

The Cass City Enterprise.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

WORK AND WIN.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR

VOL. 1.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1882.

NO. 42

OUR OWN OFFICE.
THE ENTERPRISE is published every Thursday Morning, at our office in the Opera House block. It aims to be a live local paper, and is devoted to the advancement of the Agricultural, Commercial and Social interests of the people of Northern Tuscola. The subscription price is One Dollar and fifty cents per year. We give no paper covered books or other trinkets to induce people to read the paper, and we carry no dead head subscribers.
Advertising rates as low as any other paper in the county having an equal circulation, and no lower.
A new and thoroughly equipped Job Office in connection, in which we will have none but competent workmen. Business men intrusting their orders to us are pretty likely to be satisfied.

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Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing and Dying done in the best of style, in C. E. Hinkle's block Give him a call.
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To call at the
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Where they will find a complete assortment of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron ware.
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Examinations Free. The cheapest medicines in the county. All calls attended to.
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Office 2 doors east of A. C. Young's store.
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OUR NEWSMAN.
His name was Ellis Marston; this I learned without any special desire to know it, from the bill which he rendered monthly for the daily papers that he delivered at my house. The bill itself, being for a small amount, was one of the sort that a man last remembers when in the humor for paying bills, so I saw its maker's name several times before I paid it.
One morning our servant told me, while I was at breakfast, that a gentleman, who desired to see me, was in the parlor; he had not given her his card, and she had not fully understood his name. I found the early caller to be Ellis Marston, my newsman, but I was not at all surprised that the servant had unhesitatingly admitted him, and announced him as a gentleman, for he had a refined face and good manners, while his clothes, although far from new, fitted him well, and were of tasteful cut.
In paying his bill I made as many apologies as I would have done to any gentleman whom I had subjected to delay and annoyance. As while waiting for me, he had opened a volume of Browning that lay upon the table, and had not closed it up, to the time that I entered the room, I promptly assumed that he had more literary taste than the generality of men in his business, and a moment or two of conversation, begun haphazard, upon the book in his hand, satisfied me, not only that I was right, but that he knew far more than I about modern English poetry.

At that particular hour my time was precious, and my mind crowded with interests temporarily more precious than poetry; so to express in some way, and quickly, the respect which the man's manner had excited, I increased my order by asking him to serve me with several weeklies and monthlies that I had been in the habit of purchasing at whatever news-stand I first saw them on, and his pleased expression as he made note of my order, and bowed himself out, put me on very good terms with myself for the remainder of the day.
So seldom had I seen a man who seemed superior to his position in life, that Ellis Marston's face presented itself frequently to my memory during several days that followed; so one evening, obtaining his address from his bill-head, I strolled out to gratify my curiosity about the man.

I found him in a little shop, fairly filled with periodicals and stationery, with a small circulating library on shelves at the rear.
An order for a foreign review was the excuse for the visit, which I prolonged by offering him a good cigar, which he lighted with evident satisfaction, and we soon engaged in a pleasant chat about books.
I looked over the titles of the volumes in his circulating library, and expressed my surprise that the general public read works of character so high; he replied, with a sigh, that the public did not read them to any extent; that they were the bulk of his own library, and he loaned them for whatever they might bring, rather than leave them untouched on his shelves at home.

While we were chatting, a very pretty, well-dressed lady, whose face was rather vacant, except for an expression of impatience, entered the store, and Marston hurried forward to meet her.
She did not seem to want to purchase anything, but conversed rapidly and in a low tone with Marston, and departed after he handed her some money.
She looked utterly unlike any ordinary business creditor, and I suspect some wonder expressed itself in my face, for, as the proprietor rejoined me, he explained, very quietly, in just two words:

"Mrs. Marston."
Then I saw in an instant that Marston had made a very unfortunate marriage, but, after the untruthful manner of society, I complimented him on his good fortune in having so slightly a companion, and he acknowledged my felicitations with fine dignity, but not a sign of enthusiasm.
It was very evident to my mind, as I sauntered homeward that evening, that Marston's wife must be extravagant and unreasonable, and that her husband would never save money with which to enter a better business, unless he had some help; so, for several days I systematically tortured publishers among my acquaintances to make a place for our newsman. But I soon learned that Marston's present position was not that in which he had begun business. He had been a respectable bookseller in the interior, where he married a beautiful girl who longed to live in New York, so he sold out and re-established himself in the metropolis. Everybody liked him, but everybody said he ruined his credit, and then his business, by failing to pay his bills promptly. I found a general supposition that he secretly indulged a passion for gambling; one solid old fellow, though, suggested that so man could maintain his business if he gratified all the whims of a woman like Mrs. Marston.

