

# The Cass City Enterprise.

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WORK AND WIN.

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NO. 46

## 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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## Sheds for Winter.

The winter, where it has not been wet, has thus far been favorable to those flockmen who for any cause have not provided sufficient shelter for their sheep. But the winter is not over yet. It has not begun. We shall have winter enough, even if it should be what we call a mild one, and the most sensible thing that the owner of unsheltered sheep can do even at this late day is to build sheds at once. The elaborate plans which often appear in books and agricultural journals with reference to the construction of sheep sheds and barns, are a great deal better on paper than they are anywhere else. A good shelter can be inexpensively made, and any man of fair judgment can plan and erect a cheap shed if he has anything at all out of which to construct it. It is well understood that while sheep can bear a great deal of cold, they cannot stand the wet, any more than a man who should be compelled to wear a wet overcoat until it dried upon his back could stand it. The wool becomes wet, and it is reasonable that the animal should suffer. But independent of such consideration altogether, economy and effectiveness in feeding would suggest shelter. When sheep have no shelter they huddle together in case of storms, and by constant tramping manage to keep the snow down, and to maintain the warmth of the body, but they do very little eating. If the hay is thrown into the open field before them, much of it is liable to be blown away; and even when it is placed in racks they do not eat as much of it as they require, for if they separate for that purpose, their wool being wet, they soon become chilled, and hurry back again to their huddling. Necessarily this cannot go on long. There must be food eaten, or the animal heat cannot be kept up even by huddling, and two or three days of such experience is sufficient to practically finish the weaker ones of the flock, while the yearlings and oldish ones will have suffered injury which will require very careful treatment to repair, and the strongest of the flock cannot entirely escape serious loss in condition.

It is better to have sheds that can be closed when occasion requires, as open sheds must necessarily have much snow drifted into them at times. But open sheds will answer, and can be constructed at very little expense. They need not be framed or silled. Simply set posts in the ground, board three sides, if boards are at hand, and make the roofs of boards, battened with slabs, if you have them; if these things are not a hand over them with straw or hay, and even the sides can be made of these. But as the *Rural* recently stated, nothing is so injurious as to shut up a flock of sheep in a close unventilated barn. The air becomes vitiated, not only from the exhalations, but from the gases issuing from the manure, and impaired health must result. The very simplest and cheapest kind of a shed is made by setting in the ground crooked posts, in the croches of which a pole is laid, and then rails extending from the ground to the pole in the croches, laid, making a roof. If straw or pine bows are placed on the rails, it will become nearly water tight. If lumber is plenty boards or slabs may be used for the roof. Sometimes hay stacks standing close together serve to make such a shelter still better. The horizontal pole is made to rest in the stacks, which form sides to the shed. If we will keep in mind that a little ingenuity will enable us to construct sheds without much cost, we will have them. —*Western Rural*.

## Corn Fodder Studies.

I have no silo, but planted considerable corn for fodder, a portion of which was used to make beef. It was taken to the barn directly from the field, and given to the cattle without cutting. Nearly three months the oxen were fed with this corn, and with but little else, except their grain, which consisted of corn meal, shorts and linseed meal. During this time they preferred the corn to the best hay I could give them. The time they were eating this green corn was when the weather was mild; no extra food being required to keep out the cold, no expense for curing, no cost of cutting and packing, as is done in filling a silo; no labor in removing from the silo to the barn. Was the corn fodder as valuable as it would have been in the form of ensilage? Was the manure of as much value as it would have been if the corn had been taken from the silo in winter?

It is much easier procuring absorbents in warm weather; easier keeping the cattle clean and comfortable in the stable in the warm season. What advantage is to be gained in packing corn in the silo to be fed in the cold season, especially such fodder as is assigned for meat alone? Corn fodder comes at the season of short pasturage. Steers may have made a good start towards beef while the pasture was good. If the pasture was closely fed, while the grass was growing in the early season, when the dry weather of July and August comes the cattle would make but little gain, if left in the pasture. If they were removed at that time and fed in the stable with green corn and grain, and no more stock put upon the pasture during the season, the feed would be the better for it the next spring. The steers taken to the stable and fed, would lose no time, and make a superior quality of beef. The owner of the steers can as little afford to have them lose time in growth and laying up fat, as a manufacturer could to run his machinery by steam or other power, and produce no goods. There are many acres in New

life object has been obtained by seed. I like only so much corn to use as I can feed while in the milk.—*Cor. New England Farmer*.

## Successful Bean Cultivators' Methods.

A New York State farmer, who grows beans largely, thus describes his methods in the *Rural Home*. In the first place I select soil, and if I have manure I cover it, say fifteen or twenty loads to the acre. Plow it six inches, turning it over as nicely as possible, and cutting a furrow as wide as I can turn. Then roll it down and cultivate it the same way as it is plowed, so as not to turn up the sod. I always manage to have my bean field so that I can plow around the entire lot, so as to avoid back furrows and dead furrows. After I get over the field one way, I turn and cultivate obliquely, and if I don't get it to suit I turn and cross it; then start the roller ahead of the planter, with covers working independent of the rest of the machine. The planter throws up a ridge over the beans, so that when the beans come up they are up out of the way, and are not likely to be covered up in cultivating. I always start the cultivator as soon as possible after the beans are all up nicely. I follow the cultivator with men enough to hoe and keep up, taking pains to stir this ridge of dirt around the beans, thereby killing all the weeds that have started. After the hoeing is through with, say in about two weeks, I cultivate them again, and then again just before they blossom. When they are fit to pull, I use a two-horse machine, which pulls two rows at a time, putting the two rows together; I then follow with the wheel rake, going the same way, taking two of the double rows, making four rows of beans. I hold the lever in my hand, keeping the teeth out of the ground so that they will gather the beans as free from dust as possible. I rake them into small winrows, then keep men enough to keep them well shaken up; they are then left to dry. As soon as the stalk becomes dry, and the bean hard, I draw them in, putting two men with a team driving between the rows, pitching on both sides loading, principally from the ground, as I do not like to tread them much, as it scatters or shells them and wastes them. In moving, tread them as little as possible. I take two barrels, putting them equal distances apart, and mow around them, then keep drawing them up as we fill up, which leaves a place for the air to circulate.

Now, in regard to threshing. Sometimes I thresh with a machine and sometimes tread them out with horses. If I want to sell early I thresh with a machine; if not, I can tread them out in the winter for less money. My beans generally yield from twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre. You want to know about the profits. Now, that depends altogether on the price; my opinion is, it costs about a dollar, all told, to raise and get a bushel of beans to market. So if you get twelve shillings you have fifty cents for your labor.

I consider the bean crop the hardest crop on the soil. It takes the cream from the land to produce a crop of beans and I never allow beans to follow beans on my farm. I have heard the remark many times that such a piece of land was so poor that it wouldn't raise white beans. Now I find that it takes the best land to raise good white beans.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Orthodox Russians prevented the performance of Wagner's operas under Alexander II.

—Five thousand pagans are reported as converted during the last executive year through the missions in Siberia of the Russian Holy Synod.

—A Christian church has been built with stones from the ruins of a heathen temple by the native converts connected with the Madura Mission of the American Board.

—The proposed University of Texas will probably be long in building, as the regents discover that they have at their disposal only \$37,000 of the \$150,000 necessary.

—In the four theological seminaries in and around Chicago, the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational, there are at present about 300 young men—a larger number than are gathered for the same purpose within the same space elsewhere in the United States.

—It is said now of Harvard University, by one who professes to know, that while there have been years in the history of that institution when very few of the students proposed to enter the ministry, now there must be between thirty or forty who are looking forward to that calling as their choice.

—In both France and England the study of Greek and Latin inscriptions has been taken up as a part of classical education. The French are in advance, for they are taking measures for visiting into the regular school course works of inspection to the inscriptions preserved in the museums of Paris and other cities.

—Rev. Dr. Baird, a leading member of the Southern Presbyterian Church, objects to the admission of a colored clergyman to the Memphis Presbytery and says: "One of the conditions of ordination is that a man shall be able to edify the church. Now, I risk nothing in asserting that no negro man in the present condition of the Church and the world can attain unto this essential qualification for the position of a minister among us."

## BUSINESS IS BOOMING!!

DRY GOODS.

SILKS,

VELVETS,

CASHMERE,

COTTONS

AND

DOMESTICS.

BOOTS and SHOES.



GROCERIES.

TEAS, COFFEES,

SUGARS,

CANNED GOODS,

SPICES,

TOBACCO'S AND

CIGARS,

TOILET SOAPS.

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.

## Furnishing Goods.

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

## Call And See Us.

Yours Etc.,

A. I. Kelff.

Caro, Mich April 27, 182.

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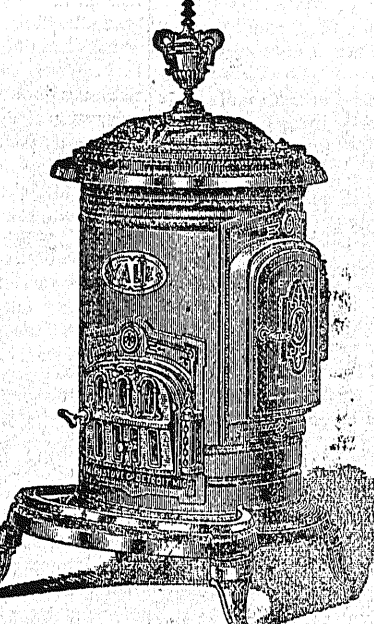
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—and—

Hemp Packing,

etc., - - - etc.



Crockery,

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Lamps, Brooms,

Tubs, Pails,

Bird Cages,

Baskets,

Mop Sticks,

Washboards,

Churns, wood

and stone,

etc. - - - etc.

Come and see our Stock, now Full and Complete.

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

Cass City, Mich. P. R. Weydemeyer.



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Thomas Kennedy's residence at Mur was entered by burglars on Thursday night, and \$89 in money were taken from his pants, and a watch and chain stolen.

Establishment of the free delivery system at Kalamazoo, from and after September 1st. The action of the common council of Detroit in reducing the fare on the Belle Isle ferry boats to the island and back to five cents, on Sundays and holidays, is giving dissatisfaction to the company, who say it will oblige them to run a cheaper line of boats.

Carl Dahlmeyer, a political refugee from Hanover, Germany, committed suicide at Keating, Pa. He left \$300 for his wife, another sum for the two firms in Bremen, and then burned several thousand dollars in bills, in a wash-bowl. In a letter to his wife he said he had been wrongfully accused, that the government will not get another victim, and that he could not stand to be put on trial.

The Alabama case of Smith vs. Shelby was taken, and Mr. Ranney having taken the floor, the House adjourned. The Senate considered the pending amendment to the tax bill, to strike out the provision repealing the taxes on bank capital, deposits, checks and drafts.

DETROIT MARKETS. THE PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKET is supplied at rates as follows: Mince pork, \$23.25; family, \$24.25; clean, \$25.00. Lard, 12c, for tallow; 12 3/4c for kerosene; hams, 12 1/2c; shoulders, 9c; bacon, 14c; dried beef, 13c; extra mess beef, \$15.00. Canned corn, sold at 12c; 14c per lb.; white fish and trout, 7c.

German Friend: "De picture you haf bainted is most pitiful; dere is ony vron v rd in de English lankquidge vich describes it—and I haf vortgotten it." A Half Dollar Trial. Mr. Ernest King, editor of the Fall River (Mass.) Sun, thus discourses upon the merits of St. Jacobs Oil.



## THE FARM.

### Fighting the Canada Thistle.

Probably the greatest pest among all the injurious weeds that trouble the farmer is the well known Canada thistle. While making a trip last season through the Dominion of Canada a little before harvest, I saw thousands of acres thickly covered with this weed, which had been permitted to blossom. The seeds were about mature, and would be scattered by the winds, and in grain, timothy seed and manure, over other thousands of acres. In many fields of oats the thistles were so numerous that they had taken full possession of the ground, to the almost entire exclusion of the oats. There was scarcely a farm throughout a large extent of country that was exempt. Judging by the appearance of the buildings and stumps in the cleared land, this section had not been settled over fifty years. I could not help thinking what will be the condition of the farms in that locality fifty years hence, if the thistles are allowed to furnish in the future as they have been in the past.

I have noticed that along the Erie Canal, from Buffalo to Albany, there is scarcely a farm which has not more or less patches of Canada thistles, some of them in as bad condition as those in Canada.

