contest commenced with the third class bands, Portland City taking the first prize, \$40; Chelsea the second, a silver cornet. In the second class contest, the first prize, \$50, was taken to Battle Creek, and the second, \$70, to Albion. In the first class, the Detroit Opera House band took the first prize, \$150, and Boos' Jackson band, the second, \$90. In

the free for all contest, Boos, of Jackson, won the prize, \$200, over W. C. Bryant, of Chicago.

By the wind and hail storm of Thursday, at Bay City, the smoke-stacks of McEwen Bros. and Rouse Bros. saw mills, Hall's shingle mill and the Atlantic Salt Company were blown down, together with the towers of the latter.

East Saginaw is to have a new bank, the Home National, for which capital stock has been subscribed to the amount of \$200,000. Also, she is considering plans for a new opera house, to cost \$35,000.

As Lena Shepherd and Kate Derby were crossing the railroad track at Mechanic street, Jackson, the express from Grand Rapids struck them, instantly killing Miss Shepherd and injuring Miss Derby. The horse also was killed, and the buggy ruined.

The schooner Fortune Trial was capsized off Saugatuck, but her crew were rescued. She will be a total wreck, probably.

Robt. Stevenson, member of the Legislature from Delta and Menominee, died from burns received at the burning of the Van Schaick mill.

Rev. G. P. Schittky, pastor of St. Mark's church, Paw Paw, received a stroke of apoplexy Thursday, but hopes are entertained that he may recover.

Frank E. Tuthill, of Detroit, has been arrested at St. Johns for taking policies in the Union Mutual Life and Accident Association, after he had been discharged from the agency.

Lieut. C. B. Salterbee, 4th artillery, is designated as instructor in military science at the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake, relieving Lieut. Cecil.

John Tibbets, the boy who murdered Ferbach, at Red Eye, Minn., incited thereto by reading flash novels and a desire for notoriety, was taken from jail by 20 men and hung.

The Union printers in the government printing office threaten to strike unless they get an increase of from 40 to 60 cents an hour for work after midnight; while the act of 1877 forbids the public printer from paying more than 60 cents per thousand ems and 40 cents an hour for time work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A severe hail storm is reported from Texas, and one man killed by the force of the hail stones, which are reported to have weighed eight ounces each.

Wm. Brockway, indicted with Chas. H. Smith for stealing from the treasury at Washington a plate of 6 per cent coupon bonds of July 17, 1861, has been arrested in New York and imprisoned in Ludlow street jail.

The striking of two more flowing wells in Pennsylvania, has sent petroleum down to the lowest point since 1875. One of the new wells flow about 500 barrels a day and the other is still plugged awaiting tankage.

Six men penetrated the Alta drift with refreshments for the imprisoned miners. All wore ice helmets to enable them to pass 300 feet of foul air between the entrance and end of the drift. The prisoners were in good health having turned the water from the drift into the barrel, and standing around breathed the air thus cooled as it rose through the water about midnight, Saturday, and he rode signalling the event.

An attempt was made to start the Cleveland Rolling Mill Co.'s works with 500 new hands, but the strikers persuaded a majority of them not to work, and the attempt was unsatisfactory.

The court sitting in general term in the District of Columbia, denied the application to re-open the Galt case, on the ground that the court had exhausted its powers in the case and that the case had been fairly tried.

Edward W. Olney, Moderator of North Providence, was shot three times, and fatally, at the town meeting on the 5th, by John Hennicot an ex-police man, who accused Olney of having caused his discharge, and made him a town pauper.

Joel Barry, the fattest man in Maine, weighing 400 pounds, was buried at Machias, Monday. He required 10 pal bearers, and his body had to be taken out through a window.

A runaway locomotive on the elevated railroad on Coney Island fell off the track at the switch at West Brighton, tearing up the track at that point, and injuring nine persons.

Mr. Reid made another effort for Gulteau, Tuesday—presenting an affidavit and motion requesting the correction of the judgment in his sentence, making it apply to the counts in the indictment alleging death in New Jersey. He admitted his intention to take another step, but said he would be embarrassed in doing it unless the motion was granted. It was refused.

Four children of John Jackson of Harris Station, Mo., were burned to death while playing with fire in the absence of their parents.

Jose Marks, who, with ten others, left a fishing boat off St. Johns, N. B., to attend to the trawls, and was shut out from the vessel by a fog, was picked up four days afterward, during which he had floated without food or drink. The fate of the others is unknown.

The army retirement bill, as it passed the Senate, provides for the retirement of all officers at 64, and retires the head of the army, Gen. Sherman, on full pay.

In a tunnel on the Galveston, Houston & San Antonio railroad, where men were at work approaching each other from opposite directions, and so near that they could hear picks from either side of the unfinished work, an explosion of 250 keys of powder took effect prematurely, penetrating the intervening rock, killing three men, and seriously injuring five.

Masked men entered the house of J. W. Baylis, a farmer, near Vienna, Ill., as he sat reading beside a lamp, tied his hands and feet and robbed the house. They then set fire to his clothes, split his head open with an axe and left him dead on the floor. His feet were burned to a crisp.

A fire in Brown street, Cincinnati, destroyed half a block, including 14 wooden buildings. One child was burned to death.

Warren county, Pa. is excited over the most extraordinary oil developments. The one discovered in May, yielding 1,000 barrels a day, the Murphy well is struck yielding 600 barrels, the Cadwallader opens, with 1,500.

Six of the tariff commission are Republicans and three Democrats. Mr. Woodman was urged by the Michigan members.

Six men rode into the town of Brookfield, Mo., on the Hannibal and St. Joe. railroad, Monday afternoon, just as the bank there was closing, covered the bank clerks with revolvers, went through the safe and money drawers and took \$5,000 in cash. They then backed out covering the frightened bank people with their revolvers and departed. They wore masks,

shouted like demons, and went off firing revolvers.

J. S. Phelps, of Mo., declines to be a member of the tariff commission.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Toledo, Canada Southern & Detroit Railway, the following directors were chosen: James Tillingham, Edward A. Wicker, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Augustus Schell, E. D. Worcester, Samuel F. Barger, Joseph Harker, Geo. W. Davis and W. L. Scott.

A fire at Vermont Swathe works at Springfield caused damage to the amount of \$20,000; another at the soap and oil works in St. Louis to the amount of \$50,000.

Secretary Teller will issue no more patents to the Northern Pacific Railroad until it pays government for selecting, surveying and conveying the patents already issued.

An American missionary, named Watkins, was attacked near Jalisco, N. M., by natives, led by three alcaldes. But the Watkins party resisted, killed five of their assailants, and wounded others. Watkins got off by paying \$1,000.

The fine of the steamer Evansville, while discharging freight at Evansville, Ind., collapsed, killing three of her crew, and injuring eight or ten. Gillmore was blown overboard, with two hogheads of tobacco; also Chief Engineer Baker, but both escaped with slight injuries.

The postoffice at Columbus, Ill., was robbed of \$2,000 in government checks and some postage stamps, watches, &c.

The contract to supply the postoffice department with stamped envelopes for four years has been given to the Morgan Envelope Company of Springfield, Mass., and the Plimpton Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Conn., acting together, for \$458,197. They also secure the contract for official envelopes for post masters. Gould, Pierce & Co. of Cincinnati, get the contract for cotton twine.

The Mexican Congress has repealed the export duty on silver coin and bullion, heretofore existing; the object being to encourage the investment of American Capital in Mexican mines.

Twelve ice houses in Indianapolis belonging to Mrs. Burch were burned. Loss \$40,000.

CONGRESS.

June 3.—The House took up the Alabama contested election case of Lowe vs. Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler taking the floor in support of his claim. At the close of a long debate, a resolution was passed, 149 to 3, declaring contestant Lowe entitled to the seat.

June 5.—In the Senate, a resolution was offered instructing the Committee on Civil Service to inquire and report whether any attempt is being made to levy and collect an assessment for partisan purposes for parties in the government's employ in Washington.

Laid over. Mr. McMillan introduced a bill providing for an agreement with the Sioux Indians of Dakota for the cession of a part of the great Sioux reservation to the United States and to define the boundaries of the separate reservations for the various tribes of Sioux. Mr. Sewell introduced a bill allowing \$100,000 to the widow of Minister Kilpatrick. Mr. Lapham reported favorably the bill for amendment to the Constitution giving suffrage to women. Mr. George presented a minority report.

In the House, Mr. White offered a resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to make inquiry as to the conduct of the head of the Internal Bureau in connection with the preparation of the Dannel bill to extend the bonded period of distilled spirits, and what improper influences, if any, were brought to bear upon the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to bias his judgment. A vote was passed appropriating \$100,000 to begin a public building at Concord, N. H., and, on motion of Mr. Hubbell, a bill was passed appropriating \$100,000 for a public building at Marquette, Mich.

June 6.—In the Senate the army appropriation bill came up, the question being on the compulsory feature of the retirement clause. Amendments were proposed to except Generals Sherman and Sheridan from the operation of the clause, which failed, and the bill passed 42 to 11.

In the House the section of the deficiency bill appropriating \$32,000 for defraying the expenses of the Yorktown centennial, incurred in the entertainment of national guests—\$18,000 being appropriated for hotels alone—raised a row, Messrs. McMillan and Holman opposing the bill. In the house also Mr. White renewed his attack on the ways and means committee, when Kelly retorted with a story showing that paralysis might be but lunacy was not a disqualification for Congress.

In the Senate, a bill providing for a public building at Clarkesburg, W. Va. was passed. The House declaratory resolution regarding the death of Garibaldi was agreed to. Consideration of the District of Columbia appropriation bill occupied the remainder of the day and was not completed. The total amount appropriated is \$2,367,767. The President sent the following nominations to the Senate to members of the tariff commission: Wm. A. Wheeler, New York, Chairman; John H. Hayes, Massachusetts; Henry W. Oliver, Jr., Pennsylvania; Austin M. Garland, Ill. Jacob Ambler, Ohio; John J. Phelps, Mo.; Robt. B. Porter, District of Columbia; Jno. W. H. Underwood, Georgia; Duncan F. Kenner, Louisiana.

The House went into committee and resumed consideration of the General Deficiency Appropriation bill. On motion to strike out the clause appropriating \$150,000 for the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the Navy a long discussion followed. Mr. Hewitt and Blount supporting the motion and Mr. Robeson opposing it, and defending his expenditures on Navy vessels in the rebellion. The motion to strike out did not prevail.

The London Standard, June 8, says of Frelinghuysen's paper on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty: The answer to all this rhetoric, the treaty has been made and ought to be kept. The News says: Granville will not fail to remember that commercial as well as legal and political considerations are decisive against the position Frelinghuysen has chosen to assume.

June 8.—The Senate passed a bill authorizing the treasury to report the amount of claims of Texas, Oregon, Nevada and of Washington and Idaho territories for moneys expended and debts incurred in suppressing Indian insurrections. Senate considered and passed the District Appropriation bill.

The House passed a bill increasing to \$40 a month the pensions of any in the late war who

lost an arm, leg, hand or foot, or received any disability equal thereto. The General Deficiency bill was taken up and the clause to refund to Missouri the payments made to officers and privates of the militia of the state for services rendered in suppressing the rebellion was agreed to, and the bill passed. The amount involved is \$234,591. A joint resolution was passed to loan 1,000 army tents to Jewish refugees in Vineland, N. J.

June 9.—The Senate passed the bill for the government control of the harbor of refuge at Sand Beach, Mich. The Senate committee on foreign affairs will agree on the bill regulating consular jurisdiction in foreign countries. The Japanese indemnity bill being up. Mr. Morrill offered an amendment that the original amount only be returned. The house committee on foreign affairs to report the resolution favoring the proposed international congress to establish universal meridian time.

FOREIGN.

The Sultan has instructed Dervish Pasha and Lobib Bey, commissioners to Egypt, to support the khedive.

Arabi Bey is pushing the completion of the fortifications of Alexandria.

The Sarmatian, with the Princess Louise aboard, arrived at Quebec June 4. Mayor Langelier read the address of the citizen in the French language, the inclemency of the weather rendering it undesirable to read in both languages in the open air. Her Royal Highness replied in French, thanking the Mayor for his gracious address and expressing the pleasure with which she had returned to Canada.

A special to the News from London, Eng., says: On the completion of the arrangements for the fusion of the Grand Trunk and Great Western railways, which are now being rapidly pushed forward, the shareholders of the two roads will receive contingent shares entitling them to all the surplus earnings of the amalgamated roads over the guaranteed three per cent.

The race for the Ascot trial stakes was won by Valentine, Mistake second. The race was run during a rain storm.

France has notified the ports that the sending of commissioners to Egypt did not render a conference less necessary.

The family of Gen. Garibaldi had decided to abandon the cremation of the body, owing to practical difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. The work of embalming the body was attempted too late. The body is clothed in shirt and trousers, the room in which it rests is filled with flowers and wreaths. Workmen are preparing at Milan, the tomb, consisting of a pyramid of granite four metres high.

David and young Redmond sail for the United States Friday. In a speech in Cork, David explained that his object, in going to America was to make an appeal toward the support of Anria Farnell and the Ladies' Land League, and also to contradict the lying rumor of a split in the league movements.

Five hundred cattle, from the west, for England, turned out to feed in a field near Quebec, were poisoned eating a noxious weed. Many died.

Garibaldi's funeral was largely attended at Caprera. The coffin, covered with garlands and flowers, was borne by some of the Thousand of Marsala, and was followed by the Duke of Genoa, Signor Zanardelli, Gen. Ferrero, Representatives of both Chambers, and delegates of 300 various organizations. Speeches were delivered at the grave by the Vice-President of the Senate, President of the Chamber of Deputies, two Cabinet Ministers and Signor Crispi. All applauded the deeds of the deceased. As the coffin was lowered into the grave salutes were fired by the Italian men-of-war Washington and Garibaldi.

DETROIT MARKETS.

THE PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKET is supplied at rates as follows: Mues pork \$20.75; family, \$22.00; clear, \$23.00; lard, 12c for tierces; 12c for kegs; hams, 12c; 10c; shoulders, 11c; bacon 14c; dried beef, 13c; extra mess beef, 14.50. Chickens were sold at 12c to 14c. per lb., white fish and trout 7c to 8c.

VEGETABLES.—Jobbing prices were as follows: Per doz bunches asparagus, 65c; 70; cucumbers, 60c; 65c; onions, 30c; 40c; pieplant, 30c; 35c; radishes, 30c; 35c; vegetable oyster, 45c; 50c. Per box, string beans, \$2.50 to 2.75; peas, \$2.75 to \$3; per bu., lettuce, 60c to 65c.

FLOUR.—White wheat, roller process, \$5.75 @ 7.00; White wheat pastry, \$5.00 @ 6.25; Second wheat, roller process, 4.00 @ 5.50; Minnesota brand, 7.25 @ 7.75; Minnesota patents, 8.00 @ 9.25; WHEAT—White @ bu., 1.25 @ 1.30; CLOVER SEED—@ bu., 4.00 @ 4.70; CORN—@ bu., 50 @ 57; OATS—@ bu., 50 @ 57; STRAWBERRIES—per qt., 25 @ 30; BARLEY—@ bu., 2.00 @ 2.25; CHEESE—Ohio and Mich., 12 @ 13; DRIED FRUIT—Apples, 7c @ 8; Peaches, 18 @ 23; Pitted cherries, 20 @ 21; ONIONS—@ bbl., 2.25 @ 2.50; BEANS—@ bu., 2.50 @ 3.00; BUTTER—@ lb choice, 18 @ 21; BEEF—@ lb., 20 @ 22; EGGS—@ doz., 17 @ 20; HAY—per ton, 14.00 @ 15.00; HUES—@ lb green, 14 @ 15; HUES—@ lb cured, 8 @ 7; HOPS—@ lb., 20 @ 25; POTATOES—@ bu., 0.00 @ .60; SWEET PEAS—each, 75 @ 1.75; TALLOW—@ lb., 5c @ 6; WOOD—@ cord, 4.00 @ 6.50.

Live Stock Market.

CATTLE.—Steers extra, per cwt., \$7.00 @ 8.50; Steers good shippers, 8.00 @ 15; Steers butchers, 5.00 @ 5.50; Steers common grades, 2.50 @ 2.25; Milch cows, 35.00 @ 55.00. SHEEP.—Per 100 lbs., 4.00 @ 6.20. HOGS.—Per 100 lbs., \$6.50 @ 7.50.