"Then why doesn't he explain to her?" I asked.
The old fellow gave a hard, dry laugh. "Peace is cheap at any price," said he.
"But any reasonable woman," I began, when I was interrupted with: "Such women are not reasoning beings. No woman is who loves self first and husband afterward."
This seemed hard language to use about so pretty a woman as Mrs. Marston, but I could not deny that the old fellow was right.

Occasionally afterward I met Marston, sometimes at his shop, where he always was glad to have me and a cigar drop in unexpectedly; oftener, however, I saw him at the door of the theater or opera-house waiting for his wife. He once explained to me that he could not afford to close the shop and accompany his wife.
One night, however, returning from a club dinner at an hour when many people were already awake, I met Marston on a street-car, with an immense load of newspapers from Printing House Square, and without an overcoat, although the weather was bitterly cold.
He seemed somewhat ashamed of his appearance and work, but chatted about books more brilliantly than ever before, and as we got off the car at the same street, I insisted, when we reached my door, that he had been very imprudent to expose himself, and that he must wear my overcoat for the rest of the night; indeed, he must keep it, if he would, for rough work, and save the better one that I had seen him wear, for mine was old, and too tight for me, who was much stouter than he. Then I went to bed and lay awake for an hour wondering if there was no possible way of doing anything for Marston.

I soon found that there was. His bill came in on the first day of the month, and that evening a very fine-looking boy of about ten years, and unmistakably Marston's son, called to say father was quite sick, and would be glad to have the amount of the bill that evening if convenient.
As I had never been able to learn that Marston had any friends, I sent him, with the money, a note expressing regret at his illness, and asking if I could be of any service to him.
Within an hour the boy returned with a note expressing Marston's thanks for my sympathy, and saying that if I had an hour to spare, and would not object to chatting with a sick man, who, nevertheless, would promise not to talk about himself, he would be very grateful. His wife was going to the theater, and his son was temporarily in charge of the shop, so he would be quite alone, and would not object to tobacco smoke if I would excuse him for not smoking with me.

I accepted his invitation, and found Marston in a lounge in the parlor of a little flat in an unfashionable street, but everything about the room indicated comfort and good taste.
Marston told me that he had suffered by a sudden attack of pleurisy, but believed himself now out of danger, although he felt very weak. I complimented him on the charming effect of his room, and he was so pleased that he chatted about one thing after another on the walls, brackets and mantels, until I learned, without his intending it, that he, and not his wife, had selected and arranged the decorations. His conversation was as bright as ever, so I soon forgot he was a sick man, and I neglected to look at my watch. I was therefore surprised, by the return of Mrs. Marston from the theater, to learn that midnight was not an hour distant.

Marston introduced me to the lady, who gave me a gracious smile, and immediately began talking of the play she had just seen, asking me if I did not think that certain actors in the company—one familiar to all New Yorkers—were not splendid, and whether the leading lady's dresses were not exquisite. Her enthusiasm was charming, and so was the play of her features while she talked of the performance; but when ten minutes after her arrival, she asked her husband how he was feeling, she did it so listlessly and mechanically that I departed with a distinct conviction that Marston's home-life was what it should be.
Two or three days afterward, as I left home before daylight to catch an early morning train, the newspapers of the day struck the front door as I opened it, and I recognized the figure of the retreating carrier as that of Marston. I also heard a cough that made me apprehensive as to the health of my newsman. For a moment I was inclined to follow him and warn him against imprudence, but I had no time to spare, so I hurried to my train.