When I was a lad, I found no difficulty in going barefoot in the hay and harvest fields; but now, in many localities, it is necessary to protect the feet with boots, and the hands with leathery mittens, especially if one is binding after a reaper. Often, large fields of rich bottom-land along streams are abandoned, or at best, yielding but a scanty crop of grass, are devoted to sheep pasturage. Sheep will destroy many weeds, if pastured closely, but are unequal to cope with thistles.

I have mentioned these facts respecting the foothold this weed is obtaining, and the damage it is doing, in order to warn farmers in the newer sections, where it had not yet been introduced, to watch for it, and prevent its gaining a foothold, as "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Many say it is easy to eradicate the thistles by frequent ploughing of the land one season—that is, by ploughing often enough to prevent them from showing themselves—on the theory that roots cannot live unless they throw up shoots, and put forth leaves. This system, however, cannot well be carried out on rocky lands, nor where the stumps are not out; and they will be left in fence corners and hedge rows. Ordinary cultivation, when the ground is ploughed once in the season, and hoed crops are grown, and the weeds are hoed up once or twice during the summer, will only cause an increased growth the next season. The plough, cutting the roots in pieces and scattering them, will make many new plants, for every piece of root, however small, will send up a new shoot. It is said there is a certain time during the summer when you may cut them down and destroy them. Mr. A. J. Wanzer, of Fort Plain, N. Y., writes that "he had an excellent growth, on a half acre, which he mowed the second day after the full moon in July, and it entirely destroyed them." I do not suppose the moon had much to do with it, but Mr. Wanzer happened to hit upon the proper time in a particularly susceptible condition. J. M. Wylie of Connecticut writes that "he commenced war upon a patch of thousands of them, by cutting them with a hoe on the 6th and 7th of July. The first assault reduced them to two hundred; after the second attack but three survived, and a good hoing the third year killed them all." Another person writes that "he destroyed a large patch by mowing them when the stalks were in hollow, and the plants in full bloom." There is little doubt that a persistent mowing every year, when they are in blossom, and scattering plenty of salt over the patch, will catch them in time to disappear. When the first one appears let the war commence, and never cease till they are destroyed, root and branch.

Several states have enacted laws imposing a penalty of from \$10 to \$15 on every farmer who allows the Canada thistle to go to seed on his premises; but so far as I am aware, the law is generally a dead letter, for there is scarcely a land-owner who does not subject himself to the penalty, and consequently there is no one to make complaint. Let those who are not yet afflicted with this pest remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."—*Ec.*

### Toads in the Garden.

While volumes are written in favor of birds as destroyers of insect life, rarely is a line written in favor of the faithful toad, who will destroy more insects, injurious to vegetables in the garden, in one day, than a whole flock of birds will in a week. We calmly look on with folded arms, and see the robin or cat bird select our largest and best strawberries that we intended for exhibition, because we are informed that these birds destroy large quantities of insects; but when we find that a toad has dug under one of our strawberry plants, we instantly declare war, and execute the death penalty; or, at least, transport the victim for life, without the slightest investigation to ascertain for what purpose he has dug under the plant, and without the least suspicion that he is after the enemy, which, if not caught, will destroy the plant.

It is true that the toad does not fill the air with charming music, nor does his form and color delight the eye as that of the oriole; but he is quiet, modest and unassuming, never robbing man of the fruits of his labor, but quietly passing by the choicest and most delicious fruits, or only stopping to catch a bug or a fly that is sipping the richest juices of the fruit.

If there is one living animal that we

should encourage to stay in the garden, it is the toad; because his whole diet is of insects; he is ever on the watch like a cat for a victim; and he secures his principal harvest in the night when the worms are abroad.

It is not reasonable to suppose that the great increase of insects in our garden is caused by the decrease of toads, more than it is by the decrease of birds? It is a fact that many have escaped the attention of some, that toads in the garden are not as numerous as formerly. The cause of this decrease may be in consequence of our more frequent stirring of the soil with improved implements. When only the hand-hoe was used, the toad had time to get out of the way, but the wheel hoe moves so rapidly that he is often caught and killed.

In portions of Europe gardeners not only take special care of the toads in the garden, but frequently buy to keep the stock good. Underground shelters are made for the toads by covering a small hole with a board or shingle; this practice might be imitated by American gardeners.

A garden well stocked with toads would be greatly protected from many of the insects that are now so destructive to many kinds of vegetation.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

### Geraniums for Winter Blooming.

Some may doubtless think that the subject for this article is entirely out of season, and that it perhaps the reason so many persons are unsuccessful with plants as winter bloomers. They do not know that almost all plants, to have them do well in winter, must have special treatment during the summer months. We want blossoms and well-formed plants for winter decorations, and in the cultivation of geraniums I have found the following to be a good way to obtain them. Not all the varieties are good winter-bloomers, but some kinds are to be specially recommended for that purpose. Plants lifted from the garden which have grown to a considerable size will disappoint you by taking a long time to recover from the effects of lifting, if they do at all. It is better to take young plants this month.

Then we have blossoms in November and all during the winter, until time to turn them out in the garden in the spring for summer blooming. You want young, healthy plants to begin with, which set in pots of a small size, say two or three inches, shift occasionally, but always see the next size, never making larger shifts. This course may make a little trouble from dying out where there is no greenhouse for the small pots, but a shallow box to set them into with moss or sand packed around them and kept damp will prevent all this trouble. The effect of the foregoing treatment is to obtain stocky plants and to prevent premature blooming. Good winter-blooming geraniums can only be obtained in this way. Make the last shift in August for the large-sized plants, the others in the months following. Scarlets require larger pots than the other colors. Pink, salmon, and whites thrive in a somewhat contracted space. Pinch out all flowerbuds until the plants are taken in for winter.

Of all the geraniums, be sure and have some of the scented-leaved ones. They are everybody's pets, thrifty growers, and never bother by insects of any description. The common Rose, large Rose, Skeleton leaved, and little Pet are my choice. I have often been asked why geraniums do not bloom in winter. In nine cases out of ten I find the trouble is a want of stimulants. A geranium will grow on earth and water alone, but will not bloom well. Soap-suds is splendid for all house plants. Soak the pots once a week in soap-suds; the dirtier the suds are the better. Drain and rinse off with clean water and note the result.—*Rural Home.*

### To Clean Paints.

When paint is washed with any strong alkaline solution, such as soda or strong soap, the oil of the paint is liable to be changed to soap and the paint is seriously injured. To avoid this take some of the best whiting, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take up as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will quickly remove any dirt or greasy stains. After this, wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with a soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned will look as well as when first put on, and the operation may be tried without fear of injury to the most delicate colors. It answers far better than the use of soap, and does not require more than one-half the time and labor. Another simple method is the following: Put a tablespoonful of aqua-ammonia in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth and with this merely wipe over the surface of the woodwork. No rubbing is necessary. The first recipe is preferable, except where the paint is badly discolored.

Fortune, it is said, knocks once at every man's door. This may be true; but in the majority of cases she sneaks around and taps at the back door, then scoots off across lots before the householder can realize that he has just missed a charming chance of becoming a bloated bondholder.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

## MOUNTAIN SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel  
And the former called the latter  
"Little prig."  
"You are doubtless very big;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together,  
And a sphere,  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place."  
"I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry."  
"I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track,  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."  
—*R. W. Emerson.*

## Beauty Rules.

"Rule One.—A woman's power in the world is measured by her power to please. Whatever she may wish to accomplish she will best manage it by pleasing. A woman's grand social aim should be to please.

"And let me tell you how that is to be done," Sophia said, putting down her paper for a moment. "A woman can please the eye by her appearance, her dress, her face and her figure. She can please the ear by studying the art of graceful elocution, not hard for any of us, for by nature we speak with finer articulation than you. She can please the mind by cultivating her own—so far, at least, as to make her a good listener; and as much further as she will she can please the fancy by ladies' wit, of which all of us have a share. She can please the heart by amiability. See here," she continued, growing graver, "you have the key of my system. Beauty of person is only one feature of true beauty. Run over these qualities. See how small a part personal beauty or the freshness of youth plays here. I want you to observe this; for my art would consist not in making women attractive who are openly pretty and young, but in showing them that youth and prettiness, though articles of beauty, are neither the only nor the indispensable articles."

"Rule Two.—Modesty is the ground on which all a woman's charms appear to the best advantage. In manners, dress, conversation, remember always that modesty must never be forgotten."

"Hardly likely to be," I murmured. "Understand me," answered Sophia, briskly, "I mean modesty in a very extended sense. There is nowadays a tendency in women to rebel against old-fashioned modesty. The doctrine of liberty is spreading among us, for which I thank God," Sophia said (she was the oddest little mixture of Tory and Whig and Radical ever compounded on this eccentric earth). "But the first effects of that doctrine on our minds are a little confusing. We are growing more independent and more individual. Some of us fancy that to be modest is to be old-fashioned, and of course we want the newest fashion in all things. I maintain," Sophia said, growing a little warmer, as if she fancied I might argue back—"I maintain that a modest woman is the reply of my sex to a brave man—you can no more have a true woman without modesty than a true man without courage. But, remember, I use the word modesty in a high sense."

"Just what I was going to ask, I said."

"Not prudery," she added. Prudery is to modesty what brag is to bravery. Prudery is on the surface, modesty is in the soul. Rosalind in her boy's suit is delightfully modest, but not," Sophia said, with a twinkle in her eye, "not very prudish, is she?" I assented, and thus made way for—

"Rule Three.—Always dress up to your age, or a little beyond it. Let your person be the youngest thing about you, not the oldest."

"Rule Four.—Remember that what women admire in themselves is seldom what men admire in them."

"In nine drawing-rooms out of ten," Sophia said, seeing me give a look of inquiry as she read this article, "Miranda or Cordelia, as novel heroines, would be voted bores. Women would say, 'We utterly decline to accept these watery girls as typical of us; we want smartness and life.' I don't really care much for Miranda or Cordelia myself. Now this seems to me to caution us against trusting too implicitly or too far our own notions about ourselves. Another source of misunderstanding comes from the novel-readers, and the novelist is forced to write heroines to suit our taste. He does not want to offend us. Thus it comes about that even the male novelist is too often only depicting woman's woman, after all. And I believe scores of modern girls are seriously misled for this very reason. They believe they are finding out what men think of them, when in truth they are reading their own notions handed back to them under a pretty disguise."

"Rule Five.—Women's beauties are seldom men's beauties."

"Which," she remarked, "is another form of what I said just now, only here I speak of personal beauty. My observation is that if ten men and ten women were to go into the same company, and each sex choose the prettiest woman there, as they thought, you would rarely find that they chose the same. If this be so, we ought not to trust ourselves even as to our faces without considering that the sex we are to please must in the

end settle the question, and will settle the question in its own way.

Rule Six.—Gaiety tempered by seriousness is the happiest manner in society.

"By which I mean," Sophia said, looking at me with knitted brows, as if she were about to explain some matter not altogether clear to herself, "that in all our gaiety there ought to be a hint of self-recollection. Do you understand me?"

"Not quite," I said.

"This I know certainly," she replied; "the most agreeable women I have met with—and I think the most regarded—have been women of rank, who have been trained with a due regard for religion. Their worldly education had made them mindful of grace and liveliness; their religious education kept these qualities under a particular sort of control which is perceptibly different from mere good breeding. It seems to me that vivacity and sprightliness are greatly enhanced by a vein of seriousness. Certainly no woman ought to be a mocker."

"Next," she continued, seeing I did not speak, comes—

"Rule Seven.—Always speak low. I wonder why I put that down. It is so obvious. In support of it I only need to support your Shakespeare, who calls it 'an excellent thing in woman.'

"Rule Eight.—A plain woman can never be pretty. She can always be fascinating if she takes pains."

"I well remember," Sophia said, after reading this to me rather questionable assertion, "a man who was a great admirer of our sex telling me that one of the most fascinating women he had ever known was not only not pretty, but as to her face decidedly plain—ugly, only the world is ruder. I asked my friend, 'How, then, did she fascinate?' I well remember his reply. 'Her figure,' said he, 'was neat, her dressing was faultless, her every movement was graceful, her conversation was clever and animated, and she always tried to please. It was not I alone who called her fascinating; she was one of the most acceptable women in society I ever knew. She married brilliantly, and her husband, a barrister in large practice, was devoted to her—more than if she had been a queen of beauties.'

"Now here," Sophia continued, resumingly; her own discourse, 'there was a woman who, excepting a fairly neat figure, had not a single natural gift of appearance. Is not this worth our thinking about—those of us women who care to please and are not beauties born?'"

"Rule Nine.—Every year a woman lives the more pains she should take with her dress."

