

Cass City Enterprise.

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One Dollar Per Year.

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CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

Published every Friday morning at Cass City, Tuscola County, Michigan.

BROWNE BROS.,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The subscription price of the Enterprise is One Dollar per year. Terms—Strictly cash in advance, or if not paid until the end of the year it will be collected for at the rate of \$1.25 at the expiration of that time.

One of the best advertising mediums in Tuscola county. Rates made known on application at this office.

Our job department has been recently increased by the addition of a large quantity of new type, making it complete in every respect. We have facilities for doing the most difficult work in this line and solicit the patronage of the public.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. D. GILLIES,
NOTARY PUBLIC. Deeds, mortgages, etc., carefully executed. Office, Main street, Cass City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate.

DR. N. M'CLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur. Graduate of Wm. University 1845. Office first door over Fritz's drug store. Specialties—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

DR. J. H. M'LEAN,
DANGERS Cured without the knife. Tape-worms removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas and fissures cured by a new and painless method.

HENRY BUTLER
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections and conveyancing a specialty. Office in the Pinney block. 174

L. ROBINSON,
VETERINARY SURGEON—Office at residence, Cass City.

JOHN ANYON,
NOTARY PUBLIC. Collections promptly attended to. I repaired to do business in other states and foreign countries. dec17

A. T. SLAGHT & CO., Abstracts of Title

To all Lands in Tuscola county.



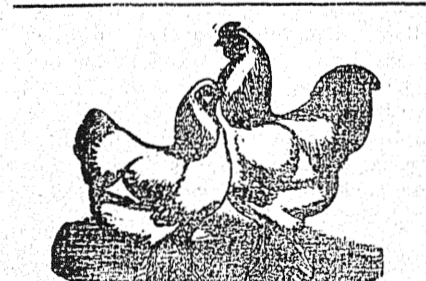
MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTGAGES.

—IN SUMS FROM—
\$50 TO \$5,000!
For long or short time.

Office across from Meiler House,
CASS CITY, - MICH.

**FOR SALE CHEAP
AND ON EASY TERMS.**

2nd S. W. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, section 34, town 14, north, range 11 east, except part lying south of the river; also except one acre off southwest corner. Inquire of
A. T. SLAGHT & CO., Cass City, Mich.



LIGHT BRAHMA EGGS for hatching; three thoroughbred strains, Philadelphia, Duke of York and Autocrat. Finest poultry in the world. Carefully mated and bred. \$1.50 for 13 eggs. **SAM. M. GILCHRIST, Cass City.**

NEW TIN SHOP

I have opened a new Tin Shop in the Dilman building, and am now prepared to do all work in the line of tinning. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call.
L. M. HOWEY
Formerly with J. P. Howe

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Slaght & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have secured more than \$1000 in a few days. Capital not required. You are started for. Those who start at once get the best of the gold fields. All is now.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

Crisp and Spicy News Gathered by the Corps of Correspondents of the Enterprise.

Tuscola, Sanilac and Huron Counties All Represented in These Columns.

GAGETOWN.

An ice-berg hit us on Monday.

Geo. Masters is to be our marshal.

Tony Weiler of Unionville was here on Sunday.

Jos. Gage was at the county capital on Monday.

Miss Lettie Gage is home from school at Jonesville.

Mrs. Gifford is now under the treatment of Dr. McLean of Cass City.

Chas. Maynard entertained Terry O'Loughlin of Bay City on Friday.

Mrs. N. B. Sponenberg has returned from her visit at Brockway Center.

H. C. L. Flamboy is in Detroit on business connected with his radiator.

D. McGregor, proprietor of the Patron store, reports business so far very fair.

Rev. Mr. Hillas has been assisting Mr. McGregor in the store for a few days.

Your correspondent has been too much occupied with other business to make a suitable report.

Mr. Jewitt, state Hartford Insurance agent, has been transacting business here for several days.

Wm. Moody, who is now running a shoe shop at Bad Axe, was home over Sunday with his family.

A Mr. Bears near Creel has a ewe that gave birth to five lambs, all of which are alive and gambing.

McMillan & Hughes have on hand several fine buggies and carts. We noticed Fr. Krebs riding in one last Sabbath.

Wm. Calbeck of Caro was a guest of Chas. Maynard on Friday. He drove Nettie C. and Booth, her brother. Both horses are pacers.

The patriarchs of the town met on Monday evening to discuss the propriety and advisability of purchasing a lot upon which to place the public buildings.

Chas. Maynard has the nicest three year-old colt that we have had the pleasure of seeing for some time, and Chas. is just the boy that knows how to take good care of it.

The Washington house comes into Jos. Gages' possession May 1st. Mr. Gage will furnish it with new furniture throughout and proposes to make it a first-class hotel hereafter.

For the benefit of the public, John Anyon has a fine German bell placed upon his establishment. Calls made are promptly answered, and a good comfortable rig is furnished.

A rather warm discussion took place after the afternoon service in the Win-ton school house. The two persons seemed to be advocating the principles that their doctrines were based upon.

One of the finest yearling colts in Tuscola county is owned in the village of Gagetown, and Rev. Krebs is the happy owner. The colt's sire is Robinson's trotting stallion of Cass City.

As your correspondent entered the postoffice the other day he failed to see the cheerful countenance of Miss Jennie Toohy, who as pestmistress, won the admiration of the public. We find that she has returned to her home near Elmwood.

Who said that the mind of our friend, the Grant correspondent, was demented, and that he was a pusillanimous individual, rapidly approaching a state of imbecility? They are mistaken. He was just trying to pay us a com-taffy you know.

Money to Loan on Real Estate.

I will be at Gagetown every Monday afternoon, until further notice. Parties wishing to loan money on good security are invited to call on me.
C. W. McPHAIL,
Cass City Bank.

WEST GREENLEAF.

Charles Sherman has moved to town. Fruit trees are beginning to blossom. A large crop of fruit is expected this year.

Bert Wright has moved into John Wright's house.

Three lawyers in the field and the fourth is expected.

Thomas Nixon has rented a part of James Tindale's farm.

Remember the meeting at the McConnell school house next Sunday p. m.

The law suit of school district No. 1 has been adjourned until May 2nd.

Bardwell Bros. have sold their oxen. Dr. Robinson of Cass City was the buyer.

There will be a law suit at W. J. M. Jones' office on the 3rd of May. Wm. Blackmer vs James Wright.

We once heard a story about a large

DEFORD.

Light rain on the 28th.

H. H. VanTassel has commenced to build his store.

Our base ballists practiced on the 27th, showing remarkable points.

Harve Retherford has gone to Inlay City to visit. Harve has not fully recovered yet. His son Lewis went with him.

F. D. Curtis had a plowing bee on the land he has rented of James Bruce, on Monday.

Mrs. Forshee, east of here, has been very sick, but is somewhat better at this time.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Sole of Novesta, April 26th, a daughter. All feel correspondingly proud.

Miss Carrie Hitchcock, who has been home sick for the past two weeks, is expected back to take charge of her school southeast of here.

The school districts No. 4 and 6 of Kingston will settle their difference of opinion without blood shed. That's right, show the Christian spirit.

There was very warm times over in Kingston on sections 11, 12 and 13 last week, it was "fire in the woods boys, run boys run." Through the thorough work of some of the citizens no buildings were burned. All is quiet at present.

When Bay City people talk about branching off the P. O. & P. A. railroad at Gagetown they are just a little wild. If cutting through hills and buildings and going through swamps is "bis," when a level route can be secured, we want to know it. They are a brainy crew, "over the left."

Miss Jennie McIntyre has been taking the place of Carrie Hitchcock at the school in district No. 6, Kingston, for the past week. Jennie is a good teacher, but when the youths play pranks and refuse to simmer she strikes from the shoulder in dead earnest, as some of the juveniles down there can testify.

Wilson & Valentine own a clover huler and hired Adam Mucks, engineer, to run it for a time last fall. They finished up down in Evergreen and engaged a very green Evergreen, as he proved to be, to draw the engine to Cass City. He took it part way, tipped it over in the ditch, and left it there. The boys were put to the expense of getting it out and taking it to the City and paying \$30 for repairs. Rather tough on the boys, especially Dave, who has never got a glance at the great P. O. L. only ten per cent, world straghting billy goats.

GRANT.

A nice, gentle shower of rain began to fall Saturday night.

John Castle came near losing a good horse by inflammation of the bowels.

J. Castle has returned from the Pigeon. Not a very large load of fish this time.

Angus Crawford of Brookfield was over here on Tuesday visiting Thomas Walters.

Richards thinks that he is not the smallest man in the world since he saw the photo agent.

The ladies of this locality are the conductors of the weekly prayer meeting. They seem to be very zealous in their work.

Mr. and Mrs. Gage have gone to Canada to attend the funeral of Mrs. Gage's sister. Mrs. J. Castle is their housekeeper during their absence.

Another muster of the "Cheap Johns" at the school house on last Saturday evening. They are going to have debates in their lodge on various subjects not open to the public. That is just the way to do it, let your light shine under a half-bushel.

We are very sorry to hear that Miss McClinton has been denied a certificate in Huron county, not because she was not qualified, for she honorably passed the examination in Tuscola county, but that little county spleen had something to do with it. We are very sorry to lose her as she was getting along nicely with her school.

The smallest representation of humanity that ever put in an appearance in these parts, in the shape of a man, did so the other day. He was not more than four feet high. He is taking orders for a photograph firm of New York for enlarging photographs to life size. He says that he hails from Uby, and he is succeeding very well.

John Battel has put up a new fence by the highway that will prevent the snow from drifting the road full in the winter. If everyone on the Centre line to Cass City would do the same there would be no more trouble with snow blocked roads in winter. It is also cheaper than either board or rail fences. Success to you Battel for you deserve it.

One of the bachelors, Jack Doerr, while standing on the head of a barrel to drive stakes into the ground lost his equilibrium, or getting off the center of gravity, was obliged to jump off the barrel and thereby hurt his ankle so bad that it makes him hobble around like a lame horse, and nobody to do any thing for his lameness. Get a wife, Jack.

We once heard a story about a large

fish swallowing a man, but a cow cannot swallow a very large piece of turnip, for John Watter's cow has tried it and died. Mr. Watter tried hard to save her, took a whip handle and thrust it down her throat and succeeded in removing the turnip, but the cow gave her head a jerk breaking the handle from the effects of which she died. This should prove a good lesson to every person who gives such feed to their cattle.

Dealings in Dirt.

The following are the transfers furnished us by Register Toland for the week ending May 1st:

Mina Moore to Joseph Berford, 1 acre in sec 1/2 of sec 1/2, sec 23, Watertown, \$50.

John B. Curtis to Eliza J. Pulling, lot 2, Curtis' addition to Newbury, \$60.

A. P. Randall to Wm. Turner, lot 6, block 4, Mayville, \$125.

Chas. W. Francis to Wm. P. Millikin, n 1/2 of ne 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec 35, Kingston, \$350.

T. C. Quinn to Wm. H. Carson, ne 1/4 of nw 1/4, sec 36, Wells, \$100.

Jas. Hill to John B. Calkins, w 1/2 of e 1/2 of nw 1/4, sec 14, Arhela, \$1,575.

Elmer H. Chamberlain to Orenda A. Briggs, ne 1/4 of se 1/4, sec 15, Juniata, \$1,250.

Frederick Jackson to John H. Eggert, e 1/2 of sw 1/4, sec 3, Millington, \$1,550.

Chas. D. Curry to Catherine E. Curry, n 1/2 of nw 1/4, sec. 4, Columbia, \$3,000.

Wm. L. Stone to Wm. Harris, ne 1/4 of se 1/4, sec 21, Wells, \$1,000.

Mary Hool et al, to John Hool, nw 1/4 of se 1/4, sec 18, Elmwood, \$1,000.

Henry Hool et al, to John Hool, 1/2 of n 1/2 of n 1/2 of nw 1/4, sec 18, Elmwood, \$1,000.

John T. Schaaf to Edmund Brotherton, lot 7, block 3, Ale's addition, Cass City, \$75.

Wm. H. Withey to Elizabeth J. Withey n 1/2 of sw 1/4, sec 34, Elkland, \$1,000.

Debra Martindale to Deborah Cleaver, n 1/2 of nw 1/4, sec 9, Elmwood, \$1,000.

Seymour O. Day to Homer D. Day, ne 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec 16, Fairgrove, \$300.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual.

Such a remarkable event is treasured in their memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the great alternative and tonic. If you are in any way troubled with disease of the kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and \$1. per bottle at Fritz Bros.' drug store.

Three Cent Column.

All advertisements inserted in this column at Three Cents per line for each insertion.

FOR SALE—A good quality of pine lumber. R. F. MARR, Cass City.

LOST—I lost a good smoke by not buying my cigars at C. L. Soper's, Kingston.

BLACKSMITH SHOP and dwelling house for sale. Address B. ROBERTSON, Gagetown. 3m29-6wks.

FOR SALE—Some farm and road horses, also a few wagons and buggies. S. R. MARKHAM, 4-12 1/2 Cass City.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further information address J. C. LAING, 4-12 1/2 Cass City, Mich.

FOR SALE—A five year old horse, also a new top buggy, Dexter queen spring. 4m6 D. McLEAN.

FARM TO RENT—80 acres, 60 acres cleared, cheap. Also 3 cows, for sale cheap, inquire of C. L. SOPER, Kingston.

FOR SALE—An 80 acre farm in Greenleaf, Sanilac county. Inquire of Widow Wright, Cass City.

FOR SALE—Horse and lot Kelland's addition. Also business lot on main street, Cass City. Inquire of 4-10 3m B. C. WALKER.

FOR SALE—80 acres of unimproved land, situated in Evergreen township, Sanilac Co. Apply to ALONZO H. ALE, Cass City.

LOST—A note made in the month of March, 1889, for 8 months; at 7 per cent interest, given by John Lewis. Wm. MILLIKIN, Kingston.

FOR SALE—140 acres of land, all cleared and stumped, good buildings, well watered. For further particulars, inquire of 4-10-2 wks JOHN BARBER, Cass City.

BULL FOR SALE—Thirteen months old. Dark red. Registered in American Short Horn herd book. I will sell on time to responsible party. JOHN MARSHALL, Cass City.

STRAY—Came into enclosure on April 23d, 2 1/2 yearling colts. Owner please call, prove property, pay charges and take them away. 4-26 4w JAS. RUSSELL, Sec. 5, Elkland.

TOP FOR SALE—I have 150 tops for sale between Creel and Owendale, at \$25 a lot. Good title guaranteed. Address: MRS. GEO. CROSS, Creel, Mich.

FOR SALE—Pair of 5 year old mares, good size and disposition, one will foal about a month. I will sell these mares and good double harness cheap for cash. Wm. McDURMON, Two miles east of Ellington. 2-wks

FOR SALE—A good work horse (gelding) five years old. Also a mare, 5 or 6 tons of timothy hay, and 6 tons of ice. Six months time will be given for good paper at 7 per cent. JOHN A. CHARLTON, 4-12 2w Five miles east of Cass City.

EGGS FOR HATCHING THOROUGHbred POULTRY—Wyandotte, Black Cochon, White Leghorn, Plymouth Rock and Light Brahmans. Sitting of 13 eggs, \$1.00. Two miles north and one mile west of Cass City. 3m15w A. B. DURFER.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west 1/4 quarter of south-east 1/4 quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 33, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timothy land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. McPHAIL, Cass City Bank.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Fritz Bros.' drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

E. H. PINNEY, Proprietor. ALONZO H. ALE, Cashier.

THE EXCHANGE BANK, CASS CITY, - - MICH.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Drafts available anywhere in the United States or Canada bought and sold.

Collections a specialty.

ORGANS! ORGANIS!



We have a large and elegant stock of ORGANS which we wish to introduce into Cass City and vicinity. These Organs are of our own manufacture and we can recommend them. The cases are of the latest styles and the tone of the instruments is perfect in every respect.

Style 100 Represents our Six-Octave Piano Case, which is a beauty.

Style 60 Represents our Double Canopy Top Organ a beautiful Ornament.

Style 40 Represents our Favorite Cabinet Organ and is our greatest seller. We also have on hand a large stock of Cabinet Organs.

We will be in Cass City within the next three weeks with samples of the above

GOULD & SON Organ Co., Lexington, Mich.

HOLMES BROS. GROCERIES.

Is the store where everybody is going for their

—PRICES and GOODS are NOT EXCELLED ANYWHERE.—

**Crockery
And Glassware,
Fresh Fruits,
Confectionery,
And Nuts,
Groceries, Etc.**

We are now showing our usual quantity and choice assortment of

GARDEN SEEDS. Also a full line of

CIGARS AND CANNED GOODS.

BUTTER AND EGGS WANTED.

CASH Paid For EGGS.

Goods Delivered in the City Free of Charge.

HOLMES BROS.

**TO THE PUBLIC:
HOWE & BIGELOW
have a good competent
Tinsmith and would solicit
your trade in that line.**

REMEMBER

We carry a complete line of all kinds of

HARDWARE, PAINTS and OILS.

HOWE & BIGELOW,

CASS CITY, APRIL 8.

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Medal of Honor for an Illinois Soldier.

Dog Soldiers and Their Value to the Army—A Rebel who Benefited—A Union Officer—Etc.

Four Western Buds.



IDE open stand the Union's doors
And Washington's historic halls
Are hushed as grave Columbia
Majestically speaks
And calls,
With smiling lips and kindling glance
The coming western debutantes.

"Beloved daughters,
Give the hand
Of welcome to Miss Washington,
Self-styled for him illustrious
Who lividly proclaimed and won.
Dear child, 'tis bold to wear that name;
Be sure you guard it e'er from shame.

"Whom have we here? Miss Mon Tana—
With glowing cheeks, and robes of gold.
Fear not, sweet maid, to take your place
Amidst the God-appointed fold.