On my return, two days later, I found that Marston's son had called several times within a few hours. I immediately hurried to the shop, but finding it closed, went on to Marston's residence. Mrs. Marston received me at the door. "I am afraid your husband has suffered a relapse," said I.
"Yes," said she, "and isn't it too bad? He was to have got me a pass to —'s benefit-to-night. I'm dreadfully disappointed."
The moment I saw Marston I feared that the end had come. His face was strained, his eyes bloodshot, and he breathed with difficulty. His boy knelt by the bedside, with one arm thrown across his father, and with more sorrow and apprehension in his face than I ever saw in human countenance before.
"Where is the physician?" I asked.
"He—why, Ellis did not think he needed one, and I agreed with him; he seems only to have a heavy cold, and has been doctoring himself."
I sent his boy for my own doctor, who lived only two or three squares away. The little fellow was loth to go, but something that I whispered to him sent him off in haste, only to return with word that the doctor was not in. Meanwhile I responded to an invitation from Marston's eyes, and leaned over him.
"Excuse me," he gasped, "but I—have no friends—no relatives—any."

Continued on eighth page.

BUSINESS IS BOOMING!!
DRY GOODS.
SILKS, VELVETS, CASHMERES, COTTONS AND DOMESTICS.
GROCERIES.
TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, CANNED GOODS, SPICES, TOBACCO'S AND CIGARS, TOILET SOAPS.
Boots and SHOES.
Gent's Sewed and Pegged Fine Boots. Ladies Fine Shoes.
CASS CITY MICH. ANGUS D. GILLIES

EVERYBODY!
that has seen our new
SPRINGSTOCK
and Styles in
CLOTHING,
say it is the noblest 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.
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We have just received the latest spring styles in Hats, Neckties, Fancy Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, etc., etc.
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Yours Etc.,
A. L. Keiff.
Caro, Mich. April 27, 1882.

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Nails, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Iron Stoves, Hardware, Powder, Shot, Lead, Rubber
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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. Weydemeyer.

New Goods, New Prices!

COME ONE, COME ALL,
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Examine our new stock of Fine Dress Goods. Lace Goods in endless variety, such as Todies, Lambrequies, Ladies Collars, Bed Spreads, Curtains, Shams, etc.

Our stock of Parasols is now complete in all the different styles, having been just in receipt of a large stock

Our Glove and Fan stock is one of the finest ever put on exhibition in any business house in Tuscola county

Thanking you for past favors in giving us a share of your patronage, a cordial invitation is now extended to you to examine our Stock, as we have everything new the market affords.

Yours,
Lewenberg & Hinshberg,

Cass City, Mich.

STILL AT THE FRONT!

J. C. Laing, General Merchant.

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

DRY GOODS,
Ladies' Dress Goods, Alpacaes, Cashmeres, Ginghames,

And the endless variety needed to supply his large trade. In addition to a large stock of the celebrated

Vassar Mills' Flannels, Cassimeres, and Satinets,
AT MANUFACTURERS PRICES.

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

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

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CASS CITY
FLOURING MILL
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READY PAY

is the ROCK which we propose to build upon, and invite you to assist and receive

A Mutual Benefit

Yours Truly,

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

—Dealer in—

HARDWARE

—AND—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Cass City, Mich.

where near. Will you—be—my ex-cutor?"

"Certainly," I replied. He drew from beneath his pillow a piece of paper that proved to be a will, very short, but to the point.

"Witnesses—quick!" he whispered, hoarsely.

I turned quickly toward his wife, but he seized my arm and said: "Don't frighten—her. Let me—die—in peace."

I excused myself for a moment to Mrs. Marston, who was reading the evening paper, and hurried down-stairs for witnesses, returning almost at once with a grocer, from the nearest corner, and a policeman, whom I persuaded to leave his beat. Then Mrs. Marston was alarmed, but stood helplessly in the background as the dying man signed his will and the two men affixed their signatures.

When the witnesses departed, Mrs. Marston asked me what was the matter, and when I told her that her husband had thought it only proper to make a will, as he should have done before falling sick, she ejaculated "Oh!" in a reassured tone, and said that the scene had reminded her of one that she had seen in some play.

I resumed my position at the bedside, kneeling to catch the words that Marston found hard to utter. The boy, on returning, knelt also and took his father's hand.

"The stock—and—good will of—the shop—ought—to give—her enough to—bury me and—get her back—to—her family. Advise her—to go—to them. She—is a good woman—a good woman—but New York's—no place for—her. My boy—"

Just here Marston's voice failed him; he struggled, thrust one arm toward a chair near the bed, and took a small bottle. I took it from him, saw "Brandy" on the label, poured its entire contents into a glass and helped him to raise his head so as to drink it. As soon as his head touched the pillow again, he whispered:

"My boy—he is a noble fellow. What will become of him, God—God only knows. His mother knows nothing—about boys—and she can't seem to learn. Would you watch him—a little, and save him if you—can? He's worth all that—can be done for him."