"The dress of us elderly dames," Sophia said, laughing, 'ought to be more of a science than it is. How often one hears a woman of fifty say, 'Oh, my dressing days are past!' When," adds Sophia, "if she thought about it, they have only well begun. At least, the time has come when dress is more to her than ever. Remember, from forty to sixty-five is a quarter of a century—the third of a long life. It is a period through which a majority of grown-up people pass. And yet how little pains women take—how little thought beforehand—to be charming then!"

"And now," she went on, seeing I did not speak, "here comes my last rule—as yet:

"Rule Ten.—In all things let a woman ask what will please the men of sense before she asks what will please the men of fashion."

"I by no means intend," she added, "that a woman is not to have regard to the opinion of men of fashion, only she should not give it the first place. She will carry the men of fashion sooner by the methods that please the men of sense, than men of sense by methods that please men of fashion, and besides, listen to the men of fashion. They always praise a woman for things which begin to perish at twenty-five. Even the old men of seventy will talk of a fine girl—'deucedly fine figure!' (I wish I could give an idea of Sophia's slightly wicked mimicry at this passage). And they will call a woman rather on the decline, when, if she is on the decline, where and what are they? You see if a woman lives for the commendation of the men of fashion she will, if pretty, piquant, or what not, have a reign of ten years. But if she remembers that she has charms of mind and character and taste, as well as charms of figure and complexion, the men of sense will follow her for half a century; and in the long run the men of fashion will be led by the men of sense."

"And there," Sophia cried, merrily, throwing the paper down on the rug beside her—there are my rules for reforming our little world of women."—*London Society.*

The New York Herald remarks in regard to the Long Branch railroad disaster: The verdict of the coroner's jury holds that the accident was caused by the spreading of the rails, and that the whole was the result of "gross and culpable negligence." It is refreshing to hear of an accident in which somebody was to blame. If the men killed were killed through gross and culpable negligence, then somebody is guilty of manslaughter, and indictments are in season.

## Our Piazza.

Our house is a large, rambling affair, and sadly needed a piazza all around it to make it look finished. The guide man would say: "Yes, we will have the piazza just as soon as I can find time to attend to it; but we want a good one, one that will suit us; and that costs time and money."

Meantime the months and years slipped by without bringing the piazza; and there was no shrubbery planted near the house because they would all have to be moved when the piazza was built. One day, while riding, we passed a house near which was a monstrous grape-arbor. I looked at it a few minutes and then exclaimed ecstatically:

"The very thing! There is our piazza."

The next day I proceeded to put my new idea into execution. A young man in the neighborhood being engaged to work under my directions, I escorted him to the woods, where he cut a load of small trees for posts, trimming each branch to within a foot of the trunk. These he set six feet apart and six feet from the house, on three sides—east, south, and north. Long poles were nailed on top of these posts, and on these poles rested the large ends of small poles, the other end being fastened to a cleat on the house, in such a manner that the poles slanted. His task finished, ours began. We planted at each post a Concord grape-vine; between each post in the order following: Woodbine, Hops, American Ivy or Bittersweet, Hops, Virginia Creepers, Hops, Groundnut vine, Hops, Wiseria, Hops, Honeysuckle, Hops, Prairie Rose, Hops, Scarlet Runners, Hops, Clematis, and Hops on all the intervening spaces. These were all permanent vines except the Scarlet Runners and Morning Glories. Balloon-vine and Cypress-vine seed were sown with a lavish hand for the first season; then we made a perfect network of stout twine for the little creeping tendrils to cling to.

This year—the third—I can sit behind the leafy screen, completely concealed myself, and see passers by stop and feast their eyes on all the rampant growth of vines. It is amusing to hear the remarks they make, of which the following is a sample:

"Oh! what a lovely, lovely place." "Yes; and so might ours be if we only had those vines."

"Well, that is an impossibility. Those vines have been growing twenty years or more. We didn't have any ancestors disinterested enough to set out vines for us."

So few people realize how rapidly vines will grow if only allowed a fair chance. A liberal dressing of manure and ground bone and mulch of leaves in the fall are all that ours ask at our hands, except now and then to replace a broken string. We have crowned our well with a rustic summer-house in the same manner, and the birds build overhead every year.

Four posts and a network of twine on three sides transform our croquet ground into a leafy glade; but to fully appreciate its beauty, you should enter it when the moon is at its full.

I love my vines, so that the first time Jack Frost touches them with his silvery spear is always a melancholy day for me. Vines are cheap friends, and they pay a good return for your labor in beauty.—*Floral Cabinet.*

## What Ailed Oliver.

"Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. The canary bird has taken his bath, and is now singing a sweet song. Get up! get up! or I'll throw this pillow at you."

"Don't throw the pillow at me!" cried Oliver. "I'll promise to get up in five minutes."

"If you would be 'healthy, wealthy and wise,' you must rise early, little boy," said Charlotte. When Oliver came down to the breakfast table, his father said, "How is this, Oliver? You are late again."

"I went to sleep and forgot all about it," said Oliver.

"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father, "I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease which is very common at this time." Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said, "Yes, it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again. Put his breakfast by the side of his bed, and when he feels strong enough he may eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy went up stairs with his sister and was put to bed. He couldn't sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors, he heard Ponto barking and Tommy, the canary-bird, singing a sweet song. Then Oliver called his sister, and said, "What is Slack's disease? Is it dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton! don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness—that's all." Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and at his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in time. Since that day Oliver

has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease.—*Ec.*

## The Camel and the Dervish.

"Cousin John, I should like to know what makes the difference between Will and me? I study quite as hard as he, and yet he is always ahead of me—always up to questions. Why, he seems to see everything in earth and air and sky."

"In other words, Will cultivates all his observative faculties," said Cousin John.

"Observative faculties?" repeated Dick slowly. "I suppose you mean that he notices what goes on around him?"

"Yes. Will reminds me of a certain old dervish."

"What kind of a man is a dervish?" Dick asked.

"A dervish is an old Persian or Turkish monk—one who pretends to be very poor and pious."

"Will isn't that kind of a fellow," exclaimed Dick indignantly.

"No, indeed. I merely mean that Will, in his habits of observation, reminds me of a story that I read. A certain old dervish, on a journey across the desert, met two merchants who seemed a good deal perplexed about something. He began to question them.

"Did you lose a camel?" he asked.

"Yes," they replied.

"He could not see out of his right eye?" said the dervish.

"True," said the merchants.

"He was lame in his left foot?"

"Yes."

"He had lost a front tooth?" continued the dervish.

"You are right," declared the men.

"As to the load that he carried, was it not corn on one side and honey on the other?"

"Good!" exclaimed the astonished merchants. "How fortunate that we have met you! Since you have seen our camel and noticed him so closely, you must know just where we can find him?"

"I do not," said the dervish. "The truth is that I have never seen your camel, nor heard of him except through you."

"A likely story!" exclaimed the enraged men. "Come! tell us where he is, and give us the precious stones that you found upon him."

"I have seen neither camel nor treasure," persisted the dervish.

"Whereupon the men seized him and carried him to the cadi, before whom he was closely searched and tried. No jewels were found upon him, and, notwithstanding all the questions asked, no one could convict him of a falsehood."

"He is a sorcerer!" they cried.

"He was allowed to speak for himself," however.

"Having lived so long alone," he began, "I have found much to observe, even in a desert. I saw the marks of a camel's footsteps in the sand, and I knew that he had strayed from his owner, because there were no human footprints near. I knew that he was blind in one eye, because he had cropped the herbage on one side of the path only; that he was lame in the left foot, because that foot made but a faint impression in the sand; that he had lost a tooth, because wherever he had grazed one little tuft of grass was left in the middle of the bite. As to his load, the ants informed me that it was corn on one side, and the flies that it was honey on the other."

"Good for the dervish!" exclaimed Dick. "If he could see so much in the desert, I ought to see ten times as much in this busy town. Hurrah for Will, too! But now that I have found out his secret, he will not be able to keep so far ahead of me."

## Gen. Grant's Cottage at Long Branch.

The family sitting-room and parlor in Gen. Grant's cottage is a cheerful, not over large room opening on a balcony facing the sea with a broad expanse of lawn between it and the edge of the bluff. The floor is of hard wood inlaid in a mosaic pattern. Mrs. Grant has lately had hung on the largest wall space a full-length portrait in pastilles of Gen. Grant taken during the war. It is not a very good likeness, but as Mrs. Grant never allows any of her husband's pictures which she owns to be thrown aside, she has carefully preserved this one and now gives it the place of honor in this cottage, which belongs to her, as she reminded her husband when he asked her what she wanted with that old picture in the parlor. Gen. Grant has settled the cottage on his wife. There is also a large crayon picture of Mrs. Sartoris, taken when she was a child, and which is still a good likeness. A portrait of Gen. Sheridan hangs in the same room. Many of the curiosities Gen. and Mrs. Grant collected in their trip around the world are in this room. The floor is covered with rugs brought from one of the most celebrated places where such are made in Asia.

## REAL HELP.—It is not half so much

what we do for another as what we enable him to do for himself that is of value to him. Instead of giving money to the poor, if we put them in the way of earning it; instead of cramming the pupil with information, if we induce him to seek it himself; instead of legislating upon the amusements and habits of the people, if we lead them to control them for themselves according to their needs; instead of insisting that they should follow our path, if we aid them to carve out a path for themselves, we shall have done them incalculably more service.



# THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1882.

SENATOR FERRY does not quake under the attack made on him by Mr. Hubbell.

HON. GEORGE P. MARSH, American minister to Italy, died at Vallombrosa, on Monday. The sympathy of the Italian nation was cabled to Washington.

SOME kind friend (?) has taken the pains to circulate a paper through this village and vicinity, which claims to be the official organ of the Grand Army of the Republic, volume 2, number 39. The officials deny having a paper printed in Washington or elsewhere, and denounce it as a fraud.

As the time is drawing near when the Republicans of our county will meet to select candidates for officers for the next two years, we wish particularly to call the attention of those men that will be delegates in the convention that this part of the county has never before put forward a man for a county office, but this year they propose to be so represented, and respectfully ask the support of other parts of the county in giving them a show at this time.

No contest of the kind, for many years has concentrated so much interest in itself, as that which has gone on lately in Iowa, and which has resulted in so signal a victory for prohibition principles. All the states of the Union looked with intense interest, as the two parties entered the arena and prepared for the contest. All felt that greater interests than those of the contestants themselves were pending. They knew that the results of this contest would vibrate from Maine to California, that by success prohibition would advance not in Iowa alone, but all along the line, and that defeat would almost give a quietus to those agitating this question. But no one could have anticipated a result so extensive, and tellings as that which has arisen from the triumph of prohibition principles in this contest. It is felt, and exerts its influence wherever the English language is spoken. It now remains for us to see, whether the energy which called this amendment into existence will sustain itself in carrying it into practical effect, or whether it will be as many predict, and as our old liquor law was till repealed, a dead letter. No insignificant brotherhood of states are now in this anti-rum confederation, entrenched behind the sacred sanction of law, and many more have a sentiment which only waits to be called into action and well directed in order to fall into line, and strengthen this confederation. With the best interests of all at heart, and convinced that we see this matter clearly, we wait with confidence the certain advance of these humane principles.

The situation is critical in Egypt. Haste must be made slowly by those who have taken the initiative in punishing the treachery of the Arabs. The Sultan of Turkey acts either with insane or weak vacillation or treacherous pretensions. He is either a pitiable imbecile, or a despicable hypocrite. Had Turkey been a power possessing energy or self respect, England would not have had to strike a blow. The fearful massacres of Alexandria would have been averted. This historic and beautiful city would have been spared; the scenes of blood and carnage which have recently transpired there would not have been enacted and the check to commerce and civilization in the east which has occurred would never have taken place. To maintain the balance of power in Europe, this old crumbling abhorred despotism must be maintained; so say the old style, and now we believe in the principles of government in the old world. England has acted not only in her own interest in self defense, but in this case the champion of the rights of the nations of the world; of an advancing civilization, and of humanity. The wise, and humane and progressive, in our own country approve her course and cheer her on. France, though jointly interested with England has acted a hesitating part, either lacking the courage or the disposition to check, with vigorous blow, the during course of Arabi Pasha. No one can question the ultimate result of this appeal to the arbitration of war. The English will move slowly but firmly to business, and gain point after point, and hold them. Other nations will gradually fall in with counsel and aid as needed. The Egyptians will be reduced to subjection, and with reduced numbers and finances will have to pay the bill, the powers will watch carefully, and take their hand in the game, jealously watching one another lest any should take an undue advantage; and gain more than their share. The old musty, contemptible figure head at Constantinople will be kept up, and all things assume their former course. That is, if nothing occurs to throw the powers ajar amongst themselves. Should anything occur to break the peace of Europe, while combustibles are so numerous we cannot anticipate the result.