"Miss South Dakota, stand thou forth;
And thou, Miss North Dakota, forth;
Twin sisters from the lay North,
Remove those wheat-straw hats, ye fair,
Nor blush for hayseeds in your hair.

"Ye wrinkled, venerable dames
Who rock'd the cradle of our flag,
Stare at their costumes if ye must,
But do not in your greeting lag.
Long have they knock'd at outer doors,
And shivered in the blizzard's blast.
Thank God, they're warmly housed at last!
H. C. FAIRMAN.

Major Secriste's Medal of Honor.
Major L. J. Secriste, of La Grange, Ill., recently received from the War Department a medal of honor for distinguished acts of bravery at Chancellorsville, Va., Oct. 14, 1863.

In the action at Chancellorsville, his regiment formed the left of Thomas Francis Meagher's Irish brigade, and Major Secriste commanded the left company of his regiment, the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, of General Hancock's Division, Second Corps.

Early in the morning, after the line of battle had been formed, the Fifth Maine Battery took up a position between the left of the regiment and the Chancellorsville House, and at once opened fire on the enemy, and were quickly answered by the enemy's fire with such rapidity and fearful effect in mowing down men and horses that in less than an hour every gun of the Fifth Maine Battery was silenced, and but two of her artillerists had the hardihood to remain at their posts.

At this juncture Major, then Lieutenant, Secriste, seeing the Confederate infantry advancing upon the battery, called on his small company to follow, and led them through the concentrated fire of thirty cannon, into a storm of shot and shell, into the face of Jackson's men flushed with victory, and bore off in triumph the first gun recovered from the field. His daring act was quickly followed by others of his brigade and regiment until every gun and every caisson was saved.

So fierce was the firing at this juncture that the Chancellorsville House was burned to the ground, and the confederates' aim so accurate that one of their shells was shot directly into one of the guns of the Fifth Maine Battery as it burst.

Secriste was at this time 18 years of age, and his daring act elicited the compliments of his regimental brigade officers and General Hancock, his division commander.

Secriste has had a remarkable military record. He participated in all the battles of the Potomac, except one, from 1862 until Appomattox, April 9, 1865, serving four years more in the Sixth United States Volunteers and in the regular army. He has held nine military commissions, and has in his possession letters highly commendatory of his remarkable bravery from Generals Hancock, Warner, Beaver, Meagher, and others.

Railroad Rates for the G. A. R.
At Madison, Wisconsin, March 26, Senator Hod Taylor made his closing speech in behalf of his railroad bill and scored a great victory. By a big majority the Senate referred the bill back to the committee on railroads. The stand taken by the two leading Wisconsin railroads relative to rates for the Grand Army of the Republic veterans had a good deal to do with it. Senator Taylor made it a feature of his address, and his references to this subject were warmly applauded, as was the announcement of the vote by which the bill was referred back to the committee.

The encampment meeting there, the same day, was a warm one and important action was taken. A committee was appointed to meet the following Thursday at the St. Paul railroad offices and there confer with the officials on the question of rates. It was the unanimous opinion of the members of the committee that in case it is demonstrated that Milwaukee is so situated that the railroads cannot or will not give the 1 cent rate the Grand Army of the Republic council and the commander-in-chief will be notified that the encampment must be held in some place other than Milwaukee. President Roswell Miller says the Milwaukee roads can, under no circumstances, go below the rate they now demand, which is about 2 cents a mile.

Like an Old Roman.
The Emperor of Russia has just decorated and rewarded a private soldier

whose fidelity to his duty recalls the stories of the Roman sentinels who perished in the destruction of Pompeii. When the recent earthquake destroyed a small Russian town in Central Asia this soldier was on duty in the Military Treasury. Although the houses were crashing around him this faithful fellow stood motionless, waiting death. The only sign which showed that he appreciated his situation was the fact that he raised his hands as soldiers do in prayer. Fortunately a sergeant in the street saw him amid the ruins and instantly ordered him to quit his post, which he did right willingly.

A Gorgeous Figure.
Gen. Schofield was the most gorgeous figure on the floor of the Senate on inauguration day. No one of the gaily attired Diplomatic Corps could compare with Schofield in brilliancy of appearance. He sat with Gen. Sherman in the front row on one of the seats reserved for those who had received the public thanks of Congress. Sherman was attired as a civilian, and looked almost insignificant beside the golden glory of his dashing companion. The Ambassadors from China, Japan, Corea and Turkey looked upon Schofield with admiring eyes. He seemed to represent to them the grandeur of the United States.

Dog Soldiers.



The dogs of war have passed out of rhetoric into reality. The plebeian tow-haired bristling shepherd dogs of Germany have been forced into military service and have come to be a valuable ally to the armies of the emperor.

The most important office which these dogs perform as an ally of the army consists in the aid they render the sentinels at night. Keen-scented, quick to detect any strange sound and able to see in darkness that is impenetrable to man, it is impossible for any enemy to approach the picket lines without attracting their attention. But they must not bark. If thoroughly trained they will listen to the nearest sentinel and impart the information to him without making any noise. Some are trained to express their meaning by a low whine and others by tugging at the bootlees of the sentinel. The only occasion on which these dogs are allowed to bark is on finding a dead or wounded soldier in some marsh or underbrush or perhaps in the snow after the battle-field has been deserted. They render invaluable assistance to the ambulance corps. A knapsack of food, with perhaps a flask of brandy and a bottle of milk, if the hospital surgeon thinks proper, is frequently strapped to their backs when they are on duty with the ambulance corps.

The disabled soldier, who may be famishing in some lonely thicket is thus enabled to satisfy the most imperative demands of nature when the dog reaches him. It has been found that the dog can generally be relied upon to find some means to report every case of distress that he discovers to the relief corps. When the Frenchmen crossed the German frontier, in 1870, the first sign of King William's army that greeted their eyes was a corps of big lancers wearing square caps with swinging tassels, which had been sent forward to reconnoiter. So formidable and imposing was the appearance of these men that the advance guard of the French forces were said to have been thoroughly frightened. But on the whole the lancers were of doubtful value to the Germans as the French

at first, these words alone rang in his bewildered brain, but ere long the preacher's words took hold of him and carried him along. As Roger sat staring at the rector, it seemed to him that his glance was returned by one that looked him through. Gladly would he have crept away from the church, but, fastened by those wonderful eyes, he dared not stir.

It was a temperance sermon, and driven home by no feeble hand. Roger, as he listened to the burning words, lost, once and for all, the impression that he was a very good sort of fellow. The picture given of the degradation of the human soul when given up to drink was not overdrawn. Alas! the preacher knew it could not be, but Roger quailed before the scathing words. He shuddered, as he saw himself stripped of all sentiment, deprived of the interest of self-pity. He saw himself a loathsome, abused creature, and the contempt of the rector for such an one was harder for Roger to bear than the severest scourging could have been.

But "to him that overcometh," like fire the meaning of these words rushed through his mind, as the speaker, holding to his text, with a noble impetuosity, stirred the hearts of his listeners to fight against and overcome the evil tendencies of their self-shared natures.

Roger thought his fluttering heart would burst, as he thought of the past and the possibilities of the future. Remote, not self-pity, brought tears to his eyes now, and contempt for himself added to his misery.

It was over. Another hymn was sung; the people left the church. Mr. Mark, the rector, wearily left the vestry and walked down the aisle. As he set his foot in the porch, some one touched his sleeve. It was Roger.

Mr. Mark turned his glowing eyes upon him. Roger, dirty, ragged, unkempt, unwashed, with eyes red and bleared, stood waiting to speak; but face to face with the man he wanted, became abashed.

"You have something to say to me?" said Mr. Mark. "Come out into the air."
This glaring glance at Roger had told him what his man wanted of him. His face was stern, and he frowned a little with ill-concealed loathing, as the unhappy wretch before him stared vacantly around.

"I'll never touch another drop, before God!" cried Roger, wildly. He made an unsteady clutch at the rector, and clung to his arm.
"Help me!" he cried. "I am a beast, a wretch. But, as God sees me, I'll reform. I'll never touch another drop, so help me God!"
The rector bared his head. To Roger it brought a sudden sense of the meaning of the oath he had taken. He looked with some apprehension at this strange man, who had so thrilled his deadened soul this

ROGER.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

"Here's the police!"
Two men, with a drunken third heavily swinging between them, looked about with evident anxiety. Self-preservation urged immediate flight, but they were unwilling to leave a boon companion in the lurch.

"They'll be psalm singing in the church here presently," cried one, seeing the open doors.
Enough! They dragged the man up the steps, opened a side door and pushed him down in a dark corner. The next moment, they had vanished, and Roger, the drunken man, fell into a heavy slumber.

The bells chimed the hour of service, people filled the empty pews, the organ pealed and the choir sang. Some of these novel sounds broke the drunkard's sleep, for at length he sat up and stared stupidly around him.

To wake in such surroundings from a drunken sleep was anything but agreeable to Roger's feelings. The best part of him protested against such an intrusion; he made up his mind to creep out as soon as possible. But, though the effort was quickly made, it was useless; Roger's limbs uttered a distinct refusal to carry their master a single yard. He had to accept the situation and make the best of it.

The singing was very sweet, bringing tears to his maudlin eyes. It made him think of Molly, his poor wife. Why! once upon a time he had been a steady churchgoer, until that cursed attack of typhoid fever. 'Twas all the fault of the doctor who prescribed whisky—whisky, to bring him through. Better had he died, nay, far better.

Here he wept a few tears of self-pity; a drunkard is apt in finding scape goats on which to throw the burden of his transgressions. The lower he falls, the easier does this habit become, and Roger, who, when he first fell, was ashamed to look his wife in the face, now was eager to believe that, if she would smile on him and make a pleasant home for him, he yet would reform. So the more Roger felt the influence of the sweet singing, the easier came his tears, the more ready, his blame for every one belonging to him, as being the cause of his downfall, his constant backslidings.

Roger, shedding maudlin tears in the dark corner, quite incapable of exciting either sympathy or compassion. Yet, six years ago, he was a steady man, earning good wages, with a comfortable home for his wife and two children. The verdict of the world is never severe enough on the drunkard. He is spoken of as his own worst enemy. Alas! think of his wife, his children. Can words describe the suffering, the anguish such an one imposes on those who love him?

Several people had interested themselves in Roger. They had meant well, and had taken the kindest pains to show him that they thought well of him, and believed he intended to reform. They had blamed the doctor for creating the thirst for drink by such free use of whisky as a medicine.

Roger rather liked being the centre of so much interest, but he had no intention of curbing his new-born appetite; he let himself go, so his will, never a weak one, led him. The good people who made these efforts spent time and money in vain. He was left with the feeling that he was a very good kind of fellow, too good for the life he chose to lead. His boon companions also called him a "good fellow." It was natural, therefore, that he should be angry with Molly for looking so wan and thin, while he was enjoying himself in his own way. The road he was going was travelled at a swift rate, and he had gone far, the hour came when his anger culminated in a blow. After this the downward path became an easier one, and brought Roger in a few years' time to more drunken than sober hours.

Roger's poor, rambling thoughts and his tears of self-pity were suddenly arrested, for the rector, having ascended the pulpit gave out his text in a powerful voice. The words thus incisively pronounced seized the drunkard's whole attention—they seemed to be spoken entirely to him. "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

At first, these words alone rang in his bewildered brain, but ere long the preacher's words took hold of him and carried him along. As Roger sat staring at the rector, it seemed to him that his glance was returned by one that looked him through. Gladly would he have crept away from the church, but, fastened by those wonderful eyes, he dared not stir.

It was a temperance sermon, and driven home by no feeble hand. Roger, as he listened to the burning words, lost, once and for all, the impression that he was a very good sort of fellow. The picture given of the degradation of the human soul when given up to drink was not overdrawn. Alas! the preacher knew it could not be, but Roger quailed before the scathing words. He shuddered, as he saw himself stripped of all sentiment, deprived of the interest of self-pity. He saw himself a loathsome, abused creature, and the contempt of the rector for such an one was harder for Roger to bear than the severest scourging could have been.

But "to him that overcometh," like fire the meaning of these words rushed through his mind, as the speaker, holding to his text, with a noble impetuosity, stirred the hearts of his listeners to fight against and overcome the evil tendencies of their self-shared natures.

Roger thought his fluttering heart would burst, as he thought of the past and the possibilities of the future. Remote, not self-pity, brought tears to his eyes now, and contempt for himself added to his misery.

It was over. Another hymn was sung; the people left the church. Mr. Mark, the rector, wearily left the vestry and walked down the aisle. As he set his foot in the porch, some one touched his sleeve. It was Roger.

Mr. Mark turned his glowing eyes upon him. Roger, dirty, ragged, unkempt, unwashed, with eyes red and bleared, stood waiting to speak; but face to face with the man he wanted, became abashed.

"You have something to say to me?" said Mr. Mark. "Come out into the air."
This glaring glance at Roger had told him what his man wanted of him. His face was stern, and he frowned a little with ill-concealed loathing, as the unhappy wretch before him stared vacantly around.

"I'll never touch another drop, before God!" cried Roger, wildly. He made an unsteady clutch at the rector, and clung to his arm.
"Help me!" he cried. "I am a beast, a wretch. But, as God sees me, I'll reform. I'll never touch another drop, so help me God!"
The rector bared his head. To Roger it brought a sudden sense of the meaning of the oath he had taken. He looked with some apprehension at this strange man, who had so thrilled his deadened soul this

evening, and who, while looking him through and through, still vouchsafed no remark, gave forth no sympathizing word which Roger might catch and lean on at this hour.

"Master, for God's sake, see me safe home to-night!" cried Roger, who between drink and emotion, was scarcely sane.

Silently, an arm was linked in his, and without a word, Mr. Mark walked on through some of the vilest slums of the city. As they went, Roger glanced occasionally at his new friend's face; he almost covered before the growing sternness of expression.

"Do you expect me to look pleased with such a neighborhood as this?" asked Mr. Mark at length, as if in answer to Roger's look. "Is it much farther?"

"Here, sir, down these steps, sir."
Without a word, the rector assisted him down some broken steps to a damp, collar-like room. On the threshold, he paused, giving one glance into the miserable place.

"This is my address," said he. "At nine o'clock to-morrow morning, be at my house."
It was a command which Roger felt bound to obey, and overcome with the sense of his degraded condition, impressed on his mind by the silent contempt of his companion, he staggered into the cellar, and threw himself down on the rags in a corner which was termed a bed.

A woman, sewing by the light of a tallow candle, looked nervously around, a little crippled boy crept into her arms, and a girl caught at her mother's gown as if for protection. Roger, looking up from his dark corner, saw this with sudden horror of himself, and, to allay the evident fear with which he was regarded, simulated a heavy slumber.

"Mother," said the crippled boy, old with the experience of life-long misery, "was father always like this?"

"No; oh, no! maddie," she answered, softly.
"Once father made a lovely home for us. He is a first-class carpenter, you know, and he built the cottage we lived in, himself."

"Tell us about it, mother," begged Susie.
Roger listened eagerly, as his worn face lovingly recounted those happy days when father took care of them all.

"Mother, mother!" cried Charley, with a little sob, "could I run about then by myself? Did I not have to use crutches?"
There was a sob in his mother's throat, but she strove to answer calmly.

"You did not need crutches, then, Charley."
"Father did not beat you, then, mother?"
"Hush, Susie! Father never lays a finger on us when he's sober."

"But he is nearly always drunk," muttered Susie.
"Say your prayers and go to bed, dear children," said the poor mother, sighing.

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done."
The words haunted her, as she bent over her sewing.
She rose and stooped over her husband. Apparently, he slept heavily.

Next morning, ere she was awake, he arose and went out.
CHAPTER II.
Mr. Mark was still at breakfast when Roger was ushered into the room.

The rich aroma of coffee pervaded the air, making Roger sick with longing. This massive frame was emaciated from his drunken habits. What had been a handsome man was but a pitiful object in the morning sunshine.

"Before we begin to talk," said Mr. Mark. "I am going to give you some breakfast. Sit down."
Roger obeyed. The coffee he longed for was beside him, and he made an effort to eat the food generously provided, but failed.

"If you have eaten as much as you can, follow me," said Mr. Mark. "Come into my study."
Roger shuffled along with bent head. He was ashamed to look at the young man.

"Now, sit down. Your name is Roger Burland, you say. Well, Roger I've got a great deal to say to you. In the first place, don't expect sympathy from me. I have none for you. I can't forgive you for thus debasing yourself with self-indulgence. It is well for you that the good God above us is more forgiving than we can be to one another—Roger, when I think that you have a wife and a little girl, living in those horrible slums, and you, a strong man, God forgive me, Roger, but I long to take a horsewhip, and break it across your broad shoulders."
Roger started. This was something completely unexpected. He had looked for delicate sympathy and offers to help, to be told "human nature was weak, and others had fallen as low as he," but as he sat in the rector's presence, he felt overcome with shame.

He tried to stammer forth some excuse.
"Don't!" said Mr. Mark. "It only increases my loathing for you. You can bear to keep a wife and child in a cellar, while you drink for your own amusement. You can be content to keep them in a place decent people avoid. Call yourself a man, do you?"
Roger stared silently.

"I've got two children," he said, presently. Then added, "My boy Charley, he's a cripple."
"Good God! In that cellar!" exclaimed Mr. Mark, with flashing eyes. "Now, Roger, let us understand one another. I am your witness before God Almighty that you have sworn to reform. Now, I am not going to keep you straight. I shan't try to for if you want to drink, and have not will enough by help of God to keep from it, human help will avail nothing, and I will be no man's crutch. I will find you work; see to it you keep it. I will be your friend till death, if you but prove yourself a man; but understand me, if you go back to your drunken habits, my interest in you will be gone. You are thinking I am a hard man. Do you know, I never loathed a human being as I loathed your drunken clutch last night. The memory of that horrible walk will never leave me. It was a foretaste of hell."