America is not the only country that treats its rulers to sewer gas, and the shameful condition of the White House finds a parallel in the mansion at Bagshot Park, the home of the Duke of Connaught. In this house, the building of which cost nearly \$200,000, the greatest pains were taken in the arrangement and ventilation of the drains. Yet the London Lancet states that the entire system of baths, drains and waste pipes communicated directly with the soil drains, and that the sewers were ventilated freely into the rooms it was most necessary to preserve from such infection. Malaria followed, and the Duchess herself, just after the birth of her child, showed symptoms of blood poisoning so threatening that she was removed at once. Has sanitary engineering any principles, and if it has will any sanitary engineer succeed in applying them?

A Judge's Experience.

Judge J. T. Bossier, of St. Tammany parish, La., and of the State Legislature, thus expressed his opinion to one of our representatives: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil to be very efficacious in sprains and bruises. In my opinion there is no oil or liniment equal to it." —New Orleans (La.) Times Democrat.

Seth Green says fish never close their eyes, and that the natural age of a trout is about 15 years.

The result of my use of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism is:—I have been recommending it ever since, says the Mayor at Chicago, Hon. Carter H. Harrison, in the Chicago Times.

Arabi Bey says he and the khedive have agreed to leave the settlement of all disputed questions to the sultan.

CONSUMPTION CURE.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.

ELIZABETH THORNTON Montego Ark. Liberals are urging a modification of the repression bill. A memorial signed by forty-seven members of Parliament has been presented Gladstone.

The "Golden Bloom of Youth." may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for female complaints. By druggists.

Nearly 7,000 sheep have been shipped from Grass Lake to Texas and other southern and southwestern states during the past year. The last shipment of 900 was made last week.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Furgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

J. V. Pierce, a well known farmer near Kalamazoo, while digging in a gravel pit was killed with two employes by the caving in of the bank.

Why the true Holman Liver Pad succeeds; because it is the first and only correct adaptation of the Holman absorption theory of cure without medicine. Why its imitators fail; because they are worthless.

Rand & Son, Proprietors of the old reliable Michigan Electrotyping and Stereotype Foundry, Detroit, Mich., are better than ever prepared to do good work and do it quickly. They have every facility, all the new and improved machinery and what is of the greatest importance, workmen that thoroughly understand their business, send to them for estimates.

RHEUMATISM.—There has been no medicine introduced for rheumatism that equals Dr. Ranges' Rheumatic Remedy. It is as sure to cure as the seasons are to follow each other. Many of our prominent men here in public life have used it with great success. We unhesitatingly recommend it to all sufferers.—Wash. City Republican. Sold at all drug stores, one dollar a bottle; six bottles for five dollars. Write for free pamphlet to the proprietor. R. K. HELPFELSTINE, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Sarah J. Van Buren, of 192 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y., whose portrait appears in another column of this paper, is preparing a "Ladies' Tonic" which has proved a blessing indeed to many a worn out wife or mother. The sensitiveness of woman's organization makes her more susceptible to disease than man, and there has been a long list of women among ladies for something which would overcome those many weaknesses so common to the sex, and assist nature in building up a shattered constitution. This Mrs. Van Buren's "Ladies' Tonic" has never failed to do.

BIRD'S. Cages, Small Animals, Sea Gravel, Mocking-Bird Food, Bird Seeds, Bird Tonic, Insect Powder, Gold-fish, Aquarium, Labours Musum of Birds and Rare Animals. Labours Reliable Intelligence Office. Help of all kinds City and Country. 231 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., Goods shipped to all parts of the country.

Mr. David Patterson whose office is located at 266 Woodward Ave. Detroit Mich., and whose works are at Quincy Mass., and Concord N. H., has been engaged in manufacturing and dealing in Granite statuary and monumental work in Detroit since 1863. He has erected work in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and New York, amounting to more than 200,000 dollars. Mr. Patterson has arrangements with the best granite quarries in the east whereby he is enabled to furnish work from the plainest to the most elaborate. He refers by permission to the following prominent persons. Messrs. James McMillan, C. Van Huse, Wm. J. Chittenden, James Burns, S. F. Hodge all of Detroit Mich. Messrs. J. B. Atwood, Flint, Austin Richardson, Grand Rapids, J. M. Wattles, Lapeer, Mrs. E. J. White, Lapeer, C. T. Hills, Muskegon, and others in various parts of the state. Mr. Patterson has every facility to execute work entrusted to him in the best manner as regards either material or workmanship. He will be pleased to furnish estimates and designs upon application by mail or otherwise. He solicits correspondence.

Practical Lessons.

As to domestic animals, sheltering all animals from cold weather, from chilling winds which by their rapid motions carry off heat rapidly, is the way to save food and to save waste of flesh? If by stopping this waste of heat from the surface all the food consumed will not be wanted to make heat, a portion can go to increasing the flesh, that is to producing growth, or more can be used in making milk eggs, etc., within the animal.

Dyspeptic persons, those having feeble digestion, or a poor appetite, get less internal heat from the food combustion, and suffer from cold. Such persons need a warmer atmosphere, or warmer dwellings, and warmer clothing to retain the heat that is produced. This applies to all animals.

Close-fitting garments, garters, lacing, boots, neck-ties, etc., that prevent free, easy, circulation of the blood, each and all diminish the amount of heat produced, and its uniform distribution. Exercise promotes more rapid circulation of the blood and increases heat production.

Green wood, besides its inconvenience, is very unprofitable. A large amount of heat which the dry portions would yield, is lost by being carried off in the evaporation of the sap. So of any wet or damp fuel of any kind.

We stated about that evaporation of water carries off heat. Rubbing wet horses and other animals dry is very useful not only to save heat, but also to save cold taking, as explained in our last number. For the same reason any damp garments should be replaced with dry ones as soon as possible; or enough covering be added to prevent chilliness from the evaporation.

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no cleared vision, no stimulated desires for that

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A HOUSE WITHOUT CHILDREN.

"To let, part of a house, where there are no children, to a neat American family without children. Apply at—St.—Advertisement in the Boston Journal."

A house without children, did you ever observe it?

Is a desolate mansion overshadowed by gloom; Its lone silent chambers reach your footsteps, And shadowy spectres flit off through your room.

There dyspepsia is rampant, the blues they assail you, And troubles crowd thickly of like kith and kin;

There the chaise of the doctor is often seen standing, And crape on the knocker tells of sorrow within.

A house without children! pray don't advertise it; Keep the street and the number a secret, my friend!

Let the clock tick in silence the few fleeting moments You have in your lone apartments to spend.

I wonder if any one knows of a dwelling Where the neighbors would like to hear voices of gloom?

I could bring them, I'm sure, in our Mable and Annie, Delightful companions, if they'll notify me.

For the sun breaks upon them the first thing in the morning, And the birds they love dearly to come day by day.

And pick up the crumbs which their little hands scatter, When bounding with life they run out to their play.

Does any one know of any such dwelling? It needs must be small, for our means are not large, Where the landlord, God bless him! for the sake of the children,

Will throw in the rent at a nominal charge. —Henry S. Washburn.

Handicapped.

MARION HARLAND.

Fifty years ago "legs" was almost a tabooed word in polite society, and, if Capt. Maryatt's evidence is worth anything, women in the United States did up the lower limbs of their pianos in frilled mufflers.

Forty years ago, when I came into the nursery to show a knee rasped and bleeding from a fall on the gravel walk, I was hushed up with, "Fie! what a word! Little ladies haven't knees. Their feet are pinned to the bottom of their pantaloons!"

Thirty years ago, young girls in describing the antics of "tipping tables," told how "the thing actually lifted up its—*toe*—and tapped on the floor."

Only twenty years since, a wife of ten years' standing, in writing to another woman the account of her sister's illness and death, mentioned that, three days before her decease, "her *limb* became very painful and began to swell rapidly."

Your Mamie, more fortunate than these adherents to a mock-modest fashion, is permitted the ownership of as steady a pair of legs as her brother can boast, unveiled by pantaloons; her stockings gartered, the mother does not blush to say, above the knees, or held up by an elastic band attached to the waistband. See to it that she is taught their use as early and as thoroughly as she acquires the command of her arms and hands.

It is strange that even fashionists and purists should overlook the importance of developing at this period the muscles of a girl's hips, thighs, and vertebra, as the portions of her frame upon which coming seasons will lay most weight and strain. We have back-boards, braces, dumb bells, and calisthenic drills for making shoulders straight, arms strong, and chests deep. But it is esteemed hoydenish to run, not to speak of the danger of making the feet large. The latter objection obtains to stout walking-shoes with broad toes and low heels, and preference is given to the narrow French boot, the tapering heel of which is far enough forward to leave a "lovely" small track in mud or dust. Jumping, racing, and climbing, if not prohibited, are never encouraged, by those who are bent upon the cultivation of a "graceful carriage" in their young daughters.

If your ambition in this regard is subordinate to your desire that Mamie shall be healthy and comely, with the free graces of youthful vigor, insist that she shall walk, winter and summer, and in all weathers, stepping out as do Willie and Jack, instead of mincing along, pigeon-wise, or tottering above the fashionable fulcrum set beneath her instep. Let her hold her shoulders back and head up, and not feel obliged by decorum to cross or join her hands on the pit of her stomach and keep them there, skewered by fashion as inexorably as the wings of a trussed fowl to its plump sides.

How many scores of times have you heard school-girls—and older women—beg, "Give me something to hold. I never know what to do with my hands in the street?"

Parasol, fan, a green spray, *a la* Madame de Stael, even an empty envelope is a relief to the *gaucherie* of those who never suspect the trouble to be, not with the hands, but with what our mothers would have designated as the "lower limbs." They can sit, stand, dance, but not one in forty knows how to walk. The gliding step, borrowed from the minuet, the tip-toe, the Grecian bend, are, as Beau Brummel's valet said of the crumpled cravats—"some of our failures." Our streets are full of slouching women, tripping women, sliding and skipping women, and—most frequent as most ungraceful—among stout, middle-aged matrons—with waddling women, these carrying their feet so near together that—to borrow a veterinary phrase—they "interfere" at every step. Ask your husband or brother what proportion of the ladies whom he escorts on promenade and picnic fall naturally and easily into step with him; how many can accomplish a sharp run for train or boat, or emulate

swift Camilla in scouring the plain in chase of tennis, or croquet-ball.

Mamie has feet. Do not pinch them at the toe or raise the heel too high. Continuing the subject, do not impede circulation or paralyze muscle by tight buttoning at the ankle or too close ligatures above or below the knee. The clothing about the hips should be loose and light, the waist uncorseted until it takes on, of itself, the curves of womanly shapeliness. And let her play with her brothers, if she has any. If not, with the best-mannered little boys she knows.

I am not ignorant of the disgraceful truth that some brothers are not fit playmates for their own, or "other fellows"—sisters. They have "ugly ways," the regretful mother and nurse. That is, they have unseemly tricks of language and action, such as no "little lady" should hear and see, much less imitate. They abjure all forms of courteous address; are rude to brutality in their games, and their speech is replete with slang, profanity, and filth. A half, or even quarter-likeness to this type of nascent manhood is, of all things, least desirable for our girl-child. For her sake, then, if for no other reason, would it not be shrewd measure to make our little lads—if not "half-girls"—yet enough like them in gentleness of demeanor to one another, and in cleanliness of tongue to become their sister's companions in sport and talk?

The dissociation of the sexes, by the time school-life begins, is pregnant with hurtful influences to both. "As coarse and rough as a boy" is the girl's condemnation of an over-lively mate, while the boy insults the schoolfellow less adventurous than himself by declaring him to be "as lily-livered as a girl." I would have our boys pure and modest, our girls brave. If the early practical effect of the system of sisterly or neighborly intercourse is to make Willie ashamed of his dirty hands and frowzled hair, and Jack's freckled face to color beet-red when the oath or ribald word nearly escapes his tongue, it is a promising experiment. To Mamie it will open a new world of interest and delight. She is safer, and assuredly happier, paddling with bared feet in the sun-warmed brook, or sitting on the bank catching minnows, or tramping the meadows in quest of partridge-nests, or building forts, stone in summer, snow in winter, or taking her part in the sham-fight before and behind the redoubt, than when closeted with her bosom-friend, to exchange thrilling confidences about costumes and gowns in esse and in posse; the last squabble with the soul-sister's immediate predecessor, and the "nice fellows" who are reported to have pronounced the palpitating pair to be just "perfectly lovely."

I was merry, I was merry, When my little lover came, With a lily or a cherry, Or some new-invented game.

So, we who were girls thirty years since, used to sing.

With such sinless offerings let our boys invite their girl-chums to frolic and fun, unalloyed by dreams of growth or change.

"If I do not give my children innocent pleasures at home, they will seek objectionable amusements abroad," said a sagacious parent.

Invite the boys frankly to "come and play with my little girls," and encourage such forms of diversion as they can enjoy together. Contrive tea-parties, charades, reading-circles, and the like pretty imitations of the amusements of their elders, that shall mingle both sexes, without exciting sheepishness on one side or coquetry on the other. As for the words, "courtship and marriage," let them be not so much as named among them.

As one method of avoiding *ennui* now, and a still more valuable means of securing for your daughter comfort and usefulness in the years to come, begin early to teach her that time is precious to herself and to others. Assign to her stated duties, and appoint certain hours for the performance of these. The happy-go-lucky customs of many households reputed to be well-regulated, have laid broad the foundations of the proverbially unbusiness-like habits of women. Work, which may be done at any time, and diligently or leisurely at will, is not apt to command a respectable market-price.

A house-mother in easy circumstances complained to me:

"I never find time to read a book, or to make a visit. I am busy all day, and tired at night. Yet I never accomplish anything worth considering. A woman's is an aimless, useless existence."

"You sew a great deal, probably?" said I sympathizingly.

"I never take a needle in my hand. My seamstress even darns the children's stockings and mine."

"You give much personal attention to cookery, then?" I suggested another solution of the puzzle.

"On the contrary, I have no taste for it; and, after the morning visit of inspection, seldom enter the kitchen during the twenty-four hours. Yet I am not idle, and certainly allow myself no time for rest. As the country people would say, I just potter around."

Do not let Mamie learn to "potter" or dawdle. If her morning task be nothing more arduous than the dusting of her bed-room furniture and the care of her wash-stand, see that all is done promptly and deftly. She should dust each chair-round and door panel, as if serious issues depended upon the accomplishment of the business within a given time. Of course, being a child, she will be tempted to dally about her work; to drop down into the chair to chat, or to read, or to dream for "just one second." She will think it of "no consequence" whether the towels hang straight or crooked upon the rack, and four mornings out of seven she will neglect to wash the soap-cup. (If, when on a visit, you have a curiosity to know whether your hostess superin-

tended in person the preparation of your bed-chamber, consult the soap-cup. The best hireling is prone to overlook it.)

Mamie will gird under supervision and schooling in the "tiresome routine" that soon loses the spice of novelty. Be patient with murmurs and sour looks. Women five times her age, and ten times her knowledge of life, cry aloud and spare not husbands and neighbors under the pressure of "belittling cares," sigh that they were made for something better and higher, if they do not finally abandon the house to fate and servants; close their eyes to dusty tables, buttonless coats, and widening rifts in tiny garments, while "improving their minds," or "getting some pleasure out of a humdrum life."

Mrs. Garfield, the true and worthy wife of one of the grandest heroes who ever conquered circumstance—even the death which was but the slow march to his apotheosis—wrote thus to her husband ten years before his inauguration-Day:

I am glad to tell that out of all the toil and disappointment of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away, has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: "There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy." Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, "Here I am, compelled, by an inevitable necessity, to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so, trying to see what perfect bread I can make?" It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before; and this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long that maybe you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown, but I am too glad to have found it at all to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment. Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the "terrible wrong," or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant; whereas, it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which, and the spirit with which, he does it.