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.

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FOR SALE. The personal estate of Morrison Jones, deceased, and of W. J. M. Jones are offered at private sale. For further particulars apply to W. J. M. Jones.

Notice. On and after June 10th, the said signed 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. PHETREPLACE, Evergreen, May 10th.

We are Anxious. That every young lady should know what a delicate and harmless beautifier is to be found in Hamilton's Oriental Balm. It is absolutely harmless, and it makes the complexion so soft, and brilliant, surely removes all Tan and Freckles, the one needs only to give it a trial to be convinced of its merits. Only 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

The Household. Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Headache seem to take the place of the three graces in many households. How sad is the condition of such a family. The Kidney and Liver often get deranged and perhaps the parents or even children may be suffering from Diabetes, Bright's Disease or some kindred disease. As a preventive and also a cure for all the diseased conditions of the human family no preparation equals P. Price's Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver cure. Only \$1.00 per large bottle. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

Dissolution Notice. Notice is hereby given, that the co-partnership lately existing between J. P. HERN and J. W. HIGGINS, of Cass City, Tuscola County, Mich., under the firm name of HERN & HIGGINS was dissolved by mutual consent on the 30th day of June, 1882. J. P. HERN having disposed of his interest in said partnership to be received by Ostrander & Higgins, and all demands on the said partnership to the amount of \$61.15 are to be presented to them for payment. J. P. HERN, J. W. HIGGINS, Cass City, July 1st, 1882.

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In Groceries: We claim to carry the largest stock in town. We will guarantee prices in every article as low as the lowest, and on some lines of goods which we buy direct from the manufacturers in jobbing quantities to supply our several stores, we can distance all competition. This a large share of our customers know, and we can prove it to any who will call and examine our stock.

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## LEGAL.

## Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. COUNTY OF TUSCOLA, } At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the Village of Caro, on the seventh (7) day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty two. Present, Wm. Johnson, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT T. ACOS, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Eleanor Foulton, praying that the court for reasons therein stated, appoint a day for hearing said petition, and to adjudge a day for determining who are or were at the time of the death of said Robert T. Jacobs, his lawful heirs, and entitled to the estate of said deceased, according to the Laws of the State of Michigan. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the seventh (7) day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the Probate office, in the Village of Caro, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereon, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three (3) successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. (A true copy.) WM. JOHNSON, Judge of Probate. JOHN STALEY, JR., Register.

## Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. COUNTY OF TUSCOLA, } At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the Village of Caro, on the seventh (7) day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty two. Present, Wm. Johnson, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN JACOBS, an incompetent person, and SARAH JACOBS, minors. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Ellen Jacobs, Mother and Guardian of said minors, praying among other things that she may be licensed to sell certain Real Estate described in said petition, belonging to said minors. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the seventh (7) day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the Probate office, in the Village of Caro, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereon, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three (3) successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. (A true copy.) WM. JOHNSON, Judge of Probate. JOHN STALEY, JR., Register.

## PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. COUNTY OF TUSCOLA, } Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Tuscola, made on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1882, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Adelbert Lawrence, late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the Village of Caro, for examination and allowance, on or before the 5th day of March next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Monday, the 18th day of September, and on Monday, the 5th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days. Dated 24th July, A. D. 1882. WM. JOHNSON, Judge of Probate. JOHN STALEY, JR., Register. A true copy.

## WISCONSIN LANDS

5,000,000 Acres ON THE LINE OF THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R. For full Particulars, which will be sent FREE Address, CHARLES L. COLBY, Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

## CASS CITY DRAY,

Leat Doming, Prop. Moving and Teaming attended to promptly. Can be found at Frank Austin's Tin Shop, or word and directions may be left there when absent.

## W. WHITEY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Italian and American Marble Monuments, Tombstones Etc.

And Dealers in—

Scotch and American Granite,

Flint - Mich.

## JACOB MAIER,

Photograph Artist.

Photographs, Tin-types, Copying, etc. Work warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Opposite Planing mill, Cass City, Mich.

## PURE DRUGS

AT THE

## City Drug Store.

SMOKE TANSILS OF PUNCH

AMERICA'S FINEST 5¢ CIGAR.

W. WEYDEMAYER, STATIONERY AND

W. Weydemeyer.

STATIONERY AND

W. Weydemeyer.

## 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 Dept.

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

Yours Respectfully,

Wm. Wickware.

Cass City, Mich.

## FRANK HENDRICKS



## 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, SPECIALLY MADE WATCHES.

All Repairing promptly attended to.

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 Minns and Industrial Exposition in September are now on sale and full particulars as to trains and rates can be obtained from any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada.

## CRIB YOUR CORNS.

AT THE CASS CITY

Boot and Shoe Shop.

Our prices are sure to please U,

We can fit your feet 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.



**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.**

**Detroit and Bay City Division.**

TRAINS SOUTH.			TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	pm	pm	pm	am
7:10	5:40	10:40	1:40	9:15	6:45
7:38	6:08	11:27	1:05	8:43	5:45
8:00	6:30	12:10	12:45	8:25	5:05
8:18	6:48	12:40	12:53	8:12	4:40
8:26	6:56	1:10	12:19	7:58	4:20
8:35	7:06	1:40	12:08	7:48	4:00
7:55	4:10	.....	11:50	7:35	3:15
8:55	7:25	2:10	11:46	7:21	2:55
8:57	7:35	2:30	.....	.....	.....
10:50	9:50	.....	7:15	4:15	.....

**CARO BRANCH.**

TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	pm
Yassar.....Dep.	8:35	1:15 8:50
Wetrousville.....	8:46	1:26 9:02
Walhama.....	9:00	1:40 9:15

TRAINS SOUTH.		
am	pm	pm
Caro.....Dep.	7:15	12:55 8:27
Walhama.....	7:25	1:10 8:50
Wetrousville.....	7:35	1:20 8:40
Yassar.....	7:45	1:30 8:30

**SAGINAW BRANCH.**

Leave Yassar at 5:10 a. m., 12:50 p. m., and 8:30 p. m., arriving in East Saginaw at 6:30 a. m., 1:40 p. m., and 9:15 p. m.  
 Leave East Saginaw at 7:10 a. m., 5:40 p. m., and 10:40 p. m., arriving at Yassar at 7:55 a. m., 6:25 p. m., and 12:00 m.

Trains daily, Sundays excepted, and by hingeo time.

W. A. VAUGHAN, Division Supt. Bay City  
 H. C. WENTWORTH, 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.		STATIONS.		GOING EAST.	
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
9:20	4:20	Lv. Port Huron.	Ar.	11:20	10:20
10:25	5:40	Brookway Center.	.....	10:35	9:40
11:25	6:40	Chillicothe.	.....	9:30	8:25
11:40	6:55	Clifford.	.....	9:18	8:15
12:08	7:20	Mayville.	.....	8:52	7:50
12:45	7:55	D. & B. C. Junct.	.....	8:25	7:20
12:50	8:00	Yassar.	.....	8:20	7:15
1:50	8:40	Ar. East Saginaw.	Lv.	7:41	6:30

Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal.

**SAND BEACH DIVISION.**

GOING NORTH.		STATIONS.		GOING SOUTH.	
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
3:10	10:15	Lv. Port Huron.	Ar.	10:35	7:40
4:05	11:30	Saginaw Junction.	.....	9:40	6:35
4:50	12:30	Crowell.	.....	9:00	5:45
5:45	1:04	Carletonville.	.....	8:27	5:05
6:25	1:25	DeKerville.	.....	7:59	4:30
7:05	1:55	Minden.	.....	7:20	3:55
8:10	2:35	Ar. Sand Beach.	Lv.	6:45	3:05

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

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

**CITY AND VICINITY.**

—We have returned.

—The warm, balmy breezes.

—C. W. McPhail is in Detroit.

—The county alliance held a convention at Caro, on Tuesday. A good many were in attendance from this place.

—Dr. Bennett, one of the directors of the new railroad, was in town last week, and reports work all along the line progressing favorably.

—Larue & England have bought a lot opposite the town hall on which they will erect a harness shop. This firm is meeting with fine success.

—The farmers are all busy just now in their harvest fields. The prospects of an abundant yield makes the Granger look pleasant and smiling.

—Frank H. Thomas, senior editor of the Caro Jeff., one of our brightest exchanges, made us happy by dropping in on us last week. Always glad to see you Frank.

—The most beautiful wheat crop that has ever been harvested in this vicinity is now being reaped. The farmers, and merchants as well, are correspondingly happy.

—Jacob H. Striffler, agent for the champion reapers and mowers, reports more orders than he can fill. Our farmers know a good machine, and appreciate an honest agent.

—W. S. Fritz, dentist, will be at Cass City the first and third Tuesday, and Unionville the first Friday of each month. Upper and lower sets of teeth inserted 20 per cent cheaper than one year ago, and a good fit warranted.

—Owing to so many of the farmers being hurried out our merchants who handle harvest tools have been doing a rushing business. One load that came in for P. R. Weydemeyer on relief pay day were nearly all sold from the wagon.

—Judge of Probate, William Johnson, was a caller at the ENTERPRISE office last Friday. The judge is a welcome visitor throughout the county, rendering thorough satisfaction to those having business to do with him in his official capacity.

—Duncan Graham's brother has been making him a visit for the past two weeks. Mr. Graham led the singing in elder Carey's meetings during his stay here. Mr. Graham thinks of locating here. He being like all strangers that visit us, desirous of remaining.

—The ENTERPRISE staff return their sincere and "appetite satisfied" thanks to Solomon Striffler for a present of a well filled limb of luscious cherries. We might remark in passing, that as the devil was the only occupant of the office the rest of the staff fared slim.

—The regular meeting of the Tuscola county Grange will be held in the town hall in Cass City, on Tuesday the 1st day of August, opening at 10 a. m. A public lecture at 2 p. m., by Mr. Anderson of Sanilac county. Every farmer and family are invited to attend.

—On the evening of Friday, August 4th, the Cass City Band will give a harvest party, in the opera house. The usual pleasant time may be anticipated.

—The ladies' aid society of the Presbyterian church, will give an ice-cream-weight social at the home of Mrs. J. L. Hitchcock, on Thursday evening, (to-night). A cordial invitation offered to all.

—After all the trouble with their safe last week, Wilsey & McPhail, were obliged to send it to Detroit for repairs. It is hoped that the bank will be opened for business the last of the week. The suspension of business even for so short a time is felt by our business men.

—On Wednesday night, July 12th, the following officers were installed in Cass City Lodge No. 203, I. O. of O. F.

Emery Nash.—N. G.  
 P. R. Weydemeyer, V. G.  
 L. J. Downing, Rec. Sec.  
 J. F. Hendrick, Treas.

The officers were installed by Dist. Deputy Master, William Wickware.

D. M. Houghton, the popular proprietor of the central meat market, has his building far advanced that he has moved his family, and is again keeping house. Mr. Houghton's friends will be pleased to note this fact, as himself and family have been sick, and under the doctor's care for the last four years. If our readers patronize "Dave," they are doing what is right.

The interest in the meetings held by Revd. Mr. Carey and Revd. McArthur have been very marked. Owing to a press of local matters, our notice of the weeks continuation of the meetings in the Presbyterian church, was omitted last week. On Sunday last six new converts were baptized at the river. If it is "sweet to be remembered," we feel sure that elder Carey will feel assured that his swiftness after he returns to his Canadian home. He left on Monday in company with Mr. Graham.

—But a short time previous to this writing we should have blushed and become confused if some one of our thrifty and large hearted farmers should have brought us in a bag of potatoes or almost any kind of "garden sass," but it is wonderful what a difference a few weeks, and *circa instances*, make with us. We and our "partner" are warmly attached to the vegetable kingdom and welcome with delight anything in the shape of eatables. Our appetites have become unmerciful by our trip, hence we feel just what we say. As our staff numbers one more than formerly, and having added a "housekeeping" department to our office, it is unnecessary to say more, and we will not without we should be forced to.

—On business we passed through a portion of the much abused township of Novesta, and found the people putting forth their best efforts in improving their property. Among the improvements we noticed, was the large and commodious new frame barns of Roderick Kennedy and John Dickson. Both these barns do great credit to the builders, whose names, we are sorry to say we have forgotten, but will give them when we find out. Mr. Archie McPhail who bought the eighty acre farm of Wm. E. Sherwood of this village has erected a frame farm house, all finished in No. 1 style. The new school house in dist. No. 3 of which John Hamilton, M. H. Q.ick and S. S. Se'l's are the officers, is roomy, well ventilated, furnished with patent seats and in every way comfortable. A Livingston and sons were the contractors for the school house and residence of Mr. McPhail. They need not feel ashamed of their workmanship.