Roger stared, open-mouthed.
"I go willingly to such places when called by the sick and suffering. I never count that a labor," continued Mr. Mark; "but last night I was in ill company. I was with a strong man who had given up all goodness to the indulgence of his base appetites. When I saw your cellar home I thought it was as good as such a one could expect; but when I saw you had a wife and child there, Roger, my contempt and disgust almost overcame me. I could have thrashed you heartily, Roger."

Silence followed this energetic speech.
Roger tried to shake himself together, to find some loophole by which to excuse himself. His huge fists lay on his knee, his remnant of manhood came to his force.

"I mean what I say," he said. "I'll drink no more and as soon as I can earn decent wages, I'll make a home for my Molly, as I shan't be ashamed for you to enter, sir."
At this, Mr. Mark rose and stretched out his hand. The handshaking seemed to Roger a solemn covenant, as important as the oath of the previous night.

Mr. Mark then began to question Roger as to his work, and Roger, finding he was a carpen-

ter, put him to make some book shelves for his little sister, who was lame.
"About the size of my Charley," thought Roger, as he looked at little Lois.

Ah, how tender the stern rector was with this afflicted little one. Roger might well take home a lesson with him to night.
Mr. Mark came in at sundown and paid him for his day's work, briefly telling him that he had found him work for the next day. Roger lingered in the entry.

"Sir," said he, suddenly grasping the rector's slender hand. "Walk past those devilish places with me to-night. I am just torn to pieces with the craving."
"Roger," said he, sternly, "I will be no man's crutch. If after, all, you want to drink, drink! My strength can't save you. If you don't will to reform, if you don't care enough for your wife and children, and your own manhood, I can't help you, and what is more I won't."

"It is of no use for me to preach to you," he continued. "With every temptation there is a way of escape; everything depends on your will to take the means provided. I know enough of men to be sure of one thing, that a crutch is never going to help them permanently; and so, if you really intend some day to fall back into your drunken ways, you may as well begin at once, for I tell you, it is your will that needs the strength, and no human being can help you there. Pray for strength to the One, who alone can give it to you, and fight every inch of your way, single-handed."

"You must think me a poor, pitiful wretch," muttered Roger.
"I won't judge you yet," smiled Mr. Mark. "I should think so, if I found you obliged to rely on my strength to keep you from falling. And if you can balance your love of drink against your love of home, wife and children, I give you up here and now."

With this, the rector shut the door on Roger, who went modily through the street. To be good or evil presented itself as a matter of deliberate choice, and Roger was firm in his intention to reform. He skulked past the drinking houses frequented by his boon companions; some day, perhaps, he would walk past manfully.

What would Molly say to see him home so early?
Molly trembled. As he drew near, she covered, expecting a blow.

"Wife," said he, gently. "Here's fifty cents, can't you get us some supper?"
"Ay and glad," she replied. "The poor children have had no proper meal to-day."

As she went out, Roger took the crippled lad in his lap and put one arm around Susie. Little Charley, forgiving the cruel past, soon was nestling to his father, with a clinging, loving embrace. When Molly came back, she wanted to take the child away for fear that he would prove an annoyance.

"Don't take him away," said Roger, with a slight choke in his voice.
He held him on his knee and fed him with the choicest morsels from the meagre supper. It was his hand, too, that gently laid the little fellow on the rags where he was accustomed to sleep.

"It's so cold," murmured the child, half-asleep, as he turned over to draw the poor coverlet over him. Roger laid his coat over him, then coming to his wife, he took away the coarse work over which she was straining her sight.

"Put it up for to-night," said he, almost sternly.
Roger, lying on his pallet that night, was praying for life for a few years more, that he might undo some of his cruel work, ere he died.

He went early to work next day. Mr. Mark came in to see him, spoke to him with evident increase of warmth, then waited to see if Roger had aught to tell him.

"It's that cellar, sir," said Roger. "I want to get them out of it at the end of this week, if I could find a decent place I could rent."
"Very good," said Mr. Mark. "I'll make some inquiries as I go around to-day."

At the dinner hour, he came for Roger and drove him out to a suburb, where a small cottage at a low rental was wanting a tenant. There was a small piece of ground attached to it, so that Molly could have a garden. This was a palace to Roger, and he was quite excited over the opportunity thus afforded him, of living respectably again. He thanked Mr. Mark, heartily, and went home that day so full of his new hopes, that he passed his old companions without seeing them, and cheered Mollie's heart with money for another meal.

But the very next day, the men combined and got hold of him. They dragged him to the bar, and poured raw liquor down his throat. He stood there panting, white and bloodless, like one who had suddenly fallen from heaven to hell. His companions jeered at him; he rubbed his rough hands across his eyes, as if to clear his vision. It seemed to him that a voice from above spoke louder than the fiends of earth. "To him that overcometh"—was he to lose his home, his wife and children for such as these? A thousand times, no! Standing there amongst them all, he made deliberate choice.

"Good evening, mates," said he, shaking himself as one who awakes from a bad dream, and before they had rightly understood his meaning, he was gone.

But he had not left the battle field without a wound; he was terrified to think how near he had been to falling. As he staggered along, he heard quick steps behind him. Were the fiends pursuing him? He turned at bay with his back to the wall, and fists clenched to defend himself.

It was Mr. Mark.
"Lois wanted me to bring your little boy some oranges, but, as I have met you, I'll go no further to-night."
"Sir," said Roger, "I thank you." He was wondering if the rector could smell the fumes of the strong liquor the men had forced upon him.

"Lois will come and see your little boy as soon as you get to the cottage; they will be friends I hope," he said in a friendly, kind voice, different from anything Roger had heard from him before. Then he was gone. Roger, the bag of oranges in his hand, stood staring after him, strangely happy. He began to realize that he had fought a heavy battle with self and had come off the conqueror. Should he tell Mr. Mark?

He stumbled a little as he went down the steps, and Molly hid the children hide; she thought he had been drinking again. She felt sure of this at his entrance, as the heavy smell of the liquor burdened the air. But the look on his face was new to her, certainly not an outcome of drink.

"You are tired, Roger," she said kindly.
"Mother," cried little Charley, emerging from his dark corner, "he isn't drunk. I know he is not."

He limped forward eagerly to the outstretched arms, with a sob of joy.
"Father, you won't be drunk again."
Roger could not answer. Perhaps until that moment he never truly realized what it

was to his children to have a drunken father.

When he went to Mr. Mark next day with the whole story, that gentleman listened gravely. He said nothing. It was not for him to meddle with the battle which Roger must fight alone. But as the man took his leave, he gave his hand a warm, brotherly grip which said all that was necessary.

So Roger worked on. How closely watched by his friend he was never to Molly. The cottage home was a paradise to Molly and the children; but ere many years passed away, Roger built a home with every comfort and convenience for his wife and family.

Lame Charlie and Lois became true friends, and were very helpful to one another.
Roger's history, his earnest desire to retrieve the past helped many another weak soul to live a better life.

Mr. Mark works still in the same way. He is utterly intolerant of drunkards; but the rare power is his of stirring up all the manhood in a fallen soul, and of directing him to lean, not on human aid, but on his own will, by help of Almighty God.—Yankee Blade.

Points for Horse-Owners.
Never wash a horse with cold water when he is heated.

Feed your horse three times daily, but never overfeed.
Water before feeding, but not while the horse is hot from work.

Use the whip very little, and never when the animal shies or stumbles.
Never leave a horse standing unhitched. It is the way to make them runaways.

Do not storm and fret. Be quiet and kind, and the horse will be so, too, in most cases.
Give the horse a large stall and a good bed at night. It is important that he lie down to rest.

Near the close of a journey let the horse walk. If covered with sweat rub off with a rag, to prevent too sudden cooling.
Collar galls and bruises are benefited by washing with salt water. Wash shoulders daily when using the horse. Brine is good also for stiff joints.

Keep a horse's bedding dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing in hot, fermenting manure causes thrush.
Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up in the manger. Pain and weariness from a confined position induce bad habits.

Never allow any one to tickle or tease your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke. Never beat the horse when in the stable, as nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

Use the currycomb lightly. When used roughly, it is a source of great pain; brushing and rubbing are the proper means to secure a glossy coat. Let the heels be brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes sore heels.
When a horse comes in from a journey, the first thing is to walk him around until he is cool. The next thing is to rub him dry. This removes dirt, dust and sweat, and allows time to recover, and the appetite to return. Also have his legs well rubbed by the hand; nothing so soon removes a strain.—Chicago Herald.

Prince Bismarck's Doctor.
Bismarck's doctor, the famous little Sweninger, is a remarkable and a delightful man. He is a creation of Bismarck's, more or less. He looks like a Russian prince, has the most piercing black eyes I have ever seen, a close-clipped black beard and mustache, massive, wavy coal-like hair, and a quick, incisive and nervous manner. He became disgraced at the very outset of a promising medical career by an affair with the wife of one of the professors in the college where he occupied a small position. The wife was a beautiful Viennese woman, and she had been married to a large and boery professor of Chemistry when very young. When she met the fiery Sweninger she fell violently in love with him. There was the deuce to pay—a terrific exposure and some sort of an affair between the doctor and the professor, which resulted in Sweninger's imprisonment. Bismarck had taken an interest in the case from the fact that Sweninger's actions towards the woman had been exceedingly manly throughout. The young doctor came out a ruined man and tried to practice in Berlin, but there was no hope for him until one day he was sent for by the Chancellor of the Empire. In an hour Bismarck had made his fortune, simply by the mighty influence of his patronage. Now the two men are close and fond companions.—Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

Truth in Time of Danger.
They were seated very close to the waterside

"TELL ME TRULY."

Dear little daisy, down in the grass, smiling up at me as I pass, if I listen, will you tell whether somebody loves me well?

"A TALISHMAN."

BY HON. MRS. N.F.

CHAPTER II.

Leigh gazed at the paper, amazed, and scarcely editing the evidence of his own eyes. Exactly like his handwriting each word on the letter appeared; exactly like his usual signature the one inscribed at the bottom of the paper; yet he knew fully that he had never written such a document, never sent any cheque to the bank within the last month.

"This is forgery," he said firmly, indicating the paper still held in the officer's hand. "I denounce it as such without the slightest hesitation. I never wrote one word upon that paper."

"You can say all that at the trial, sir," was the sceptical reply. "You'll have every chance of explaining there, of course. Meantime my duty is—"

He made a significant step forward. "Who was the bearer of this note?"

"The officer made a gesture as much as to say, 'You know all this much better than I,' but he answered:

"A footman in livery presented cheque and note—the carriage to which he belonged was waiting a few yards from the park. You see in your note Mr. Leigh, you request that the whole sum may be paid in gold, and that struck the cashier as a little queer; but thinking the man was your own servant, and knowing the note was a genuine one in your handwriting he cashed the cheque as requested. Afterwards, when enquiries were made he found the servant's livery was Mr. Beauchamp's, not yours; but the footman, on being privately questioned, said that you were certainly in his mistress's carriage at that time. He had opened the door for you to get into the carriage before he drove to the bank, and just gave the bag of money into the carriage window into your hands as soon as he had got it."

Leigh had staggered back and stood white and silent, with a look of horror in his eyes which his companions took for a certain sign of guilt.

Rousing himself with an effort, however, Leigh questioned in a voice unlike his own, hoarse and strained and harsh:

"Did the man see me take it?"

"He couldn't say for certain, I believe; there was a crush just there, and he had to jump quick back upon his box, to get out of the way of another carriage; but he knew you were there. Then they drove back to pick up Miss Beauchamp, who had just got down at a shop near; and the footman supposes that when his young lady got in you got out, as he did not see you when they reached home. When was it, you ask? Yesterday morning—no earlier!"

A broken inarticulate exclamation fell from Eberhard's lips; the look of incredulous, over-powering, unbearable horror in his eyes deepened, his features grew more ghastly, more heggard; he seemed paralyzed for the moment; and the practiced eyes of his arresters construed each sign into one of confessed guilt.

"You must come along with us now, sir." One of them advanced and grasped his arm. "Best come quietly, as I said before, and we will call no attention to it."

"You dare touch me, impertinent cur!"

Like a lion rousing from a torpor, the soldier shook off the presumptuous arm, then with one well-directed blow from the shoulder he laid his captor flat upon the floor.

The second man made a dive at him but Sims thought proper to interfere now, and caught the man by the shoulder, as he shouted:

"Make haste, Mr. Leigh!"

And Leigh dashed from the room, and down the stairs, and out across the barrack-yard, and into the street; but as he ran, fleet, strong, long-breathed, active as a stag, he heard behind him the sounds of pursuit.

With such a start as he had gained, Eberhard Leigh distanced his pursuers with ease. He heard behind him their shouts as naturally their number swelled, and a veritable chase began; but he laughed to himself as, far ahead of them all, he darted down a stable yard, and there waited, quietly recovering breath, until he saw them all sweep by. Then, doubling, he came out of the darkness, turned, and walked along, by short cuts he knew, swiftly but quietly in the direction of the Beauchamps' house.

As he dashed from his own room he had the presence of mind to snatch up his hat, and the night was fortunately a dry one; his boots bore no traces of mud—his appearance showed no sign of anything unusual as he gained the brilliantly-illuminated house and easily made his way up the crowded stairs, greeting friends and acquaintances as he passed them.

But one person alone he had come to see one face alone he searched for, scanning the dazzling throng with his sharp grey eyes until they fell upon

Superbly beautiful she looked in a gown of pale blue and carnation, wondrously mixed, like the sky with a sunset's glow upon it. Her lovely face was colored brightly, her eyes shone like stars; her manner was, perhaps, a little more animated than usual—a little less composed, and when she caught sight of Eberhard, she suddenly grew pale, and moved away from, not towards, him. But with a quick resolute step forward he arrested her.

"I want to speak to you, Elvira. I have come for that purpose alone—to speak to you, possibly for the last time."

She gave one quick, frightened, upward glance, then veiled her eyes behind their long lashes; with an involuntary movement she pressed her hand to her heart, and the color now quitted her lips, as it had quitted her face a moment ago; she looked on the point of fainting.

Leigh watched every change in her appearance with keen glittering eyes, from which every sign of tenderness had vanished.

"You appear very much affected by my appearance, Elvira; yet it is not unexpected, surely."

"You look—you seem so strange!" she faltered.

"I have a strange tale to tell."

He had drawn her into the conservatory, which at present was empty save for themselves.

Elvira sank into a chair, for her limbs seemed unable to support her, and she attempted to hide her agitated face with her fan.

Eberhard calmly took it from her, and kept his keen unflinching glance upon her changing countenance.

"I can't spare time for you now. I must go back to my guests—to receive them. You forget I am a hostess," she stammered.

"I forget nothing. You must hear what I have to say before you return to those people. Elvira, I have just been arrested on a charge of forgery."

A shiver went through her frame; her lips quivered; she made an effort to recover herself.

"Arrested! But you are here!" she gasped.

"I am here pro tem. I have escaped—to be arrested again, no doubt, but before then it was imperative that I saw you. Elvira, who forged my uncle's name for two thousand pounds?"

"Why—why on earth should you ask me?"

"I will not ask you again if you can look me straight in the face and tell me on your honor that you know nothing about it."

He took her two cold trembling hands in his as he spoke, and holding her thus, bent his face nearer to hers.

"Of course I know nothing," she tried to stammer, but it was a miserable attempt, and a failure. Her eyes were lifted spasmodically, then dropped. She trembled from head to foot.

"Merciful Heavens! I could have borne anything rather than this," the man groaned, and dropping the girl's hands, he leaned with an attitude of despair against the doorway; still he blocked Elvira's road.

She could not escape, though she looked around wildly for means of doing so.

Silence, broken only by the heavy irregular breathing of the man leaning against the doorway, fell upon the faintly-lit, heavily-scented conservatory.

Upon the silence came the discordant merriment of the music in the room beyond. The band was playing a mad, merry polka, and its strains jarred in horrible mockery upon the suffering within a few yards of the quickly moving feet, the bright voices whose sound reached Leigh's ears.

Silence, seeming horribly long to Elvira, whose every pulse was quivering with impatient dread, and lingering until in despair she almost broke it; then Eberhard moved his position, and, turning, faced his companion.

Such a dainty exquisite figure she looked, shadowed by the heavy graceful palms, outlined by the roseate light, so fair and frail and lovely, and capable of this!

"Deliberately, then"—his voice rang stern, though low—"deliberately, then, you planned this thing. With it in your mind you smiled and poured sweet looks and words upon me yesterday. All cleverly you lured me into the trap; by inviting me to drive with you you arranged—how, it matters not; the facts are enough for me—that I should be supposed to be in your brougham and receive the money while you were supposedly out of it. You told me you would accept my love, I remember. You took it, and in return you gave me—this!"

The stern anger faded out of his voice with the last words, and an intensity of pain—such pain as Elvira's shallow selfish nature could never understand—made the tones quaver and brake.

She could not understand the pain, but she was quick to take advantage of the softened tone.

"Eberhard, you will not betray me?" she gasped, looking in his face now, clinging with convulsive grasp to his hand. "It was in despair I did it. I was threatened with prison. I thought your uncle would never find out—I thought—I thought—"

"The love you valued thus could bear this," he finished bitterly.

"You promised to bear anything for me," she caught up his words wildly. "You said you loved me well enough for anything. Oh, Eberhard, you are a man and clever and strong—you will know how to get out of this scrape! Oh, spare me disgrace and exposure; it would kill me! Show me mercy!"

"Such mercy as you have shown me," with a strange kind of momentary laugh. "You believed in my love, indeed you gave it a heavy test. Well," he drew a deep breath, and the terrified lovely eyes glanced up imploringly, "for sake of my love I will

bear even this. You need fear nothing from me."

Her face brightened, her speech came back; she would have poured a volley of thanks upon him, but as the last slow strained words left his lips the man turned, and without further look at the beautiful face he had loved so madly—the face which had lured him to ruin—he went out, leaving her forever.