Mamie, however, quick-witted, is, at eight or ten years of age, quite able to enter into the spirit of this extract. She may, also, take in something of the inspiration of the idea that if she makes work noble, work will ennoble her. To dignify the "trivial round, the round, the common task" is an easier undertaking now than when woman's work was hard and monotonous toil. Neatness and beauty, elegance and economy, are readily persuaded to dwell in cottage homes. Mamie must be encouraged to make her room first clean, then pretty, as a natural following of plan and improvement. Wild flowers are no longer weeds; birds' nests, moss, and gnarled boughs, are aesthetic ornaments. A few yards of cheap, sheer muslin, draping the frame of her looking-glass, cushions covered with Turkey-red on chairs and floor, Christmas cards, clever wood-cuts from illustrated weeklies and photographs, tacked on doors and walls, with Mamie's own books on hanging-shelves or other neat case—make a possessed Paradise to the occupant of the chamber, a goodly show to other eyes. Make over the domain to her, to have and to hold, as completely as the rest of the house belongs to you. So long as it is clean and orderly, neither house-maid nor elder sister should interfere with her sovereignty.

Am I dignifying above measure the commonplace details, the very plain prose of every day housekeeping? It is my steadfast belief that if there is any ground for the popular opinion of woman's general incapacity for "business," including the control of her own and her children's money, it arises from her inexperience in ownership of any kind whatsoever. From her birth to her marriage-day an irresponsible, penniless pet, she is likely—with intentions that would honor an angel—to hamper, perhaps to ruin, her husband.

Jack raises chickens and sells the eggs and "broilers" to mamma. Willie splits kindling-wood for the kitchen-fire, and draws his lawful wages from papa as would any other laborer. Mamie comes down to breakfast, as gay as the morning, her hair bound with a blue ribbon that matches her eyes, waltzes up to papa, in a gale of affectionate glee, throws her arms around his neck, and begs for a kiss. She gets two and a gold dollar fished up from the vest-pocket nearest the paternal heart—"because she looks so pretty to-day." Being no dillard, a few repetitions, with variations of this scene, fix several things in her plastic mind.

First, she is glad that she is pretty, not only because it pleases people to look at her, but because beauty is clearly a marketable commodity. Mamie, like her thrifty brothers (and the rest of mankind), finds money a mighty convenience in this world of barter and sale.

Next, she will be very careful to preserve her good looks—to heighten them by every available means, as any wise dealer tries to increase his capital.

Lastly, money earned so easily may as well be soon spent. There is plenty more where that came from. Papa's pocket is the bank, her prettiness a draft payable at sight. Spasmodic supply is the mother of extravagance. Money

that comes in surely, but not fast, in return for regular labor, does not, as a rule, find a wasteful outlet. Jack and Willie are pretty certain to have savingsbanks on the mantel of their bedroom, or hidden away at the back of the top-shelf of their clothes-closet, where the sight of them will not be a constant temptation to expend the contents. Have you ever given a passing thought to the dissimilarity of your girls' habits in this particular? Ever asked yourself or them why they elect to carry their money in a pocket-book or purse, and seldom go out of the house without it?

The whole system of the different education of boys and girls with respect to making, keeping, and spending, money is pernicious, yet fearfully consistent in all its sections, from the cradle to the tomb of her whom the laws or most of our states hold as a minor in perpetuity.

Set a reasonable value, then, on Mamie's work, and let her have what she earns. Pay her for picking berries, hemming towels, shelling peas, and dozens of other small tasks, stipulating that they must be done well and "on time." As her ability and industry increase, advance her wages. Give her practical lessons, in the righteousness of your own equitable dealing. Let her make out her bills, keep her own accounts, and never impress her with the belief that she is a dependent upon you for aught save love and care. There is no more effective way of teaching her to play the interested toady, to truckle to you or to her father, in servile covetousness when she wants money.

The way to learn how to work is to work. In order to understand how to manage funds, one must have funds to manage.

It is domestic bribery and corruption to recompense your girl in money for being pretty or well-behaved or sweet-tempered. She should early be made to feel that the price of spiritual graces is not to be told in dollars and cents, and to be modestly grateful to the Giver of all goods for what share of personal charms has fallen to her lot.

She can not be instructed too soon in the great truth that care of her body—of its purity, health, and strength—is a duty she owes to herself, to her kind, and to God.—From *Eve's Daughters*.

The Cat.

The cat is frankly, undisguisedly selfish; there is no denying that. It lives for itself, and compasses its ends without scruple, patient to wait, skillful to feign and scheme, and utterly pitiless and unrelenting. But should sportsmen be very severe on the creature that evidently enjoys with gusto keen as their own the pursuit of the hapless prey which it hunts and toys with, often as much for diversion as for hunger? One hopes for the sake of the sportive birds and heedless mice, which it fascinates with basilisk eyes and captures with cruel paw, that there may be some occult provision of nature to disarm their fate of its terrors. Perhaps the theory propounded by Dr. Livingstone when he recorded his feelings while in the lion's clutch—that the sensation of the prey are rather pleasing than otherwise may be true. We hope so, but it must be confessed that appearances are not in its favor. In early youth cat nature appears the best. Once having emerged from the puling, sightless stage of its first nine days, the kitten becomes a winsome and attractive creature. "Cat-like" is a reproachful epithet aptly applied to the women of the Becky Sharp type; but it is not considered derogatory to the most fascinating girl to be credited with kitten-like ways—for the kitten is an embodiment of playfulness and grace. The cruel instincts of its tribe are not, however, slow to assert themselves, and it is comical to hear the mimic growls of puny thunder with which the tiny creature gloats over its first mouse. In the pages of fable Puss has ever figured largely, but rarely after a flattering manner. His guile and subtlety form the salient points in the representations, and his character is painted akin to that of Master Reynard, the master of craft. He is depicted as a demure hypocrite, a false hermit, a deceitful counsellor, the ensnarer of the unwary, the ally of wizards and witches. Rats in council debate vainly how to baffle him. It is hopeless they find to dream of "belling the cat." Noiseless himself on his gloved feet, his keen ear is not to be caught napping.—Temple Bar.

Agency of Water in Changing the Character of Forests.

We find that water rather than fire is the most destructive element in obliterating our forests. In a new valley among our mountains, a beaver dam obstructed the flow of a stream and made a large swamp or meadow quite surrounded with a dense growth of pine and hemlock. When the same creek was again dammed back by coal dirt, it ruined quite a large area of large timber; the same thing occurred on a branch of the Swatara as well as the above instances on the Mahoney. We find when the fires destroy our forests we soon have a new growth of a different species of trees, but none where water destroys the forest. May not the same element have caused the treeless prairies? We are much interested in your treatment of this question, as we need tree planting in the coal regions, more, perhaps than in any portion of the United States, or else how can we find cheap support for the roof and roads in the mines, if we have not wood props, especially pitch pine, our favorite tree for strength and durability.

The widow of Jesse James has signed a contract to make a tour of the country, and sit on the stage while some gifted unknown lectures upon her late husband's career. She better join a circus and be exhibited with Jumbo and Giteau's old clothes.

THE FARM.

How to Get Early Sweet Corn.

—Judge Miller, of Missouri, being on a visit some time ago, mentioned to us a fact discovered by himself, in which a full week can be gained in getting sweet corn for boiling. He said it was, that as soon as the ear is formed, break the top down or cut it off, but leave the stock erect in order that the pollen of the tassel will be sure to dust the silk of the ears, as they may not be fully impregnated should the stalk be topped. He stated that he had experimented for years and was entirely satisfied that it is uniformly practical and of value. In fact he thinks that the ear becomes more fully developed also. This is a hint easy to adopt, and may be of interest to truckers as well as for the private garden.

BEING FORE-HANDED.—Though farmers and gardeners know well the value of starting early in their war against weeds, the importance of the task is very apt to be forgotten in the hurry of spring-work. We scarcely need give the advice, as advice, but a suggestion is always encouraging, and the more so when we know it to be true. The great trouble with most of us is that we lay out too much work for ourselves to do. We get a great many things half done, and work twice as hard as need be, when the same amount of labor judiciously expended would have a three-fold result. This is just how it is in the war against weeds.

We are accustomed to get into a "flurry" about getting in the crops in time and forget the weed-crop is already in, and going on at a rapid pace. We have not unfrequently seen the greatest exertion in getting in seeds or plants that would have done just as well a week later, when the same time spent in harrowing or weeding ground, would have been equal to four times the time at a later period. These remarks of course apply more to garden than to farm-work. Where horse power is at hand, weeds half an inch high, if annual weeds, are as easily destroyed by a broad tooth cultivator, as if they were but just pushing through the ground; but in garden-work a simple raking of the ground when the weeds are just sprouting is quite as effective as the best hoeing would be. An hour or two raking out a garden between the rows of the various crops will in fact almost render hoeing unnecessary, and thus save many a hard day's work.

CULTURE OF CANTELOUPES.—Regarding a perfect Canteloupe to be among the very highest grades of fruit grown in the world, we cannot refrain when the season comes round to mention how they may be raised with success. Almost every person having a garden of any size should try his hand at it, as it can be done with almost as much certainty as raising a crop of corn. The ground should have a warm exposure and be friable—clay mold not being adapted. The hill should be dug out eight or ten inches, two feet in diameter, and filled with well-rotted manure, rich soil and sand—turnpike dirt is excellent as a substitute for the latter. Five or six seeds should be placed at equal distances about an inch in depth, and the "hill" should be even with the other soil, except the season promises to be wet when they should be raised. They should be about six feet apart each way, and the plants when they have passed all danger, should be thinned out to two or three in a hill. The beds must be kept clear of all weeds and grass, and when the vines commence running, they should not be disturbed, as the rootlets connected with the vine and by which it is largely supplied with nourishment will be broken. The ground, as the vines begin to extend, should be gone over with an iron rake, especially after a heavy shower, to loosen it and give these rootlets a chance to take hold. The seed should be planted at the time of corn-planting.

Sowing round the hill, a few inches distant, early radish seed, will generally protect the young plants from the bugs, and always will be more or less beneficial. Should bugs appear, a sprinkle of weak whale-oil soap and water, or of carbolic acid soap and water, will soon send them adrift.

Farm Luxuries.

It is something to be wondered at, that so many farmers' families are so blind to, or rather, so wilfully neglectful of, their opportunities to have and enjoy many of the physical luxuries of life. We often see homes about which no fruit-trees grow, and the garden, if there is one, is but little more than a patch of potatoes and a bed of onions with, perhaps, a few forlorn-looking cabbages. This is not as it should be. Every farmer's home should have a garden, and that a good one. I have worked in the garden, and observed the results to be obtained from it, enough to be satisfied that at least one-third of the living for an ordinary family can be raised from a garden of half an acre. To do this, the garden must be properly attended to. You would not put in corn and expect it to take care of itself. You cannot expect vegetables to do what corn will not. You should see that the soil is rich enough to encourage and sustain a vigorous, healthy growth. You should work it up thoroughly, when you make your beds. You cannot have it too fine and light. After planting your seed, you should see that all weeds are kept down. You can raise but one crop from your garden. If of vegetables, weeds must be destroyed; if of weeds, your vegetables must be given up. Of course you may grow something you may call vegetables in a garden partially overrun with weeds, but they will hardly be worth the name. To grow them in perfection, all the nourishment in the soil must be given them. When you come to think out the list of vegetables that you can raise,

you will begin to understand how much variety a garden can give to your bill of fare. Potatoes, corn, cabbages, onions, beets, parsnips, peas, beans, cucumbers, tomatoes, squashes, lettuce,—is not that a goodly list? From half an acre, well-worked, you can have vegetables every day through the season of them, and there will be a good quantity left for use during the winter. Such variety you would not think you could afford, if you had to buy them. The use of them, in combination with your other food, will be conducive to health. If you were to estimate the value of what you can raise in a small garden, and see how large a part it plays in the cost of a year's living, you would satisfy yourself that the garden pays the best of any part of the farm.

Every farmer should grow fruit for home use—strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, grapes, cherries, and apples; quite a list, you see, and most people esteem the fruits of which it is made up as luxuries. The same is true of the vegetables which can be grown in the garden. And when to this list of fruits and vegetables you add fresh milk and cream, sweet butter and honest cheese, honey, chickens, and eggs, do you not see that the farmer has more luxuries within his reach for the gratification of his appetite than any other man can have? The wealthy man can buy what the farmer can raise, but he cannot have it in its freshness, as the producer can. Have a garden.—*American Garden*.

Planting Seeds too Deep.

Many small seeds fail to germinate because they are planted too deep. Even experienced farmers very often make the mistake of covering seeds so deep that the plant fails to make a vigorous growth while small, while large numbers, who give no particular attention to the cultivation of the soil, except to plant a small garden, plant most of their small seeds so deep that but a very small portion, if any, germinate. This they do year after year, without suspecting the cause of the failure, but attribute it to bad seed. If, by chance, it is proved to them the seed was good, then they fall back on the weather, from which there is no appeal, it being easy for them to prove that they planted a few days before a heavy rain, or a very dry period, so the seed is supposed to have rotted or dried up, while their successful neighbors are supposed to have planted at just the right time to have all of the seed germinate. We are satisfied that if all of the facts could be known, that ten small seeds fail to germinate because of being planted too deep, to one that fails to grow because of poor quality.

When the weather is just right, a seed will find its way to the surface from a much greater depth than when it is cold and wet, so that in a favorable season, there is not so much complaint of bad seed as in an unfavorable season. The gardener who plants his small seeds very near the surface, rarely ever fails to have them germinate, whatever may be the state of the weather.

We ought never to lose sight of the fact that nature, when left to herself, plants very near the surface. From this it would seem that the nearer a seed is to the surface, and obtains moisture enough to cause it to grow, the more natural is the condition. This as a rule will secure a more healthy, if not a more vigorous growth. A plant that has to struggle through several inches of earth before it finds its way to the surface, begins life in the open air in a very exhausted condition, from which it frequently takes many days to recover.

One who has never tried the experiment, will be surprised to see the difference between plants from small seeds, that are planted just deep enough to get sufficient moisture to germinate, and those that are planted so deep that they have just power enough to reach the surface.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

Cultivate a Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it needs and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the crack of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—*Jewish Messenger*.

Buffalo Bill wants the city of Cleveland for a ranch. He kindly consents to waive any legal claim he has for the paltry sum of \$300,000. Bill claims to have had ancestors who kept a truck patch where Cleveland now stands.

THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882.

The iron worker's strike at Pittsburg, Pa., and elsewhere, though still quiet and orderly, manifests no signs of coming to a close soon. There was a general meeting of manufacturers on Thursday which, in its spirit indicated a fixed determination to maintain their stand against what they deem to be the unreasonable demands of the workmen. On the other hand, the workmen appear to be as strong as ever in their terms. A few days must bring about an arrangement. The longer things continue as they are, and the heavier the loss to both parties.

The "Cass" school, not in Cass City, but in Detroit, has lately been the scene of quite an excitement on the question of boy whipping, by the head teachers of said school. It appears that Mr. Nichol the principal of the school attends to this part of the work, and allowed himself to handle a delicate boy too roughly, and the parents took up the case, making it result in quite a newspaper affair. It is no small work, however, for teachers to keep order in their schools, in most localities without a little birch wood. Some wholesome fear must be had toward the conductors of our schools, if we would have order maintained, and though some may succeed with other methods, yet the old time honored method of wholesome correction with the rod is not likely to be wholly dispensed with without danger to the efficiency of the schools. Still, there is no point which demands the exercise of greater judgement than this, of when to whip, and to what extent to carry this unpleasant method of correction.