I did not know what I could do in the future; but I looked into Marston's eyes and then into the boy's, and put one arm around the little fellow, and drew him close to my side; his father seemed to understand, and the look he gave me was full payment in advance for all I have done or can do for the child.

Mrs. Marston could not have heard any of our conversation, for her husband could barely whisper; besides, she was deeply interested in whatever she was reading. Marston put forth both hands, taking one of mine, and laying the other upon his boy's head.

There was a moment of silence, in which he looked earnestly at me and pressed my hand very hard. Suddenly he started, raised himself on one elbow, and almost shouted:

"Flora!"

"One moment," replied his wife, still reading, as the boy and I regained our feet and made room for her. Again Marston exclaimed, extending an arm as he did so:

"Flora!"

"Goodness! How impatient you are!" replied the lady, crumpling her newspaper in her hand and turning toward the bed.

But her son sprang quickly in front of his father, Marston's arm encircled him, and the boy, with a quick embrace, screamed:

"Papa!"

Mrs. Marston had by this time reached the bedside, saying, icily:

"Mr. Marston, allow me to suggest—"

"Excuse me, madame," said I, "but he cannot hear you. He is in another world now."

Then Mrs. Marston broke into tears and pitiful exclamations, for although her heart was very small, it was not bad. For almost five minutes I was compelled to respect her; after that, however, her lamentations were all for herself, so, after promising to arrange the details of the funeral, and saying a few words to the boy, with the hope that he would understand that I would always try to be a father to him, I departed.

A day or two after Mrs. Marston gave me a sealed envelope, addressed to me, that she found under her husband's pillow.

It contained a number of pawn-tickets and a note, written a day or two before Marston's death, asking me if I would redeem the articles and save them for his son; they had been pawned for money that his wife wanted when he could not take a penny out of his business without ruining himself.

Among them I found a watch, an opera-glass, two meerschaum pipes, some bad badges, a silver cup with an inscription that showed it had been given Marston when he was a baby, a handsome copy of Shakespeare, a velvet dressing-gown, a sword, that its owner had worn during the war; a gold-headed cane, and many small articles of jewelry, including the dead man's wedding ring.

Mrs. Marston became resigned to the will of Providence when I told her that the good will and stock of the shop would bring a thousand dollars. Her mourning garments became her peculiar style of beauty so well that she found great comfort in them, but soon put them off at the solicitation of a dashing young broker, who, I hope, will marry her, for she has fully as much heart as a man of his kind will appreciate, and will relieve him of any anxiety as to what to do with his money. Her son promises to become a fine fellow, and has a friend who will see that he never repeats his father's blunder of marrying a girl merely for her beauty.—John Haberton.

—A Memphis Appeal reporter gushes floridly over the Broom guards, a female company of that city, who recently gave a drill, armed with brooms, and dressed in a garb in which red was the predominating color.

SPITLER & SON,

CARRIAGE & WAGON SHOP,

—Next door East of Weydenmeyers Hardware—

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

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

Prices Moderate.

CASS CITY, - MICH

R. A. LUTZE, BLACKSMITH.

Horse Shoeing and Custom Work
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Call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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BROWN & BENTLEY, JOB AND HORSE-SHOEING SHOP,

In Jno. Bader's old stand, south of the New York Store.

WORK DONE PROMPTLY AND SATISFACTORILY.

Special Attention Given to Horse-Shoeing.

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Manufacturer of Fine

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

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And
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For Sale By

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Cass City, Mich.

—GO TO SHOETTLE'S—

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DRUGS, MEDICINES,

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Fancy and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded, and orders by mail promptly filled at the Lowest Prices.

G. F. SHOETTLE.

Opposite Caro House, Caro, Mich.

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MACHINE SHOP

Is running now and is doing all kinds of

REPAIRING

at present. Saws gummed at low prices.

MOULDING

Has commenced,

On and after Wednesday the 26th, we furnish Points and Castings of all descriptions.

HERN & HIGGINS,

Proprietors,

Cass City, Mich.

T. H. HUNT

—SELLS—

Groceries, Provisions

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

—O—

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES,

and TOBACCOS a Specialty.