**Our Merchants and Business Men.**

T. H. Hunt, one of our enterprising young business men, came to this township in the fall of 1878, having made a transient visit to his brothers here, in 1872, at which time he bought an 80 acre farm 13 miles west of the village. When he returned in the fall of 1878 he sold his farm and bought a house and lot in the village in the spring of 1879. He associated himself with W. M. Ellison, then doing business in Ellington. The firm bought a lot opposite the grist mill, and erected a frame store and put in a stock of general groceries. The firm continued business until Dec. 1880, when Mr. Hunt bought the interest of Mr. Ellison, and ran the business in his own name, since then he has kept adding to his stock, enlarging his business until now he has a good assortment, and is doing a good paying business. Mr. Hunt is a young man of thorough business integrity, and applies himself closely to his business, and as the town grows will advance with it, and eventually will be one of our leading merchants. His family consists of himself, wife and two very interesting children, especially "Burt" who makes his daily visits through the village.

**EVERGREEN ECHOS.**

Haying has commenced in this vicinity. Wheat is coming on lively and will be ready to cut in a few days.

The voters in school dist. No. have concluded to build a school house at last. M. S. Phetteplace, Andrew Sowrenten and Henry Leslie are the building committee.

Patrick Walsh has purchased a mower of the Clipper patent.

The river is almost as low as it was at this time last year in spite of the rain that we have had.

We had an invitation to go to one of the neighbors and partake of new potatoes. Look out Josh we are coming one of these days.

Some of the young men have gone to harvest outside.

SCRIBLER.

**A New Piano Factory.**

Horace Waters & Co., 826 Broadway, New York, have recently leased the five-story brick building, corner of Broome and East streets, near Grand street ferry. This will greatly extend their facilities for the manufacture of Square and Upright Pianos, and enable them to make all their own cases keys and other work that piano manufacturers generally have done outside. The case making department occupies the entire second floor of the building, and is complete in all its appointments; it is crowded with busy workmen and piled tall of work in the process of manufacture. There is a large yard adjoining the building, with stacks of all kinds of lumber. The extensive varnishing and polishing department occupies the fourth floor front, and finishing and regulating is done on the third floor, and other parts of the building are used for storing material, etc.

The pianos turned out are claimed to be very superior instruments, the cases are all full rosewood veneers, not partly imitation. Strauch Brothers are used exclusively and only the best ivory keys.—*American Art Journal*, June 24, 1882.

**A TIP TOP TIME.**

Burt's daily paper, styled, *Among the Clouds*, and published each summer in the Old Tip-Top House on the summit of Mt. Washington, contains the following in its issue of July 8th:

"W. H. Brearley, of the *Detroit Evening News*, and his first 1882 excursion party, arrived at the White Mountains yesterday via the Grand Trunk Railway, and are comfortably quartered at the Glen House." The excursionists all express themselves as highly delighted with the trip thus far, especially with the Grand Trunk Railway as a route for pleasure travel 'From Detroit to the Sea,' and with the Glen House as a veritable 'Home among the Mountains.' Mr. Brearley's reputation as a successful excursion manager needs no further commendation than the statement that this makes the eighth large party he has brought to the mountains during the last six years. Two more parties are to come this year. The one leaving Detroit July 20th, will be due here July 22nd, and the last one leaving Detroit July 27th will arrive July 29th. The handsome Excursion Guide Book that we remember having seen is the one issued to describe the trips. It is sold for 30 cents, and may be obtained by addressing W. H. Brearley, office *Detroit Evening News*.

It is a pleasure to meet so fine appearing a company of Western people and bestow upon them the freedom of the Mountains? Gentlemen and ladies, make yourself at home. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. With so much land here that we have to set it up on edge to store it away, we are not inclined to be 'small' in our hospitality. Don't imagine that our greeting is cool because the temperature is. High living will agree with you; it does with us.

**NOVESTA NUGGETS.**

Harvest is advancing.

Smith's railroad job is nearly completed. Crops of all kinds look A No. 1.

The timber for the bridge is for the most part on the ground.

Filling the abutments for the bridge is nearly done. Mr. Samuel Little has proved himself a competent workman as his job will show.

A large bear was seen crossing the railroad line one day last week. They are quite numerous.

Mr. Harry Lewis contemplates building a new barn. It will help the looks of his place 50 per cent.

If some person or persons would make their wants known, perhaps the clothes they would suffer less.

L. D. Snyder has the Houghton mill property under his control for 3 months, commencing July 5th ending Oct. 5th.

NOBODY.

**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 mistake 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.

**Remember This.**

Hamilton's German Bitters are the best. Bitters aid. They promote sleep and allay Nervousness. They tone up and strengthen the system, without exciting the brain as do most all other stimulants. They soothe to rest the jarring nerves and calm the irritable and jaded system. They are prepared from the purest materials and are the best medicine you can use for restoring health and strength. Try them. 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

**PATRONIZE HOME!**

Any one wanting a sewing machine, will find it to their interest to call and examine my machines, prices and terms before buying elsewhere. I have different styles of first-class machines which are warranted; or if you want a low priced machine, I can sell it to you as cheap as the cheapest.

R. E. Gamble,

**Grand Combination**  
**HOT WEATHER, TIM CLOTHING,**  
**LOW PRICES.**  
**Every Dept complete at the Boston**  
**Clothing and Boot & Shoe House.**

It is wondered at how it is that we are continually doing business while others complain that it is dull on account of the backward season. The secret of this is, we turn our stock over at prices that cannot help but sell itself. Those small profits and quick returns are what tell; besides our stock being so much larger than other dealers, gives the public something to select from, and knowing that to keep up the trade to its usual standard we must cut prices. This we have done and the result has been beyond our expectations; our trade is increasing every day. Other dealers sitting to the old fogy style of doing business, pile up the profits and keep the goods piled up from one season to another until they become so shop-worn that people will not have them at any price.

**We care not for Profits.**  
 Come to us for CLOTHING. Come to us for BOOTS & SHOES. Come to us for your HATS & CAPS.  
 Come to us for your FURNISHING GOODS.  
**HIMELHOCH & LEWENBERG.**

**Wheat Experiments.**

Among the other experiments of interest in wheat culture made upon the Kansas agricultural farm and reported by Professor Sheldon in the last quarterly report are the ones testing the advantage of harrowing wheat in the spring.

In the winter of 1879-80 a wheat field, very uniform as to the soil, situation and condition of the crop, was laid off in six plots, exactly one-fourth of an acre each. Each alternate plot, beginning with the first, was thoroughly harrowed twice and finally rolled. The first harrowing was done February 26, and the second harrowing, followed by the roller, April 13. Ordinarily these dates would be much too early, but in the spring of 1880 wheat made an unusually early growth. In general, Professor Sheldon believes, one harrowing and rolling would be sufficient, and that this work should be done as soon as the wheat has got well started under the influence of the spring suns. The plots separating those that were harrowed in the tests under consideration received no special treatment.

The result from this test field was that the yield of grain in every case in the harrowed plots exceeded the yield of the adjoining unharrowed plots, a fact which appears to show that the increased yield was caused by the harrowing and nothing else. This increased yield, it is true, was not large, being a little less than two and one-half bushels of grain and 120 pounds of straw, but quite enough to give good pay for the extra labor.

Experiments to show that wheat does not shrink from evaporation in the bin when put up perfectly dry were also made by Professor Sheldon two consecutive years. A long sack was prepared for the first experiment and filled with exactly 200 pounds of wheat. This was sunk into a bin containing 150 bushels of winter wheat, where it remained six months. It was then weighed and gave a slight fraction over 200 pounds. The second experiment, in which a similar sack of grain was sunk in a bin of grain for seven months, resulted in an increased weight of one pound. Professor Sheldon does not offer an explanation of this increased weight, but accepts the results as proof that the wheat does not shrink in the bin when stored in a dry condition.—*N. Y. World*.

—To Prepare a New Iron Kettle for Use.—Fill it with clean potato parings; boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kettle with hot water, wipe it dry and rub with a little lard; repeat the rubbing for half a dozen times after using. In this way you will prevent rust and all the annoyances liable to occur in the use of a new kettle.

—Young Lady: Why are men so slow to offer ladies seats in horse cars? We will tell you. It doesn't make a man any richer or better off in the world to have "thank you" said to him, but it makes him feel happier, and the neglect your sweet sex has shown of that little point has obtained for many of you a chance to stand up in a horse car.—*Boston Post*.

**GREETING**  
 To the Citizens of Cass City and Vicinity.

I have opened an exclusive  
**BOOT and SHOE**  
 store in the store formerly occupied by P. R. Weydemeyer.  
 My Stock is complete,  
**ALL NEW AND OF THE LATEST STYLES**  
 All Goods marked at the  
**LOWEST LIVING PRICES.**  
**CALL AND BE CONVINCED**  
 that it is so.  
**J. D. CROSBY,**  
 CASS CITY, MICH.

**NEW GROCERY. Look Here!**

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.**  
 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.  
**DUBOISBROS,**  
 Cass City, Mich.

**Fresh Bread**  
**CAKES,**  
**BISCUITS,**  
**WECKS,**  
 etc., etc.  
**FRESH EVERY DAY.**  
 BY  
**Heinrich Schust.**



# THE CASS CITY ENTERPRISE

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

CASS CITY, MICH.

## George William Curtis Replies to Mr. Hubbell.

George William Curtis, in reply to a recent letter to Jay A. Hubbell, Chairman and Treasurer of the Republican Congressional Committee, says:

Undoubtedly there are legitimate political expenses for every party, and in a free country everybody should be at liberty to aid and refuse to aid his party, but public employes of the government are usually selected in a way which practically deprives them of the liberty of giving or withholding such aid at their pleasure. If a man knows he holds his place by personal favor he will naturally propitiate that favor in order to retain his place. It was the knowledge that the liberty of the officeholder in this matter is thus impaired which led Congress to pass the act of protection to which our circular refers. That act recognizes, as the universal experience and reason of the case show, that the government employe, whose family depends on his wages, is not deluded by the phrase "voluntary contribution," and fears he cannot refuse to pay without taking the risk of dismissal. His refusal, indeed, would not be the alleged reason, but it would be the reason, and to say to the employe, as the circular of the Congressional Committee says, that his contribution will not be objected to in any official quarter, is merely to tighten the screw. It is a hint to him that the demand is known and approved by those who can dismiss him. You assert your willingness to ask the President to ask the opinion of the Attorney General, but your circular has been sent to employes in the Attorney General's office, and it distinctly assures them, by necessary implication, that the head of the office does not object. If you read the newspapers carefully, you are aware of the very general public condemnation of the practice of political assessments, and they are condemned for the precise reason that such assessments are not what they pretend to be—"voluntary contributions." If you ask me to contribute to your treasury I am a private citizen and I can give or refuse without suffering; but if you and your associates ask my neighbor, who is employed in the custom house, for a contribution, he feels that he is in danger if he declines. This is an infringement of the equal liberty of citizens which makes the practice odious while its inevitable consequences make it threatening to the public welfare. The association of which I have the honor to be President will spare no lawful effort to restore equal liberty to every citizen.

## The Schuylkill.

The Schuylkill Valley, from near the coal regions to Philadelphia, is at present excited over the strange and mysterious poisoning of the water of the Schuylkill River. For a stretch of sixty miles the water has become impregnated with some substance that has killed thousands of fish and frogs, and on the banks and surface can be seen dead bass, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish by the bushels. All this poisoned body of water flows directly into Fairmount dam, Philadelphia, and that city, as well as other towns along the river, use the water for drinking and household purposes. This sudden poisoning of the water was first noticed about a week ago, in the vicinity of Hamburg, about 20 miles above Reading. The water had a greenish, soapy appearance, and on stones along the shore were deposits of a yellowish white appearance that looked like sulphur or arsenic. The fish come to the top of the water, heads out, and soon turn over and die. Where pure fresh water streams empty into the Schuylkill thousands of fish are swarming, as though anxious to escape the poison in the main stream. Bass being the more hardy fish are the last to succumb. The fish seem to rush to the surface as though suffocating, and take no notice of bait thrown to them. The water in the canal is also affected, and bushels of dead fish are bailed out of the chambers of the locks.