Passing like a man in a dream through the brilliant throng, heeding nothing, seeing no one, but making his way mechanically to the outer hall, Leigh was arrested there by a little hand timidly placed on his, and, looking up, he met the deep, soft, pitiful eyes of Dorothy Beauchamp.

"Mr. Leigh, is anything the matter?" the child asked gently. "Ever so many people have nodded and spoken to you just now, and you never seemed to see or hear."

Before those lovely eyes, so like her cousin's in shape and color, but so much more womanly and sweet in expression, the mist veiling Eberhard's brain seemed to clear a little.

"Dorothy," he said, taking both her slender hands in his, "will you bid me good-bye? I am going away."

"Going! Where to?"

He shook his head with a bitter mirthless smile.

"Anywhere. What does it matter? Good-bye, little Dorothy! Shall you soon forget me entirely, I wonder?"

"I never forget my friends," the child said with quaint old-fashioned gravity. "Do you mean that you are going out of England, Mr. Leigh?"

"Assuredly, if I can manage it," with a shrug Dorothy did not understand.

"I will give you a keepsake," she said with a sudden resolution. "You have given me lots of presents, and I have never given you anything. I will give you this; it is a lucky crescent, Mr. Leigh."

Round her throat, above the low-cut neck of her dress, she wore a slender gold chain, attached to which was a curious old-fashioned little gold ornament, set with small diamonds.

"You can wear it on your watch chain; but I will give you chain and all," she said, taking it off and handing it to him.

For some reason the pretty childish gift—the pretty affectionate manner in which it was given—touched man deeply.

"Thank you, Dorothy; I will wear this always, and think of you," he said softly.

Then he bent and pressed his moustached lips to the broad white forehead.

A sudden crimson mounted swift and burning all over the childish face; but Leigh did not notice it.

"Good-bye, little Dorothy!" he said, and the next moment he was gone—out from the old, familiar, happy life, whose loss was the price he must pay for the love he had given so well and so unwisely.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Is Marriage a Failure?

It is, when a man goes home and finds no supper, the fire out, and his wife out, too.

It is, when a man promises to take his wife to the theatre and changes his mind after she is dressed.

It is, when a wife has to wait up till 2 o'clock every morning for a drunken husband to come home.

It is, when a man buys fine Cuban cigars for himself instead of pretty things for his wife.

It is, when a woman insists on having her mother live in the same house with her.

It is, when a wife buys a bonnet more expensive than she can afford and has the bill sent to her husband.

It is, when a man and wife do not pull together as they ought to.

Was Preferable to Blind Copy.

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford, Conn. Press, back in the "sixties," arousing the patriotism of the state with his vigorous appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing room and, planting himself before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your—copy."

A Lawyer's Precaution.

A celebrated criminal lawyer, having just defended a noted assassin so brilliantly that the wretch was acquitted in the face of overwhelming evidence, steps up to the judge. "A word in your ear, your honor."

"Well, what is it?"

"I would ask that the prisoner be detained in jail until to-morrow morning. I have to cross a lonely field on my way home, and the rascal happens to know that I have money about me."

"Oh, certainly."

Satisfaction Wanted.

Magistrate (to Mrs. Con Kelly)—"You claim, Mrs. Kelly, that Mrs. O'Toolihan gave you that bruised and blackened face?"

Mrs. Con Kelly—"She did, yer honor, or I'm not Irish born."

Magistrate—"And what you want is damages?"

Mrs. Kelly—"Now, sir; I want satisfaction. I have damages enough."

Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine.

No Such Luck.

Billy—"What's the matter, Jack? you look blue."

Jack—"The old story, Proposed, like an ass, an' I've got—"

Billy—"It's a mitten?"

Jack—"No such luck. I've got to buy a diamond ring."

MRS. CLEVELAND.

How She Said She Felt About Leaving the White House.

It was one morning in the red room and before the president's plans were settled, says a Washington letter to the New York Times, that Mrs. Cleveland talked frankly and sensibly about herself as mistress of the white house. "If our plans were fixed I should be glad," she said, "it would, of course, be a little relief to know just where we shall live. But I am sure people can not understand how I feel about leaving the white house. They think it hard, I suppose, for me to give up the life here because I am young. But it is because I am a young woman that I feel less regret. If I had lived half or the greater part of my life before coming to the white house I know I should have more regret about leaving it. All of the women who have been here before me were older than I am. Most of them had a great deal of a woman's life before called to this position, and I think they must have been more sorry to give it up than I can be. You see, with a smile of charming frankness, I have not had my life yet. It is all before me—the real life and the real home. After my father died we had no settled home, my mother and myself. I was at school and then, you know, soon after came to the white house. I can't tell you how much I desire a home of my own. Oak View has given some idea of home life, but even there I have felt that it was only for a short time. Perhaps if this desire had not grown stronger and stronger I should feel more regret. As it is I am not saddened by the thought of leaving the white house. One thing, though, would make me very sad—any change should be made in this beautiful house. It is to me, with all its associations, the most beautiful house in the world. No other white house could ever be the same to the people, I am sure. If there must be anything new let it be executive offices, but never a new white house. It is not only the beauty of the old house that I love, but I have a feeling of reverence for its past. There has seemed in the busy life here so little time for me to think of its history and the people who have been here before me. But sometimes, when I am alone, and walk through the rooms and think of the men who have been presidents and of their wives the grand old house gives me a feeling of awe. Oh, I could not bear to think of it as changed and different after I leave it. I want to think always of it as it is now and I know it—the white house of the people and the president's house."

Then and Now.

The inauguration of a second President Harrison suggests a comparison of the changed conditions of the country since the memorable inauguration of the first. Forty-eight years is a mere span in the life of a nation. Indeed many of the grandfathers of our associates have survived to take part in the installation of the grandson. Had he done so, what memories would it have awakened, what surprises would have met him at every turn. Then the whole union comprised twenty-six states with a population of 17,000,000; now it has grown to forty-two states with a population of more than 60,000,000. The railroad mileage has increased from 2,818 miles to about 150,000, and the value of imports of merchandise from \$82,000,000 to over \$700,000,000, with exports to match. Instead of 13,468 post-offices, Old Tippecanoe would now see 55,157, and would no doubt be puzzled to know how it is that a letter is now carried 3,000 miles for one-third the postage then charged for ten miles. An overland journey from ocean to ocean was then practically impossible, but may now be made in less time and with greater safety and comfort than could then be made from the Upper Mississippi to Washington. The average ocean voyage in 1840 was to Europe 223 days, return thirty-four days. In the year of grace 1888 the round trip may be made in two weeks with time to spare. Slavery, which then covered half the nation and was still spreading has been wiped out, and a whole series of wonderful inventions of which the grandfathers could have had no idea, including telegraphic transmitters, telephones, perfecting presses, electric lights, palace coaches, etc., are all brought into requisition at the inauguration of the grandson. Suppose that in the course of events a third Harrison should be called to the White House half a century hence, will the America of his day surpass this as much as this does the America of Harrison the First?—Cincinnati Times.

Herbert's Famous Hymn.

When Bishop Herbert's famous missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which he wrote in 1824, first reached this country, a lady in Charleston was much impressed with the beauty of it, and particularly anxious to find a tune suited to it. She ransacked her music in vain, and chanced to remember that in a bank down the street was a young clerk who had considerable reputation as a musical genius. She sent her son to the clerk with the request that he write a tune to fit it. In just half an hour the boy came back with the hymn, and the melody thus dashed off in hot haste is to-day sung all over the world, and is inseparably connected with the hymn The young clerk was Lowell Mason.

What the Idea Is.

"I just heard of the formation of a company to manufacture alcohol and whisky from bones of cattle," remarked Squidgie.

"That's queer, isn't it?" asked Mc-Swiggan.

"O, I don't know. You see the idea is that it is a good thing for people to be full of animal spirits."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Copper Syndicate.

If it proves that this world is too big for the copper syndicate to control it may be bad for the copper operators, but it will be a refreshing fact for everybody else.—Hartford Courant.

An Old Time Partisan.

It is easy to recall to mind his familiar figure as he sits, during the winter evenings, in his favorite corner.

In his easy chair, with pipe in hand and his silver-muzzed "spec" pushed back until they find a soft resting place on his beloved snow-white head, with eyes sparkling and face beaming with pleasure as he calls back old memories of days long gone by, he is likely to talk something after this fashion: "It's a long time since I was a boy. Ah, but that was many years ago. Sixty long years have gone and the good Lord knows they were short enough. I was then as 'Oh, but boys were boys. Things have changed a heap since those days. Boys then didn't take much stock in stylish clothes and they didn't carry canes like they do now. Clothes and canes didn't cut much paper then, but it was good hard sense and work."

The boy who could do the biggest day's work—could cut the most wood, split the most rails, plow the most corn, was the most envied, for he was sure to have the sweetest and best looking gal at the 'singin' school' or 'apple peelin'."

"I tell you those were good old times! 'I didn't think anything of going thirty mile or more to see your grandmother, and we didn't have very good roads either, but generally had to follow some old Indian trail."

"Talkin' about sickness then, there was no sickness like now. If we had a cold, a pain, or anything, there was the best medicine in the world found in any log cabin home you came across. Why, I remember that my old grandmother, God bless her soul, she's been dead these fifty years or more, could make the best home made medicine for miles around. Her 'sarsaparilla' couldn't be beat. Come to think I just read in the paper about somebody who is making this same old log cabin medicine under the name of 'Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.'"

"It does seem splendid to think that you can buy those good old home cures at the druggist's nowadays."

"Maybe you think people were not so healthy in those days, but I tell you that it was mighty seldom anybody was sick long when they had such good old grandmother medicine so handy."

"People used to be stronger, healthier and they lived longer, when I was a boy."

Sherman on the Run.

"As being appropriate to the occasion," remarked the chairman, "and as a deserved compliment to the distinguished veteran to whose speech we have just listened, the band will now play a selection."

"Where's my hat?" exclaimed General Sherman exultingly.

And the grizzled old war-horse escaped by a door in the rear as the opening strains of "Marching Through Georgia" smote on his ear.—Chicago Tribune.

He Wants Peace.

An old farmer strode into a Cornhill book store the other day, and, addressing the dealer said: "Neighbor, my gals have been botherin' me all spring for 'Robert Elsmere'; have you got the critter?" As he went out with Mrs. Ward's book clenched in his boy hand, he muttered: "Now, darn it, hope I will have a little peace o' mind till arter I through plowin'."

There are 16 female doctors in the city of Paris.

Only 40 per cent of Toledo's voters are taxpayers.

Patients are recommended as a sure cure for insomnia.

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Florida has supplied California with 20,000,000 young orange trees since last September.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

When she was Sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

When she was Sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

When she was Sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

There can be no death without cause.

Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY will prevent and cure the many disorders called Consumption.

Where His Love Was.

One night, when one of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's sons was about five years old, he fell asleep in his mother's arms. When she put him into his bed, she kissed him again and again and called him pet names. He was so sleepy that he could not kiss her in return, but he murmured drowsily, as if to comfort her for his seeming indifference: "Mamma—my heart—is listening—to—you."—Home Maker.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 1st Pearl St., N. Y.

Queen Victoria and the emperor of China have equipped their palaces with American incandescent electric lights. When only newly about the White house at Washington is the odor of pepperment used in testing the sanitary condition of its plumbing.

REMARKABLE CASE.

For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for 3 months could not move myself in bed, was reduced in flesh from 122 to 85 lbs. Was treated by best physicians, only to grow worse.

Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.

Jan. 8, 1890. J. C. RAY, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SICK HEADACHE.

Positively cured by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliousness. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels.

Price 25 Cents. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

I CURE FITS!

I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return. I mean to cure them permanently. I have cured thousands of cases of Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, etc., by the use of my medicine. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed, it is no reason for not receiving a cure. Send

CITY ENTERPRISE.
BROWNE BROS.
FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1889.

I. S. O. F.
Cass City Lodge, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
H. C. WALES, N. G.
D. BROOKER, Secretary.

G. A. E.
Lo Wagon Post, No. 212, Cass City, meets second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.
L. A. DEWITT, Commander.
D. S. TOLAND, Adjutant.

H. O. T. M.
Cass City Team, No. 74, meets the first Friday night of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sirs cordially invited.
D. S. TOLAND, RECORD KEEPER.
JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER.

Published April 18, 1882. C. W. McPHAIL, Prop.

THE CASS CITY BANK
Do you wish to send money to any part of the United States or Canada?
Do you wish to deposit money where it will be safe and payable to you on demand?
Do you wish to deposit money, due 2, 4 or 6 months, so that it will draw interest?
Have you sold your farm, and do you wish to have your claim and business done correctly?
Have you been laid for a piece of land, and do you wish to have the title examined?
Do you want notes collected?
Do you want to loan money on endorsed notes?
Do you want to loan money on chattel security?
Do you want to loan money on village property?
Do you want to loan money on farming land?
Do you own township or county orders and do you wish to sell them?
Have you had a sale and do you wish your notes collected and a liberal advance made on them?
If you have any business above mentioned transact come to the Cass City Bank.
C. W. McPHAIL, Banker.

CITY NEWS.
March weather now.
No school on Tuesday.
Holmes Bros. have a change of ad this week.
Mother earth is beginning to look green ice more.
Masons have commenced work on the new Pinney block.
Serious illness is reported in the family of H. C. Wales.
The first day of May arrived with mild, raw weather.
N. Bigelow has moved into Dr. McClanahan's residence.
Auction sale at Stewart's store to-morrow afternoon and evening.
Supervisor Striffler is going the rounds making his annual assessments.
Trees are beginning to show their buds and soon will be clothed in green.
Mrs. S. M. Gilchrie is at Milan, Mich., here her mother lies seriously ill.
The "diamonds in coffee" man has reached Michigan on his annual tour.
Look at our advertising columns. Advertisers are the ones to trade with.
Wm. Fairweather shipped a carload of cattle to Buffalo on Saturday last.
A few light showers on Saturday and Sunday nights, enough to lay the dust.
The P. O. & P. A. turn table near the round house is receiving a coat of paint.
Mrs. Klapp of Inlay City is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Fairweather.
Holmes Bros. made another shipment of 100 crates of eggs on Tuesday morning.
The P. O. & P. A. pay car passed over the road on Monday, making many carts glad.
Jno. Murphy has lately imported three head of thoroughbred Durham stock from Canada.
Don't forget the young people's reception and social at the Presbyterian church to-night.
Several of the business places were closed on Tuesday, including the banks and a few stores.
The village marshal has given strict orders that all stray cattle must be kept off the streets.
W. I. Frost now "gets there" with the best of the sports, as he has recently purchased a fine driving horse.
Don't fail to read the ads. in our 3-cent column. You will strike a fortune here if you will only persevere.
The office in the Tennant house has been changed back to its old quarters in the west section of the building.
At the quarterly meeting of the Sumner Coon club, held on Tuesday evening, work was done in the 23d degree.
Mrs. Dr. McLaughlan and daughter did not depart for their new home in Findy, Ohio, until Monday morning.
Miss Franc M. Browne left for her home in Lexington this morning, where she will remain for a week or more.
L. Wickware, of Cincinnati, Ohio, but formerly of this place, is reported as having taken unto himself a better half.
H. W. Robinson has just completed a one hundred delivery of nursery stock here in town from the Rochester nursery.
Prof. Benkelman had a very severe attack of scarletina this week, consequently there was no school in the high school room.
Mrs. McDougall, who has been visiting friends here for several weeks, returned to her home in Pt. Edwards, Ont., on Monday morning.
J. H. Winegar was in Owendale on Monday. Mr. Winegar has secured the contract for furnishing meat for John G. Owen's camps at that place.

Mrs. M. J. Park of Oxford spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Tennant, of this place, returning home on Monday.
The town was full of farmers on Saturday. They with one voice say that wheat is looking well but that rain is needed badly.
A Mother's meeting, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., will be held at the residence of Mrs. Dew, next Friday, May 3rd, at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
Miss Ada Armstrong, formerly of this place, but now of Cincinnati, Ohio, is the guest of Miss Minnie Laing. Her visit will extend for a few weeks.
E. Keating, who has been engaged in Flint for the past three months assisting in putting in a roller mill in that city, has returned to Cass City.
J. F. Hendrick, the enterprising Cass City jeweler, notifies the public of his whereabouts, and what he has to sell this week. See his ad. on this page.
J. D. Brooker has been improving his farm west of the city by putting out Lombardy poplars on the north and east fronts. The stock was furnished by Henry Robinson.
Mustangs are very tough animals, but Chas. Spencer has one of these equines whose life is on the wane, caused by the severe treatment it received recently in an attempt to subdue its ugly temper.
J. P. Horn has something to say this week in regard to machine work. He has lately remodeled his machine shop and is now prepared to do all kinds of work that belongs to a machinist. Give him a call.
E. H. Lincoln, who has been station agent here for the past two years is to be removed to Oxford, as the agent at that place has been appointed a U. S. postal clerk. Peter Brown, who is now at Dryden, is to be the agent here.
Why do the rich men of Michigan hang back from combining to endow the state university? Would be a lasting monument—not only a monument, but a living, active energy in the civilization of the world through all time.—Pontiac Gazette.
Mrs. Mark Brown, living in Novesta township departed this life on Tuesday morning. The funeral was held from the M. E. church in this place on Wednesday. She recently lost a child by death and the bereaved family now have two to mourn for.
The young people's society of Christian Endeavor, of the Presbyterian church, will hold a reception followed by an ice cream social at the church this (Friday) evening. They have spared no pains to make this an enjoyable affair, and it is hoped that the social will be well patronized.
We have heard of people meeting with serious accidents while driving on the highways in the night time, but it seldom happens that the sense of vision becomes so impaired as to necessitate the demolition of a doctor's gig, as was witnessed on one of our streets on Tuesday. Better pull on the lines, girls, and say "whoa!"
The Cass City creamery will commence operations on Monday next. Frost & Hebblewhite, its new proprietors, will spare no pains this season to extend the patronage of the creamery, and the well known business qualities of these gentlemen bespeak for them a prosperous year. They have something to say this week in regard to their store, which it will pay all to read carefully.
J. N. La Rue has branched out into the bakery and restaurant business. He has recently fitted up his building in fine style and proposes to run a first-class lunch room as well as a bakery. The west portion of the business part of the city is being filled up with all kinds of enterprises, and Mr. La Rue is now added to the list. Notice his ad. in another column.
Quarterly meeting services at the M. E. church next Saturday and Sunday. Business meeting on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock; prayer and praise service in the evening. Sunday: Love feast at 9:15 a. m.; meeting at 10:30 a. m., followed by communion service; in the evening, usual service. Rev. Seth Reed, P. E., will be present and conduct the services on Sunday morning.
The auction sale of the Henry Stewart stock of dry goods; etc., began last Thursday night and was continued until Saturday evening. The sale will be continued again to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon and evening. All goods are advertised to be sold at a great sacrifice. Persons wishing to secure goods cheap should not fail to attend this sale. J. D. Brooker is conducting the sale and J. H. Striffler is the auctioneer.
The station agents along this end of the P. O. & P. A. railway will take a "grand change" on Monday next for a short time. Station Agent Veit of Kingstown is going to take a vacation for 60 days and Homer Weydemeyer, who has charge of the "clicker" at Gagetown will fill the former's position in Kingstown. Cal Edger, who has been assisting Station Agent Lincoln at this place for some time will take Mr. Weydemeyer's place.
The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in this postoffice, and if not called for will be sent to the dead letter office, June 1st, 1889: Roy Blakeley, Rev. Archibald Boyd, Robt. Clancy, Jas. H. Crister, Richard Holmes, Sr., J. P. Johnston, A. B. McLeod, Messrs S. C. Mosser & Co., Mrs. R. H. Munro, Samuel J. Wikson, E. E. Shepard, Reuben Stevens, Mr. J. J. Spence, Hiram Winsler, H. Winsler, Mrs. M. Parsons, Miss Katie Scully, Mrs. Robert Hoar, Mr. Albert Gagner.