GARIBALDI, the Italian patriot; the heroic soldier; the skillful general; the statesman; the orator; Garibaldi, Italy's favorite; her ideal of generous manhood, is at last dead, and according to his own will, reduced to the smallest possible proportions by cremation. Garibaldi is dead according to the usual use of the term, but as truly as of John Brown it may be said of him that his spirit "goes marching on." You cannot kill or cremate the influence of a real patriot, who has made great sacrifices for the benefit of his country. The influence of the heroism of the soldier who fights for the right is a living enduring entity, forming a part of the thought of the world. It cannot die. The patriot raised to the legislative chambers of a nation on that nation's loving appreciation of his efforts and sacrifices on her behalf, on reaching his seat, impresses on the thought of that nation and the listening world a lesson, which is potent to advance the world's civilization and elevation,—a lesson not to be forgotten, or its influence to pass away. Garibaldi was born in Nice, July 4th, 1807. He was a sailor by profession. He became a patriot soldier early. He was banished from Italy in 1834, on account of revolutionary views and acts. He embraced the cause of Araguay and aided in fighting for her liberty. He married a South American woman, who was the companion of his toils, successes and reverses till 1849, when worn by fatigue and exposure she passed away from him, while he was retreating with a few of his defeated companions in arms followed by the armies of Austria. He suffered immense privations, as the proclamation of his enemies made it death to anyone who aided him in his flight, or gave him even bread, water or shelter. He was taken prisoner at Genoa, and banished from Italy, and found his way to New York in the summer of 1850. There he earned a scanty subsistence by making candles in a factory in the vicinity of that city. He afterward returned to his native country, and was not much known in public till the breaking out of the war with Austria in 1859. He formed the corps known as the Hunters of the Alps, and joined the Sardinian army, and rendered most important service to the Italian cause. He aided largely in the overthrow of the Austrian power in the two Sicilies, which were now joined to the Sardinian Kingdom. In 1861 he was chosen a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1862 he was made general in chief of the national guard. After various adventures, and some missteps, in endeavoring to help Hungary, he took part with the French in 1870, and was made a general of division in the French army. In 1871 he was elected as a member of the French national assembly for Paris, but soon resigned his seat, and retired to his island home at Caprera, since which time he has remained most of the time in retirement, and there closed his eventful life.

We take the following from the *Post and Tribune*:

ROME, June 8.—The girls of the municipal school made a funeral wreath, which Prince Leopold of Trolonia will present at Caprera. In gold letters on a ribbon attached to the wreath are the words, "To the immortal Garibaldi, June 2, 1882."

HOW HE DIED.
Garibaldi died, with the window of his apartment wide open and while the sun was setting. Before his last agony a bird alighted on the window sill, where it remained twittering. Garibaldi saw it and stammered, "Quanto e allegro." (How joyful it is).

DISPOSAL OF THE BODY.
It is rumored that sooner or later the body of Garibaldi will be brought to Rome. It is said again the body will be buried on the summit of the Janiculum hill where the remains of many Italian patriots shot by Austrians are buried.

GARIBALDI'S SWORD.
Garibaldi presented his sword to an Englishman after the Tyrolean war. It is stated that his family will ask the possessor to return it in order to offer it to the municipality of Rome.

Col. Chambers, according to a London dispatch, has offered to return to the family of Garibaldi the sword and flag Garibaldi had at Montevideo.

ITALIANS THANK FRENCHMEN
PARIS, June 8.—One thousand Italians met last evening in the hall of the grand orient and passed resolutions thanking the chamber of deputies, the municipal council and the republican press for the sympathy displayed at Garibaldi's death.

GARIBALDI'S BURIAL.
MADDALENA, June 8.—The remains of Gen. Garibaldi were interred in the cemetery of Caprera this afternoon. The funeral ceremonies began at 3:45 and closed at 5. A storm of wind and rain raged the whole time. The coffin was covered with garlands and flowers, was borne by some of the thousand of Narsala, and was followed by the duke of Genoa, Sig. Zanardelli, Gen. Ferrero representatives from both chambers and delegates from 300 various associations. Speeches were delivered at the grave by the vice president of the senate, the president of the chambers of deputies. Two cabinet ministers were present and Signor Crispi. All applauded the deeds of the deceased. As the coffin was lowered into the grave salutes were fired by the Italian men-of-war Washington and Garibaldi.

The body of Garibaldi showed scars of ten gunshot and bayonet wounds.

TUSCOLA COUNTY.
Condensed from Our Exchanges.

Reese has a new bakery.
Caro will celebrate in grand style this year.

Clothes line thieves are complained of at Reese.

New barns are making their appearance rapidly in Arhela.

Dr. Bennett, president of the P. O. & P. A. railroad was in Kingston the most of last week.

The iron for the railroad bridge across White Creek, three miles north of Kingston was shipped to Caro, and hauled from there by teams.

By permission of the common council, of Millington, the saloons of that village will be allowed to remain open until 10 p. m., between this date and November 1st.

Mark York, of Arhela, has milled 111 large pine stumps from his farm this spring. He has about 300 more to get out when his farm will be comparatively free from the pesky cutters.

Last Saturday week, while pulling stumps at M. D. York's, Charley Putman, of Arhela, had his ankle caught in the machinery, but fortunately escaped without serious injury.

J. E. Mead, of Mayville, dropped his pocket book from his pocket between Junata and there on the night train home from the circus. His pocket book was found at Port Huron minus \$38.00 in money.

Thos. Van Wormer, of Millington, who has been under medical treatment for some time, was on Monday last relieved of 18½ pounds of liquid substance which had collected in his body during the last two months. The operation was performed by Dr. Rogers and was the fifteenth treatment of the kind on the same patient.

Mrs. James Bennett, of Fair Grove, was buried on the 4th (Sunday). Mr. Bennett was a pioneer in the settlement of this county, settling in Fair Grove, where he has lived with his family, until death has taken his bosom companion. He will be lonely, notwithstanding his children are with and around him. He has the sympathy of his neighbors and acquaintances.

B. F. McHose, of Vassar, returned Monday from his trip to Boston, where he went to confer with his partner in regard to the improvements they contemplated for their grist mill there. Mr. McHose says the improvements will be made, and the work of sawing the timbers for the building commences soon. The machinery put in will have a capacity of 200 barrels per day, and the flour manufactured will be inferior to none made.

About five o'clock Saturday afternoon, during the heavy storm, the house of J. F. Staples in well township was struck by lightning. The lightning came down the stovepipe and as described by Mrs. Staples resembled a ball of fire, which burst within about four feet of the floor and sought the ground in four different directions. A bedstead in the room was utterly demolished, as well as a heavy neck-yoke hanging against the wall. The only occupants of the house at the time besides Mrs. Staples was a neighbor woman, who ran screaming from the house when the stroke came. Mrs. Staples received a slight shock. After the excitement subsided, an investigation of the premises were made and the bed in the chamber above was discovered to have been set on fire and the building considerably racked. Altogether it may be considered a fortunate escape for the building and the occupants.

cholera.

And the milder forms of bowel difficulty Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c., all come from a disordered digestion attended with pain in the Stomach, Cramps, Colic, &c. Be wise and ward off these attacks by taking Hamilton's Jamaica Ginger Tonic and Pain Cure which is sure remedy. Never known to fail to give immediate relief. As an outward application in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, Strains, Lame Back and Side, it can't be beaten. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Cass City druggists and G. H. Dann, Greenleaf.

Toothache.

Did you ever have a cracking, jumping, snapping, roaring, bothersome, toothache, that kept the whole family in an uproar till 3 o'clock in the morning. Many have it, but all have not heard of the wonderful cures made by Hamilton's Toothache Drops which are warranted to cure in one minute. Safe yet effective. Price only 25 cents. Sold by Cass City druggists and Geo. H. Dann, Greenleaf.

CARO.
From Our Own Correspondent.

Wilson Reed has leased the Medler house for one year and took possession on Monday.

We celebrate the 4th in Caro. We invite you Cass Cityites to come down and participate with us.

Last Friday the children of the intermediate department of our union school had a picnic in Washburn's grove.

We had a terrible rain and hail storm in this vicinity last Thursday about 4 p. m. Runners of hail near Watrousville and through Fair Grove that was the size of a hen-egg. Hail was picked up in our streets that measured ½ inches in diameter.

Chas. Van Wagoner gave his annual exhibition and made his delivery of agricultural implements, Saturday. At noon a procession consisting of twenty-four wagon loads of farm machinery, headed by the band, marched through town. After the procession, Mr. Van Wagoner invited all the purchasers to take dinner with him at the Caro house.

The farmers club meeting at Caro, Friday was an immense success, the court house being so full, standing room was in demand. The following programme was carried out:

- 1.—Greeting Glee.—M. E. Church Choir.
- 2.—A Paper on "Salt as a Fertilizer."—Hon. Eno Goodrich.
- 3.—Discussion on any subject introduced by the members of the club.
- 4.—Anthem.—M. E. Church Choir.
- 5.—"Loss or gain, or a man's adaptability to his business."—Hon. T. T. Torth, of Vassar.
- 6.—Song, "Don't leave the farm."
- 7.—"Holland, its people and their methods of agriculture."—Hon. James Birney, of Bay City.
- 8.—Quartette, Medley.

The music was very nice, and everyone was well pleased and voted the meeting a success. Hon. James Birney's article on Holland covered a space of an hour and a-half, and was listened to with marked attention. By the request of many citizens Judge Birney consented to remain in Caro over night, and was tendered a reception in the Caro house parlors. During the evening the young ladies' band gave the Judge a serenade.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.
From Our Exchanges.

More small-pox in Kalamazoo.

A balloon was seen over Jackson on Wednesday last.

A barn was burned in Paris township, on Thursday, caught by lightning.

The bones of a human foot were found under a house near the Bay City flouring mill last Wednesday. The rest of the skeleton remains to be discovered.

James Stevenson, of Tilsenberg, Ont., was killed by lightning in Austin, Sanilac county, on Thursday last. Three men standing near him at the time were shocked severely.

A little daughter of James McCormick, of Forester, met with a very serious accident last week while climbing a fence, falling and breaking her thigh bone and otherwise badly injuring her.

In consequence of the rapidly increasing business, heavier iron on this division of the P. H. & N. W. R. R. will take the place of that now in use. The old iron will be taken to lay the Almont line with.

School Report.

Report of school in district No. 2, township of Novesta, for the term beginning November 7, 1881, and ending June 9, 1882. Number of resident pupils enrolled, 49, number of days taught, 135; aggregate number of days, 2751; average daily attendance, 20.37; number of non-resident pupils who attended school during the term, 14.

SARAH J. DICKSON,
Teacher.

COLORADO EXCURSIONS.

COLORADO ROUND TRIP TOURIST TICKETS at greatly reduced rates, via C. & B. & Q. R. R., new Chicago and Denver Through Line, good during summer months and National Military and Industrial Exposition in September are now on sale and full particulars as to terms and rates can be obtained from any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada.

A Happy Family

Circle is the great blessing of our civilization, but such a thing is not possible when disease and death lurks on the threshold. One of the most important matters to be attended to, is that the Liver and Kidneys are in a healthy condition. More trouble arises from derangement of these organs than from any other cause, often resulting in Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and other difficulties that are generally counted incurable. Parneelee's Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Cure will prevent and cure all these difficulties with certainty. Large bottles \$1. Sold by Cass City druggists and G. H. Dann, Greenleaf.

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.

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

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

That new Reservoir brush mop is the boss. A pleasure to scrub. No hand wringing. Anyone can have a white floor in a few moments. For sale at Dubois Bros' grocery, Cass City.

The nobbiest Ladies' and Gents' fine boot at Wickware's.

Ladies, call and see that splendid line of Glassware at Wickware's.

Now we are prepared to give all kinds of fits in boots and shoes 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.

On account of the rush and the receipt of a large additional stock of boots and shoes, the proprietors of the BOSTON have not had time to change their advertisement. Look out for next week.

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

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.

The BOSTON copies from no one, but has new goods, low prices and everything original.

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

Ladies' fine Kid Shoes at the BOSTON.

See those men's \$1.25 Shoe at the Boston. 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 county call at the New York store, Cass City.

But Oh! those 20cent Slippers at the BOSTON.

T. H. Hunt has a full line of everything usually kept in a first-class grocery. Call at the BOSTON for boots and shoes, for men, women, boys, girls and the little ones.

For linen dusters call at Lewenberg & Hirschberg's.

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

For the Drive! See those River Boots at the BOSTON.

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

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.

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

Agents wanted. The best chance in the world to make money on small capital. Send stamp for particulars to

F. J. PRICE,

520 1-2 East Markham St. Little Rock, Ark.

For Sale.

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

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.

Boston Clothing and Shoe store tells the tale. Better stock, lower prices never before offered in Cass City.

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.

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. PHETTEPLACE.

Evergreen, May 10th.

Flower and Garden Seed Free.

Ten new and very choice varieties of Flower Seeds sent to any address FREE on receipt of Fifteen cents to pay postage. Everything new, may be sown as late as July and August. Lovers flowers write to

F. J. PRICE,

520 1-2 East Markham Street, Little Rock, Ark.

LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—State of Michigan, county of Tuscola, ss.—By virtue of an execution issued out of the circuit court for the county of Tuscola and State of Michigan, in favor of Henry P. Mahoney, Plaintiff, against the goods and chattels, lands, tenements and real estate of George W. Houghton, Defendant, I have seized the following described piece or parcel of land situated in the said county of Tuscola, to wit: All of the north-east quarter [¼] of section twenty-four (24) township fourteen (14) north of range eleven (11) east, on the east side of the North Branch of the Cass river, containing one hundred and twenty-one (121) acres more or less, which I shall expose for sale at public vendue, as the law directs, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Caro, that being the place for holding the circuit court for the county of Tuscola, on Saturday the 29th day of July, A. D. 1882, at two (2) o'clock in the afternoon. Dated this 12th day of June, A. D. 1882.

Morgan A. Jones,
Sheriff.

[A true copy.]

W. WHITNEY & CO.,

Manufacturers of—

Italian and American Marble Monuments,

TOMBSTONES Etc.

—And Dealers in—

Scotch and American Granite,

Flint - Mich.

Wm. Walker, Agt.

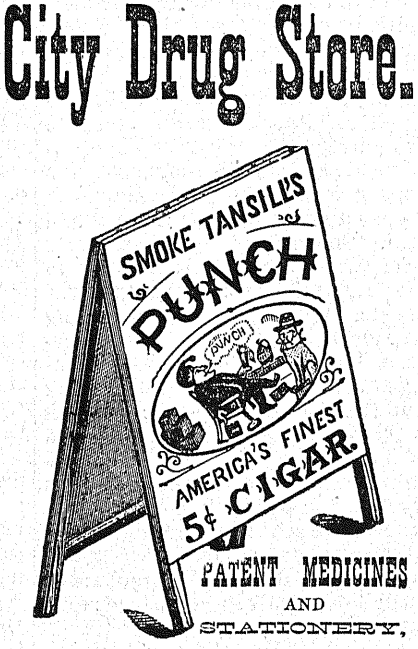
Cass City, - Mich.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Newsprint Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where orders for insertion may be made for it in NEW YORK.

GROCERIES, FLOUR & FEED
AT
CROSS & PARSON'S.
Caro, Mich.

PURE DRUGS

AT THE
City Drug Store.



W. Weydemeyer.

FRANK HENDRICK,



The Cass City

JEWELER

—And Dealer In—

Clocks,

Watches

and

Jewelry.

—A Full Stock of—

Bar Pins, Ear Rings, Ladies'

NECK CHAINS, GENTS'

GUARD CHAINS, FINGER RINGS, SPEC-

IMENTS AND WATCHES.

All Repairing promptly attended to.

CRIB YOUR CORNS.

AT THE CASS CITY

Boot and Shoe Shop.

Our prices are sure to please U.

We can fit your foot to a T.

If you don't believe it you know where we R.

Drop in any day and C.

All work warranted.

THOS. ROWELL & Co.

Opposite J. L. Hitchcock's Hardware

LIVERY STABLE,

R. Clark, - Prop.

First-class Horses and Carriages for

the accommodation of the public.

CASS CITY, Mich.

A WHIRLWIND!
FURNITURE FOR EVERYBODY.

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

Undertaking Dep't.

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

JAMES H. HOWELL, Caro, Mich.

MONEY SAVED!

BY BUYING YOUR

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Hats, Caps,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Groceries, Millinery and Fancy Goods at

WICKWARE'S CHEAP STORE!

Where you can always get the Highest Market Price for

Butter, Eggs, Onions, Potatoes, Corn, Oats, Timothy

and Clover Seed, Wood and Lumber.

Our Stock is now Complete, New and Fresh, and we Guar-

antee Prices to be as Low as any House in Tuscola Co

Yours Respectfully,

WM. WICKWARE,

Cass City, Mich.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Detroit and Bay City Division.

TRAINS SOUTH.			TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	am	pm	pm	am
7:10	5:40	10:40	1:40	9:15	6:45
7:43	6:08	11:27	1:05	8:43	6:45
8:00	6:30	12:10	12:45	8:25	6:05
8:13	6:43	12:40	12:35	8:12	4:40
8:36	6:56	1:10	12:19	7:58	4:20
8:55	7:06	1:40	12:08	7:48	4:00
9:15	7:25	2:10	11:59	7:25	3:10
9:35	7:45	2:30	11:46	7:21	2:55
9:57	7:55	3:20			
10:50	9:00		7:15	4:15	

CARO BRANCH.