Various reasons are given. One is that a number of old coal mines are being pumped out in the Schuylkill coal regions, and that the poisonous sulphur water that has accumulated for forty years and has been forced into the river is the cause of the trouble. Another is that several old copper mines have been pumped out, which causes the oily, greenish scum on the surface of the river. The Philadelphia Park Commission and other officials have been notified, and prompt action has been taken to prevent the poisoned water from entering the reservoirs and pipes in that city. The authorities at Potstown have ordered the pumping of water in their reservoir to be stopped, as the water emits a foul odor.

**A UNIQUE METHOD OF THIEVING.**—G. W. Bennett, janitor of the State National bank, Elizabeth, N. J., has been arrested on a charge of robbery, admitting his guilt. His depredations covered two years. During that time two paying tellers resigned because they could not make their accounts good. His method of robbery was unique. He passed a slender cord from the cellar through a hole in the floor of the counting room into the back of the paying teller's desk. This cord had a leaden sinker gummed with a wax at its end. This sinker was dropped on \$10, \$20 or \$50 bill and noiselessly withdrawn. The apparatus was rearranged at night or on Sundays, and his thefts continued from month to month reaching as high as \$480 in one quarter.

## SUGAR.

D. S. CROOSMAN IN WILLIAMSTON ENTERPRISE.

### THE STANDARD CROP OF LOUISIANA.

The rich alluvial drift formation of the lower Mississippi is well calculated for the production of sugar, and since an early period in its history,—1751, the manufacture of sugar has continuously been an increasing industry. I read that sugar from cane was first produced in Bengal, Asia, and that the name comes from a Sanskrit word meaning "small grains" that sugar cane, like Indian corn, belongs to the family of grasses, and that it is not a native of the western hemisphere, but was brought to this part of the world by the Spaniards, very soon after the discovery by Columbus, they correctly judging that the tropical islands could be profitably used for its growth and the slave labor of the natives employed in its cultivation.

There are several distinct varieties of cane distinguished as the Creole, Tahiti, Batavia, and Chinese, that most commonly grown in Louisiana, is the Creole. The average height of the canes when fully grown is about twelve feet. It seldom or never matures seed, and if it did, the seeds would be useless for propagating purposes, as when a new piece is to be seeded the stalks themselves are placed in the drills, covered with earth, and from each joint of the old stalk comes a new shoot, which in time throws out sprouts or suckers, and produces the first growth of the new crop called "plant cane." It is not however necessary, to plant every year as we do corn, the roots live year after year, and the season after one crop of canes are cut, new sprouts appear, these with proper cultivation produce another crop which in distinction from the first, or "plant cane" is called "ratoon cane" and so sometimes for twenty years the crop is continued; it is thought however that it is most vigorous the third season, and that each year or five years the ground should be broken up and a new crop started.

The sugar planter risks his year's success upon the single crop. In rare instances, orange groves are found on plantations, but as a rule, the sole dependence is cane.

There are several good reasons. 1st. The soil is not so well adapted to other crops. Corn stalks grow luxuriantly, but produce no ears. 2nd. The machinery and appliances necessary to the manufacture of sugar, are very expensive, and cost about the same for a small crop, as for a large one. 3rd. To secure the best results the cane must be cut at a particular time, and crushed at once. Buildings and machinery of sufficient capacity must be provided and when that expense is incurred, economy demands that the crop be equal to their capacity to manufacture.

A complete sugar plantation with appurtenances, is worth from one hundred thousand dollars up. The land itself, consisting of two to five hundred acres, fronting on the river, from which it is protected by a levee five to eight feet in height, and backing on a bayou from which it also has to be protected by another levee equally high, is no small matter of expense. Centrally located on the river front, is the planter's home, generally a commodious structure, making considerable pretension to elegance, plentifully supplied with verandas, and usually surrounded by a yard filled with beautiful ornamental trees and shrubs. A short distance from this, and also on the river bank will invariably be found a small village of two, three, or four streets running back at right angles with the river, and on each side of these streets, from five to fifteen houses for the help necessary to run the farm. In most cases these villages are the old negro quarters of slave times. The houses are kept presentable with whitewash, which serves to cover up the rough boards of which they are formed, and takes the place of both paint and plaster. They are built on piles to be above the accident of a crevasse and generally occupied by colored laborers the majority of whom, change about from one plantation to another each season. A planter requires of laborers and mules, about an equal number, fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred of each, being common, and in this connection let it be remembered that every article of consumption or supply for all those quadrupeds and bipeds, has to come from the city, they produce nothing for themselves but sugar and molasses. Usually between this village and the planter's home, are situated the sugar mill, manufactory, and warehouse, constructed of brick, than wood, large buildings, as they necessary must be, to hold the requisite appliances, and constructed entirely of material brought from a distance, they are very expensive, and contain machinery ever so much more so. The largest grinding mills consist of three iron rollers thirty-six inches in diameter, and eight feet long, the rollers alone weighing 50,000 pounds, engines, boilers, open and closed kettles and pans, rows of upright iron filters, reservoirs draining and drying apparatus etc. and making an aggregate sum in six figures.

### THE PUMPING MACHINE.

As you sit in the pilot house of the steamer, and look out upon the dead-level country, as far as you can see, farm beyond farm, you observe, next to the bayou line on each plantation, another building with a smoke stack from which rises a cloud of coal smoke. You inquire of the pilot, "what are all these mills strung along, one on the back of each farm," and he tells you "These are pumping machines, each plantation has a deep ditch or canal into which all the smaller ditches empty, this canal runs centrally through the place from the river levee, to the bayou, where by power of steam, the water is thrown over the artificial bank, thus the plantation, like a coal mine, has to be continually pumped out. What farm in Michigan could stand the expense of pumping off an average annual rain-fall of sixty-five inches, to say nothing of the continuous

saturation of the soil from the river and bayou, both filled with water to a level four feet above the land. Individual labor, with small capital is entirely powerless to produce sugar on the southern plan. I visited several silver mines in the mountains back of Denver not long since and this same idea came forcibly to me there. What with shafts, tunnels, boilers, engines, pumps, hydraulics, air drills, stamp mills, quartz mills, smelting works, etc., one, two or five hundred thousand must be expended to produce the first bullion bar, and the man, or the firm that was able to own all this machinery was pre-eminently able to let it alone, and not want it. A man able to own a sugar plantation with all its fixtures, is able to live on three per cent government bonds and buy glucose.

The season opens about February first, the shoots of "ratoon cane" making their appearance about that time, shortly after which the festive mule, with its attendant negro cultivator, may be seen scattered over the landscape, scratching the rich black earth. The care of the growing crop is much the same as the western farmer gives to his corn. When the canes are fully grown, and matured to their sweetest, juiciest condition, then commences the most active part of the season's work—the harvest. The leaves and top are stripped and scattered over the ground. The canes are cut close to the ground, (as the lower joints are rich), thrown into piles, and drawn with mules to the crusher, where by means of an endless belt, they are fed to three iron rollers, two "bed rolls" side by side in an iron frame, and the third, or "king roll" on top between, so adjusted that the cane in passing between one side of the "king roll" and the first "bed roll" shall be crushed, and on its passage over the second "bed roll" pressed dry. Notwithstanding the immense power of the rollers, which are of chilled iron, from 16 to 36 inches in diameter, it is known that from 10 to 20 per cent. of the sugar remains in the stalks and is lost. The crushed and pressed stalks are called "Bagasse" and are hauled away, and more commonly thrown into the river, sometimes used in the construction of a new levee, sometimes burned under the boilers or kettles to save coal. The extracted juice caught in a tank demands immediate attention, as a few hours delay ruins it. It is strongly impregnated with a vegetable acid which must be removed or neutralized at once. Formerly this was done by stirring in quick lime and bringing it to a scald in pans, when a large portion of the green coloring matter came to the surface and was removed, now however it is more commonly passed in a thin sheet, to the perforated top of a vat filled with the fumes of burning brimstone which while it does not remove the impurities, neutralizes them and prepares for their removal by the next process which is filtration. The filters resemble in outside appearance, upright boilers, sitting in rows and fed by iron pipes, leading from an elevated reservoir, into which the juice is pumped immediately after the brimstone treatment. These filters are filled with bone black. (Charcoal made from the bones of animals,) and the juice slowly percolates through, and is purified by it. The next process in the manufacture is reduction by evaporation, this is done by boiling in open closed kettles or pans, as the choice of the planter or his foreman may provide. These foremen command from two or five thousand dollar per year, and are in many cases complete masters of the plantations, sometimes occupying the owner's house, the planters themselves, if they are able, keeping elegant establishments in the city (New Orleans) quite a portion of the year, only using the plantation for a summer residence. The foreman is supposed to be especially proficient in two things viz; 1st, his ability to get the largest amount of work out of men and 2nd, his knowledge and skill in the evaporating process, obtaining the largest possible percentage of crystallized sugar, this work is not to be handled by a novice, anybody can make molasses, it takes care, experience and skill to get the proper yield of sugar. The very best result is perhaps about five barrels of molasses to 3,500 lbs. of sugar. When it has been kept at the proper heat, a sufficient length of time, it is drawn off into vats to crystallize, where more time is given, and when his process is sufficiently accomplished, the syrup is drawn off from the sugar and mixed with a supply of fresh filtered juice, to again pass through evaporation and crystallization, but the larger proportion of fresh juice and the less of the syrup, the better the quality of the sugar. Then time is required for drainage of the sugar, the longer time the better as it is very unusual to find a hoghead even in our northern markets, that is not draining yet nothing short of the processes of a refinery converts the sucrose matter into perfect crystals so it no longer drains. In some manufacturing machines are used to dry the sugar, on the principle that honey is whipped out of the comb, by rapid revolution of the cards; the sugar is placed in a metal box with perforated sides and rapidly revolved when the centrifugal force throws the syrup out through the perforations and thus the sugar is much sooner prepared for market; 3,000 pounds of raw sugar and 150 gallons of molasses to the acre are considered a fair yield.

Johnny's composition on the kangaroo: "The kangaroo looks in the face like a shaller goose. His legs must have been made in different molds of nature, cause the last ones iz long as a torchlite perchin but the front ones looks sawed-off. Kangrews ware mustaches like cats but a mule kin give 'em a yard start on the ear question an' beet 'em like sicksty. Ef i had ter be a kangrew ide have my tale chopped off an' mend my arms with it so i could reach the bottom of the preserve jar. I forgot to say the kangrew is not a vegetable but an animmule."

## Strikes.

The workmen, April 1st, laid down the scale of prices at which they would work. The manufacturers flatly refused the proposition. Both fall back and propose to tire each other out. Perhaps the workmen asked too much. Perhaps the manufacturers were paying too little. If a few mediators had gone out from each side, the difference could have been adjusted and the smoke above Pittsburgh and Cincinnati would have been as thick to-day as ever. The trouble will be ended by a compromise. Why not end it at the start with a compromise? To every intelligent man, whether capitalist or laborer, this state of things is deplorable. First, whole communities and large classes are made sour, irritable and wrathful. Maledictions meet each other halfway between the manufacturer's office and the house of the employe. They wish each other ill.

Another sadness is in the fact that the thrifty workman who has a little money in the savings bank, or out on bond and mortgage, very soon takes it out, or takes it up to meet present exigencies. There must be bread on the table, the children must have shoes, there must be more than the usual appearance of thrift, lest there be a prospect of giving in and a necessity of ending the strike. A strike always means suffering. The blow comes hard both upon capital and labor, but heaviest upon labor. In all the labor strikes since the world stood the workman gets the worst of it. Capitalists have money ahead, and if they never made another dollar in all their lives, they could live on past surplus; but the vast majority of toilers, though they may have laid up something for a rainy day, must not have the rainy day too prolonged.

Capital will never help itself by fighting labor, and labor will never get any advantage from combatting capital. They go up together, or they go down together. Show me any year in the history of the country when capital was prosperous and I will show you a year when labor was prosperous, and vice versa. Let either interest be struck between the eyes and all interests of the land stagger, and reel, and fall. But there is no doubt that in all parts of the land capitalists are imposing upon labor. They own the New York legislature and Pennsylvania legislature, with a few notable exceptions; they own Congress for the most part; they ride over the necks of the people. We have over five thousand millionaires in this country. It is a bad sign of the time when one man dies worth forty millions, and another worth eighty millions, and our richest men are not dead yet. It wants no very great wisdom to see that there are people in this land who have more than their share. I do not wonder that men sometimes lose their equilibrium and strike, although it is unwise to strike, since a strike means less bread, less fuel, less good clothes and less homes.