How can we express our pleasure over the attractive pages of the May number of Godey's Lady's book? It is a help and entertainment to every member of the household. The young and old study its literary and fashion pages. The mother and housekeeper find rest and comfort while reading the "Chat with our Neighbors," and get many valuable hints in the receipt department. The little ones are amused and entertained, and the universal verdict is that none of the family can do without this general favorite, Godey's Lady's book, Philadelphia, Pa.
An incident of county selfishness and impartiality was made very evident at Sand Beach on Friday last, the person who was apparently subjected to unjust criticism being Miss Josie McClinton, who was writing for a certificate at the Huron county teachers' examination being held there. On account of the above young lady's not being able to answer just one question in the whole list she was denied a certificate. She passed a highly creditable examination which was held here recently, and had already secured a school in Huron county and was teaching on a "permit." The case cited above appears like one of county spleen.
Centennial day was appropriately observed in this place on Tuesday. The members and pastors of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches joined in a union service at the former church. Addresses were made by the pastors of the two churches. Rev. Gilchrie took up the religious life of Washington, and discoursed at length upon the virtues of that noble man's life, in the course of which he remarked that he was a noble man and a great commander, but the greatest of all was his unselfishness. Rev. Andrews viewed the life of Washington from a historical standpoint, tracing his career from his youth to manhood. Mr. Andrews historical views were delivered in a masterly and impressive manner, and was listened to by a large congregation.
Register Toland had the largest paper to put on record one day last week, ever recorded in this county. It was a consolidated mortgage given by the P. & P. M. on all its lines to the Central trust company of New York. The road wishes to build a branch from its main line to Detroit, and also to pay off the existing indebtedness by the issue of new bonds in the sum of \$10,000,000, in 10,000 of \$1,000 each. The Central trust company acting as trustee, will issue the bonds for 50 years, payable in gold in New York, with interest at 5 per cent, on May 1st and November 1st of each year. Documents of the same character have been filed with the registers of deeds in the several counties through which the road runs. It contained 10,900 words, and the recording fee was \$14. Miss Hunter recorded the document in 17 hours, and in proof reading only one error was discovered.—Cass Advertiser.
Is Your Name Jones?
About two weeks ago a woman and two children were on the streets of this village begging, they had a wagon and a span of sorrel mules. While in town they called at the domicile of Conductor Luderman. After talking to Mrs. Luderman for a short time she gave them an old coat that belonged to her husband and the trio mounted their vehicle and drove away. After the return of her husband in the evening she related to him her experience during the day, which was all right until Mr. Luderman began to look for some valuable papers which he remembered as having been in the said coat. Mr. Luderman drove nearly all over the entire county in search of the above parties last Sunday but his search was in vain. The papers and a red covered book which were in the garment are very valuable to Mr. Luderman but of no earthly value to the people who own sorrel mules. Any person knowing the whereabouts of these people will do us a great favor by dropping us a line stating where they can be found. Address all communications to the ENTERPRISE, Cass City.

Farm Lands FOR SALE!
500 To 1,000 Acres,
AT \$5 to \$10 per ACRE.
No Payment Down Required.
A. T. SLAUGHT & CO.,
Cass, Mich.

NEW MACHINE SHOP.

All kinds of Machines Repaired. Work on Engines and Boilers
A specialty. Also GOOD CIDER MILL
In Connection with the same. Shop opposite the Cass City Foundry.
JAS. P. HERN, Prop

Something New.
Having remodeled my shop and put in an old-fashioned Dutch Oven I am now prepared to furnish the public with
BREAD
And All PASTRY GOODS.
I will also have a first-class LUNCH ROOM
In Connection. Hot Tea and Coffee at all hours.
I will sell a 2 pound loaf of Bread for Six Cents. Old-fashioned farmer's bread kept on hand.
J. N. La RUE.
West of Cass City House.

GRAND DISPLAY OF MILLINERY.
I have just returned from Detroit with a large and new stock of Millinery Goods, which can be seen at my new quarters in the Pinney block, recently vacated by Fritz Bros. A large Stock of Fancy Goods kept on hand. Hats from 25 cents up. Stamping done to order. Also hats repaired and trimmed in all the latest styles. Come and see my elegant assortment and you will see that it is the finest line ever brought into the city.
MRS. HENRY WICKWARE,
CASS CITY.

JEWELRY.
THE PERSON WHO READS THIS Knows that at all times the best is the cheapest, and that the buyer feels better satisfied with an article guaranteed by a tried and responsible dealer.
FRANK HENDRICK,
—THE—
Cass City Jeweler,
CARRIES A FINE AND COMPLETE LINE OF—
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Sewing Machine Needles and Supplies of all kinds.
GOODS MARKED DOWN
As low as by any dealer in the state and everything guaranteed. Repairing neatly done at the lowest possible prices for first-class work.

For Sale.
Eighty-acre farm, 53 acres cleared, 8 miles from Cass City, new house, 70-foot frame barn. Price, \$2,600, on easy terms. A snap bargain for speculation or for one who wishes a choice farm. Apply to George Young, 1 mile east and 7 miles north of Cass City.
J. W. YOUNG.
Use Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, for sale by A. W. Seed.
The choicest line of Curtains in the city for sale by A. W. Seed.
Wall paper in all the latest Patterns, for sale by A. W. Seed.
Use Indian Worm Killer, for sale by A. W. Seed.
Novesta Land for Sale.
The northwest 1-4 of northwest 1-4 of Sec. 23, Novesta, is offered for sale by the subscriber. For particulars, address,
FED. HALL, Otter Lake, Mich. 2-14-3m.

SPRING IS HERE!
AND
FRITZ BROS.
Have had the POST OFFICE BUILDING Papered and fitted up in the Latest Style to show their large and NEW STOCK of
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
FIXTURES, ETC.
ALABASTINE,
The Best Wall finish, both plain and tinted.
DRUGS and MEDICINES.
Filling of Prescriptions a Specialty.
FRITZ BROS., CENTRAL DRUG STORE.

SPRING OPENING!
NEW STOCK, NEW STYLES, NEW PRICES
AT
J. C. LAING'S,

NEW SPRING STYLES
In Fancy and Staple
DRY GOODS!
AT
Frost & Hebblewhite's,
Also a large assortment of Straw Hats, Cottonade Pants, Overalls, Crockery, Glassware, etc., and a large stock of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
Highest market price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Plows! Plows!

I have on hand a large stock of PLOWS of my own manufacture. Also Plow Repairs for all the Latest Plows.
LAND ROLLERS OF NEW STYLES AND PATTERNS.
I have large stock of Agricultural Implements, including **TIGER MOWERS and HORSE RAKES,**
—AND—
SPRING TOOTH HARROWS.
Castings of all kinds made to order. Patent Making a specialty.
MARTIN DEW, Cass City Foundry.

Mrs. John Wanamaker.

John Wanamaker, the post-master general, is undoubtedly the richest man in Harrison's cabinet, and Mrs. Wanamaker is one of the most retiring and modest women in the world. Wealth has made no difference in her.



When her husband became one of the richest men in Pennsylvania Mrs. Wanamaker remained just as quiet as when he was a poor man, only her work of charity grew larger and larger. Mrs. Wanamaker is a Philadelphia, like her husband, and it will be hard to identify her with any other place but Philadelphia. She was a Miss Mary Brown of that city, daughter of Thomas Brown and niece of Nathan Brown, then Mr. Wanamaker's partner in the clothing business. She was married to Mr. Wanamaker about twenty-nine years ago, and is about fifty years old, but looks younger. The family circle consists of the elder son Thomas, now twenty-eight years old, married to a daughter of the late Samuel Welch who, under Grant, was minister to England, the second son Rodman, twenty-five years old, and of two daughters Minnie and Lilly, who are at college in Paris. Mrs. Wanamaker is a very handsome woman, about five feet four in height, quite plump, has a very pleasant figure, her hair is brown, her eyes are bluish gray in color and very calm and quiet, her mouth is beautiful, and her teeth are perfect. She is worshipped by her children, and her big boys put their arms round her and kiss her as though she were a girl they loved. Mrs. Wanamaker built and endowed the annex to the Presbyterian hospital in her native city at a cost of nearly \$100,000, and takes a great interest, and lends a helping hand in all matters 'belonging to her church. Mrs. Wanamaker's manners are agreeable to every one she meets, but she has no liking for gay society or any kind of frivolity. She is a very good musician and she still plays and sings. She is sure to make a delightful hostess in Washington.

In Europe each nation justifies the maintenance of a large standing army by the behavior of its neighbors, and now the United States and Germany are excusing themselves in similar fashion for maintaining war ships in Samoan waters, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The United States is to send three vessels there in place of those lost, for fear Germany may get the upper hand, and the German naval secretary explains to the Reichstag that Germany must replace the wrecked German cruisers because the United States is about to send out new cruisers to the same station. If each nation is to do what the other does, why not come to an agreement to do nothing, or to send only one vessel each instead of three to look after national interests.

The Cherokee Indians now have in operation over 100 common schools, with an aggregate attendance of 4,069 pupils; a high school for boys, with an aggregate attendance of 211 students; a seminary nearing completion, with a capacity for 165 students; an orphan asylum containing 145 children, besides a number of charitable institutions. What they need is to hold their land in severalty. They as a rule take little interest in improving their homes or cultivating the soil, and they never will until they are the owners in severalty of the ground upon which they live.

Fifty years or more ago the greatest showman, P. T. Barnum, was the editor of a paper in Danbury, Conn. He cut and slashed the corrupt officials so savagely that he was arrested and lodged in jail. The other day the old jail was torn down, and the public, in appreciation of the old editor, had a handsome cane made from one of the rafters and presented to Barnum as a memento of the period.

HARRISON'S GENEALOGY.

Ancestry of the Present President of the United States.

He Descended from Master John Harrison, Virginia's First Governor, and is No Relation to Cromwell's Mission--His Family Tree and Crest.

There have been many statements made to the effect that the president was a descendant from Cromwell's General Harrison, writes the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. The president has been written to on the subject, and his widely-published reply went to show that if he did not believe that the associate of the "bloody Cromwell" was his ancestor he was not entirely sure of the fact.

I am able to asseverate and conclusively prove, I think, that the president of the United States is no more descended from the regicide than he is from the regicide's chief.

Mr. B. E. Blackford, originally of Fredericksburg, Va., but a resident of Washington for the last five decades, has made heraldry and genealogy his fad for many years, and has made an especial study of the lineage and ancestry of the old Virginia families. He fought beneath the Stars and Bars in the rebellion, and in his democracy he is noteworthy and unrelenting. These facts gave an additional emphasis when he said to me the other day:

"As an old Virginian I resent the idea that the descendant of one of the oldest of our Virginia families and the president of our country should for a moment be considered to have sprung from regicides. The glaring character of the misstatement can be shown in a few words. Cromwell's General Harrison is merely supposed to have come to America after Cromwell's death, in 1660. Now, as I will prove to you, the ancestor of the president was governing Virginia in 1623, twenty-seven years before the Cromwellite is said to have come to America.

MASTER JOHN HARRISON. "Among the second importation of Virginia colonists under John Smith about the year 1609 was one Master John Harrison, gentleman. In 1623 the Virginia Company, as a private corporation, was extinguished, and Master John Harrison was made governor of Virginia. To him in 1645 was born a son, who in due time became known as Benjamin Harrison, of Surrey. This son was the first great landed proprietor of his name in Virginia. He was buried at Westover on the James river, and a monument was erected on the lawn of the family estate. The monument, which is still extant, bears the following epitaph:

Here lieth the body of Honorable Benjamin Harrison, Esquire, who did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God; was always loyal to his Prince, and a great benefactor to his country.

"This worthy man," continued Mr. Blackford, "left three sons. The eldest was a Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley, who died in April, 1710, at the age of thirty-seven. A monument was erected to his memory in Westover at the expense of the state. He left a son named Benjamin, who married a daughter of Robert Carter, of Corotoman, called King Carter, and a celebrity in those days. This Benjamin Harrison was, with his two daughters, killed by lightning. Of his sons the first was Benjamin, the great-grandfather of the president, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It could not have been said of him that he was always loyal to his prince, but it can be said that he was the father of a ruler and the great-grandfather of a ruler of a country far more great and happy than ever prince or king drew bounty from.

"The signor of the Declaration of Independence married Miss Bassett. They had three sons--Benjamin, Carter (a member of congress) and William Henry, ninth president of the United States. There was one daughter, who married Randolph N. Wilton.

"President Harrison's son, John Scott, was the father of the president, and I think you will admit that the succession from Master John to the gentleman who succeeded Mr. Cleveland has been clearly shown."

HARRISON'S FAMILY TREE. Mr. Blackford rapidly drew a partial genealogical tree, which tells its own story at a glance:

MASTER JOHN HARRISON, First governor of Virginia in 1623. BENJAMIN HARRISON, OF SCRIBET, Born 1645. His son. BENJAMIN HARRISON, OF BERKELEY, Died April 1710. His son. BENJAMIN HARRISON, Killed by lightning. His son. BENJAMIN HARRISON, Great grandfather of the President. His son. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, President of the United States. His son. JOHN SCOTT HARRISON, Father of THE PRESIDENT.

"Hugh Griggsby," continued my genealogical enthusiast, who insisted on supplementing his facts with documentary evidence, "in his book on the 'Convention of 1776,' says of the Harrison family: 'Of all the ancient families in the colony that of Harrison, if not the oldest, is one of the oldest.'"

Mr. Blackford also showed me the coat of arms of the Harrison family and described them as follows in heraldic vernacular:

"Per pale *gu.* and *az.*; an eagle displayed or murally gorged of the first, between two pheons in fesse *arg.*; chief indented *ermine.*

"Crest. The faces fessive *ppr.* banded *gu.* surmounted by an anchor erect, entwined by a cable--all gold.

"A prominent English family, the Harrison's of Tynemouth," said Mr. Blackford in conclusion, "of record in Burke's Landed Gentry, has adopted these arms and the crest, although their genealogy is not traceable to the far older family, the Harrisons of Virginia."

Comanche Jack's Record.

In this western city on the streets and in the hotel lobbies every day one meets with many of the most noted western characters of the day, writes the Wichita (Kan.) correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Brot

Harto would here find many subjects for wild western history that would throw some of his previous creations of fiction into the shade. The Indian Territory is near by, where there is employed a large number of brave and hardy men as Deputy United States Marshals who appear periodically in the largest city most convenient to their working place, so that Wichita is often called upon to entertain visitors of almost as much notoriety as "Billy, the Kid," or Jesse James. Chief among this number is Deputy United States Marshal Jack Stillwell, now stationed at Fort Reno, Ind. T. Jack, or rather "Comanche Jack," as he is familiarly known, is a handsome-looking chap, with a laughing blue eye, curly hair slightly tinged with gray, for this noted borderman is just fifty years of age, about five feet ten or eleven inches in height, and of massive build. He is also the acknowledged crack pistol shot of the west, and even in the days of that Kansas cyclone known as "Wild Bill," who never missed a shot, Jack Stillwell ranked high.

The number of men killed by Jack is variously estimated at from twenty-five to thirty-one, and it is known that in addition he has aided in sending seventeen other men over the valley of death by means of the hangman's noose. Only a few months ago, in fact on November 21, Jack sprung the trap in this city which sent to their death the two noted Creek Indian murderers, Jack and Joe Tobler. Even in this country, where "killers" are to be met with every day, "Comanche Jack" Stillwell is a curiosity, and is pointed out to strangers with a strange mixture of awe and pride.

By this it must not be understood that this gallant Deputy United States Marshal is a desperado who goes about glorying in his bloody work. On the contrary, he is rather retiring in his disposition and only when he has been drinking boasts of his deeds. When desperate work is to be done or a bad desperado is to be taken Stillwell is always the man who is detailed to accomplish it. The territory desperadoes and cut-throats all know and fear the intrepid officer, and are aware of the fact that if he goes after them he will get them, dead or alive. Many are the traps that have been laid to kill him, but he is as cunning as he is brave, and has always managed to evade the snares that would have caused the death of a less accomplished plainsman.