TRAINS NORTH.			TRAINS SOUTH.		
am	pm	pm	am	pm	pm
Vassar.....Dep.	8:15	12:55	8:35		
Watrousville.....	8:45	1:15	8:59		
Wahnamaga.....	9:00	1:40	9:15		
Caro.....	9:00	1:40	9:15		

SAGINAW BRANCH.

TRAINS NORTH.			TRAINS SOUTH.		
am	pm	pm	am	pm	pm
Caro.....Dep.	7:12	12:02	5:37		
Wahnamaga.....	7:25	12:15	5:50		
Watrousville.....	7:45	12:35	6:10		
Vassar.....	7:45	12:35	6:10		

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

Leave East Saginaw at 7:10 a. m., 5:40 p. m., and 10:40 p. m., Arriving at Vassar at 7:55 a. m., 6:25 p. m., and 12:00 m.

Trains daily, Sundays excepted, and by Chicago time.

W. A. VAUGHAN, Division Supt. Bay City

H. O. WESTWORTH, Gen'l. Pass'gr and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

PORT HURON & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

Time Table, Taking Effect Mar. 27, 1882.

All Trains run by Port Huron Time.

EAST SAGINAW DIVISION.

GOING WEST.			GOING EAST.		
am	pm	pm	am	pm	pm
9:20	4:20	Lv. Port Huron.	Ar.	11:20	10:20
10:25	5:25	Lv. Brookway Center.	Ar.	10:25	9:25
11:25	6:25	Lv. Marlette.	Ar.	9:30	8:25
12:40	6:55	Lv. Clifton.	Ar.	9:15	8:15
1:40	7:55	Lv. D. & B. C. Junction.	Ar.	8:53	7:50
2:40	8:55	Lv. Vassar.	Ar.	8:25	7:20
3:40	9:55	Lv. East Saginaw.	Ar.	8:20	7:15
4:40	10:55	Lv. Bay City.	Ar.	7:10	6:30
5:40	11:55	Lv. Port Huron.	Ar.	7:10	5:45

*Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal.

SAND BEACH DIVISION.

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.		
am	pm	pm	am	pm	pm
3:10	10:15	Lv. Port Huron.	Ar.	11:20	10:20
4:05	11:10	Lv. Saginaw Junction.	Ar.	10:25	9:25
4:50	12:30	Lv. Crowell.	Ar.	9:30	8:25
5:45	1:04	Lv. Carsonville.	Ar.	9:15	8:15
6:25	1:23	Lv. Deckerville.	Ar.	8:53	7:50
7:05	1:55	Lv. Minden.	Ar.	8:25	7:20
8:10	2:35	Lv. Sand Beach.	Ar.	8:20	7:15

*Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal. *Stop for Dinner. *Stop for Supper.

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

CITY AND VICINITY.

—Corn is coming up in good shape.

—Ed. Sherwood has returned to town.

—The foundry is kept busy now days.

—Dubois Bros. are painting their grocery.

—The green currants are about ready for use.

—The farmers are busy cultivating their corn.

—Dr. Graves, of Caro, was in the village on Tuesday.

—Dick Clark is preparing to build a livery stable.

—Will Spidler has returned from his visit in Canada.

—Guess we won't celebrate, but Caro and Gagetown will.

—Those odoriferous hogs are still allowed to run at large.

—Our band has received an invitation to Caro on the Fourth.

—John Bader opens his new restaurant on Friday evening by a party.

—N. L. Roberts, of East Saginaw, was in town on Sunday and Monday.

—The abutments for the bridge south of the village are about completed.

—Adamson & Fritz had their annual "scrub-out" on Monday evening.

—W. Wickware has just added a beautiful line of glassware to his stock.

—P. R. Weydemeyer expects to move his stock into his new store to-day.

—Nate Hirschberg spent several days with his brother Harris the past week.

—W. B. Anderson is painting signs for Dubois Bros., and England & Laroux.

—We are sorry to learn that Rev. J. Kelland has been ill for some days past.

—Robt. Orr captured several badgers in the woods in the rear of his house, last week.

—D. M. Houghton's new meat market is progressing finely. It will soon be ready for occupation.

—Del Ross has the frame for his new house up and is pushing it to completion as fast as possible.

—J. D. Wilsey, of Caro, is in town, managing the bank, in the absence of his partner C. W. McPhail.

—The June bug and mosquitoes are on deck. They have given us a call but were not warmly welcomed.

—Robt. Tennant is rushing the Home and Hartford insurance companies in addition to his other business.

—T. H. Hunt was called to Caro on Saturday last by word of his sister's death which occurred on Friday.

—A. D. Gillies is on a business trip in Detroit, having left on Monday. He expects to return to-morrow.

—As we go to press we learn that C. J. Lowrie, of Vassar, has arrived in town and will open a law office immediately.

—J. L. Hitchcock is laying the foundation for a new house on his property in the rear of Geo. Freeman's new building.

—S. C. Armstrong made some unusually large sales of furniture last week. He finds it difficult to keep stock on hand to supply the demand.

—On Saturday evening a lamp exploded at Frank Austin's house, but luckily the flame was extinguished and no damage, save to the lamp, was done.

—We publish in this issue a communication from a well known and reliable citizen, in regard to the new embalming process in use by S. C. Armstrong.

—School closes on Thursday for the summer vacation, and it is uppermost in the brain of the average boy and girl is the question "how shall we spend the holidays?"

—Messrs. Spitzer & Son, are building a number of carriages for parties in town. Those which they have already turned out show fine and careful workmanship on the part of the mechanics.

—H. H. Wilson had a logging bee on Thursday of last week on his farm in Novesta and 16 acres were put into trim for burning. About forty men and eight yoke of cattle were on hand.

—That poor, old, crippled, broken-hearted, degenerated, never-to-be-forgotten, inclining and beveled sidewalk is not fixed yet. Why is it not attended to in its declining years and braced up?

—S. Limpke, of Sasmacken, Russia, arrived in town last week, without friends, and has since made his home at H. Lewenberg's. He will travel through this locality peddling notions &c., hereafter.

—The Baptist society have made a purchase of two lots opposite W. Walker's residence, from N. L. Roberts, of East Saginaw, on which to erect a church which they propose building this season.

—Hyman is happy. Last Wednesday his wife and children accompanied by Abram Hirschberg brother of Harris Hirschberg, arrived in town all safe and sound after a long and tedious journey from Russia.

—J. L. Thornton, of Cass City, has purchased 80 acres of hardwood farming land of Eugene Atherton and is on hand with his family. Building material is collected and his house will soon be up.—Northern Mail.

—As we are closing our forms a sad report comes to us that our friend Del. Lawrence was killed yesterday morning by the cars as he was stepping off the cars at Rochester. We sincerely hope and trust that it is only a report.

—A button was found among the money contributed last Sabbath evening at the M. E. church, any person who dropped the said button in the hat through mistake can have the same by applying to the treasurer of the Sabbath school.

—Our enterprising merchant C. W. McPhail has been making improvements the past week in the shape of grading, leveling and terracing the ground in front of his residence on Segar street. He has also placed a new fence thereon.

—On Saturday the "Boston" received an immense stock of boots and shoes. It would appear from their mammoth and carefully selected line of these goods, that this exuberant firm intended to lead the boot & shoe trade of the village.

—The executive committee of the Tuscola county pioneer society, will hold a meeting in Vassar at the office of Wm. Johnson, on Saturday June 17th, 1882, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of fixing upon a time and place of holding the next annual pioneer festival and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the committee.

—The young ladies of Cass City have organized a club and elected the following officers:

Mrs. B. J. Reeve,—Chairman,

Miss Anna Walmsley,—President,

Miss Cora Dying,—Vice President,

Miss Maude Metcalf,—Secretary,

Miss Lydia Ahr,—Treasurer.

They will be heard from next week.

—The parties who gave us a report about a certain person in Evergreen imposing on his neighbors by not building fences &c., and whom we, on the strength of that report, endeavored to warn up, had better make themselves mighty scarce, for the reason that we are mad. We have our opinion of parties who will tell tales which are of true, and detrimental to a neighbor's character and which when spread abroad are very humiliating to the party concerned.

—Last Sabbath evening according to announcement "children's day" was observed in the M. E. church with services especially adapted for that occasion. The children of the Sabbath school, conducted the principle part of the programme, while the choir rendered some assistance. Rev. B. Reeve and Prof. Beach made short pointed speeches. A great deal of interest was manifested throughout the services by both old and young. At the close a collection was taken up for library purposes, cash \$8.82, pledges \$2.50 making a total of \$11.32, which goes to the library fund.

—A cow belonging to J. H. Striffler was missing on Wednesday last and nothing was heard or seen of her until Sunday afternoon, when a party of four young men were strolling through the woods two miles east of here, came upon her. When found she was laying down nearly dead being held in that position by some roots having caught around one of her hind feet in such a manner as not to let her rise. She had probably laid in this position for the five days and four nights she had been lost, without food or water. It is not expected she will pull through, she is a valuable cow and will be a serious loss to Mr. Striffler.

Later, the cow is dead.

—Messrs. Wilsey & McPhail want 10,000 pounds of wool. See new advertisement.

Lost—A pair of spectacles and case. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at this office.

—Mr. Buckingham, who formerly lived here, has opened up a shoe shop above Wilsey & McPhail's store, and solicits work in his line.

—C. W. McPhail left for the south part of the state on Tuesday, on business connected with the bank, and will be absent about a week.

—The cylinder head in Thos. Kirkpatrick's mill in Novesta, two miles south of this village, was blown out on Tuesday. Nobody injured.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church will give an ice-cream social at the residence of Dr. McLachlan on Friday evening of next week.

—There will be services in the Presbyterian church on next Sabbath evening. Rev. E. P. Clark, of Vassar, will preach the following Sunday morning.

—We learn that the reason our Arizona letter has been neglected for several weeks past, is that our correspondent has been sick, but we are happy to say has recovered.

—Mrs. Wm. Wickware, Deming, Jillson and Knight are attending the Spiritualist camp meeting at Orion, this week. On Saturday the ladies will be joined by W. Wickware and Dr. Deming, and all will return on Monday.

—Mr. E. Butler, of Lapeer county, is in town, for the purpose of securing an office and locating in the village for the practice of law. We are glad to have met Mr. Butler and wish him a thrifty practice, hoping that he will be a permanent citizen.

Our Merchants and Business Men.

We enter this week upon a series of brief sketches or summaries of the lives, residences and business changes which our merchants and business have gone through since settling in this village. Of course we have no large extending brick blocks and richly furnished establishments about which to write an elaborate description but will briefly give a few facts in regard to each. Our village is young, our merchants are young, but from present appearance the town and business men are destined to be known and felt outside as well as in the immediate neighborhood. Our advantages are less in some respects to our sister towns but we will soon be connected with the outside world by a band of steel, then we will be on the level with them, and our advance will be more rapid and perceptible.

Wm. Wickware.

Wm. Wickware was born in the township of Young, county of Leeds, Ont., in the year of 1843. He came to Michigan in 1870 and located in Cass City. In 1872 he he went into partnership with his brother Henry and S. C. Armstrong. This firm erected the first planing mill in this section of the county, which now stands. The partnership continued for 1 year, when Mr. Armstrong retired. After four years his brother Henry retired and he formed a partnership with L. A. DeWitt which continued until December 1880 when he sold his interest to Mr. DeWitt. The following March, Mr. Wickware remodeled the building he now occupies and put in his first stock of goods consisting of groceries and boots and shoes. After the lapse of three months a stock of dry goods was added and with these different lines he has continued to the present time, having done a good business and is favorably impressed with the mercantile business in Cass City.

In Memoriam.

Martha J. wife of Oliver Morningstar died Saturday June 10th, at Caro Mich. aged 37 years. Deceased was born in the county of Welland, Ont., was married to Mr. Morningstar in 1867. In the winter of 1873, they moved to Cass City and lived here three years when they bought a farm in Ellington and moved thereon, living there until the forest fires of September 1881, when they lost buildings and all they had. They moved to Caro and were nicely and comfortably situated, when Mrs. M. was taken seriously ill on Sunday and died the following Saturday. She leaves in this village very many sincere friends. Kind, gentle, good, a pure christian spirit, exhibited in her every day life, which endeared her to her family and friends. She leaves a husband and one child about six years old to mourn her loss. Mrs. Morningstar was a sister of T. H. and E. R. Hunt of this village. The husband and friends desire to express their sincere and grateful thanks to Mrs. Gostelow, for her more than kindness and sympathy, in their hour of bereavement.

A Communication.

We are pleased to make note that our fellow townsman, the enterprising Cass City and riaker, Mr. S. C. Armstrong, has added embalming to his already extensive business, a want long felt in this community, and judging from the success which attended his initial operation upon Mrs. Nelson who died recently in our village. He will merit the patronage of this community in this new enterprise. We had occasion to view the corpse of Mrs. Nelson which had been dead some 60 hours and was pleased with the wonderful life like appearance, a fact which was commented upon by all persons viewing the corpse and the entire absence of any disagreeable odor so common about the death chamber. We predict for Mr. A. an extensive practice in his embalming process, and as his charges are very moderate it brings it within the reach of all.

A CITIZEN.

N. B. Look out for our complete stock of Boots and Shoes this week at THE BOSTON.

Never in the memory of man have Goods been cut so low in prices as at present at THE BOSTON.

Eastern manufacturers have manufactured largely and have done no business, which has overstocked the market, and we are not slow in taking advantage and have bought largely at extremely Low Prices.

We could not push the weather, but we can push trade by

SELLING AT LOW PRICES.

This week we are still adding to our already full stock, but on account of extra inducements offered us we are compelled to buy as we cannot let these great bargains pass without taking advantage, thus giving our patrons the benefit of those prices.

All we ask is, do not purchase elsewhere before you have examined our stock and prices, no matter what is offered we will do better.

HIMELHOCH & LEWENBERG.

W. S. COSSITT,

DEALER IN

Heavy and Light Wagons, Carriages,

Agricultural Implements of all

Descriptions. Gale Chilled Plows a

Specialty.

All Goods Warranted as Represented and at the

LOWEST LIVING PRICES!

W. S. COSSITT, - CARO, MICH.

Got To stand It!

Mr. A. bought his wife one bottle of Par-melee's Blood Purifier, and now he thinks he has got himself into business, for she derived so much benefit from it that she must try another bottle or two and be permanently cured. There is no Purifier known so efficient in its workings as this. Only \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Cass City druggists and G. H. Dann, Greenleaf.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat

should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches does not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, and the Throat Troubles which Singers and Public Speakers are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mis take about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

NEW GROCERY.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Cass City and vicinity that they have opened a grocery opposite the opera house, where they will keep always on hand a full line of

GENERAL GROCERIES,

LIME,

And everything needed in the grocery line.

GIVE US A CALL.

And we will convince you that we can sell goods as cheap as anyone else.

DUBOIS BROS,

Cass City, Mich.

JACOB MATER,

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Value of Irrigation.

Water is an indispensable fertilizer. Growing plants contain from seventy to ninety-five per cent. of it, and to that extent it is an actual nutrient. Not only is water an important plant-food itself, but it is also the solvent of nearly all other plant-foods. The supply of fertilizers in the soil may be all-sufficient, and yet from the want of a sufficient supply of water to render them soluble, the growing crop may fail to make a satisfactory return. Scarcely a season passes during which some one or other of the important crops is not more or less damaged by drought. Few crops, any year, are as abundant as they would be were there a supply of water which could readily be used at any time for irrigating purposes. Land which, with the ordinary supply of water is nearly barren, when supplied regularly with plenty of water will become quite productive.