But there are capitalists who have no trouble with their employes. The sales being less, the employer rings the bell that calls his workmen together and says: "I got so much less for this iron, for this steel, for these carpets, for these woollens, for these nails, for these screws, for these books, and hence your work is worth to me so much less." Such employers have no strikes in their mills, in their factories, in their harvest fields, in their printing establishments. The toilers realize they are not trod on, nor considered as having no more feeling than the iron with which they stir the blaze, or the type they set, or the spindles they turn.

Now, what we want is a few men with equipoise enough, and sympathies enough, and pluck enough, and promptness enough, to go among these contestants and harmonize counting-room desk and anvil, and get the delicate hand of calculation to cross palms with the brown and hard-knuckled hand of toil. Close up the breach, now, lest 1857 come back again, and starvation and horror take the place of plenty. It is too bad that at the time when God is preparing for us a great harvest, as this week's reports show, and we have had four years of fabulous crops of grain, we should by internal contention defeat the divine munificence. May the table of the counting-room be run over with primroses, and all the hammers of toil blossom and bloom! I suppose that many of our trade unions are wielding a despotism, and that workmen are driven, and stopped and imposed upon as much by people of their own craft as by the capitalists. If a man has a mind to stop work, let him stop, but he has no right to stop me. If a man prefers to go to the poorhouse, let him go, but he has no right to compel me to go along with him. I would have this country so free that when a man wants to quit work he can quit work, and when he wants to go ahead no trades union shall hold him back. Free hammer! Free travel! Free yardstick! Free spindle! Free furnace! Free dockyard! Free men! I expect before labor gets its rights fully established in this country, it will have to drive back the encroachments of capital on the one hand, and the outrageous despotism of trade unions on the other. I must express the opinion that

now, in this country, for every healthy man of good habits there is a livelihood. If any well man does not get work now, he is either lazy or too proud to do what he can do, or he drinks, or he is rotten in moral character. If a man is sick, or aged, or crippled, then the world ought to take care of him; but if he is well, let him, under God, take care of himself. If he cannot get work that suits him, let him do the work that does not suit him. The Apostle said what I re-echo: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." There have been times, as in 1857 and 1873, when there were multitudes of industrious people who could get nothing to do. Those times have passed. Let us all be busy. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—Sunday Magazine.

One of the cleverest *bon mots* reported for a long time is attributed to ex-Secretary Everts, who recently entertained at his farm in Vermont a gentleman whose name is not given, but who is described as one of the most eminent authors and thinkers of the day. The principal article upon the table at dinner was a roast goose, of which the guest partook heartily, and as the party arose from the table, Mr. Everts remarked: "We had a goose stuffed with sage, and now we have a sage stuffed with goose."

Articles of association for the Fontaine Locomotive Co. have been filed. The officers are: T. S. Christy, President; O. W. Shipman, Vice Pres.; D. M. Perry, Treas.; A. Warring, Sec. The capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000, in \$40.00 shares of \$26 each. Mr. Perry holds 2,500 shares.

Burglars entered the residence of Thomas Kennedy, of Muir, and stole a watch and chain, and \$80 from his pants.

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JULY.

When the scarlet cardinal tells Her dream to the dragon-fly, And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees And murmurs a lullaby, It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls The corn-flower's blue cap away, And the lilies fall lean over the wall To bow to the butterfly, It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats, And poppies flame in the eye, And the silver note in the streamlet's throat Has softened almost to a sigh, It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time Forgets them, and lets them lie 'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink At the sunset in the sky, It is July.

When each finger-post by the way Says that Sumbertown is nigh; When the grass is tall, and the roses fall, And nobody wonders why, It is July.

St. Nicholas.

FARMER BROWN'S SUMMER BUTTER.

"Stan! steady, Bess. You're the boss cow, you know, and if you should tip this pail of yellow milk over, Miss Dolly wouldn't like it. Dolly's got to make the butter this summer, and you and I must do all we can to help her."

So spoke George Sterling, Farmer Brown's hired man, to his particular confidant, the handsome Alderney cow whom he had named "Queen Bess." Ding! dong! went the breakfast-bell, swung by Dolly's plump, strong arm, and the young farmer turned his cows into the pasture, one by one, "Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess," and then carried the brimming pails into the large, cool milk-room.

"You're a good milker, George," and Dolly smiled at him as she looked at the clean, rich milk. "I believe, with you to help me, I can make some nice butter this summer."

It made a pretty picture in the morning sunshine. The large, old-fashioned red farm-house, with windows and doors invitingly open, flowers and tall trees brightening and beautifying the yard and garden. There were lilac bushes and hollyhocks, pinks, poppies, marigolds, and sunflowers, fine old, New England varieties. Inside the house everything looked comfortable. The kitchen was large and airy, having two outside doors opposite each other and both opening on to wide, clean-swept piazzas. The floors were painted spruce yellow and were smooth and clean. An old-fashioned light-stand stood near a window and on the white spread which covered it was a basket of stockings, with balls of mending-yarn, and a brass candlestick, with an inch or two of candle in its socket. A low kitchen-chair with rockers stood near, and the last weekly newspaper hung over its back.

The breakfast-table would have appeared inviting to any one in health and good temper. A fairly clean, white cloth, spun and woven by the grandmother of the family; a small pitcher of cream for the coffee; sweet, yellow butter and fresh rolls; light dough-nuts, fried brown; potatoes; eggs, and some kind of stewed fruit; and a pitcher of fresh milk, for any who wished it.

Did they have napkins and silver forks? Not exactly. That is, they didn't have the forks. Aunt Sally made such a fuss that, with all Dolly's other burdens, she did not think it best to "stand the storm" which would have broken over her head had she used every day the sacred company silver forks. Dolly was a brave girl, and did not yield when it was wrong to yield; but persisted in doing as she ought and endured whatever came. She had been away for two years, attending an excellent school, and the duty of cleanly and in some sense beautiful living had been strongly impressed upon her bright young mind. Her mother had died, and now the main responsibility of the housekeeping rested upon the daughter's eighteen-year-old shoulders. Dolly did many things as Aunt Sally directed; but in the matter of napkins she was firm. She felt it both a duty and a pleasure to accustom her little brother and the young farmers whom her father hired, to refined ways of living. She herself was pleasant to look at, as she sat at the head of the table (her father wished her to sit in her mother's place pouring), the clear coffee into pretty cups, a clean linen collar at her throat, and her hair nicely brushed. A passing observer would have thought it a pleasant group gathered around the table that summer morning—farmer Brown opposite his daughter, Aunt Sally and Dolly's young brother at one side, and George Sterling, the hired man, at the other.

"Father, I'm going to put down my first tub of butter to-day," said Dolly. "So you see it's an important day in my life."

George Sterling said nothing; but he longed to box Aunt Sally's ears soundly, and, if his confidant Queen Bess had been near, he would have told her that he longed to kiss away the tears that he saw glistening in Dolly's sweet eyes, as she cleared away the breakfast things.

The summer days came and went. The birds that sang in the trees near Dolly's chamber window woke her each morning with their joyous carols, and at night, the distance softened song of the frogs away in the meadows lulled her to sleep. Aunt Sally rose early ten mornings during the entire summer, walked majestically into the milk-room and skimmed the milk. Those were happy days in the Brown family. The exercise and the fresh breakfast disposed the molecules of Aunt Sally's physical system a little more amicably toward each other, and the spiritual elevation that often results from a little bodily exercise made life considerably more enjoyable to the Brown family on those particular days than was generally the case. It has been said that every house has a skeleton in its closet, but happy that house whose skeleton occupies its own closet and stays where it is put. In Farmer Brown's dwelling it ate and drank, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and made the day troublesome and the night weary.

The young and strong can and will be happy, but for those long burdened by the cares and duties of life such skeletons are hard to have in the house.

George Sterling thought it was no man's duty, nor woman's either, to endure such petty yet enormous trials as Dolly and her kind father daily submitted to, and he and Queen Bess had many an emphatic conversation on the subject. The Queen George found a very entertaining companion, for she listened well and let him do all the talking. He could talk better to her than to most of the people about him. George had ideas enough, but like "Richard Hathaway," he could not always express them. He was the direct opposite of Aunt Sally; he was more famous for doing that he was for talking, yet no one who ever heard her could doubt that out of the fullness of her heart Aunt Sally spoke. George Sterling's faithful heart was, so to speak, gone. Dolly, with her sweet ways had carried it away, quite beyond recovery. At first he was appalled and troubled; later, he grew quiet, resolving to do his best, and doing it, and so gathering strength to bear his fortune, whatever it should be. He considered Dolly somewhat above him, especially in mental cultivation; and, besides, he was young and had as yet very little in the world except excellent, industrious habits and a kind, pure heart—a handsome fortune, though, let me tell you, my dear young lady reader.

The milk-room in the Brown house was a pleasant place. I'm sure the daintiest city lady would have thought it nice. It was large, clean, and cool and happy the person whom Dolly gave a dish of strawberries and allowed to help himself to some of the sweet, rich cream. Every evening she looked herself to the straining of the milk, to be sure that no particles of dirt were left in it; but she soon found that she could trust George Sterling.

"Do you wish for more light, George?" she asked, one evening, as she left her chair on the south piazza and stepped to the milk-room door. "Yes, if you please," answered George. Dolly soon appeared with a candle, saying, "Here is just what you wish for, then," and she smiled brightly as she dipped out some of the warm milk for mixing her morning's bread. "That is true," said George; but his eyes rested on Dolly, instead of the candle she had brought him.

In the early mornings, they churned and worked over the butter together. It was hard work, but with now and then an exquisite little passage of poetry in it too. When George stopped for a moment to rest and take breath, Dolly would offer, with sweet feeling in her tones, to churn for a little while; and he would let her try for a turn or two of the crank.

"It takes hard turning to get the richness out of things, doesn't it?" said Dolly, one morning when the butter came with a little more difficulty than usual. "I used to think so last winter," returned George. "Winter cream is hard to manage, and then you were not here to help me," and he looked up at Dolly with an expression of such intense appreciation of the state of things when she was there to help him that, though she hardly knew it, an added tint glowed in her bright young cheeks.

"Yes," he went on, "I used to think some mornings that life to an earnest man was a good deal like churning winter cream. But then I, for one, shall keep turning and with a smile, and Dolly felt, with an instant thrill of pleasure, that strength and excellence were near and ready to serve her.

The summer passed. The floor of the butter-cellar was nearly covered with well-filled tubs. A little before the time for selling, Farmer Brown had been called to a distant Western state, on account of the sickness of his only and widowed sister. He was detained several weeks, and finally wrote to George that they must do the best they could with the butter and no longer rely upon him to attend to it. On the evening after they had received the letter two neighbors called and reported that they had sold for thirty cents a pound. The evening papers had reported only twenty-seven cents as the latest price, and they advised the Browns not to sell for a few days, etc.

During the evening, as the two men were talking, there were occasional indications that a storm was about to break over the luckless members of the Brown family. There were low muttering of thunder, a few short, sharp flashes of lightning, and now and then a barbed arrow flew through the air.

A great roar rises to the occasion and Aunt Sally rose. The family were left alone about nine o'clock. Dolly went to the kitchen, to make some preparations for the morning's breakfast. Aunt Sally followed, with heavy, threatening step.

"Have you noticed how lovely the moonlight is, Aunt Sally?" asked Dolly. "Moonlight! What do you s'pose I care about moonlight when the butter ain't sold? 'N' I know jest how 'tw'll be. 'T'w'll be sold 't all; 'tw'll stay in the sullen all winter, 'n' we shan't git fifteen cents a pound for it. I should thought you and George'd know enough to 'tended to it 'fore this time."

"Why, Aunt Sally," answered Dolly, "it hasn't been a week since the Smiths sold. Buyers generally come along about this time. Father most always sells to some of them, you know. I don't think we need to worry about it."

"No, you won't worry, I'll warrant. No danger of anybody's worryin' in this house but m-. I don't s'pose, if the house was burnin' down, one of ye'd stir, unless ye was pulled out by main strength. Talk about your father? Who ever knew him to do anything? 'Said o' stayin' to home 'n' mindin' his own business, he must go galavantin' off to Kansas, to see his sister, cause she happened to be sick. What if she hain't no husband? Folks have to die, I s'pose. What'd she ever do for him, I'd like to know. 'F she was with a million o' money, I don't s'pose she'd give 'im a cent."

"Well, I guess to-morrow morning George will know what to do, and we'd better go to bed now, Aunt Sally. I'm very tired."

George! What'll he know about it, and what'll he care, if he does know?"

"Would you like this candle, Aunt?"

"What do you keep talking to me 'bout candles for? 'F I wanted a candle, couldn't I git it. Go to bed, 'f you want to. I don't expect you'll care whether the butter's ever sold or not."