Brought up as he was among the Comanche Indians, Jack has never exercised the right of franchise, and at the age of fifty has never cast a vote. He speaks the Comanche and several other Indian languages as well as the Indians do themselves, and during the sitting of the United States court in this city it is always an amusing sight to see the Indians dressed in their primitive way, following the great "White Chief," as they call Jack, about the streets. He calls them his menagerie and says they are a lot of dirty, thieving wretches for the most part, as well as the most accomplished liars in the world.

Wilkie Collins at Work.

Mr. Collins, says the Book Buyer, has described the manner in which he works out his plot and clothes this framework with flesh and blood. He used "The Woman in White" to illustrate his method of writing novels. His first effort was to get his central idea--"the pivot on which the story turns." This occurred to him in the shape of a conspiracy in private life by which a woman is robbed of her identity by being confounded with another woman whom she closely resembles. He next searched for and finally found the three principal characters in the drama, the conspirator and the two women. Then began the process of building up the story, three things being borne in mind, "to begin at the beginning, to keep the story always advancing, without paying the smallest attention to the serial division in parts, or to the book publication in volumes, and to decide on the end."

The first step was to sketch the plot in the mind--to decide in a very general way upon the development of the story. The beginning of "The Woman in White" gave the author much trouble. He decided upon an opening scene, and spent over a week in writing it out only to throw it away. Nor did any satisfactory idea suggest itself to him until one evening he happened to read in a newspaper of a lunatic who had escaped from an asylum. Instantly the possibility of using this incident occurred to him, and he fell to work upon a new beginning for the story. After that all was comparatively smooth work, the characters and the details of the plot being elaborated as the story advanced. After six months of hard labor the tale was completed.

Other People's Pie.

I have seen a dainty maiden, Her eyes are bright and blue, And her head with gold is laden, Russet shadows winding through; She is witty; And she's pretty; At these graces should I linger, And to tell her faults deny, You wouldn't think she'd put a finger In some other body's pie. When she trips the "light fantastic," Motion's just a poon; Fection's gifts, at feet elastic, Lovers' faith would tremble; She tenders scorn To swains forlorn. She's enchanting as a singer, And can make one laugh or cry, O, that she would keep her finger Out of other people's pie!

Now--one pie was made of scandal, 'Twas with falsehood seasoned; "Very dang'rous thing to handle," This she should have reasoned, But she tried it, Then denied it, As 'twas hot enough to singe her; Now she says she'd like to die, For poor maid she's burnt her finger Meddling with this scandal pie --Irena King, Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Up With the Times.

Johnny Dumpsey--Say, Will, didn't you ever think you'd like to be a pirate when you grew up? Willie Popinjay (contemptuously)--No! Pirates are played out. I want to be a member of some big Trust, or a boodle alderman or something of that sort.--Burlington Free Press.

A PHANTOM PLOWMAN.

Terrified Farmers Watched Him as He Turned up the Soil Perfectly.

In the northwestern corner of Lower Merion township, Montgomery county, Pa., a terrible hubbub has been raised by a phantom farmer, who is nightly seen plowing in a field. The apparition was first discovered about three weeks ago by a farm hand who was returning late from courting a pretty maid. Emerging from a wooded pathway that skirted an old forest for miles, this rustic was startled to hear a sepulchral voice commanding a team to halt. He looked in vain about the place for a moment or two, and was about moving on again when the same sound fell on his ear. A shiver crept down his spinal column as he heard the creaking of an unseen harness, and this terror was far from being allayed by the whinny of a horse almost directly in front of him. At that moment the new moon stole over the neighboring tree tops, and in its misty light the rural swain plainly saw the phantom farmer. It was clearly outlined against the dark back ground, and its hands held in steady grasp the projecting handles of a plow. Before it marched a pair of spirited horses, dimly outlined in the misty light, their heads erect and their eyes flashing fire as they moved hastily along. The young man waited another moment to reassure himself, and was about to take to his heels when plowman, horses and plow suddenly vanished. Then he, too, fled in wild alarm.

At Silas Brown's corner grocery on the night succeeding this, the young man Albert Cooper by name, told this startling story. Brown, like many of the loungers in the store, smiled incredulously, and advised Cooper to "reform." A discussion arose, in which hot words were made that Cooper was drawing the long bow.

The upshot of the matter was that the crowd adjourned to the alleged scene of the ghost's operations to verify or disprove Cooper's tale.

They had not long to wait. Without the noises that had warned Cooper the night before, the phantom farmer appeared before the eyes of the seven men who sat upon the fence, or, to be more accurate, who almost fell from it in terror. His long white hair and beard streamed in the passing wind. No hat was on his head nor could any portion of his face be seen except the glistening eyes. These shot out from a height of more than seven feet from the ground, indicating that the spectral granger was taller than the average of human kind. About his body, which could not well be traced, there was a phosphorescent glow which dazzled the eyes of the terrified spectators and shown far ahead of the steadily moving horses. The plow he leaned on seemed of skeleton frame, but it tossed off the soft, moist earth as easily as a steamer turns the river waves. On he came, the horses seeming to exhale fire, their heads erect and arching, and footfalls as firm and clear as any the watchers ever heard. At the corner of the field they turned obediently at a word from their spectral driver, and again passed before the affrighted spectators, who thereupon fled in haste.

On the following morning a crowd of rustics determined to go to the field and see whether any trace of the farmer could be found. As they came in sight of the inclosure one of the number exclaimed in astonishment: "It'll be durned if the thing doesn't plow, sure enough." He was right. One-half of the field had been gone over, evidently by no novice. The furrows were not quite so broad as those made by an ordinary plowman, but they were less rugged and more deep, and were as straight as the most experienced eye could make them. A day or two after the same group went out to view the fields again, and this time they found that the phantom had finished his work. The owner of the field was one of the number, and he took a solemn oath that he had not turned a sod in the inclosure.--St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Drink For Condemned Men.

There has died in Paris a venerable ecclesiastic named Abbe Crozes, whose long career of useful beneficence was passed amid surroundings which to most men would have been extremely painful if not absolutely repulsive. The deceased abbe was chaplain to the prison of La Roquette, and from 1860 to 1882 it had been his dutiful duty to take pastoral charge of all criminals sentenced to death. During his twenty-two years of office he has attended to the scaffold no fewer than fifty-one murderers, comprising among others La Pommerais, Aigroin, Troppmann and Billor. The sole accusation which his detractors could urge against the *ami* of La Roquette was that he was apt to show a little too much commiseration for the atrocious desperadoes who received his ministrations, and that he was moved even to use his influence to obtain a reprieve for the exceptionally bloodthirsty young monster Troppmann who satisfied his craving for slaughter by the massacre of an entire family. The Abbe Crozes occupied a humble apartment in a house close to the jail, and his room was adorned with all kinds of sortid articles presented to him as souvenirs by the assassins who had received the consolation of religion from his hands at the supreme moment of their fate. One of the most curious attributes of the excellent priest who has just passed away remains to be described. It was he who supplied the condemned men with stimulants just before their execution. While praying with the malefactors he gave them a small glass of *meto-cassis*, which our Paris correspondent describes as "black-currant cordial, dashed with brandy." The publication of such a petty detail is not without its use, inasmuch as it serves to illustrate a fact with which it is highly expedient that not only the community at large but the criminal classes in particular should be made fully conversant--that nine-tenths of the statements made as to murderers "dying game" are so much arrant nonsense. In almost every case when a criminal is led to execution, whether it be by the guil-

tine or by the gallows, it is found absolutely necessary to administer some kind of alcoholic stimulant to the trembling wretch, and in olden times, when the condemned prisoner was allowed to drink as much as ever he liked on the morning of the execution, it was probable the man who was the most drunk who died exceptionally "game." It may seem at the first flush somewhat indecorous that a jail chaplain should be, above all others, the functionary intrusted with the task of giving a parting "nip" to a criminal; but, on reflection, the *ami* may appear to be the most suitable person by whom so delicate a function could be performed. From the time of his condemnation the prisoner has been on terms of affectionate friendship with his spiritual instructor, at whose hands he knows that he may safely expect kindness and sympathy, and it may be a feeling of gratitude, which for a moment partially softens his depraved heart, and the malefactor accepts a dram from his confessor. The like refreshment offered to him by the executioner or by one of the prison wardens might be accepted only with repugnance, or rejected in the disgust of desperation.--Ex.

Happy St. Louis.

St. Louis is the only city I have ever visited where it seemed like paying a man a delicate tribute to arrest him, writes Bill Nye in the Chicago Tribune. When you are arrested in St. Louis you do not go reluctantly to the nearest station by means of the scruff of your neck, through a hooting and maddening crowd, but the policeman who has arrested you sends in a signal from the nearest box, and directly, as the English put it, or right away, as the American has it, a beautiful silver-mounted droska, or Rise-up-William Riley-and-come-along-with-me phaeton, drawn by gaily caparisoned and neighing steeds, dashes up to the curb, driven by an Olive street gondolier. You bound lightly into the beautifully floored chariot, a tiny silver gong about the size of a railroad time-table tinkles gaily, and away you go, arousing the envy and admiration of those who have never been under arrest.

But how, asks the keen and pungent reader, can St. Louis afford to do this, while in a city like New York the criminal must either walk to the station-house of forego the joys of arrest entirely. The answer is simple. Here the criminal pays \$6.50 for an arrest which he used get at \$3. This pays his droska hire and makes his arrest something to look back to with pleasure. People who yield to the police and become arrested from time to time do not care for the expense. Mostly they refer the expense to a place which should be alluded to very sparingly in a Sunday paper. And \$3.50 don't bother them at all. They pay it if they have it, and if they do not an opportunity is given them to earn it later on at some sort of skilled labor like pounding sand. This makes the arrest an ornament to the city, and the gentlemanly criminal or misdemeanant obligato pays for it, thus contributing to his own comfort and making his arrest an occasion and a delicate tribute to himself; which the papers can use and which will read well on a scrap book when forked over to future generations.

How to Paper a Room.

In the first place select paper that is smooth and firm on the under side, as it will not dampen through so quickly. Then it is best to trim the paper the day before using. Lay a roll on the floor and sitting down (not on the floor, however), trim the right edge, keeping it rolled with the left hand.

Good paste is quite an item and is best made without cooking. Put a quantity of flour in a large dishpan, and pour over it just enough cold water to make a smooth paste. Now pour on sufficient boiling water, stirring well all the time, to make it thick and clear.

Have a scaffold longer than the ceiling is high. Measure off a width where you wish to commence, allowing for it to come well under the border. Then lay a roll right side up on the scaffold and measure off another width, matching the edges that will come together on the wall. When you have cut four or five turn them over, and with a whitewash brush spread paste on evenly, being sure that the edges are well pasted. Then get it on the wall as quickly as possible. Commencing at the top with a brussels broom, brush from the center each way, removing all wrinkles. Also, have a cloth near you, and any places that are damp enough for the color to brush off, press gently with the cloth. Before fastening securely at the bottom crease the paper with the end of the scissors against the edge of the washboard, then drawing it from the wall cut in the crease and brush back firmly in place. Cut the border in short lengths, as it is much easier to handle.--Cincinnati Enquirer.

Doing the Profession a Service.

Well-Informed Burglar (reading newspaper)--Bill, here's a piece of news. Some smart cuss has got up another scheme for heading us off. He has invented an arrangement for taking an instantaneous photograph of a fellow by electric light as soon as he goes to work on a safe.

Second Burglar--It's kind of him to publish it. We'll know what to do when we undertake to crack a safe hereafter. But it's tough on a man with any self-respect to have to put on some low-down disguise and make a White-Cap of himself, ain't it Jim?--Chicago Tribune.

Sufficient For Commitment.

Commissioner--What makes you think your brother is insane? In what way does he betray insanity?

Applicant--Well, sir, he is all the time going on just as if he were amusing a baby, and--

Commissioner--That's enough. We'll send him to the asylum right away. He must be a raving maniac.--Harper's Bazar.

More Than Enough.

Bessie--Does Cholly know much? Jennie--Just enough to make a fool of himself.--New York Sun.

WINGED MISSILES.

A sea bass weighing 425 pounds was caught at San Diego, Cal., a few days ago.

In 1860 the ladies of the country wore \$2,461,000 worth of wire in their hoop skirts.

A correspondent of Science states that holding the breath is found to control the sensibility to tickling.

The rabbit pest is again making headway in Australia. The means taken to eradicate it have proved insufficient.

According to a statistical document lately published in Paris, there are in Europe 330,000 blind people, 30,000 of whom are in France.

Adelborontiphosphorriostikos is the classical name of a locomotive owned by the Lackawanna Iron & Coal company at Scranton.

An Irishman named Casey died recently in Albuquerque very wealthy. By his will he left to Gen. J. A. Williamson, of Iowa, nearly \$500,000 for a favor to Casey long ago forgotten.

Under the new constitution in Japan men can vote unless he is 20 years old and pays at least \$25 taxes. There will be no anarchists in that country and political corruption will be unknown.

The New York retail grocers declare that all adulteration of provisions takes place before the goods come into their hands. They don't even dampen the fine-cut tobacco they sell nor sand their suzars.

Clark, the murdered druggist of Chicago, left letters to prove that he was in love with over fifty women, some of whom doubtless killed him. It was awful that his happiness was so suddenly cut short.

A Russian prince who has been arrested in York for stealing and pawing an overcoat is out in a card asking for a suspension of public judgment. He probably wants a chance to steal the rest of the suit.

According to the annual register of our naval forces, just published at Annapolis, our navy is commanded by 1,514 officers. As they are all good dancers, however, none of them need be considered superfluous.

A library is to be established in Paris in which only books and writings of women are to be admitted. "Carmin Sylva," the poetry writing Queen of Roumania, has accepted the presidency of the library.

A writer in an English journal says that he noticed recently while skating were skimming over the frozen surface of Round Pond, in Kensington Gardens, that the ice gave forth a distinct musical note which he found to be G sharp.

The recipe for making the original can do cologne was discovered 200 years ago, and since that time it has been intrusted to only ten persons. The written copy of the recipe is kept in a crystal goblet, under triple locks, in a room in which the essential oils are mixed.

Four young men were fined \$5 apiece in Washington the other day for making some remarks about a white horse while a red-headed girl was passing. The magistrate did not state whether his severity was due to the antiquity of the joke or to a desire to teach the offenders better manners.

West Point cadets always attract attention and favorable comment from the public. A number of them when in Washington were thus described: "They were covered with buttons and so tightly laced and walked so straight that a ramrod looks puffy and hump-backed beside them."

Terra-cotta money jugs for saving up coin are becoming very common. Many families keep them handy, and drop into them their spare dimes and nickels until the jug is full. Then it is broken, and the contents applied to the purchase of some article long desired, but which it was thought could not be afforded.

There is no country of the world where the science of long life, accompanied with good health, unimpaired mental faculties, good digestion, and great activity, is better understood than in France, and there, of 1,000 persons born, 130 reach the age of 70, and the percentage continues to be high until 85 is past.

Among the names of the mistresses of the white house have been three Marthas, two Marys, two Abigails, one Eliza, one Elizabeth, one Margaret, one Sarah, one Jane, one Harriet, one Dorothy, two Julias, one Letitia, one Emily, one Angelica, one Louisa, one Lucy, one Frances, and now there is a Caroline, though she calls it "Carrie."

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt deprecates the publicity that has followed her announced intention to pay for a monument over Marion's grave in South Carolina, from whom she is descended. She had thought to honor the hero's memory quietly and without credit to herself, but the press has frustrated her plans for secrecy in the matter.

"Memory hoops" are the latest fad in Kansas City. A memory hoop is about ten inches in diameter and will hold thirty to forty bows or knots. And the thing for the male friends of a young lady to do is to give her a handsome piece of colored silk, which she ties on the hoop. The girl who covers the most hoops in this way is considered the reigning belle.

There is a cradle in New York that has rocked over 19,000 babies. It began to rock nineteen years ago, when the Sisters of Charity started a little foundling hospital on Twelfth street, New York, with \$5 in the treasury. Sister Irene was at the head of it, as she is still, a wonderful, frail little woman, whose genius and devotion will always be remembered by those who have once beheld her among the babies whom she has saved and cared for.

Concerning lobsters, experts say that young crustaceans have to be put in the sea almost as soon as hatched, and they begin to feed voraciously. They are born with sense enough to know that lobsters make delicious food, and they attack one another savagely and hungrily. For a few days they swim on the surface, where they find the food suited to their early requirements. Here their destruction is enormous. In a few days the lobster's walking or crawling members are developed, and he sinks to the bottom, where he makes his home.

It was not until last year that the Moors would permit an examination of the cliff dwellings which have been known to exist some days' journey southwest of the city of Morocco. This strange city of the cave dwellers is almost exactly like some of those in New Mexico and other territories which archaeologists have explored. The dwellings were dug out of the solid rock, and many of them are over 200 feet above the bottom of the valley. The face of the cliff is in places perpendicular, and it is believed that the troglodytes could have reached their dwellings only with the aid of rope ladders. Some of the dwellings contain three rooms, the largest of which is about 17 x 7 feet, and the walls of the rooms are generally pierced by windows. Nothing is known as to who they were.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY JAMES MORRIS, JR.

The trial was ended. The verdict of the jury had been "guilty of murder in the first degree," and the gray-haired judge, in trembling tones, had solemnly pronounced the sentence "to be hanged by the neck until dead."

The evidence had been purely circumstantial. A few months before the date of our story, the cashier of the First National Bank in the small city of Newarkville, had been murdered and the bank robbed, and the crime had evidently been committed by some one familiar with the interior of the building.

Suspicion at once rested upon one of the clerks, a man about forty years of age, by the name of Preston. He was the last man who had seen Holcomb, the cashier, alive, and upon seeing him made, a portion of the missing bank notes was found in a false compartment at the bottom of his desk, which was discovered by the book keeper, who seemed to take delight in unearthing all the evidence possible.