The amount of water required for the growth of plants is surprisingly large. Carefully-conducted experiments made by J. B. Lawes, of England, showed that, wheat-raising, for every pound of water produced, 200 pounds of water were evaporated by the plants, and that for every pound of mineral matter assimilated, 2,000 pounds of water passed through the plants. Leguminous plants, like beans and clover, require even a more abundant supply of water than wheat. So great is their demand for water that Mr. Lawes declares that the usual supply of rain-water is totally inadequate. Interesting experiments respecting the amount of water required by growing plants have been made at the Mont-souris Agricultural Observatory, in France. In one series of nine experiments it was found that for each pound of grain produced, from 727 to 2,693 pounds of water were evaporated by the plants. Taking the minimum quantity of water evaporated for each pound of grain produced, there would be required, for a crop of thirty bushels of grain per acre, a supply of water, for evaporation through the plants alone, sufficient to cover the field to the depth of four inches. In another series of experiments, at the same place, the averages of the amount of water required for each pound of grain produced, indicated that a crop of wheat yielding forty bushels per acre would require an amount of water sufficient to cover the field to the depth of seven inches. These experiments, and calculations based thereon, serve to indicate what an abundant supply of water is needed for the growth of a crop of grain. Few other farm crops require any less water than grain. It should be borne in mind, however, that the amount of water required for evaporation through the plants is only a part of the whole needed for the growth of the crop. The loss of water by evaporation from the surface of the soil is great, and this fact fully enforces the importance of a full supply of water.

Irrigation is especially advantageous to the grass crop. Prof. Johnson, in the "Transactions of the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland," relates an experiment in irrigation with water which contained very little mineral or vegetable matter. The results were, that with an outlay of \$150 on five acres of poor land, an average of five and a half tons of hay per acre were obtained. In another instance, which occurred in England, forty acres were irrigated "so as to temper the soil" when dry weather came on, supplying moisture regularly and in sufficient quantity to prevent the surface from crusting. Two crops of hay, estimated at five tons per acre, were taken from the land, and afterwards, in August, one hundred and twenty Highland bullocks, averaging three to the acre, were turned in to graze. They remained there until November, receiving no food except the irrigated grasses, and were kept in first-rate condition. In contrast with the results obtained upon these forty acres of irrigated land, 430 acres of unirrigated land near by became so withered and bare from the summer's drought as to afford scarcely any food for cattle or sheep. Near the bank of Esk, in Scotland, "there was a copious, clear spring of water, that had for ages run down a hollow on the bank of the river; the rill from it was carried along the top of a grassy bank, and was allowed to run on one spot and then on another alternately. The water was let on in autumn and continued through the winter and spring, and the result, the first year, was a strong crop of grass," which was sufficient to make nearly five tons of hay per acre.

Not much attention has been given to irrigation, by farmers in the United States. In some parts of the Far West, where irrigation is a necessity in order to obtain any crops, it has been adopted, to some extent, with good results. In the Eastern States very few farmers have made any trial of the method. The few who have experimented in this direction have generally obtained favorable results. A farmer, in Maine, turned the water from a spring upon a field that yielded only half a ton of hay per acre, and thereby increased the yield threefold. In Marlboro, Mass., the waters of a brook which flowed through a town of 8,000 inhabitants, and served in part as a sewer, was used for irrigating a thirty-acre field. The water was distributed by means of numerous ditches, and, during several years past, an annual yield of about three tons of hay per acre has been obtained. No other fertilizers have been used, and the land increases in productiveness yearly. The water is kept running on some portion of the field nearly all the season, its course being frequently changed by the building or removing of small dams.

Nearly every farm has its brook or spring, which can be used for irrigating purposes. The owner can at small expense, turn the water upon one of his grass fields, and supply the water needed for an abundant crop of grass. Wherever the water flows, there the grass will grow more rank and taller than that on the rest of the field, affording conclusive evidence of its fertilizing value. The wise farmer will avail himself of all the advantages of his situation, and allow the fertilizing waters of no brook or spring upon his farm to run to waste.

A Mysterious Visitor.

At a meeting of religious reformers held in the house of Mr. William H. Banks, East Boston, a few evenings since, Captain C. P. Drisko, who is well known as an able and experienced shipmaker, spoke in substance as follows: In the winter of 1865 I commanded the ship Harry Booth, bound from New York for Dry Tortugas, with a cargo of government stores and 200 mechanics and laborers to be employed on the fortifications then in the course of construction. When the ship reached the vicinity of Abaco the wind blew a fierce Norther, with heavy rain; the sun had gone down, and the weather became quite dark. To haul off was impossible, the wind blew too fresh to carry sail, and the only rational course left was to incur the risk of crossing the Bahama Banks. The ship drew fourteen feet and I could not expect that there was more than fifteen feet of water on some parts of the banks, a foot is very little to spare under a ship's hull, but I resolved to take the chance, and accordingly squared away—that is, put the ship before the wind—and took my departure from Berry Island. Having seen everything in order on deck, I left the chief mate, Mr. Peterson, a careful and trustworthy officer in charge, and went below for a little rest. At 10:50 o'clock, I heard a voice, clear and distinct, say: "Go on deck and anchor?" "Who are you?" I demanded, and sprung on deck, for I was not the man to take orders from any one. I found the ship going along her true course, and everything as I could wish. I questioned Mr. Peterson, if he had seen any person enter the cabin, but neither he nor the man at the wheel had either seen or heard any one. Thinking that it might have been hallucination, I went below again. About 11:50 a man with a gray coat and slouched hat entered the cabin, and looking me straight in the face, commanded me to go on deck and anchor. He left the cabin deliberately. I heard his heavy tread as he passed before me. Once more I sprang on deck and found the ship all right.

Sure of my course, I was not disposed even with this second warning to obey any man or anything else, no matter what appearance it might put on. Again I went below, but not to sleep, for I had everything on ready for a spring on deck. At 12:50 a. m. the same man entered the cabin, and more imperiously than before said: "Go on deck and anchor." I recognized at a glance that the speaker was my old friend, Captain John Barton, with whom I had sailed when a boy, and who treated me with great kindness. I sprang on deck, rounded the ship to, and anchored her with fifty fathoms of chain. All hands were called and the sails furled. Shortly afterward I felt the ship touch, but neither the mate nor any one else noticed it. A few minutes later, however, all hands felt it. I threw the lead first from one side, then from the other, and found five fathoms (thirty feet) of water. I was perplexed, and asked myself what it could mean, when the same voice sang out: "Throw the lead over the stern!" I did so, and to my dismay found only thirteen and one-half feet. (The ship drew fourteen feet. I immediately set the mizzen topsail and spanker, and backed her clear of the reef, against which she sheered every time she brought a strain upon her chain. The danger was past; the ship rode clear of the reef, and sustained but little damage where she struck. A ship which spoke me in the early part of the evening, and whose captain was not familiar with the Bahamas, said that he would follow me, and for this purpose I hung a light over my stern. Watching my movements closely, he rounded to almost as soon as I did, and thereby saved his vessel. No doubt the northern shallowed the water on the banks, and if we had continued in our course we both might have been wrecked. Will those who assume that the spirits of our departed friends do not take an interest in us please explain? What I have stated is true. It was the spirit of a departed friend, Captain John Barton, well-known as one of the best shipmasters in the country. He commanded among others the ships Talleyrand and Superior, and was esteemed by all who ever knew him. My voyage in the Henry Booth was entirely successful."—Boston Traveller.

PASSION AND PREJUDICE, bad habits, selfishness, indifference, lack of principle, unregulated desires, undisciplined feelings, are the main cause of sin and sorrow. The more fully we appreciate this truth, the more capable shall we be of distinguishing degrees of guilt, and of lifting up those who need our help far more than they deserve our censure. Flowers are called "The Alphabet of Angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths!" Oh, the interminable length of those bridges, from life-point to life-point, over which we must some time pass at a foot-pace! Is anything more intolerable than the monotonous tramp of the meaningless steps? Is anything more sickening than the easy sway of the bridge, which seems to make the whole reel, while in truth it is only ourselves?—Anna B. Warner.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Preparations for the Grand Reunion.

Detroit is alert with preparations for the grand reunion of the Army of the Potomac, to be held in that city on the 14th and 15th inst. The local executive committee have agreed upon a comprehensive programme for the occasion, prepared by Gen. Weitzel. It includes, in detail, the appointment of committees of reception, on finance, on the grand stand to be erected in front of the Detroit Opera House for guests, on carriages for the same, places of meeting for the different corps, an order of exercises for both days, including the meeting at Music Hall Wednesday, the grand parade of Thursday, beginning at 9 A. M., the boat ride on the U. S. steamer Michigan at 2:30 P. M., and a banquet at Music Hall at 8 P. M., tickets at \$2.50.

The reception committee is divided into four relays of about 25 members each, one of which will be on duty at the Russell House continually. A large attendance is expected, including many distinguished civilians, as well as military men.

Gen. Devans, Jr., President of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, will call the meeting to order at eight o'clock Wednesday evening. Chaplain Taylor will offer prayer; Gov. Jerome will give an address of welcome, and likewise Mayor Thompson, to which Gen. Devans will respond. Gen. E. S. Bragg of Wisconsin will deliver the oration; all to be interspersed with songs and music.

The banquet Thursday evening will be attended with incidents of a notable character, such as fine music, including the overture, "The Sham Fight," and toasts. Ex-President Hayes will respond to "Our Country." Hon. R. T. Lincoln to "The President of the United States;" Gen. Dan. E. Sickles to "The Army and Navy;" Gov. Jerome to "The State of Michigan;" Mayor Thompson to "The City of Detroit;" Gen. Trowbridge to "The Army of the Potomac;" Ex-Gov. Blair to "Volunteers;" Gen. E. S. Bragg to "The Orator of the Day;" J. B. O'Reilly to "The Poet of the Day;" Capt. J. N. Burritt to "The Press;" and Col. J. Atkinson to "The Ladies." There will be a "sham fight" at the Fair Grounds on Thursday, tickets for which are selling rapidly, calling for an increase of grand stand accommodation. Citizens on the line of march are expected to decorate their dwellings and places of business. From Grand Circus Park the companies taking part in the prize drill and sham battle will proceed to the Fair Ground. Gen. Pittman has been authorized to erect a stand in front of the Detroit Opera House for 30 persons, honorary guests and officers of the society. The arrangements, in all their details, are not quite complete, but are taking shape. The "camp fire," on the evening of the 15th, will be held at Merrill or St. Andrews hall. The transportation committee has secured reduced rates, mostly half-fare, on the leading railway and steamboat routes. The grounds and fountains in front of the City Hall will be decorated with 1,000 nine-inch Chinese lanterns, about 1,200 flags of different sizes, and 100 gas jets, with red, white and blue globes on them. The decoration of Music Hall will be unique. The tables at the Fair Grounds for June 15, M. W. Field caterer, will be spread in the great hall, will be nearly 600 feet long, and served by 500 waiters. All members of the Army of the Potomac are invited to join the society. Initiation fee \$3; annual dues \$2. We shall endeavor to give a detailed report for next week's issue.

LETTER TO OLD SOLDIERS.

GEO. W. PECK, IN FREE PRESS.

SAMUEL CROFT, Esq.—Your invitation to me to be present at your banquet is received, and I regret to say that a previous engagement will prevent me from taking you by the hand on that occasion, and leading you through green pastures and beside still waters. Do you think I want to get all the beans in the country? I am not a hog, Tom. I know when I get enough beans. That last painful of beans at the Milwaukee camp-fire fixed me, and I have not looked at a bean square in the face since. I don't know what it is, but there is something in beans that makes men sociable and reckless. Beware of beans, Tom, as you value your future happiness. Look not upon the bean when it is baked and giveth its color in the pan, for at last it swelleth like an accordion and biteth like a cucumber.

But I would like to be there, Thomas, and take the old soldiers by the hand, and look into the eyes that are becoming dim, and notice the effect of Father Time's penciling on the faces of boys who twenty years ago, were full of vitality and as kitteny as anyman that has ever kept step to the rattling of canteens against a cartridge-box. Boys, do you realize that that you are getting old? When you enlisted, twenty years ago, the government was glad to welcome you to the ranks; but if you should go to a recruiting officer to-day he would say: "My friend, you are too old." You feel like kicking the recruiting officer, but he would be right. You could not stand the marching, the lying under fences, sleeping in the mud, and living on army rations. It is hard to realize it, but if another war was to break out, your little baby that you left in his mother's arms twenty years ago, crooning at the blue uniform in which you were disguised, would be the chap the government would want.

Boys you are rapidly becoming

"old back numbers," though you feel young enough to stub around home. You are "exempt" now. Do you realize that the little baby girl that clung to you as you said good bye, twenty years ago, with tears in her eyes as big as a glass paper weight or an editor's diamond, is now a woman, married, and that another baby is trying to utter the words "grandpa" when you come in putting on youthful airs?

It is pleasant now to chase the festive bean around the home camp-fire, and talk of the nights when you slept on the ground in a pup tent, on some battle-field with your wet and muddy pantaloons legs frozen as stiff as a dried cod-fish, while you dreamed that every star that was looking down from above was the eye of a dear one at home beckoning to you to "Hold the Fort" and hurry up and get through with the confounded foolishness and come home. You can laugh now as you think how you got up in the morning after such a night's rest looking as though you had been drawn through a brush fence, and swearing because the nigger was afraid to come up with the camp-kettle of coffee. You who are left have a right to be happy; but in the midst of your bean banquet let me ask you to stand up with your tin cup of black coffee and drink to "The Boys who Never Got Home," the brave fellows who never returned to the loved ones they parted from twenty years ago. Let us hope that the great Congress above, "removed the disabilities" of the boys who left vacancies in their regiments, and that the few chickens they took from the enemy by the way of business will not be entered up against them in the Big Book, but that the provost guard on duty at the gate of the New Jerusalem will "present arms" to them, and tell the boys they are welcome to the best there is, and that when we all get in our work here, and are ready to join our regiment in Heaven, the fellows that were buried years ago may stand on the parapet as we come straggling in and give us the soldier's welcome, "three times three," with a tiger; and we shall say to them, "All right, comrades; we would have been here before, only we were detained by business."

Table Manners.

A writer in Harper's Bazar calls attention to the want of good table manners which marks so many American families and which foreigners notice as one of our defects.

We do not, as a nation, comport ourselves well at the table. In the first place, we eat too fast, and are apt to make a noise over our soup. Well-bred people put their soup into their mouths without a sound, lifting up their spoon slowly, thinking about it, and managing to swallow it noiselessly.

In the second place, we are accused of chewing our food with the mouth open, and of putting to much in the mouth at once. Again, we are accused, particularly at railway stations and at hotels, of putting our heads into our plates, and of eating with the knife instead of with the fork.

Some people eat instinctively with great elegance; some never achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, inelegantly.

Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Fish and fruit are eaten with silver knives and forks; or, if silver fish-knives are not provided, a piece of bread can be held in the left hand. Fish corrodes a steel knife.

Never tilt a soup-plate for the last drop, or scrape your plate clean. Leave something for "manners"—a good rule.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent, every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals.

The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dress; and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible.

No one should show any haste in being helped, any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at informal meal to ask for a second cut, and to say that rare or underdone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions.

But one never asks twice for soup or fish; one is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salad, are supposed to admit of but one helping.

Indian Skeletons.

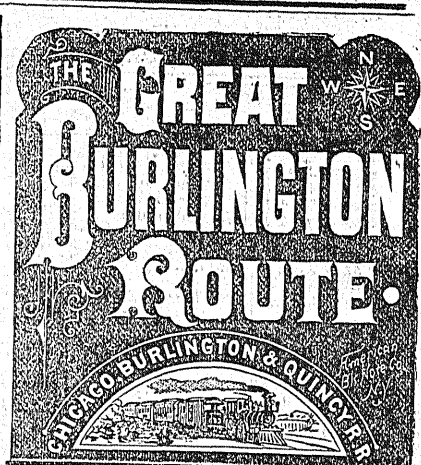
More than forty skeletons of Indians have been disturbed by workmen digging up a hill in Oneida Village, N. Y. Eighteen of the skeletons were in a sitting posture in a row, resting on bricks, the feet of one to the back of the next. Daniel Scomondad, present chief of the Onondas, says these are warriors killed in battle or the chase. He says he knew there was a burying-place there and that there are others at Wampsville and Oneida Castle. Under an old apple tree four women and two children were wrapped in blankets.

A woman's soul is a book with many chapters, and motherhood is one of these.—O. P. Gifford.

A Sensible Agnostic.