Dolly knew that it was no use to reply, so she took her candle and went to her little chamber over the sitting-room. She tried hard to sleep, knowing that breakfast must be ready early and that no hands but hers would prepare it.

About two o'clock, Aunt Sally burst into the room, her cap-strings flying and her teeth rattling. Evidently she had not been in bed at all.

"Dolly," she called, in loud, reproving tones, "it's raining hard."

"What is it, Aunt Sally? Are you sick?"

"It's raining hard, I tell you. Don't you hear it?"

"Well, what if it is? What harm will it do?"

"What harm will it do? But you s'pose folks will come to buy butter in a driving rain?"

"But it may not rain to-morrow, Aunt Sally. Why, it's only two o'clock. The shower must have come up very suddenly."

"What if it don't rain to-morrow. The roads'll be all mud knee-deep. Nobody'd come through such mean mud as we have, to look at butter. They'd be fools 'f they did. It's jest as I said. The butter won't be sold 't all. Who's skinned the milk all summer, I'd like to know? 'I s'pose you think the butter'd come all the same skimm'n' or no skimm'n'; 'n' now we shan't have money enough to keep from starvin' to death 'n' buy clothes to cover our nakedness. But there's one thing about it; won't punch 'n' be economical a bit longer. I'll spend every dollar I'm mind to. What 'f one o' them city buyers should come in the pourin' rain? We shouldn't know whether to trust 'im or not. I would n't let 'im touch the butter unless he paid the money down. 'T's jest the meanest thing that ever happened sense the world began that we didn't go to S— a week ago 'n' see 'bout sellin' it, 'n' not wait till this time; 'f we don't git thirty cents, jest the rest o' the neighbors have, I shan't never want to show my face outside this house again, 'n' the shan't one o' the family, 'f I can help it."

But Aunt Sally at length ran down, and Dolly knew that, unless she had a strong cup of tea or a little sleep, she would not be in running order again for several hours, and she prepared to enjoy herself accordingly. By six o'clock she was busy preparing breakfast, running out "between times" to freshen her heart with a look at the pink and purple morning glories that grew over the south piazza. She was as bright and pleasant to her little brother as though her night's rest had been untroubled and filled with sweetest dreams. The prospect for a cosy, quiet breakfast was brightening, when half a dozen geese, smitten with total depravity, walking hurriedly toward the house, and held one of their most noisy conversations directly under Aunt Sally's chamber window. They couldn't have been more excited if they had been discussing the family butter and its prospects.

Dolly had just served the coffee and taken a sip or two out of her own cup, when the sitting-room door opened, and out walked Aunt Sally, looking quiet, but ominous. She drew a chair to the fire and sat black and silent for five minutes.

Did the geese wake you up Aunt Sally," asked Willie, Dolly's little brother.

"Wake me up! Guess they'd awaked anybody up that wasn't dead. If I was a boy big's you be, I'd keep 'em in their places; but nobody in this family ever sees to anything or ever will."

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—Rev. Mr. Talmage has found a man who wanted to borrow fifteen dollars to relieve his distress, but refused to accept enough money to open a news stand because the business was beneath him! It seem that beggars are choosers in these days.

—The Boston Traveller relates that a young infant in that city having been presented with a handsome basket bearing the words, "Welcome, Little Stranger," in green and gold, the Irish nurse protested against the form of the salutation, contending that "for sure that was wrong, for the baby is not a stranger, but one of the family.

—A Rochester doctor has earned a private box in the opera house there, for the rest of his life, because his patient, the builder and owner, although sick, did not die, but saved the completion of his opera house. This is repairing the order of things. It is more apt to be the doctors who confer private boxes upon their patients.—Detroit Free Press.

—Cleveland is ahead of all the cities in electric illumination. A mast 260 feet high has been erected in the public square, supplied with four electric lights having an illuminating power of 40,000 candles. This will light an area half a mile in diameter. It is strange that the people of Rhode Island do not light up their State with a mast like that.—N. O. Picayune.

—Two women called on a Maine dentist simultaneously, one to have all her teeth extracted, the other only one. The dentist mistakenly put the latter under the influence of ether, and rendered her toothless. Those who saw her, when she came to realize it, says the lion and tiger are incapable of ferocity. The dentist wonders why in the name of all that's good he was born, anyway, and is anxious to learn when it will be safe for him to come out of the swamps. The other woman thinks the whole affair very funny.—Boston Post

—A shrewd little female scamp in St. Louis collected about fifty dollars during the holidays from benevolent persons in the following manner: She would get into a horse-car, pay her fare ride a long distance, and then tell the conductor to let her out at a street remote from the point where the car then was. "Why, you are on the wrong car, three or four miles from where you want to go," the conductor would answer. Thereupon the little shivering wretch would begin to cry bitterly, and the other passengers, aglow with seasonable kindness, would take up a collection for her benefit.

—A remarkable exhibition of tranquility under acute suffering and generally disheartening circumstances was furnished by Mr. C. K. Tibbitts, of Boston, a victim of the accident on the Boston & Maine Railroad last Monday. He was found by a reporter, soon after the disaster, in a farm-house kitchen near the wreck, propped up in two chairs, with his head against the wall. One leg was badly crushed, his right arm was disabled, and his head was so thickly bound with linen that his mouth and one eye were the only features visible; but the philosopher was smoking a cigar, and evidently enjoyed it. He could not speak aloud, but he huskily whispered that there was no use in crying when he could just as well laugh.

### The Girl Suicides.

The number of suicides in Paris has been appalling since a few weeks. Self-destruction seems to have become almost an epidemic. Not a day passes but the papers report one or several cases of voluntary death by drowning, suffocating or poisoning. The statistics of suicide in France are, indeed, of an alarming nature. Hundreds of unfortunate wretches are hurrying out of the world every year in this country, so prosperous, so highly civilized, at present so tranquil, but whose evil is a general lowering of the moral standard. It is particularly among those most unfortunate class—among those poor producers of luxury—the work girls, overworked, underfed, miserably paid, with brains impaired by the spectacle of frivolity and fashion, that the victims of suicide are recruited. Charcoal is the classic means of self-destruction with the sewing-girls, but occasionally some distracted plover of the needle will resort to a less ordinary end, as in the case of that unfortunate creature, who some years ago, threw herself down from the summit of the Vendome column. A more shocking death than her could hardly be imagined, and the mingling of the trivial and commonplace circumstances which preceded her death has always impressed us deeply. She left her place of employment suddenly in the afternoon, alleging that she needed to buy thread; and hurried at once to the column on the place Vendome. Her companions, on hearing of her fearful death—her cry, when once she had leaped, will never be forgotten by those who heard it—remembered to have noticed her sewing her skirts together at the bottom, and to have wondered what could be the purpose of this. Life was not extinct in the battered broken body when it was taken to the nearest druggist's, and meanwhile eager groups were gathered around the pavement, where a horrid bloody stain marked the exact spot of the fall. And what of the suicide of two childish creatures, two girls of eleven and twelve, worked and driven beyond endurance, who crept away together one gloomy night, and, clasping each other's hands, walked step by step until the water closed over their heads, into the Seine, where their slight and miserably-dressed bodies were found floating together the next day. The suicide of a child! Can human misery reach a greater horror than this?—Paris Register.

—Mr. Tso, one of the attaches of the retiring Chinese Legation at Washington, wished much to remain in this country, but was obliged to depart at the command of his mother, whose will, in accordance with Chinese custom, could not be questioned. The Chinese diplomats are said to be amazed at the lack of filial reverence in America, and a writer of their race has even proposed to establish missions here to teach the sentiment.

—Dutch fishermen kill their fish as soon as they take them from the water, preventing them from dying slowly and having their tissues softened. Hence the superiority of flavor.

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Aultman Miller & Co. AKRON, O.

For Sale By

JAMES DOYING,  
Cass City, Mich.

—GO TO SHOETTLER'S—

Drug Store

—FOR—

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

CHEMICAL, PERFUMERY.

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded,

and orders by mail promptly filled at the

Lowest Prices.

G. F. SHOETTLER.

Opposite Care House, Caro, Mich.

CASS CITY FOUNDRY AND

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

Patterns and Castings of all descriptions.

HIGGINS & OSTRANDER,

Proprietors,

Cass City, Mich.

Groceries, Provisions

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

—O—

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES,  
and TOBACCO'S a Specialty.

—ALSO KEEPS—

Crockery, Glassware, Woodenware.

—O—

Best Market Price Paid For  
BUTTER and EGGS.

—O—

Opposite the Grist Mill,

CASS CITY, MICH.

Farmers while waiting for your

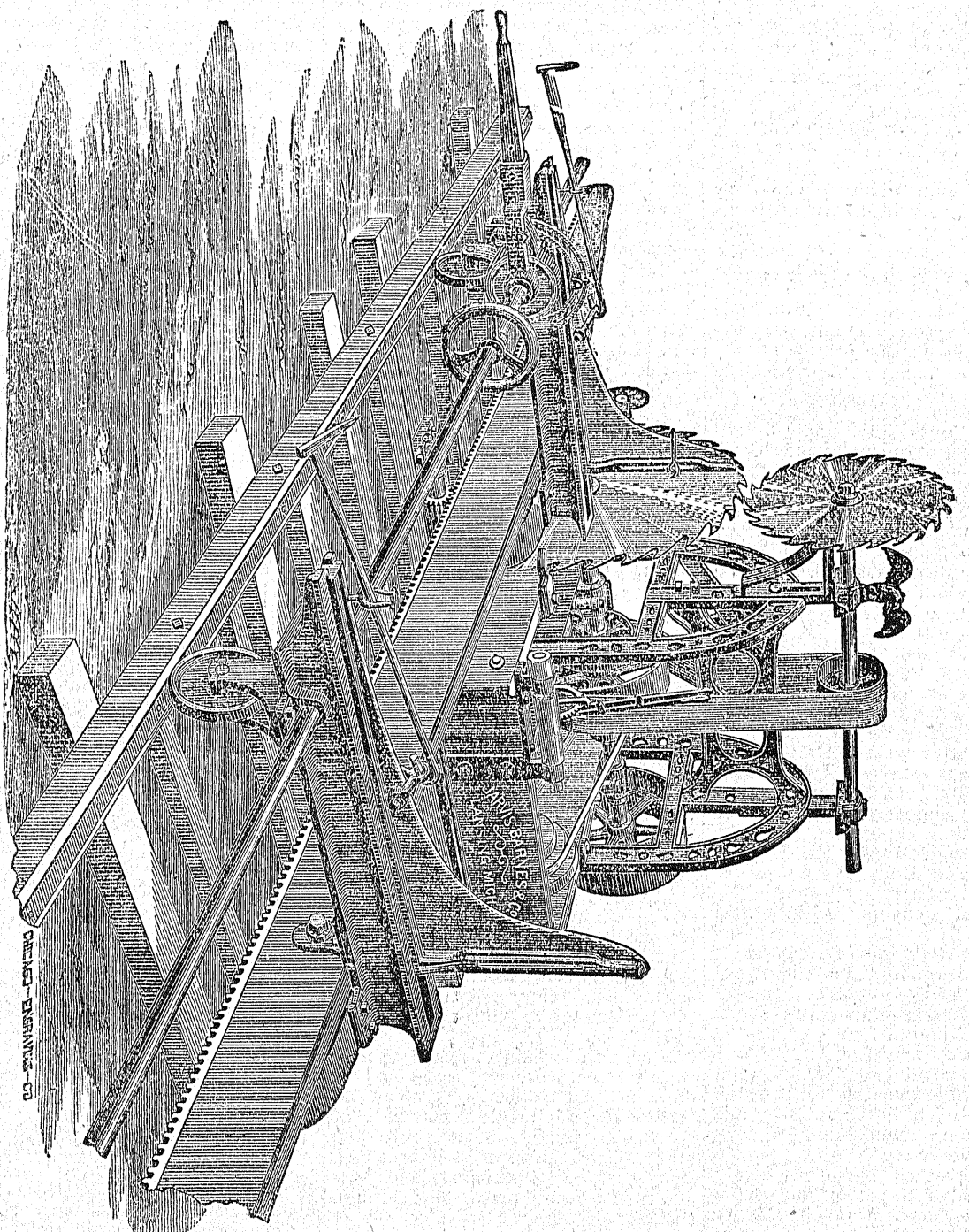
grist, will find it to your advantage to give

me a call.

## ATTENTION SAW MILL MEN!!

C. H. VAN WAGONER

Keeps the Best Saw Mill Machinery in the State



## CALL AND EXAMINE.

State Street, Next Door to the Post-office, Caro, Mich.