—ALSO KEEPS—

Crockery, Glassware, Woodenware.

—O—

Best Market Price Paid For BUTTER and EGGS.

—O—

Opposite the Grist Mill,

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Farmers while waiting for your grist, will find it to your advantage to give me a call.

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PLANING MILL

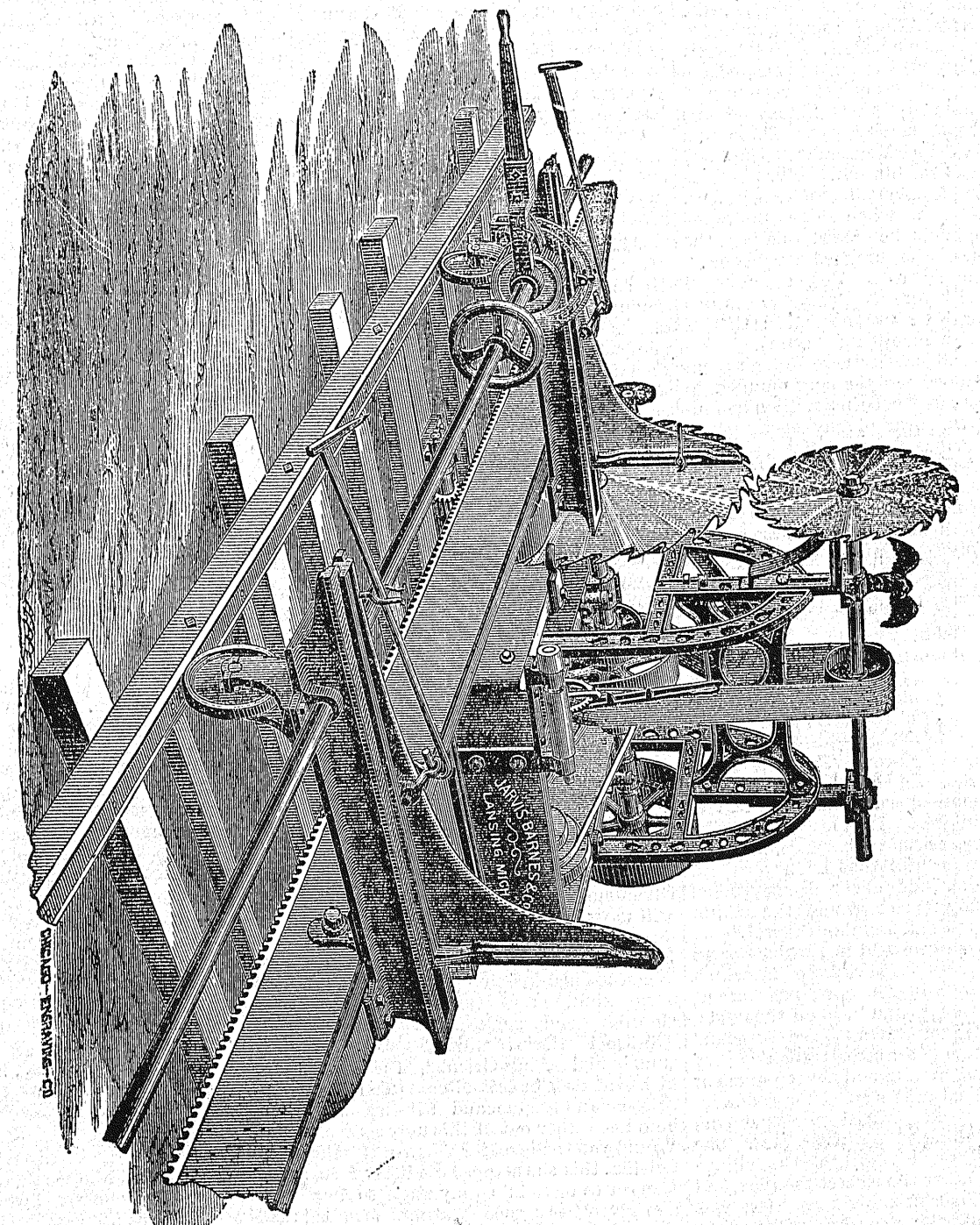
—AND—

Furniture

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ATTENTION SAW MILL MEN!!

C. H. VAN WAGONER
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