Noted legal counsel had been engaged on both sides, and the trial was one of great interest; but, owing to the complete chain of circumstantial evidence, which had been wound around the prisoner, the verdict was a foregone conclusion. And this was the end—"to hang by the neck until dead."

At the close of the trial, the only son of the condemned, a sturdy, well-grown young man of eighteen, led his almost fainting mother from the court room. Strenuous efforts were made to have the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, but to no avail.

Three months sped swiftly by, and the time for the execution was drawing near, when the town was again startled by an event unprecedented in the history of the place—the mysterious abduction of the only daughter of the murdered cashier, a lovely young girl of about seventeen years of age.

Ronald Preston, the son of the prisoner, who firmly believed in his father's innocence, had been searching in vain for some clue to the real perpetrators of the crime, and now, here was another incentive to diligence—the task of finding the abductors, and rescuing his betrothed—for Ronald Preston and sweet Minnie Holcomb had been all in all to each other for the past few years, and only waited until they were a little older before joining their fortunes for life.

Ronald had no doubt but that the murder and the abduction were committed by the same person or persons, and had worked himself into a perfect fever in his vain efforts to find a clue. But here he was on the afternoon before the execution, just as far from success as ever.

Wearily and heart sick, he started out for a long tramp, hoping by physical exertion to cool his fevered brain.

Mechanically, and by no will of his own, his steps led him toward the cliff, which rose in some places almost perpendicularly out of the sea. Once only did he stop, and then it was to read this notice, which was posted in a conspicuous spot:

"The above reward will be paid for any information leading to the capture of a gang of counterfeiters, who are believed to have their hiding place in this vicinity."

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a faint, far-away cry, seeming to come from the earth beneath him. He sprang to his feet, and listened with breathless attention for a repetition of the sound. Once again came the cry, fainter even than before; but this time the ear of love could not be deceived; and Ronald recognized the voice of the one who was dearer to him than life itself.

The thought that he was near her, and that she needed his protection, sent the youth's blood up to the boiling point. But where did the sound come from? Where should he search? These were the questions that rushed through his mind, when suddenly, like an inspiration, came the remembrance of an old cave, which he had often visited in his younger days, and which had two entrances, one at the top of the cliff, and the other about half way down the side.

With hope cheering his heart, and bringing a new light to his eyes, he began a hasty but thorough search, and was rewarded by finding the mouth of the cave, which was stopped up with stones and rubbish. He was about to give up the search in that direction when his eye caught some marks on the rock at the edge, which looked as if made by the nails in a boot heel.

Satisfied now that he was on the right track, he was stooping over to force his way into the cave, when he was suddenly seized from behind, and a voice which sounded strangely familiar to him, hissed in his ear:

"You shall pay dearly for your curiosity, curse you!"

As his captor began to drag him backward, Ronald, who had been quiet thus far, from sheer surprise, suddenly bent his head and seized one of the villain's fingers in his teeth and bit it to the bone.

With a howl of pain he loosened his grasp on his captive.

This was the opportunity Ronald was looking for, and with a dexterous movement, he broke away and faced his antagonist, but the recognition almost knocked him over, for in that face with the livid scar on the left cheek, he beheld no other than Joseph Thornton, the bookkeeper, who had been one of the principal witnesses against his father, and like a flash came the thought that this was the man who had murdered Mr. Holcomb and abducted Minnie.

But he did not have much time for thought, for Thornton was on him again like a tiger, knowing full well that if Ronald should escape, it was all up with him.

Ronald was no mean antagonist, for what he lacked in weight and muscle was made up in agility. It was a desperate struggle, and, as they swayed back and forth, their hoarse breathing soon showed that both were becoming exhausted.

During their efforts to gain the mastery, they had unconsciously worked toward the edge of the cliff, and now were on the very verge of it, a fact

which Thornton suddenly noticed with a cry of exultation; and, with one supreme effort, he forced Ronald to his knees. For one dizzy moment he held him suspended on the very edge, and then with a desperate shove pushed him over.

Ronald's heart had gone up in prayer during that awful moment when he realized his danger, but he felt himself falling, one despairing shriek left his lips, and then he became unconscious. Fortunately for him the descent was more gradual here than in other places, and partially covered with underbrush, so that, after falling about thirty or forty feet, he lodged in a thick clump of bushes, a fact that was not noticed by his late antagonist above, who had rushed from the spot as soon as Ronald disappeared from sight.

Just how long he lay there Ronald did not know, but he was aroused at last by a sharp dash of rain in his face, and, raising himself to a sitting posture, as well as his bruised and aching limbs would permit, he gazed around him with a bewildered stare.

At first he could scarcely comprehend where he was, but, as he glanced at the height above him, it all rushed over his mind with stunning force—the cry, his search, the encounter, his fall. And now, he must set his wits to work to find a way out of this predicament. As he lay there, pondering this subject, the faint sound of voices in conversation came to his ear, and soon two men passed along a narrow path, which Ronald had not noticed before, so close to his place of refuge that he could almost have stretched forth his hand and touched them.

"You say, Thornton, that it must have been along here somewhere, that you pushed the boy over? Might he not have lodged in some of those bushes up there?" and the speaker stopped, as if he had some intention of making a search.

Ronald's heart leaped into his throat, for, if they found him now, they would make short work of him; but his fears were relieved by the words of Thornton.

"No danger of that, Jim; he is food for the fishes down there by this time, I gave him too hard a push for him to land anywhere but at the bottom. But to change the subject; how has the girl behaved since I was here last? Has she got over her tantrums yet?"

"No," replied Jim; "she is as stubborn as the devil. Can't do anything with her."

"Never mind; I'll tame her when she is my wife, and that she shall be this very night. I suppose she is love-sick now after that young Preston. But, by the way, Jim, are you going to the execution to-day?"

"Execution to-day!" The words fell like a thunderbolt on Ronald's ear. If this was the day of the execution, then he must have lain there in a stupor all night. But it surely must be a mistake, and he eagerly awaited the answer of the other, expecting that he would correct Thornton's mistake. But he did not. Instead, he simply said:

"No; I guess not. I don't believe it would be very healthy for me there if I should be recognized. You got the father and son out of the way very nearly at the same time, to say nothing of Holcomb, the cashier. Hey, Thornton?"

"Oh, shut up, Jim, and let that rest," said Thornton, as he glanced nervously around him, as if fearful that even the rocks had ears.

Ronald's blood was boiling. To hear these villains coolly talking about the execution of an innocent man—his own father—and to think that he himself must lie there perfectly helpless, was exasperating in the highest degree.

It seemed as if the two men never intended to move on; but at last Thornton rose to his feet, and looking at his watch, he said:

"Well, in one hour and a half, the only man besides yourself, who knows my secret, will be dead, and then I shall breathe freely once more. But come; I want to take a look at my aged beauty this morning."

Waiting until they had disappeared around a turn in the path, Ronald turned his attention to the task of getting out of his present awkward position. There seemed to be only one way to accomplish this, and that was to climb up the way he had come down. But could he do it? Ah! but he must. The thought of his father's danger, and his affianced wife in the hands of Thornton, nerved him to the task before him.

Slowly, very slowly, he moves upward, and at last, after what seems an age, but which in reality is only about half an hour, he finds himself at the top of the declivity. But, look! The last bush he takes hold of is slowly giving away under his weight, and it seems as if he must surely fall back. But, with a desperate effort, he seizes a stout bush that grows on top of the bank, and draws himself once more upon level footing, where he lies panting and exhausted, and almost unable to rise.

But he must not give way like this. His father's life depends upon his exertions for the next half hour. One half hour—and four miles to travel. Putting his aching muscles together, and setting his teeth hard, he started off on a sharp run.

The hour for the execution has come. The doomed prisoner is led forth, breathing once more, and for the last time, God's pure, fresh air, and feasting his eyes upon the beauties of nature.

Onward with a steady step, he walks to the foot of the scaffold, into the presence of the assembled multitude—for the execution was to be public.

Without a tremor, and with a calmness born of peace with God, and a consciousness of his own innocence, he allows his gaze to rest for a moment upon the instrument of death, then on the expectant crowd.

Not a sound is heard as he mounts the steps of the scaffold, the sheriff and his deputy on either side of him.

Upon reaching the platform he was given permission to say a word of farewell, and stepping forward, he said:

He then turned and told the sheriff that he was ready, and the final preparations were made.

His arms were pinioned behind his back; his ankles were strapped together; and the black cap and deadly noose were carefully adjusted, and the sheriff stands ready to spring the fatal trap. One minute more and all will be over.

But listen! What means that shout? Every eye turns in the direction from whence it comes.

See! a figure comes rushing down the hill, dusty, wild-eyed, and evidently completely exhausted; but stopping for nothing, he rushes through the crowd, which opens to let him pass, up to the very foot of the scaffold, and with the cry, "He is saved! he is innocent! I have found the guilty one," exhausted nature gives way and our hero sinks down in a dead faint.

Kind hands lift him up and carry him into the nearest house, while the sheriff released his prisoner and led him back to his cell to await the outcome of this interruption.

It was over an hour before Ronald was sufficiently recovered to tell his story, to which all listened with undisguised amazement.

A posse of twenty stout, well-armed men was soon formed, but, as they wished to take Ronald along as a guide, they were forced to wait until he had recovered sufficiently for that purpose.

Consequently, it was dark when they reached the cliffs, and some of the men doubted that they would be able to find the right place. But Ronald had marked it well, even in his excitement, and was able to guide the men directly to the spot.

A long, stout rope was then produced, and, tying it around his waist, Ronald was carefully lowered into the black depths. It was necessary for him to go first, so as to locate the path before the others came down.

After some sea-sick he found the clump of bushes that probably had saved his life, and then gave a two quick jerks on the rope, as a signal for the rest to descend.

Five of the men were left at the top as a guard, and the rest were quickly lowered to Ronald's side.

And listening for some moments to make sure that their movements had not been noticed by any one, they silently and cautiously moved up the rocky path, which was so steep in some places as to render the ascent very difficult.

After proceeding in this way for some time they came to the mouth of a large cavern. Entering cautiously into the thick blackness, they moved slowly onward for a short distance, when suddenly a thrilling sight burst upon their gaze.

The cave here made a sudden bend at almost right angles with the outer entrance, and beyond this point widened out into a magnificent chamber, the whole scene being lighted by the glare of a dozen torches.

Around the sides of the room lounged half a dozen rough-looking, roughly clad men. But it was a group of three in the centre of the apartment that riveted the gaze of those standing in the outer darkness.

A tall, well-dressed man, whom all instantly recognized as Thornton, the book keeper, was supporting a beautiful girl, who appeared to be nearly fainting with fear. In front of, and facing them, stood an aged, gray-haired man, who held a book open, from which he had just been reading or was about to read.

Our friends were still standing where they had so suddenly stopped, when the old man, who was evidently a minister, uttered this sentence:

"If any one has aught to say why this man and woman should not be joined in the bonds of wedlock, let them now speak, or forever hold their peace."

These words broke the spell. With a bound like an enraged lion, Ronald sprang forward; and, with one blow from the butt of his revolver, felled Thornton like a log to the floor, at the same time catching the fainting form of his darling Minnie in his arms.

It was some time before she regained consciousness; but Ronald's kisses and endearing names prevailed at last, and she opened her sweet, blue eyes, and smiled into his face.

The members of the gang were overpowered and secured without any bloodshed. A thorough search was then made, resulting in the finding in another apartment a complete set of engraver's tools, dies, etc., and also a large number of five dollar bills, so many of which had been put into circulation, and which were so perfect that they could hardly be detected from the genuine. This explained to Ronald the notice which he had read the day previous; and we will add right here that he received the \$1,000 reward offered for information leading to the capture of this gang.

The entire party then followed the windings of the cave, which gradually ascended, and emerged into the open air on top of the cliff, and the prisoners were then conveyed to the jail.

The next day Thornton made a full confession. He acknowledged having murdered Mr. Holcomb, robbed the bank, and then placed the bank note in Preston's desk, in order to arouse suspicion against him. His spite against Preston arose from having been caught by him in some crooked work a short time before.

On this confession, the judge who had sentenced Preston gave an order for his release.

Thornton was sentenced to be hung, but died of consumption a week before the time set for his execution.

The rest of the counterfeiters were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment at hard labor.

A year later there was a grand wedding, the bride and groom being our friends, Minnie and Ronald, and in later years their children were never tired of hearing the story of mother's and Grandpa Preston's narrow escape.—Yankee Blade.

A Heroic Medicine. Old Mrs. Bentley—Did ye hear how Deacon Brown is gittin' on?" Old Mrs. Bentley—"I heard he took a relapse this mornin'." Old Mrs. Bentley (with a sigh)—"Well, I hope it will do the poor soul good, but I haint much faith in them new-fangled medicines."—Epoch.

How He Lost His Meat Leg. Ex-Gov. Pierce of Dakota tells of a member of the legislature of that territory who, when he makes a speech, talks right out in meeting. Not many months ago Gov. Church sent in the nomination of a one-legged man for a prominent office, and it became the duty of the legislature to consider whether to confirm it or not. The statesman to whom Col. Pierce alludes took the floor and made a brief but effective speech.

"Gentlemen of the legislature," said he, "let us look the situation fairly in the face and see if we can stand this sort of a nomination. He trades mostly, I am told, gentlemen, on his timber leg; but don't be fooled on that. Did he lose his meat and bone leg in the harvest field? No, sir, I will tell you how he lost his leg. He was riding, gentlemen, over the prairies of this great and growing territory, turning out of their humble cottages the widows and orphans of poor soldiers who were not able to pay rent in the dead midst of winter, when the good and wise Creator, who shelters and feeds the sparrows and never allows the children of the righteous to go begging bread, froze his—shoots off!"—Minneapolis Tribune.

As the hair has a shadow, so the slightest disease of the scalp threatens the hair. Put the scalp in healthy condition by the use of Warner's Log Cabin HAIR TONIC. It restores the hair and has no equal.

Music Maddened Her. A young lady, a lovely woman and a devoted wife, was a slave to the passion of music. She had a beautiful voice, was always singing on available occasions, and was greatly admired for her gift. The man in this case was a tenor. A fevered tenor with a heroic place in the tragedies of life, but in this instance I suppose many men would liken him to a hero. A hero of their own class! Under the mystic influence of a passionate duet from one of those Italian operas, the night passions of those two people met. Had it not been for the music the danger was as far away from the young wife as I am from her at this moment. She went home trembling and shattered with the burden of her own shame, and throwing herself on her knees before her husband told him all.

Ho—rare fellow that he was—forgot her. Hardly had the blessed words of forgiveness passed his lips, he had barely clasped her in the safety of his arms, when a strange look came into her eyes. She commenced to murmur the melody of that fatal duet.

Then came a loud snarl! She was a raving maniac. Joe Jefferson is going to write an autobiography for publication in the Century magazine.

Blanche Griffin, Mary Anderson's half sister, denies the rumor that she is going on the s. g.

Mrs. James Brown Potter bathes in \$10 a water which costs her the whole of a quart.

The Authors' club of New York is to have a house of its own, and will either rent or build.

Dakota's Boom. Dakota is now engaging public attention through her efforts to achieve statehood, as well as by her phenomenal growth and the rapid development of her wonderful agricultural resources, and the advantages she offers to home-seekers and persons desiring safe and profitable investments. A new pamphlet, containing recent letters of citizens, the actual experience of reliable residents, and other valuable information relating to Dakota, will be mailed free upon request by E. P. Wilson, No. 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean is to build an office to cost \$900,000.

Sheriff's Sale. Smoke the Sheriff Sale Segar a straight 10c Havana cigar for 5c.

There are now 2,500,000 total abstainers in the United Kingdom.

"That Miss Jones is a nice looking girl, isn't she?" "Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?" "She has catarrh so bad that it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

Java's supply of lizards is said to be exhausted by the demand for that reptile's hide for purses.

A Babe in the House is the source of much sunshine and joy, brightening many a dark cloud and lightening many a heavy load—but joy confined to abide only in a healthy body. The Creator with great wisdom has distributed over the earth vegetable remedies for every ill of human kind. This marvelous laborer reveals its secrets to man only by long and searching labors. Few men have attained greater success than Dr. R. V. Pierce; nor devised for suffering humanity a greater production than his "Golden Medical Discovery," the unfailing remedy for consumption in its earlier stages, as well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula, tumors and all blood disorders.

A masculine beauty show is being arranged for Vienna, where the woman will be the judge.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon. No other term than the above would apply to the woman who could see her youthful beauty fading away without a pang of regret. Many a woman becomes prematurely old and haggard because of functional derangements. What a pity that all such do not know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore their organs to a normal state, and make them youthful and beautiful once more! For the ill to which the daughters of Eve are peculiarly liable—the "Prescription" is a sovereign remedy. It is the only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Senator Sherman is going to Europe to spend the coming summer.

Food for Consumption. Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a most marvelous food and medicine. It heals the irritation of the throat and lungs, and gives flesh and strength quicker than any other remedy known. It is very palatable, having none of the disagreeable taste of the crude oil.

Prince Karl Ludwig of Wurtemberg, if a dentist of New Orleans.

Catarrh Can't be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in his country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

P. J. CHENEY & Co., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75 cents.

Outlived All of Them. Visitor (in tone of gentle reproach)—I suppose, auntie, you have never had the opportunity of joining an anti-tobacco society?

Auntie (aged one hundred and four)—Laws, yes, honey! (Placing five cent on top of pipe.) I've had the chance of jinn' (puff) many a one (puff, puff) in my time. Fourteen of 'em have (puff) have died right yere, one after the other, since I come to the town, about (puff) ninety-three yurs ago (puff, puff).—Chicago Tribune

Prominent Clergomen, Physicians and all classes of citizens are unanimous in the endorsement of Salvation Oil, the great cure for Rheumatism. Price only 25 cents a bottle. At all Druggists.