The Rev. Mr. Miln, who recently horrified his Chicago congregation and delighted the general run of sinners by announcing his inability longer to believe the alleged truths of the Christian religion, has taken a load off of the public mind. The usual thing for a preacher to do when he falls out with established beliefs is to enter the lecture field. Then everybody squanders money, at the rate of fifty cents a head, to gaze upon him as a curiosity. Occasionally he ventures upon the dramatic stage, in which case the cost to the public often reaches a dollar and a half a head, the results being so dreadful that any one with foresight would prefer to pay twice the money for the privilege of remaining at home. Sometimes the self-expelled clergyman starts a newspaper, which makes trouble in the paper and ink trades, for such papers are usually run on credit. But Mr. Miln has sensibly turned his back on the usual thing and gone into the lumber business. Lumber, unlike some kinds of theology, has nothing fine-spun or vague about it; it is a concrete, solid fact; it can be seen, touched, measured and compared with other solids by the standard of actual value. Councils, creeds, traditions and writings can do nothing to modify the quality or value of lumber. Mr. Miln's late parishioners may regret that their pastor has dropped from the airy realms of spiritual speculation to a level where speculation is based upon the records of a tape line; but Mr. Miln himself is to be congratulated on the possession of that rare quality of sense that prompts men to flee from doubts to certainties, instead of venturing into fields where novices know nothing.

Plant your beets deep; if of the bipedal variety, the deeper the better.



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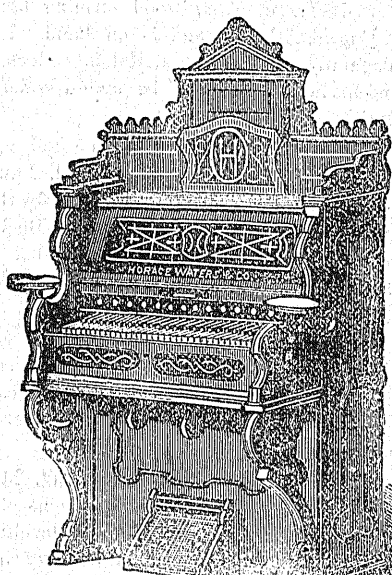
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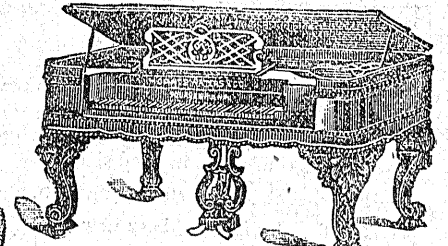
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DECORATION DAY.

"Do you hear the drums beat, Papa?"
Hear them, my boy? God knows!
But the drums that I hear are other,
Far other drums than those
Which lead these fresh boy soldiers
To the grave where lies the rose.

The drums that I hear were beaten
For you, my boy, were born,
And broken and torn and battered,
And battered and broken and torn,
In many a night's struggle,
On many a bloody morn.

I hear the drums as they rattle
Down the village street;
I hear them now on the Common;
In the hall, where the levies meet;
And above the rough war-music
Is the sound of coming feet.

I see the sticks of the drummers,
As they fly in the drummer's hand;
I see the tears of the mothers,
As they weeping and sobbing stand;
And I hear again the cheering,
As each man joins the band.

I hear the drums that woke us
When the dawn upon Shiloh broke;
I hear the drums that sounded
Through Chickamauga's smoke,
And the drums that led brave Hooker's
Ten thousand hearts of oak.

"They are coming nearer, Papa!"
Nearer? Forbid it, Lord,
That nearer our peaceful hearthstone
Should come the sounds of war!
By all who have seen the harvest
That falls 'neath the warrior's sword.

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

"Good for nothing," the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;
But then, he thought it was best, no doubt,
To come some day and root it out.
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,
To see his corn, to gather his hay;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright,
The boy who gave it was just in sight.
Here it was cold and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy; "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen,
And spun his cable fine between.
'Twas a beautiful bridge, a triumph of skill;
The files came round, as in a whirl,
The spider lurked in his corner dim,
The more that came, the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child perplexed
To know what to do with the weed next.
She gathered the burdock that all despised,
And her city playmate was quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made, with a little time and care.
They ranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours;
Honey comes from the idle flowers;
The weeds which we pass in scorn,
May save a life by another morn.
Wonder awaits us at every turn,
We must be silent, and gladly learn.
No room for recklessness or abuse,
Since even a burdock has its use.

St. Nicholas.

THE LITTLE CHARM.

It was by far the worst quarrel they
had ever had, and they had many, for
she had a temper, and he had a temper,
and they were both of them impulsive
young people with very little self-control.

"You are a false, selfish, untruthful,
man-like man," said she.

"And you a suspicious, unreasonable,
unwomanly woman," said he.

"Take back your letters," she cried,
flinging a parcel tied with hyacinth-

blue ribbon on the floor at his feet.

"I will," he muttered between his
clenched teeth, picking up the parcel
and throwing it into the fire, where it
blazed brightly for a moment or two,
and then flew away in thin uncanny
black fragments up the chimney.

As the last fragment disappeared, Rick
turned again to Letty, with frowning
brow, and asked, as he had asked be-
fore, "Do you still persist in accusing
me of deceit and falsehood?"

"I do," she replied, "unless you show
me the charm."

"I will not show it to you," he declar-
ed, with violent emphasis. "If my
word be not sufficient, I refuse to give
you further proof. I wonder that you
dare insult me by asking it. And I al-
so wonder how you, believing me to be
false and untruthful, can be willing to
trust your future to me. And, to speak
frankly, I begin to think we have made
a great mistake in supposing that we
could spend that future happily togeth-
er. And, furthermore, I also begin to
think that perhaps it would have been
better if we had never met."

"Oh, indeed, sir!" with great assump-
tion of dignity. "Have you just arriv-
ed at that conclusion? I have long
been sure of it. But there is nothing
easier than to part. Your letters are
easily disposed of. To-morrow I will
send back your ring and picture. And
then, when I am free once more, I can
try to please my mother (our acquaint-
ance, as you are well aware, has never
pleased her) and in pleasing her I may
find I am doing a pleasant as well as a
wise thing for myself."

"Are you referring to Broughman
Brown?"

"I am referring to Broughman Brown,"
Rick, seizing his hat, said, "this is too
much. Letty, good by forever."

But Letty began humming an air,
drumming an accompaniment on the
window pane, and vouchsafed no an-
swer. The humming and drumming ceased
instantly, and the whilom performer lis-
tened intently. Five minutes passed,
and still the street door did not slam.
"He is waiting for me to come out into
the hall and beg his pardon, I suppose,
but I won't," she turned again to the
window as the door shut with a bang.

And then she flung herself on the
lounge, kicked off her slippers, and
cried like a summer shower. Rick gone,
and gone forever—Rick whom she
had loved so dearly, and who had loved
her so dearly, for two long years. And
why? Just because that silly, giggling,
Lena Marian, with her pale blue eyes
and straw-colored hair, had chosen to
tell fibs about him. And shaking the

water from her lashes, she began scold-
ing herself just as hard as she had
scolded poor Rick. "The idea Letty
Lounsbury, of your believing that girl
before him! What possessed you? He
did flirt a little with her, that is true;
but all men flirt a little with girls who
persist in admiring them and flattering
them. But he never gave her the little
gold pig—your Christmas gift to him—
never! How she got it I can't imagine,
but he would have explained it if you
had given him a chance. And then the
absent mother, gone to Aunt Emory's
for a two days' visit, came in for a share
of reproach. 'If she had only let our
engagement be known, instead of in-
sisting upon our waiting until Rick was
21.' And Letty suddenly remem-
bered that ever since Rick came in to
make a morning call, knowing Mrs.
Lounsbury was absent, baby had been
sitting alone in the dining-room in the
middle of the big dinner-table, surround-
ed by all the pickle and marmalade jars
and fruit cans and catsup bottles and
jam pots out of the store-room. For it
was the monthly house-cleaning day,
and the store-room fell to Letty's share,
he foreign help being gifted with too
great a talent for smashing and break-
ing, to say nothing of an equally great
talent for abstracting and devouring
both sweets and soups. Letty sprang
from the lounge, thrust her feet into
her slippers, and hastened where duty
had been calling her for some time.
Baby sat, as good as gold, nursing a
bottle of tomato sauce, snugly wrapped
in a dish-towel, in the spot where she
had been when Rick's ring summoned
her sister to the door. Only one small
flask lay broken on the floor. "That
would be missed," said Letty. "I thank
fortune, there's no worse mischief done."
But the 'thank' was scarcely uttered
when her eyes fell upon the last jar
of the famous peach marmalade, the
secret of the making of which died with
grandmother, and which was being
carefully kept for Aunt Emory's (Aunt
Emory was an old maid worth \$30,000)
birthday. There it stood directly in
front of baby, with more than half of
its thick paper hat torn off, and a yawning
cavity made in its precious contents
by little scooping fingers.

"Oh, Baby, why couldn't you have
taken any jar but that?" asked Letty,
reproachfully and dramatically. But
Baby evidently had no excuse to offer
for not doing so, for she kept on croon-
ing to her bottle-doll, while her sister
hastily fashioned another paper hat and
tied it securely over what remained of
the original covering.

Then said Baby, "Rick tiss I—nice
Rick!"

"Oh, that is what he was doing when
she foolishly imagined he was waiting
for her to come and implore his forgiv-
ness—bidding good-by to Baby. She
might have known it, for he had al-
ways loved Baby dearly."

"Yes, Baby; nice Rick, good Rick,
dear Rick; but, for all that, the ring he
gave me goes back to him to-morrow
unless I hear from him to-night. How
dare he wish that we had never met?"

But she did not hear from him that
night, and the little band of gold was
placed in Rick's hands as he left his
place of business. But ah, what a silent,
sorrowful maiden wandered about the
Lounsbury dwelling thereafter! What a
listless, weary voice repeated the
nursery rhymes that Baby demanded
fifty times a day!

"No nice—no more," said Baby, miss-
ing the merry tones and the happy laugh.
But Mrs. Lounsbury was not at all dis-
pleased with the turn affairs had taken.
Broughman Brown suited her much
better as prospective son-in-law than
Richard Creighton. One was a wealthy
young brewer, the other a poor clerk in
a counting house.

"Letty will soon get over it," she said
to Letty's father, whose heart ached at
the sight of his daughter's sad face.
"A first-love disappointment is always
hard to bear for a while. I thought a
should have died when Stephen Ford
married my cousin, but I didn't; I lived
to marry you, and I have a seal-skin
cloak, and Mrs. Ford hasn't even a jacket!"

And so Broughman Brown,
who was really a manly, generous, good-
hearted fellow, in spite of his beer and
wealth, encouraged by the maternal
head of the house, began devoting him-
self in the most ardent fashion to Letty,
and she, seeing her mother's pleasure
thereat, and hearing no word from Rick,
received his attentions in a passive, un-
responsive way.

Three months went by, and it was
Aunt Emory's birthday, and that ec-
centric old lady had decided to divide
it among the family, lunching with one
portion, dining with another, and sup-
ping with a third. The lunch party
was given at her sister Letitia's (Mrs.
Lounsbury), and some half a dozen old
friends and some dozen relatives were
bidden to the feast. Letty, in a sea-
gown with a spray of pink hyacinths
in her hair, went quietly about wel-
coming her guests, Broughman Brown
following her like her shadow, until
lunch was announced. Then, taking
her place at the table, the young man
still near her, she raised the cover from
and dipped a spoon into the last jar of
grandmother's famous peach marmalade
(she had had it placed before her, trust-
ing to be able to hide the mischief Baby
had done), when somebody said, ad-
dressing her mother: "Have you heard
that Richard Creighton is going abroad
for his health? He has given up his
situation, and sails in a day or two."
They say he has failed last lately."

And the very next moment Aunt
Emory fixed her spectacled eyes upon
her niece's pale face, and asked, sharp-
ly: "What's the matter, child? Do
you see anything dreadful in the
sweets?"

"No, ma'am," answered Letty, with a
pitiful attempt at a smile, when the
spoon struck something harder than
preserved peaches should be.

"Let me help you," said Broughman;
and with one turn of his wrist he
placed upon the dainty china shell be-
fore her—a wad of paper.

"And so that is the last of the 'cele-
brated marmalade, is it?" said Aunt
Emory. "I prefer my sweets unmixed
with any foreign substances. Take it
away, Norah."

But Letty was already unrolling the
paper (it proved to be the missing part
of the jar's original hat)—a rather dif-
ficult thing to accomplish, as it stuck
persistently to her small fingers, but
accomplished at last, when out rolled
the little gold pig. And on the inside
of the paper in Rick's bold hand were
these words:

"MY DARLING. How foolish we are
—I mean, I am! Here is the charm.
Miss Varian had it about ten minutes
last night—only long enough to show
it to you and tell you a story about it.
Baby will give it to you. Had no pa-
per, so I tore a piece off one of your
jam pots. Will see you to-morrow
evening."

Never did any young lady so sud-
denly break through all the conven-
tionalities of society, never did daughter
so quickly forget the wishes of her moth-
er, never did niece so unflinchingly
brave the displeasure of a thirty-thous-
and-dollar aunt, as did Letty Lounsbury
the instant after she had read this note.

"Broughman," she said, looking at him
with beseeching eyes, "I must see Rick.
You will go and bring him?"

"For a moment he pulled his long
moustache nervously. 'We are not
very good friends, you know, at last he
said."

"Yes, I know. But I am to blame
for that, Broughman, but I must see
Rick."

And the good fellow, hesitating no
longer, turned from the imploring face,
and, with a tugging at his heart-strings,
went off to seek his rival. He found
him, and brought him back. And what
do you think Aunt Emory did? Aunt
Emory, who had declared over and over
again that only as Mrs. Broughman
Brown, Letty should inherit any of her
money. "Left the house in a passion!"
Not a bit of it. She laughed and laugh-
ed until she could laugh no longer.

"Now I shall have something new to
tell folks," she said. "They must be
tired and sick of my old yarns. I'm
sure I am. Love, gold pigs, jealousy,
and marmalade all mixed up together.
It's one of the funniest things I ever
heard in all my life."

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs.
Lounsbury. "It don't strike me that
way. What are they going to live on?"

"Oh, I'll look after them," said Aunt
Emory; and her remark makes a very
good ending to this story.

A Midnight Murder.

"'Twas night! the stars were shrouded
in a veil of mist; a cloudy canopy o'er-
hung the world; the vivid lightnings
flashed and shook their fiery darts upon
the earth; the deep-toned thunder rolled
along the vaulted sky; the elements
were in wild commotion; the storm-
spirit howled in the air; the winds
whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden
balls; the huge undulation of the ocean
dashed upon the rockbound shore, and
torrents leaped from his sleepless couch
with vengeance on his brow,—murder
in his heart,—and the fell instrument
of destruction in his hand.

The storm increased; the lightnings
flashed with brighter glare; the thunder
growled with deeper energy; the winds
whistled with a wilder fury; the con-
fusion of the hour was congenial to
his soul, and the stormy passions which
raged in his bosom. He clenched his
weapon with a sterner grasp. A de-
moniac smile gathered on his lip; he
grated his teeth; raised his arm; sprang
with a yell of triumph upon his victim
and relentlessly killed—A Musquitoe!

SEEDLING FOREST TREES.—Major
Ben. Perley Poore thinks the govern-
ment should issue instructions to igno-
ramuses how to sow forest tree seeds,
so that they may be spared the results
of their ignorance in bad planting. He
says:

"The writers on forestry all begin
by recommending the purchase of tree-
plant from the nursery, and it is an
undoubted fact that not one-quarter of
the tree-plants so purchased ever grow
into trees with butts as big as a hoe-
handle. I know, myself, a gentleman
who owns one of the finest farms in
New England, who has purchased, and
had carefully planted, upwards of 60,
000 young trees, and who admits that
he cannot show, as the result of his
sixteen years of experiment, 100 thrifty
forest trees."

It seems to us that ignorance is ig-
norance whether in seed-sowing or
seed-planting, and we do not see why
the ignoramus in tree seed-sowing
should be more entitled to national
sympathy and government cash, than
the ignoramus in tree-planting. By
the way, who is this New England
gentleman who has thus sacrificed 59,
900 trees to get less than 100 good
ones? His careful planting and after
management would no doubt form one
of the most instructive chapters in
American forestry.—Gardner's Monthly.