Young ladies, on the eve of marriage, now give "spinster dinners," at which female friends only are entertained. They are allowed to talk of everything, and never fail to mention the numerous curative benefits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup that cures all cough, cold, bronchitis, croup, and sore throat.

Onions are selling at one cent a bushel at Canastota, N. Y. The London World is said to net its own of \$50,000 a year.

USE Jacobs Oil FOR PAIN.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Pier's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

W. N. U., D.—VII—17. When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

CAUTION

W. L. Douglas' name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If your dealer offers you shoes without W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on them, and says they are his shoes, or just as good, do not be deceived thereby. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not warranted by anybody; therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price stamped on the bottom, and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

MADE SEAMLESS. WITHOUT TACKS OR NAILS.

The reputation of this shoe is so well established that it is not necessary to go into details. \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. A fine dress shoe made of the best stock. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED VELLT SHOE. The best shoe for the price in the market. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE. Is made expressly for Policemen, Letter Carriers, Railroad men and Farmers. \$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE. Made purposely for heavy wear, and should last a year. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. Is specially recommended for service and comfort. \$2.00 GOOD-WEAR SHOE. Look at them and judge for yourself. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. Have been thoroughly tested and give the best satisfaction.

ALL MADE IN CONGRESS, BUTTON AND LACE. W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 AND \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.

When the question was suggested of putting a lady's shoe on the market at a popular price, we at once experimented to get a good serviceable, stylish shoe to sell at \$3.00. After much trouble and expense, we at last succeeded, and can now give you a shoe that is in every way worthy of your consideration, and you will find it equal to those which have been costing you \$4.00 and \$5.00. These shoes are not made of French kid, but of the best kid that can be produced in this country, and we defy any but an expert to distinguish between the two, and venture to say, if the question of service and quality comes up, the decision would be in favor of W. L. DOUGLAS' \$3.00 Shoe for Ladies. Another and excellent recommendation is they are made without tacks or nails, having a smooth inner sole which rises one of the annoyances of soiled hose and sore feet.

If your dealer will not get you the kind or style you want, send your order direct to the factory, with the price enclosed, and they will be sent you by return mail, postage free; consequently, no matter where you live, you can always get W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES. Be sure and state size and width you want; if not sure, send for an order blank giving full instructions how to get a perfect fit.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



AFTERNOON TEA.

Said Mrs. G. to Mrs. D. "Twas o'er a cup of fine Bohemian." "Our pretty hostess yonder, Has gained in looks surprisingly; She seems as well as well can be!" What is the cause, I wonder?"

Said Mrs. D. to Mrs. G. "She's changed indeed, but then, you see, She put aside objection, And tried that famous remedy, Which did so much for you and me— Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful tonic and nerve, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness. It is carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

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THE ORIGINAL Pierce's Pleasant Urgeve Pills

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

Money to Loan on Real Estate. I will be at Kingston every Monday evening until further notice. Parties wishing to loan money on good security are invited to call on me.

Business is booming. Read Mrs. Ferguson's new ad. Mrs. Daniel Roy is failing slowly. A. Gobert has moved into his residence.

Crops in this vicinity need rain very much. The work on Baker's shop is progressing very slowly.

Have you seen those dandy hats at Mrs. J. H. Ferguson's. Chas. McQuade left for Great Falls, Montana, on Tuesday.

J. H. Ferguson has been in Lapeer this week on business. C. W. McPhail was calling on us again on Monday evening.

J. F. Stephenson was in East Saginaw on business on Monday. Wanted, by the scribe, a job filling egg crates. Reference, H. A. Pulling.

C. L. Soper has leased his mustangs to Inlay City parties for the summer. D. A. Millikin is the boy that can get to the front with agricultural implements.

E. A. Randall was running the machinery in F. J. Gifford's store during F. J.'s absence. Wm. Millikin has opened his new meat market. Kingston now has two meat markets.

John Roy is on the road delivering fruit trees for S. A. Macomber of Rochester, N. Y. F. J. Gifford and wife were in Vassar Sunday and Monday. They returned Tuesday morning.

They are making great preparations in the new school district, No. 6, for a summer term of school. A goodly number of beautiful shade trees have been set out this spring in our thriving little village.

Our hustling merchant, H. A. Pulling, shipped 25 crates of eggs on the freight train Tuesday morning. Perkins & Lewis have made a sale of 4 carloads of hardwood lumber to Saginaw parties during the week.

Mrs. Alfred Davis left on the morning train Tuesday for Inlay City, where she expects to remain all summer. Our tonsorial artist, Wm. Hamilton, has been engaged during the week painting the woodwork in the hotel.

The pay train on the P. O. & P. A. railway passed through here on Monday, going north to make many a heart glad. Remember, if you want goods and have not got the money, that produce is just as good as the money at H. A. Pulling's.

Elder Upper preached in the Baptist church on Sunday morning. Hereafter he will preach every other Sunday morning. J. Corliss recently killed a hog, four months old, that tipped the beam at just 197 pounds. This is no fish story. Who can beat it?

Our old postmaster is still at his post of duty, but he realizes that his official head is liable to drop into the waste basket almost any day. Rev. Beach has been assisted in his good work during the past four weeks by Rev. Tripp of Marlette and a minister from North Branch.

Ida Curtis, the young lady who has been in the employ of Judge VanTassel of Caro, has severed her connection and has returned home. Geo. Thomas and Albert Veit, accompanied by their father, John G. Veit, will leave in a few days for Washington Territory on a prospecting trip.

According to all reports Kingston will soon be blessed with another industry, in the shape of a good foundry. Here is success to the new enterprise. Mrs. H. S. Youngs, Mrs. J. M. Torrey and Mrs. J. R. Beach will attend the annual convention of the W. C. T. U. at Mayville next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. R. K. Stapleton of East Saginaw, the professional hat trimmer, will remain with Mrs. Ferguson for about two weeks. She will return again in July. Everybody is making improvements of some kind about their residences in the way of new sidewalks, fences or shade trees. That's true American interest. If you wish to take a young lady home from church or any other public place, ask the young lady, as any

gentleman should do, and thereby save considerable trouble. F. J. Gifford is busy fitting up the Alf. Davis residence for occupancy. He is painting and papering, besides making several other changes. He will occupy the same. Allison Davis left Tuesday morning for West Branch, where he will be joined in a few days by H. S. Youngs and A. Davis, when the trio will start for northern Michigan. Commencing next Monday, our station agent, Geo. Veit, will take a vacation of 60 days. Homer Weydemeyer, the agent at Gagetown, will take George's place during his absence. Chas. L. Soper informs the scribe that he has ordered another large stock of musical instruments from New York. They will arrive in a few days. If you wish one, call early, as they go like hot cakes. Mac Depew and his father started for Montana last Friday morning. They will remain in the western states all summer, as the climate agrees with Mr. Depew better than that of the Wolverine state. J. E. Johnston, our former fellow townsman, is now on the road for the Jewett Stove Co., of Buffalo, N. Y. He left last week for Ohio to commence operations in his new field of labor. J. E. takes our best wishes with him. If you wish to see one of the nicest and most convenient poultry parks in Tuscola county, just ask Mrs. O. A. Briggs to show you her poultry. It is one of the finest pieces of mechanism in this line that we have ever had the pleasure of inspecting. We will wager a good ten cent cigar that Jas. McGinnis will now search the country for those red mustangs, he having sold his span of blacks to Wm. Millikin, during the week. Mr. Millikin will use them on the road, gathering cream for the Cass City creamery during the coming summer. C. L. Soper, having an occasion to send his horse to some parties in Inlay City made a bargain with Master Jas. Stewart to take the same to that place, which the boy did, riding the animal all the way, a distance of 31 miles in just one day. Of course when the boy returned we noticed that his legs were somewhat well, you know. Who can beat this record? Is the world coming to an end? Is what is puzzling the section boss, Dan. KeHoe. Mr. KeHoe has in time past mysteriously missed tools which were used in working on the railroad, and what was his surprise on going to the hand car house the other morning upon seeing picks, shovels, and other articles too numerous to mention lying at the door, with these words marked on their respective handles, "this tool belongs to the P. O. & P. A. railroad." What causes all this sudden change? A pleasant social entertainment was given by Mr. and Mrs. John Raworth last Thursday evening, at their residence in Wilnot, the occasion being the reception of their son, Fred Raworth, and his newly made wife, who arrived home on the Monday previous direct from England. Fred has been gone about four years, and we feel like congratulating a young man, who can show such pluck and loyalty, to go all the way to England to secure his heart's choice for a life companion, and will not hesitate to predict a successful and prosperous journey down the river of life for the happy couple, and we regret our inability to have been present. We send herewith our best wishes. We had the extreme pleasure of inspecting the new and elegant stock of millinery goods which Mrs. Ferguson has just received. She keeps in stock anything and everything, hats, bonnets, ribbons of all kinds, handkerchiefs and everything pertaining to make as good a stock of the kind as can be found in Tuscola county. Instead of buying the stock of old goods of Mrs. W. Reed, Mrs. Ferguson put her money in all new goods, and what is the best redeeming feature is that her goods are all marked within the reach of all. If you cannot find a trimmed hat that will suit you, remember that she has a professional hat trimmer from East Saginaw who does the work second to none in the county. Give her a call. For enterprise, pluck and grit our landlord, Jas. McGinnis, does not take a back seat for any of them. Upon

our arrival at his hotel on Monday we did not know the place, he has enlarged the office to twice its former size, painted and papered the same and if you wish to inspect a good job of paper hanging go to his house and inspect the paper hanging that was done by Mrs. McGinnis. The sitting and dining rooms have also received their respective portion of the labor which has been done, in the shape of paint and paper, and all together our hotel now presents a very fine appearance on the inside and some of these fine days you will see a painter at work on the outside, and from personal experience we can state that you can get as good a meal at the McGinnis as at any other house in the county. For proof, just try it yourself and be convinced.

Licensed to Wed.

- The following marriage licenses have been furnished us by the county clerk: Fred Alexander, Denmark.....23 Anders Wilson, Denmark.....19 John W. Pate, Caro.....19 DeLetta Mick, Caro.....19 Albert T. Stickle, Koylton.....22 Mary E. Kelley, Koylton.....22 A. E. Warren, Caro.....20 Clara Vandevort, Caro.....17 Geo. Masters, Gagetown.....33 Mary Anyon, Gagetown.....21 Frank Mead, Mayville.....23 Nellie May Green, Mayville.....19



The same firm which 31 years ago completely revolutionized the Threshing Machine trade by inventing a new Threshing Machine, much better than any machine before known,—so that all builders of the old-style Threshing Machines stopped making them and copied the new machine as closely as they dared—have now made another advance, and in their New Vibrator present a Threshing Machine containing entirely new features in separation and cleaning, which place it as far ahead of any other as the old Vibrator was ahead of the "Endless Apron" machines. Every Farmer and Thresherman should at once get full information regarding the NEW VIBRATOR, which will be sent Free on application to



BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by D. A. Horner & Co.

Kingston Markets. Wheat, white, \$ 97; Wheat, red, 88 90; Oats, 25; Corn, 40; Peas, 35 40; Clover Seed, 4 50; Barley, per 100, 1 00; Butter, 16; Eggs, 9; Pork, 5 00; Potatoes, 25; Beans, 1 10 1 30; Onions, 50 90; Honey, 12

M'GINNIS HOTEL

Good Sample Rooms. Livery in connection. Rates, \$1.00 per day.

JAMES M'GINNIS, Proprietor. KINGSTON - MICHIGAN.

J. M. TORREY, ATTORNEY at law. General law business transacted. Kingston, Mich.

KINGSTON, MICH.

PULLING

Is on hand with a full line of Spring and Summer goods I have a beautiful line of

HATS

of all shapes and styles. In addition to our very

LARGE STOCK

we have added a full line of all the latest kinds of

WALL PAPER,

and at prices within the reach of all.

H. A. Pulling, KINGSTON.

C. L. SOPER

Has now a complete stock of DRUGS and MEDICINES.

I have also a splendid stock of Toilet Goods, Pencils, Pens, Ink and Paper, Sponges and Chamons Skins. I have the best line of Combs and Hair Brushes in town. Violins, Violin Strings, Bows and Cases, Banjos and Mouth Organs. The very best Spices, Candies—We have a large assortment of Fine Candies, mixed and stick. Domestic Imported and Key West Cigars. Condition Powders of all kinds. Smoking and chewing Tobacco of all kinds. We do not handle anything in this line only the very Brands.

We have everything usually kept in a first class drugstore.

C. L. SOPER, Kingston.

NOTICE

MRS. J. H. FERGUSON, desires to announce to the ladies of Kingston and vicinity, that she has opened a full, new and fresh stock of MILLINERY and FANCY goods, and invites an inspection of styles and prices Summer Hats ranging in price from 10c. to \$20. Handkerchiefs 2 for 5c., and all other goods in proportion.

I have employed a trimmer of many years experience. I have all Grades of Goods and a neat selection of quantities, and I shall try to please the most fastidious. Give me a call. Respectfully.

MRS. J. H. FERGUSON.

\$10,000 REWARD.

I will pay the above reward to any person making a sworn affidavit to the fact that we don't do just as we advertise. Give us a call and be convinced.

O. A. BRICCS, KINGSTON ROLLER MILLS.

DR. GEO. SIMENTON, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in drug store, Kingston Mich.

FARM TO RENT. For a term of years, at a reasonable rate. Owing to failing health I now own my farm to a good tenant, for a term of years agreed upon. There are about 200 acres cleared and under cultivation, with 80 acres of good pasture; two good and comfortable dwellings, two good commodious barns good granary, and sheds; a good chard, three never failing wells, and spring water, convenient for stock purposes. The location is pleasant and convenient to churches, school and markets. This is a rare chance, and the first agreeable, shall be accepted. JOSEPH BROWN, Cumber, P. O., Sanilac Co., Mich.

Pontiac, Oxford & Port Austin Railroad

TIME TABLE NO. 15. GOING NORTH. STATIONS. Freight Mixed. Pass. Pontiac, 9:30 5:45 8:15; Oxford, 10:40 6:45 9:15; Dryden, 12:32 8:45 11:15; Inlay City, 1:08 8:05 10:4; North Branch, 2:50 8:57 10:4; Clifford, 3:26 9:17 11:4; Kingston, 4:09 9:47 11:4; Wilnot, 4:29 9:53 11:4; Cass City, 4:48 10:02 11:4; Gagetown, 6:00 10:20 12:4; Owendale, 6:16 10:22 12:4; Berne, 7:00 10:22 1:1; Caseville, 7:30 10:22 1:1.

Port Huron & Northwater Railway.

TIME TABLE. Making effect June 29th, 1888. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. 6:30 4:20 9:00 Iv. Port Huron, at 10:30 9:30 8:43; 8:30 8:27 10:10 Brockway Center 9:33 8:43; 9:47 6:06 10:37 Brown City. 9:02 8:10; 10:25 6:39 10:55 Marlette. 8:42 7:50 6:04; 11:17 6:47 11:07 Clifford. 8:27 7:37 5:51; 10:52 7:15 11:33 Mayville. 8:05 7:15 5:24; 12:49 7:47 12:00 Vassar. 7:40 6:50 5:1; 1:51 8:25 12:41 ar. D. Saginaw. Iv. 7:00 6:07 2:5; 3:00 11:15 12:45 ar. Bay City. Iv. 5:30 5:00 1:4; p. m. p. m. p. m.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

TIME TABLE. Trains going North. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. No. 1 No. 2 No. 4 No. 6. East Saginaw, Depart, 7:50 3:10 10:05; Reese, 8:24 3:45 11:10; Fair Grove, 8:44 4:08 12:02; Unionville, 9:17 4:31 12:54; Schewaling, 9:30 4:47 1:25; Bayport Junction, Depart, 9:47 5:05 2:04; Bayport, 9:59 5:09 2:13; Bayport Junction, Depart, 9:55 5:15 2:23; P. O. & P. A. R. Crossing, 10:11 5:31 3:06; Elkton, 10:24 5:43 3:26; Robinsons, 10:39 5:48 3:45; Bad Axe, Arrive, 10:50 6:08 4:15. Trains going South. No. 1, No. 3, No. 5. Bad Axe, Depart, 7:00 3:40 10:00; Robinsons, 7:18 2:48 8:30; Elkton, 7:26 2:55 8:47; P. O. & P. A. Crossing, 7:38 3:05 9:15; Bayport Junction, Depart, 7:55 3:21 9:35; Bayport, 8:01 3:26 10:03; Bayport Junction, 8:05 3:29 10:11; Schewaling, 8:21 3:47 10:53; Unionville, 8:49 3:59 11:26; Fairgrove, 9:08 4:23 12:20; Reese, 9:31 4:45 1:17; East Saginaw, Arrive, 10:05 5:28 2:00. This is the only direct route from the Saginaw Valley to Caseville, Port Austin, Sand Beach, and other towns in the "Thumb". CONNECTIONS. East Saginaw—With P. & P. M. Ry. for Detroit Toledo and the Northwest. With the S. & St. L. Ry. for St. Louis. With P. H. & N. W. for Vassar, Marlette, etc. With Michigan Central Ry. for points on Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw and Detroit, Saginaw & Bay City divisions. Berne Junction—With P. O. & P. A. Ry. for Caseville, Cass City and Pontiac. Bad Axe—With P. H. & N. W. Ry. for Port Austin, Sand Beach & Sand Beach. ROBERT LAUGHLIN, Sup.

FOR SALE!

A farm of eighty acres, two and one-half miles west of Gagetown and one mile north. Frame house, log stable. About 40 acres cleared. Good location, and within a short distance of Gagetown. For further information inquire at this office or on the premises.

CENTRAL Meat Market.

SCHWADERER ROS., Prop. Everything Fresh, Wholesome and Inviting. 55 Cent. Hogs and Sheep bought for the Eastern Market. CASH PAID FOR HIDES.