A daughter of Ex-Secretary Evarts
made herself a favorite in Washington
society, not alone by her snowy com-
plexion, gray eyes and golden hair, but
as well by her cups of chocolate. The
Mexican minister used to say that in
his own land no beverage was so de-
licious. It was made of the best al-
ready sweetened chocolate, broken and
placed in a warm spot to melt. When
afterward put into a farina kettle, boil-
ing milk poured upon it, and from the
moment when the first drop of milk
touched it until it was done it was stir-
red. It was allowed to boil for several
minutes, and when it was served in de-
licate cups it was thick and almost jelly
like, and was capped with whipped
cream. This is the way that Baker's
vanilla chocolate should always be pre-
pared.

Better Than a Sign Board.

The numerous blind roads leading
off the Virginia pikes are no compar-
ison to the number in Tennessee, and
neither can the Virginia negro feel as
certain about mixing a traveler up.
Riding out from Murfreesboro towards
Nashville I turned to the right to
strike a part of the battle-ground, and
in going half a mile I found three
roads branching off. All looked alike,
and after puzzling over it I rode back
to where a negro was working along
side the road and asked:

"Can you tell me where that right-
hand road leads to?"

"Yes, sah. You keep right on dat
road an' you'll riz a hill. Den you'll
go freu some woods. Den you'll go
down hill an' cross a branch an' go up
another hill and be right dar!"

"Right where?"

"I dunno, sah, but it's a plain road."

"Where does the middle one go to?"

"Wall, you'll go freu de woods fust.
Den you'll come to an ole mule balked
wid a load of wood. Den you'll wind
aroun' a hill an' take a slant to de
right, an' by keepin' straight on you'll
see de place."

"What place?"

"I dunno, sah, but I reckon you'll
find him down in dar somewhar."

"And the other road?"

"Dat's de best one of all. Arter you
branch off you'll see a fence. Den you'll
turn to de right and see a big log ba'n.
Arter you pass de ba'n, you'll likely
see my brudder Jim cuttin' out cotton.
Doan' mind him, but keep on across de
branch, slew aroun' to de left a leetle,
an' arter you riz de hill you am all
right."

"How all right? Where'll I be
then?"

"I dunno, sah; Ize nebbur up as fur
as dat. If you doan' want to see no-
body nor go nowhar' nor find nufin',
you'd better stick to de pike. You'll
meet somebody on de pike who'll tell
ye whar' to make a short out to hit de
'zack plantashun!"

Story of Simon.

Simon is a cat belonging to Mr.
Brown, the sexton of an Episcopal
church in the outskirts of Boston, and
he often followed his master into the
building, and felt quite at home there.
One Sunday morning Mr. Brown went
his usual rounds before service, but did
not see that Simon trotted in behind
him. He went out and closed the door,
leaving the cat in full possession. After
looking around for the most comfort-
able place, pussy finally laid down back
of the reading desk and went to sleep.

Mr. Brown's daughter, who sat with
the choir in the gallery at the opposite
end of the church, was very much
surprised after service had commenced
to see Simon sleeping as calmly as
though he was a member in good and
regular standing. At first she thought
of calling her father to take him out,
but she concluded to keep still as long
as the cat did. Not a movement was
made till the preacher read as his text:
"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"
at this he raised his head to see if any
one called him, turned round, and hear-
ing no second call, lay down again.
The preacher went on with his sermon,
alike unconscious of the smiling choir
in front, or the sleeping cat in the rear,
occasionally repeating his text in an
emphatic manner. But whether Simon
had decided that only the son of Jonas
was spoken to, or whether by his near-
ness to the preacher he was overcome
by that drowsiness that sermons often
produce, will never be known. The
organ roused him at the close of the
service, when he slowly and demurely
followed the congregation out of church
to the satisfaction of the sexton, who
took care from that time forth to see
that Simon was shut up in the house
during the hours of service.

She Thought it Appropriate.

It is customary in some localities to
teach children to think of a text as they
drop their pieces of money into the
contribution box. A certain little girl
at Sunday school recently saw the box
approaching and began to search in
her memory for a text. She hesitated
for a few moments, dropped the dime
into the box and exclaimed triumphantly:
"A fool and his money are soon
parted."—Bath Times.

A native convert, belonging to a
Methodist church, at Barrackpore,
India, in sending a message to Spur-
geon recently, said: "Tell him that
although I am a Wesleyan, I have
been properly baptized, because all
we Bengalee Christians believe that
the true baptism is baptism by im-
mersion, and our minister does not
object to baptizing us."

A converted Hindu, a Baptist
minister, said at the recent anniver-
sary of our British Baptist brethren:
"The very lowest caste in India is
the cobbler caste, and it is remarkable
that a cobbler from England, (Wm.
Carey,) should bring them the first
tidings of the gospel."

Texas is getting to be a civilized State.
A lawyer got a fee of \$75,000 last week
down there.

World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now be-
fore the American public, is Hop Bitters. You
see it everywhere. People take it with good
effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleas-
ant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is
not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-
fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world
of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop
Bitters.—Nunda News.

Princess Louise is enroute to Canada. She
sailed on the 25th.

HAYESVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1880.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bi-
ters, and never took anything that did me as
much good. I only took two bottles and I
would not take \$100 for the good they did me.
I recommend them to my patients, and get the
best results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M. D.

Jews are continuing to leave Russia by the
thousands

TORMENT, INDEED.

Life's vexations do not generally come on one
like a storm descending the mountain or like a
whirlwind; they come as the rain does in some
sections the wind—gradually, but every day.
One of life's discomforts is presented herewith:
According to popular impression,
hot weather, mosquitoes and
mad dogs all flourish at the
same time and are chargeable
to the mallefic influence of
the Dog Star. Speaking of
dogs and the Dog Star re-
minds us of a boy's story
of a dog and the comet,
and which we here give
in a short extract from
the boy's letter: "Golly,
Bob, you ought to ha'
been there last night to
seeen the fun. Tom
Winkins' dog Toddlies
was a-settin' at the gate
'gazin' at the comet,
when along comes old
Sykes' durned rat ter-
rier and the 2 walzed over the fence and the
2 fought. The terrier proved too much for Tod-
dies, and afore they could haul him off the bat-
tle-ground he had made a good square meal of
his hide. Tom was in despair. A kind looking
gentleman in a broad brim hat told him to get a
bottle of Dr. JACOBS OIL and rub him with it, and
it would cure him in no time. What does Tom
do but steal into the chapel at Vesper time and
slide into Father Jacobs' confessional box and
beg of him a bottle of his oil with which to rub
his dog. The Father felt of Tom's head; it was
hot as an afore Tom could utter a prayer, two men
were leasin' him home followed by a great crowd,
who kept at a safe distance, thinking he had
been bit by a mad dog. The more he kicked
and scratched the tighter they held on to him.
In reference to another torment, the
Chicago Western Catholic recently wrote: "Mr.
Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Re-
venue, of this city, has spent over two thousand
dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffer-
ing dreadfully from rheumatism, and without
deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles
of Dr. JACOBS OIL accomplished what the most
skillful medical men failed in doing. We could
give the names of hundreds who have been cured
by this wonderful remedy did space permit us.
The latest man who has been made happy
through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr.
James A. Conlan, librarian of the Union Catholic
Library of this city. The following is Mr. Con-
lan's interesting story:

"I wish to add my testimony to the merits of
Dr. JACOBS OIL as a cure for rheumatism. One bot-
tle has cured me of this troublesome disease,
which gave me a great deal of bother for a long
time; but, thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This
statement is unswayed by any one in its inter-
est."

Very respectfully,
JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
204 Dearborn Street,
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of the bowels, or urinary organs, or who
suffer from Apoplexy, Tonic and Health Stimulant,
Hop Bitters are invaluable, without inter-
fering with any other medicine.

At night, when your head aches or symptoms
are what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bi-
ters. Don't wait until you are sick but use them
only feel bad or miserable, whether at one
time or another, if it has saved hundreds.

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Cass City, Mich.

Cuttlefish.

The "arms" or "feet" of the cuttlefish demand a somewhat detailed mention, on account of their armature. In all cuttlefishes, save the exceptional pearly nautilus, the arms are either eight or ten in number, and are provided with acetabula, or "suckers." Those cuttles in which ten arms are present—and of these the squids and sepia form good examples—have two of these appendages produced beyond the remaining eight in length. Aristotle noted in his day this peculiarity of the ten-armed cuttles. Speaking on this point he remarks that all of these animals "have eight feet provided with a double series of suckers, except in one genus of Polypt"—the genus *Eledone*, in which there is but a single row of suckers. "The sepia, tentacles and teeth (that is to say, the sepia and squids) have besides two long proboscides, the extremities of which are beset with a double series of suckers." The two "proboscides" of Aristotle are the "tentacles" of the modern naturalist; and Pliny, speaking of the uses of these tentacles, remarks that they may be used for the capture of prey at a distance, or may be employed to anchor their possessors safely amid the boisterous waters. The "suckers," which constitute a most noteworthy armament of the arms, are borne on short stalks in the ten-armed cuttlefishes, but are unstalked in the eight-armed species. Each sucker exhibits all the structures incidental to an apparatus adapted to secure effective and instantaneous adhesion to any surface. It consists of a horny or cartilaginous cup, within which are muscular fibers converging toward its center, where they form a well-defined plug or piston. By the withdrawal of this plug a partial vacuum is produced, and the suckers adhere by atmospheric pressure to the surface on which they are placed. The sucker is released by the projection of the plug and by the consequent destruction of the vacuum. The number of the suckers varies, but it is always considerable; and when we reflect that the array of suckers can be instantaneously applied, and that their hold is automatically perfect, the grasp of the cephalopods is seen to be of the most efficient kind. In some cuttlefishes, and most notably in the so-called "hooked squids" (*Onychoteuthis*), the pistons of the suckers are developed to form powerful hooks, by means of which the prey may be secured with additional facility; and in the common squids the margin of the sucker is provided with a series of minute horny hooks. The "arms" themselves, it need hardly be remarked, are extremely mobile; they are highly muscular, and can be adapted with ease to the varied functions of prehension and movement they are destined to subserve. As regards their arrangement they are arranged in four pairs—a dorsal and a ventral pair, and two lateral pairs; the two elongated tentacles, when developed, being situated between the third and fourth pairs of arms on the ventral or lower surface.—*Belgavia*.

A Vegetable Soap.

Attention has recently been drawn to the commercial value of the quillain tree, (*Quillaya saponaria*), a native of Chili, the bark of which has been known for a considerable time both in this country and on the Continent for the saponaceous principle which it contains. In consequence of the trees having been cut down to obtain the bark there is much reason to fear that the supply may fail, particularly if the demand increases. Quillain bark, it seems, is very extensively used by wool and silk manufacturers both in this country and in France, in consequence of its efficacy as a powerful cleansing agent. The *Colonies and India*, in drawing attention to this tree, remarks "that a decoction prepared by placing a small piece of this bark and soaking it over night in water will remove in a minute or two grease from articles of clothing and leave the cloth clean and fresh as if it was new. It may also be used for cleansing hair brushes and other similar purposes under conditions in which soap and other alkalies are powerless. It is suitable for a hair-wash, and is said to be largely used by French hairdressers, though the mode of preparation is kept secret. Such a tree ought to be invaluable in Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony and other colonies where wool-growing is a staple industry." Among the uses to which this bark is put may be mentioned that of a preparation for giving an artificial froth or head to ales, a very small quantity put into beer that has become dead causing it to be covered with froth. The bark occurs in commerce in two forms, that of irregular pieces as taken from the tree and in the form of powder.—*Nature*.

—Longfellow used to say of this life that it was only a suburb to the life elysian.

Pennsylvania Coal Statistics.

Some interesting statistics of the coal industries of Pennsylvania for 1881 are just issued from the office of the secretary of internal affairs. In the anthracite regions 319 collieries have been in operation, employing 75,169 hands and turning out 27,929,128 tons, at a cost of \$29,454,821 in wages, or 106.55 per ton. There were 382 bituminous collieries in operation during the year, which produced 15,692,923 tons of bituminous coal, at a cost in wages of \$14,540,057, an average of half a mill over ninety-two cents per ton. In the anthracite collieries the employees worked on the average a trifle over 275 days during the year, and produced 373.14 tons each, earning on the average \$397.58 in wages, or a fraction more than \$1.44 for each working day. In the bituminous mines the workmen had an average of 217 days' work during the year, and produced 442.37 tons each, earning an average total of \$407.20, or a little over \$1.87 for each working day. As a large proportion of the employees are "helpers," or boys under age, who are paid small wages, the actual earnings of adult miners are, of course, considerably in excess of the averages shown by the statistical returns.

—Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, was recently laid up with rheumatism. Probably he had exposed himself to some of his "pleasant" weather.

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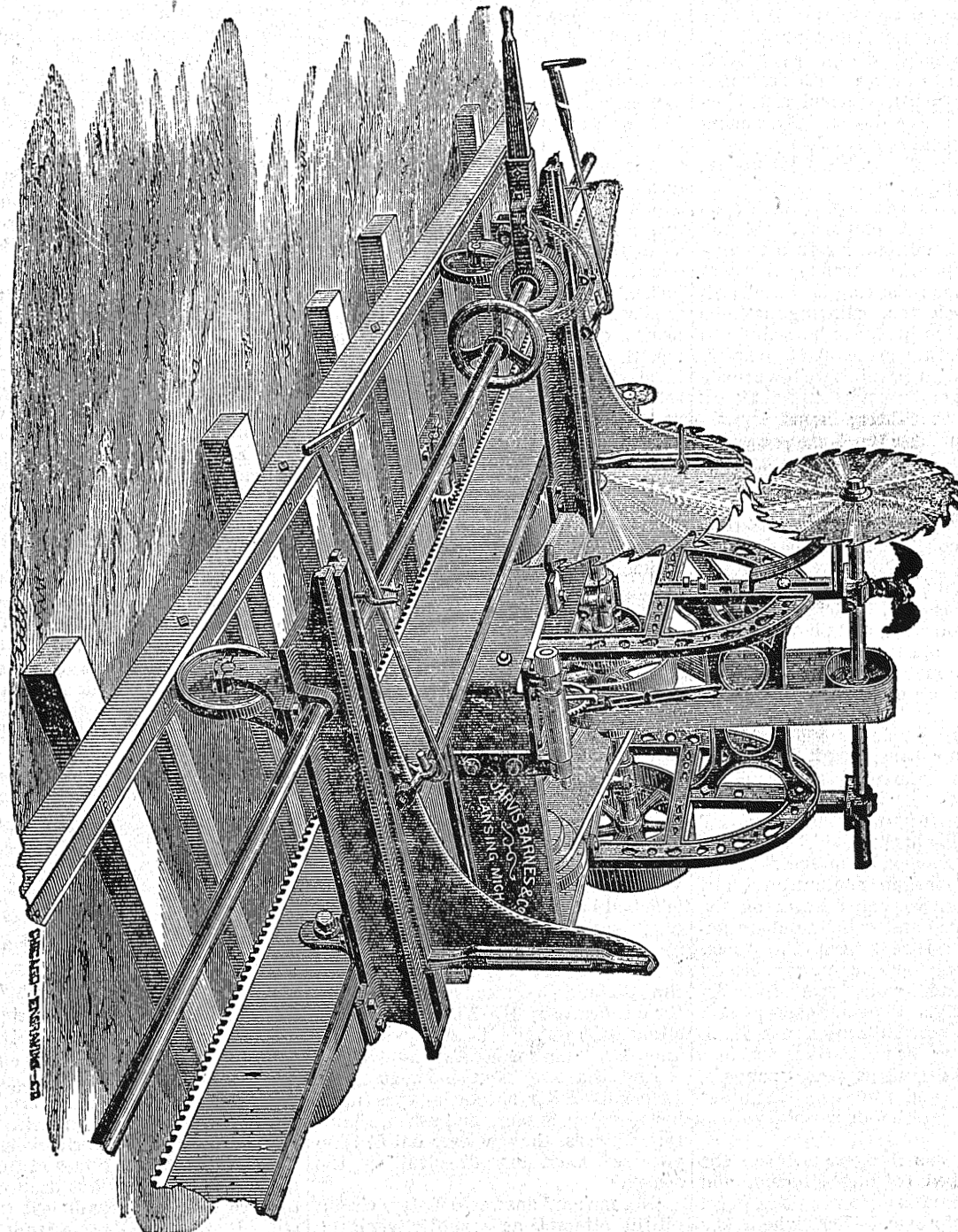
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